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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before
any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"Though THE BOOKMAN is now in its twenty-ninth year," writes one who describes himself as a subscriber from the beginning, "your long series of mounted portraits has never included one of the founder and editor-in-chief." In response to many such letters from BOOKMAN and *British Weekly* readers, we are giving with this Number a presentation plate portrait of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, from a drawing made at a special sitting last month by Mr. Robert J. Swan.

"Roman Essays and Interpretations," by W. Warde Fowler, will be published in the spring by the Oxford Press.

Everybody knows how easy it is to believe a good story, and how far it will go, once it gets started. In September, 1916, Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P., gave in *London Opinion* an entirely fictitious account of the wonders of the then newly invented Tanks. "They can," he wrote, "do up prisoners in bundles like straw-binders, and have an adaptation from a printing machine which enables them

to catch the Huns, fold, count and deliver them in quires, every thirteenth man being thrown out a little farther than the others." This and more in the way of humorous exaggeration Mr. Hughes wrote playfully in *London Opinion*; but in the following February the same appeared in the *Daily Express* as a communication from a private in the Middlesex Regiment; and five months later it cropped up in the *Daily Mail* as part of a letter from a private in the Devonshire Regiment; then Sir Albert Stern adopted it as "a Tommy's impression," and put it into his log-book of a pioneer, "Tanks," which after running serially in the *Strand* has been published by Hodder & Stoughton. Meanwhile, the story has been quoted from it in more papers than one can count, so *London Opinion* and Mr. Hughes may well be proud of adding so much to the gaiety of nations. "Tanks," by the way, is one of the most interesting and important of recent war books. The story of how Sir Albert Stern had to fight the War Office before the tanks were allowed a chance on the battle-fields at all cannot be too widely known and should help to rouse the country to put an end to the antiquated system that nearly lost the war for us.

The good bookman who is interested in rare editions and first editions of old and modern books will find plenty of attractive items in the latest catalogues of the well-known Birmingham second-hand bookseller, Mr. Edward Baker. His first editions of Hardy, Kipling, George Moore, Dickens,



Mr. Robert J. Swan.

the young artist whose eight portrait-drawings of living authors were a special feature of the Christmas Bookman. His portrait of Prebendary Webb-Peploe was hung in the Academy in 1915, and he is at present engaged on a portrait of the well-known Labour M.P., the Hon. William Brace.

Sheridan, Lever, Disraeli, Gissing, Swinburne, Stevenson, and early or rare editions of many another are "finds" that not a few collectors are looking for.

M. Emile Guillaumin, whose remarkable book, "The Life of a Simple Man" (Selwyn & Blount), we review in this Number, is a French peasant-farmer living at Ygrande in an almost new stone house, well built and with good outbuildings for his animals. His farm consists of between seven and eight acres. "It is interesting and touching," says one who knows him, "to see how he has realised his ideal to 'have a house containing several rooms, the one in which one eats being separate from the one in which one sleeps.' The stone house built out of his savings has its room for eating in, several bedrooms, its kitchen used solely for kitchen purposes, and the peasant-author's work-room lined with books and with portraits of admired authors. Ordinarily, he works in this room from eight to twelve each day and again in the evenings, spending the rest of the day on the farm, working in blouse and sabots. On days when he is engaged on special literary work he rises at four, wraps himself in an army blanket and writes until six, then out to feed his beasts, and back to his study to work from eight to twelve, then on to the farm till dark. 'The

Life of a Simple Man' was not written in the new house but in the two-room cottage on the adjoining farm, which belongs to his father who, by the way, is not the original of Tiennon, the hero of his book, as so many, including Mr. Garnett, have supposed. Guillaumin is a distinguished personality, simple, shy, modest, very gentle and humorous, not at all striking in appearance. He has soft, mild eyes that do not miss the slightest detail. Children and animals know and trust him. He and his young, charming wife, 'a peasant like myself,' said Guillaumin, have the gift of hospitality. In the house of his dreams there is a 'guest chamber.' He has written about eight volumes, and numerous articles for magazines and newspapers, many of the latter being written under apparently impossible conditions during his four and half years service in the war. Neither he nor his much-loved, deeply-mourned friend, Charles Louis Phillipe, who wrote that memorable book, 'Mother and Child,' were likely to have been authors had they been born five years earlier, but the compulsory Education Act came into force in France in 1880, and so they went to school."

Another child author, Miss Christine Oertling, who is still only thirteen, published a book, "The



Mrs. Coulson Kernahan.

whose new story for girls, "Peg o' the Prairie" (Sharp), is reviewed in this Number.

"Passing of the Shadows" (Foyle), a few weeks ago. This had been written and was in the hands of the publishers some time before Miss Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visitors" made its appearance. Before writing her novel Miss Oertling had written and produced two charming fairy pastoral plays. The first of these, "The Spirit of the Pools," was done before her family was aware of her talent, and the two plays were produced with great success in the picturesque grounds of her parents' home at Barnes, in aid of the Sir William Treloar Cripples' Hospital.



Photo by P. Metzker, Secunderabad.

Mr. F. W. Bain.

Mr. F. W. Bain, whose latest book, "The Substance of a Dream" (Methuen), is a dainty and fascinating love story, "simple as an old ballad and yet subtler than Mephistopheles," is Principal and Professor of History and Political Economy in the Deccan College, Poona. Apart from historical, philosophical and economic works, he has written thirteen books of stories—things of exquisite fantasy, imagination and vision, the most popular of which is perhaps "A Digit of the Moon." Last spring he published "An Echo of the Spheres" (Methuen), a volume of poems by his mother. He tells in an introduction how he induced his mother to give him the MS. book containing them a few years before her death, and the charm and sweetness and dramatic power of her lyrics and ballads more than justify him in rescuing them from oblivion.



Mrs. Virginia Woolf,

whose new novel, "Night and Day," Messrs. Duckworth have published.

The poems are, as Mr. Bain says, largely autobiographical, and they confirm his own picture of the courage and strength and beauty of her character,



Miss Rachel Swete Macnamara,

whose new book, "The Little Book of Dew," Messrs. Selwyn & Blount are publishing.

and after reading them, one is prepared to agree with him that "as a writer of short poems, I do not know where to look for one of her own sex to put beside her." Incidentally, the introduction probably reveals, between the lines, more of Mr. Bain's earlier days and of his own personality than is to be drawn from anything that has yet been written of himself.

The publication of the revised and enlarged edition of "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets who have Fallen in the War," by A. St. John Adcock, has been postponed and the book will now be ready early in January.

Messrs. Macmillan have added to their Golden Treasury series an anthology of "Seventeenth Century English Verse," chosen and edited by H. J. Massingham. The period covered is from the death of Shakespeare to the Reformation, and



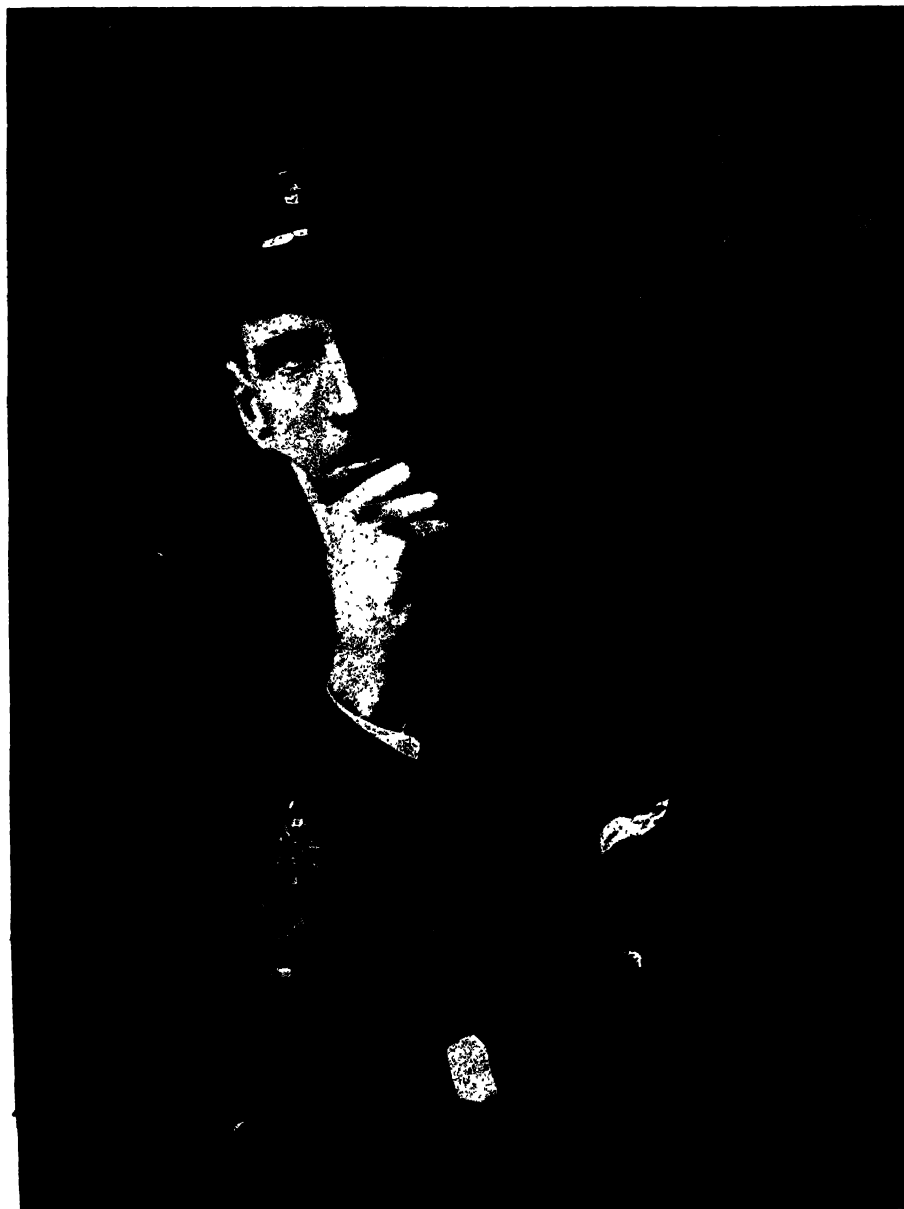
Photo by Morrison, Edinburgh.

**Mr. Robert W. Napier,
F.R.S.A.,**

whose recently published "John Thomson of Duddingston, Landscape Painter," was reviewed in *THE BOOKMAN* Christmas Number.

Mr. Massingham has done his work thoroughly and with a nice critical judgment. He omits Herrick and Milton altogether because they are so fully represented in many cheap anthologies; but he makes amends by finding room to bring back to remembrance several very charming things that other anthologists have overlooked. The notes at the end of the book are ample and scholarly.

Those who are looking for effective work to recite will find what they want in "Another Five-Minute Recitations" (3s. 6d. net, Oliver & Boyd), selected and edited by A. B. Harley as a companion volume to his very successful "Five-Minute Recitations." Mr. Harley is well known in Edinburgh as a teacher of elocution. While he was on active service, through the war, he was in great demand at camp concerts and has gathered into this volume the prose and verse, serious and humorous, that met with most favour from his soldier audiences. It is an excellent, catholic collection from a goodly company of English



Captain John King Davis,

whose "With the Aurora in the Antarctic" Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing.

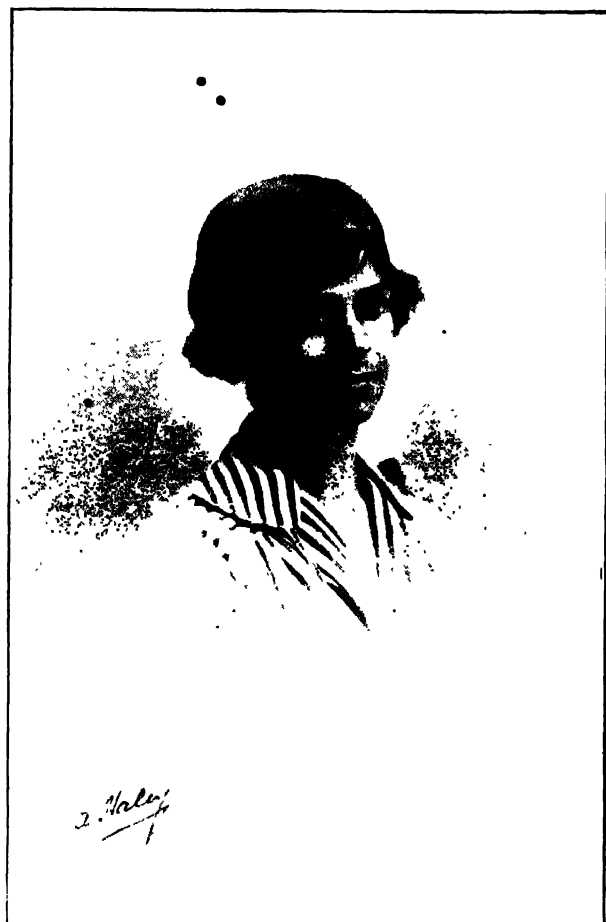


Photo by A. Haley,
Colwyn Bay.

Miss Myfanwy Price,

whose new novel, "Blue Moors" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

and American authors, including a liberal allowance of copyright work by well-known living writers. Mr. Harley has been guided in his compilation by the knowledge that comes of wide practical experience, and has chosen his poems and sketches for some strong or picturesque narrative or dramatic quality that makes them eminently suitable for the purposes of the reciter.

The fifth "Monthly Chapbook" (1s. 6d. net, Poetry Bookshop) is "Rhymes for Children," a delightful collection of seventeen quaint, simple poems of the kind beloved by mid-Victorian nurseries illustrated with admirable and appropriately quaint woodcuts.

After forty-eight years of service with Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Mr. George Tyler has felt justified in going into retirement at the age of sixty-five and taking life a little easier. He was seventeen when he became assistant at Smith & Son's Peterborough railway bookstall. Having served and proved his capacity at several other stalls, he was made manager of their large Midland Railway bookstall at Nottingham, greatly extending the firm's business in those parts and eventually becoming superintendent of the large Nottingham district, with a considerable staff of managers and assistants. In 1904, when Messrs. Smith & Son ceased to control

the bookstalls on two important railway systems, Mr. Tyler was transferred to London and entrusted with the onerous task of establishing bookshops in every locality that had been served by the bookstalls given up. Not only did he make a complete success of this scheme, but he proceeded to establish a vast chain of bookshops all over England and Wales and remained in control of these until his retirement. If any testimony to Mr. Tyler's popularity with his colleagues were needed, it came when the district superintendents and heads of departments recently invited him to a farewell luncheon at the Connaught Rooms, and then, and later in the staff's club-room, presented him with tangible and handsome souvenirs of their appreciation of his work and regard for himself. Many authors, without being aware of it, are much indebted to Mr. Tyler, who has always taken more than a business interest in books and had a special and effective method of calling the attention of his shop managers to books of real quality that they should not fail to recommend to their customers, and so helped to deserved success many a book that might otherwise have been more or less overlooked. His retirement is thus a real loss to the literary world as well as to his immediate business circle, and the numerous letters that are still reaching him are the best evidence he could wish that the holiday-life he is going to give himself has been well earned.



Mr. George Tyler.

THE READER.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

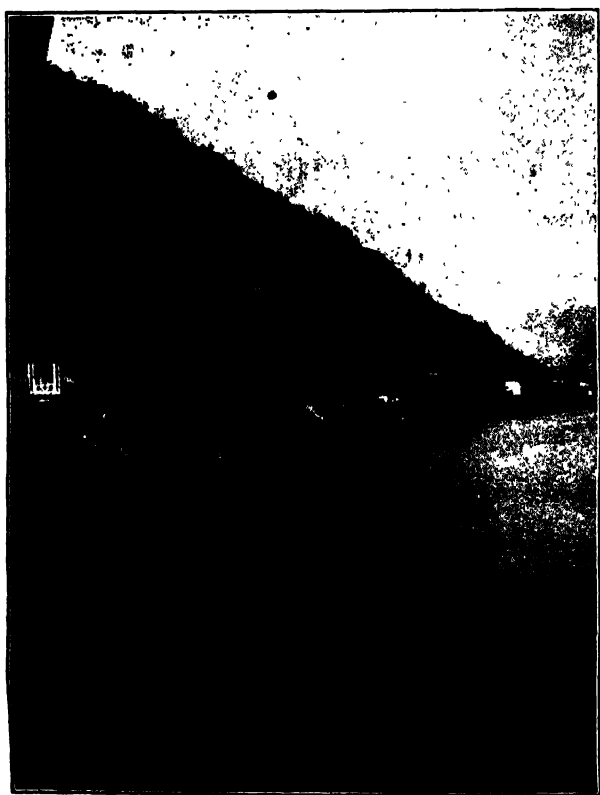
BY WILFRID L. RANDELL.

IT is natural to seek, in the work of a writer whose novels have been familiar to the public of two continents for a considerable period of years, for some undertone in the general music, to be listened for and recognised, accepted and comprehended, just as in a fugue one hears with a sense of pleasure the recurrent theme. To miss this is to be out of touch, and the pity of so much freely-selling modern fiction is that it contains nothing to satisfy the attentive reader who desires something less superficial than mere entertainment.

Exactly how many novels and plays Mrs. W. K. Clifford has written I do not know ; but in those I have read—a goodly number—this undertone persists, and I should define it as the beauty of the world, the joy of living, the happiness of doing well whatever task life has set before you—terms to some extent interdependent, for if you see the world as beautiful, and rejoice in work of any sort thoroughly done (whether handicraft or achievements of the intellect) you secure the joy of living. There are other themes, but this is the principal one. When the woman in one of the “ Anyhow Stories ” saw the picture painted by an artist who loved his work, “ I used to think,” she said, “ that it was a blessed thing for us all to live in so beautiful a world, and a sin and a sorrow when we did anything to disgrace it.” The artist had caught sight of a child’s sampler with the words, “ Good work lives for ever,” and “ had taken out his picture and worked at it again, trying hard with that, as with all after-work, to make it better and better, never wholly satisfied with what he had done, and for

ever with each new thing he did aiming higher and higher.” “ It is the simple-hearted folk,” says another character in the same story, “ pure-lived and pure-thinking, who do well for love of doing well and for love of those about them, that help to make the world beautiful and life sweet.” These “ Anyhow Stories for Children ” were first published in 1882, and in 1889 were reissued with additions. They are hardly fairy tales, but they have a touch of magic and “ other-world ” fantasy which is delightful. There is philosophy in each story, simply expressed, unforced, and rarely commented upon. That dainty defence of dreaming “ Willie and Fancy ” appeals to me strongly. “ Fancy ” led the boy through wonderful lands beyond the stars ; but school and work crowded his mind until she had no place. “ She had grown small and thin and sad, for she was starved and afraid to whisper to him lest he should tell her that the time for play had passed, and the time for work had come and send her away.” The boy says he would like to be a lawyer—“ and when Fancy heard that sad word she fled away from him swiftly and for ever.” But one day the blacksmith’s little daughter, “ dreaming over her poetry books, went fast asleep, and Fancy, stealing up to her, crept into her life and held fast to it.” And long after, Willie met the blacksmith’s daughter—and Fancy made her home with both of them in the old, old fashion. It is a charming allegory, and I mention this book at length because it seems to contain the key to much of Mrs. Clifford’s later work.

Perhaps “ Mrs. Keith’s Crime,” which appeared first in two-volume form in 1885 anonymously—Mrs. Clifford has a passion for anonymity—is the best known of the long list of her novels. It proved a success long before the author’s name was discovered ; but when the fourth edition came some one recognised the handiwork, paragraphs crept into the papers, and the secret was out. This novel appeared serially in *Le Temps*, and was also published in America, where it was diligently pirated. Critically considered, it does not bear comparison with Mrs. Clifford’s later work ; it is told in the present tense and the first person, and the prolonged soliloquies, the agonies of self-revelation, do not move me. That is the fault of the progress of time ; I can well imagine myself having been profoundly affected by this story twenty-five years ago ; but we have progressed in our ideas of art since then, and Mrs. Clifford has shown us the measure of that progression by giving us “ Miss Fingal ” in 1917, which bids fair to be her most famous novel, as it is undoubtedly her finest. It tells of a lonely little lady living in a small flat overlooking Battersea Park—so shy that she had never been inside the park. After eight years, when she is twenty-nine, comes a bolt from the blue : her uncle, who had reminded her of his existence twice a year by sending her a Royal Academy catalogue in summer and a ten-pound note at



Cannero, Lago Maggiore,
showing the upper and lower roads. This is where the scene
of “ Sir George’s Objection ” was laid.

Christmas, dies, leaving her wealthy. Her adventures begin; she has not the vaguest idea of what money means, and the average novelist would have hardly resisted the temptation to evolve absurd situations wherein fortune-hunting bachelors might play a part—the stock-in-trade of the lighter kind of stage comedies. Mrs. Clifford, however, is not an “average” novelist. She makes her unsophisticated heroine the central point of a delicate little drama, and the story of her shyness, the slow expansion of her ideas, her love for the two children whom she takes as her own, her quiet discovery of a *grande passion* that she had never imagined possible to herself, is told felicitously and with unflinching skill.

But there is more in “Miss Fingal” than this. There is a “problem”—a fascinating psychological problem that would have delighted Mrs. Clifford’s friend Henry James, concerning Miss Fingal’s love for Linda, mother of the two children. Linda is dead, but into the lonely spinster’s soul some subtle influence from Linda seems to pass; she opens like a flower, and we realise that no material explanation is sufficient. No wonder that Mrs. Clifford regards this story as her favourite; it is ambitious, and succeeds admirably when a less delicate touch would have ruined the whole conception. It has humour and pathos—especially in one little scene when a deputation of two old women from the inhabitants of the almshouses Miss Fingal has repaired comes to thank her, bringing a posy containing flowers from each garden; a page or two here will remind readers of Thomas Hardy’s peasants. Mrs. Clifford was frankly doubtful as to the success of the psychic study in the latter part of this book; so much so, that she sent the proofs to Sir Sidney Colvin and to Professor W. P. Ker, both of whom liked the development immensely and encouraged her to proceed.

Consulting personal taste only, I should place “The House in Marylebone” as second favourite. This also appeared in 1917, and it gives an aspect of London life rarely touched upon. A group of independent

business girls, not too well off, forms what one of them calls “a little republic” in Marylebone “diggings,” and their joys and loves and sorrows make the book. It is as naturally told as though related from one arm-chair to another in the fire-light; and yet there is some striking characterisation in it. Jerry Findon, the young musician, is most happily suggested by one of the girls as she muses:

“Jerry must always have been different from every one, must always have seemed as if he were taking up the life that was in the world already, rather than living a new one of his own—the life the sleepers had left; and to be battling with environments they had not known, trying to understand what their aims and messages had been and whither they would lead. That was why he wanted nothing in the shape of rewards or gratifications of personal vanity: she didn’t think he had any vanity, only a desire to go on and do his share, earning a little money (as necessary as irksome) by the way. It was why, too, he always seemed so tired; he needed vitality poured into him—fresh life and love.

In these two books Mrs. Clifford’s style is at its best; her prose is invariably unstrained and straightforward, but here it attains greater distinction and a dignified ease far beyond the vivid,

highly-coloured pages of “Mrs. Keith’s Crime.”

Every novel of Mrs. Clifford’s has been published in America, where she has a very large number of admirers, and “Sir George’s Objection” (1910) appeared as “Le Obiezioni di Sir Giorgio” in an Italian review, translated by Emilia Franceschini. The theme of the book is whether a woman should tell her husband’s discreditable past when her daughter is about to marry into a good and honourable family; it approaches more nearly the “average” than “Miss Fingal,” partly because conventional characters are employed—the charming, innocent girl, the high-spirited boy, the rather stiff, unromantic British father, the slightly *passée* siren who coos and woos and makes eyes and mischief; but in spite of this familiar equipment, the story is powerful and goes with a swing. How finely Mrs. Clifford can present scenery those who have read

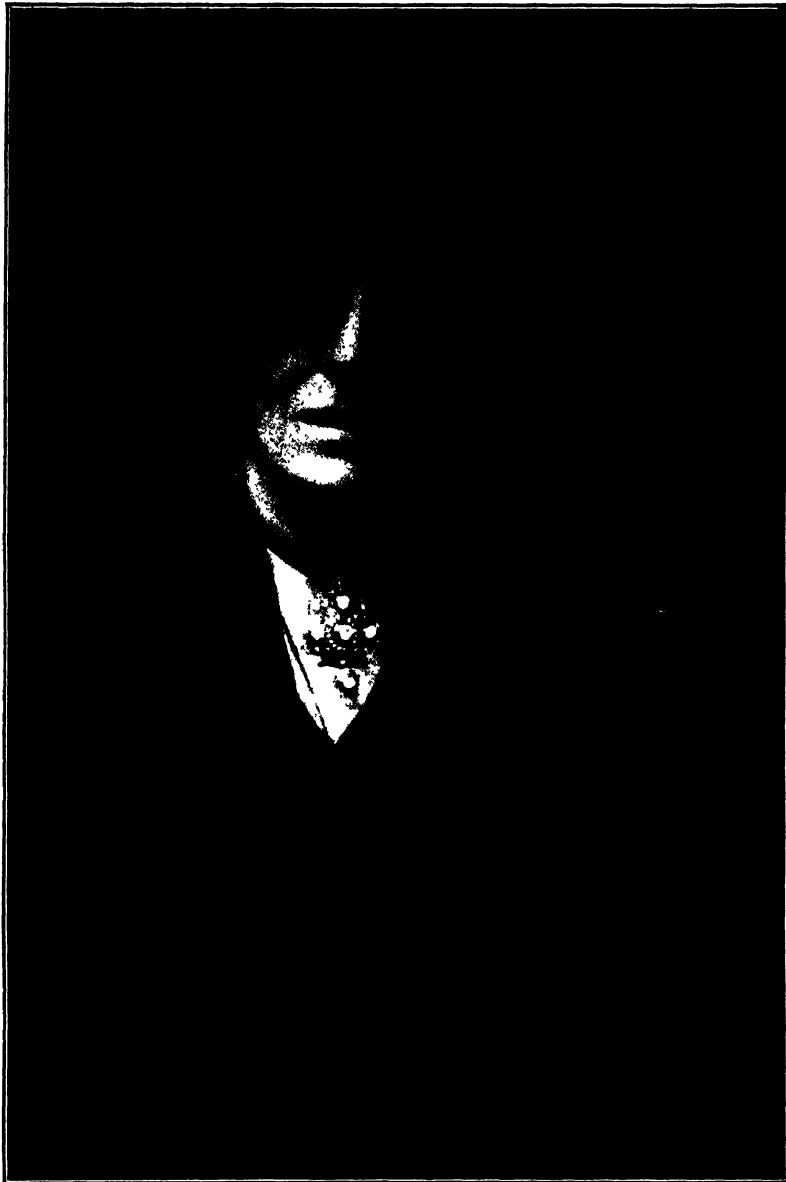


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

"Sir George's Objection" will know; Italy she loves, and I have selected for quotation a passage descriptive of Alassio, from "A Flash of Summer," in this especial connection:

"It is on one side of a bay, as if it had dropped there gracefully and quite by accident; and a little way off—a mile or two, perhaps—is the village of Laigueglia, which might be Alassio's only child keeping respectfully at a distance from its parent. These two have the bay to themselves, and all along the shore are really fine sands, on which the children seek for Venus's slippers, and play among the boats and the brown sails and fishing-nets hung out to dry. Close behind, in a grand semicircle, are the mountains; there is no plain between them and the sea, save the sands and as much ground as is necessary for the little town to stand upon, and there is no visible break in their chain. Besides the sand, and the sea and the mountains, there are the olive woods and the maidenhair valley, and the Banksia roses, and the red berries of the sarsaparilla, and the acacia carubas, which are especially fine, and the palms and the pepper-trees and the oranges that grow thick as apples in Devonshire, and the lemons thriving so well that five millions of them are gathered every year in the district. And there are bits of colour and patches of light, and bells that ring by fits and starts, and clocks that strike at odd moments, and a few well-to-do Italians, and many peasant folks, pleasant to talk with and picturesque to look at—all these, with the sunshine everywhere, make up the beauty of Alassio."

"A Flash of Summer" (1895) is a strong story of a schoolgirl's forced marriage to a man whose evil qualities are perhaps exaggerated but with whom it was impossible for any spirited or decent woman to live. Tormented beyond endurance, she runs away and spends a summer in the sunny South with friends made on the voyage to Genoa, meeting there the man she is to love. In its original form the story is pure tragedy; but in its cheap edition the author, pressed by publishers, gave her heroine a happy issue out of all her troubles; and since other authors have done the same it is not for the critic to complain and talk of art, even though he may feel angry with the publisher!

The cleverest—I do not say the best—of Mrs. Clifford's books is the "Love-letters of a Worldly Woman" (1891). When Mrs. Clifford went to America, all unsuspecting, she found that at least twelve pirated editions were on the book market, and one of them—which I have seen—is a literary curiosity, for it had certain passages marked and was supplied with a gushing prologue by some well-meaning but utterly sentimental American writer. Why the marks were printed is a mystery, for they seem to be inserted with no definite object. The four separate sections of the book are all in the difficult form of letters, managed with great skill and unerring taste. The first, "A Modern Correspondence," appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, and the book has had three editions in Paris, being translated by M. Henri Davray, of the *Mercur de France*. The whole series is packed with thought, and marvellously true to life; many passages might be quoted if space were available, but I must give only one. "I could tramp

gaily, in tatters," says the writer of one letter, "across great plains or over the mountain-tops with a beggar who was a poet, a mechanic who was a genius, a dreamer who talked of a waking-time to come." Mrs. Clifford proves her own genius by the phrase about the mechanic—not one woman in a thousand would have thought of that.

I have left myself too little space to say much of the plays Mrs. Clifford has written—and I must be content with a mere mention of other excellent novels such as "Aunt Anne" (1893), "A Woman Alone" (1901), "Woodside Farm" (1902), and that delightful story of childhood for children, "The Getting Well of Dorothy" (1904). Of the plays, many have been successfully produced. "The Likeness of the Night," after appearing in the *Anglo-Saxon Review* under the editorship of Lady Randolph Churchill, was produced at Liverpool, then at the St. James's Theatre, London, and has since been given by Miss Horniman's accomplished company. It is one of the best of Mrs. Clifford's plays, and shows beyond dispute her mastery of stage-craft. Her favourite, however, is "A Long Duel," suggested by an incident in the life of Meissonier; this has not been staged, though an act of it, as a one-act play, was performed at the Odéon, Paris, unknown to its author. "Hamilton's Second Marriage" was given for a series of matinées at the Court Theatre, and "A Woman Alone" (from the novel of that title) appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and was produced at the Little Theatre in July, 1914, the run being spoiled, of course, by the outbreak of war. The short play derived from a story entitled "Miss Williamson" was staged by Miss Horniman at Manchester as "The Searchlight," and had a great success.

There are other plays, other stories short and long; but it is not my object to give a catalogue of Mrs. Clifford's work, unedifying and informative. One feels in considering her writings as a whole that something has been achieved that is real and worthy and not ephemeral, and that the latest books from her pen are adding surely to a reputation already thoroughly established. She has had the encouragement and admiration of hosts of friends—men and women known throughout the artistic and literary world; and there is no doubt that her work and her example have encouraged others. She has represented in her books and plays certain aspects of English life which few authors could have dealt with so completely, and although she has not "specialised" on any particular county or district or type she has kept, as a whole, that wonderfully inspiring ideal of work worthily done, of a world beautiful for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, which tends to give unity in diversity, and makes her readers feel that they are in touch not with a mere teller of stories, but with a remarkably sympathetic personality. And the author, whether of fiction or of more austere literary forms, who conveys that sense of personality, has not missed the finest success of all.

THE POETRY OF THOMAS HARDY.*

BY JOHN FREEMAN.

THE publication in one volume of Thomas Hardy's Collected Poems affords a long-desired opportunity of surveying the whole of his work in verse, with the exception of "The Dynasts," within a single pair of covers. And it permits also a retrospect of more than fifty years, since "Wessex Poems," the first of five famous books, although not published until 1898, included many poems dated from the early sixties. Thus on the one hand Hardy's immense productiveness touches the fluent formalism of the Victorian period, and on the other the much-exploring, zestful activity of the latest Georgian poets. At one end he contrasts with Arnold and Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne, Patmore and the Rossettis, and at the other with Rupert Brooke, Edward Thomas and Mr. J. C. Squire. It is a vast and significant orbit, and of itself suffices to confer a distinction upon the present volume secondary only to the intrinsic importance of the poems which it contains. Amid the scores of eminent contemporaries, the blazing and the dying fires, he has remained solitary and uninfluenced. In 1867 he was writing:

NEUTRAL TONES.

"We stood by a pond that
winter day,
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

"Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles solved years ago;
And some words played between us to and fro
On, which lost the more by our love.

"The smile on your mouth was the deadliest thing
Alive enough to have strength to die;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
Like an ominous bird a-wing . . .

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
And a pond edged with grayish leaves"—

and in the last poem in "Moments of Vision," published in 1917, he writes:

"When the Present has latched its postern behind my
tremulous stay,
And the May moth flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbours say,
'He was a man who used to notice such things'?"

* "Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy." With a Portrait.
8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

"If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and
warm,

When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
One may say, 'He strove that such innocent creatures
should come to no harm,
But he could do little for them, and now he is gone.'

"If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they
stand at the door,

Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
Will this thought rise on
those who will meet my
face no more,
He was one who had an
eye for such mysteries'?"

'And will any say when my
bell of quittance is heard
in the gloom,

And a crossing breeze cuts
a pause in its outrollings,
Till they rise again, as they
were a new bell's boom,
He hears it not now, but
used to notice such
things'?"

In these hundreds of lyrics there is both variety and consistency. From first to last the form has developed towards an ever completer comprehensiveness, while the spirit has expressed itself more and more imaginatively and profoundly. If he has learned nothing from others, he has learned everything from himself. You are aware of a gigantic introspectiveness,

almost without parallel in English poetry; but closer acquaintance reveals a curious impersonality even in this introspectiveness. He is at once personal and representative. Imagination has worked equally upon thought and sensation, so that these poems become things to be apprehended only with the complete faculties of mind and heart. They are poems for men. Indeed, they are remarkable in yet another aspect. Poetry is so often and so proverbially the gift and pre-occupation of youth, that it is not surprising that the larger part of English poetry should be the work of young men. So often has the poet died young, even in the man who has lived long. But Thomas Hardy's work is all adult work, and much of it the work of an old man. Landor and Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, wrote when they were old men, but the work by which they are chiefly loved was not their later work. In the main the later work was merely reproductive, adding weight rather than value to their earlier inventions. But in the case of Hardy it is not the later work that would be sacrificed if surrender were inevitable. All his songs are, in Blake's phrase, Songs of Experience; and as experience has accumulated,



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.

it has been transmuted by the reflective imagination. And always the artist has been diligent. The earliest of his poems had a new and rare music, often naïve, sometimes uncertain, but still individual and without echoes save of Shakespeare and, though far more infrequently and oddly, of the French writers of triolet and rondeau. Metrically Thomas Hardy's work is of almost equal delight to the simple lover of poetry and that singular contrary person, the prosodist with his innocent-cheating yard-wand. There are hundreds of new forms, scores of enchanting airs, and a few precious masterpieces of musical invention, as:

"And in the night as I lay weak,
As I lay weak,
The leaves a-falling on my cheek,
The red moon low declined—
The ghost of him I'd die to kiss
Rose up and said: 'Ah, tell me this,
Was the child mine, or was it his?
Speak, that I rest may find.'

"O doubt not but I told him then,
I told him then
That I had kept me from all men
Since we joined lips and swore.
Whereat he smiled, and thinned away
As the wind stirred to call up day . . .
—'Tis past! And here alone I stray
Haunting the Western Moor."

He loves rhyme, and uses even its difficulties to enrich his music, yet the simplicities of verse were never more exquisitely expressive than in such a poem as "Unrealised," and almost countless others.

But with all this said, little more has been touched than the formal outskirts of the new and strange land which is the poetry of Thomas Hardy. Of him we may ask, and indeed must ask if we would read him with other than idle mind. What do you mean, see, guess, know? What has the author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure" to express in verse, for the sake of which the prose of so many years was abandoned as a no more useful thing? The answer to such questions is bound to be indirect. We no longer call this poet a pessimist and ask why he is not an optimist. We recognise that with him, as with every original mind, what is called his philosophy is not the sum of the pure, impersonal contemplation of human and natural phenomena, but is far more accurately the expression of character. His attitude in confronting life is not rational but temperamental. It is character and not reason that gives the bias, and of this simple axiom Hardy's poetry offers abundant illustration. That he uses neutral tones, paints sad landscapes:

"They load the leafless hedge hard by,
And the blades of last year's grass,
While the fallow ploughlands turned up nigh
In raw rolls, clammy and clogging lie—
Too clogging for feet to pass"—

that his incidents are tragic, yet often related ironically, that wife deceives husband, that when the dead revisit mortal haunts they are bitterly grieved or sardonically pleased, that amends are made too late—all these do but represent the effect of human experience upon character. And, too, these things reveal the writer's philosophy at least as clearly as those poems which

directly intend its revelation. Moreover, since no honest artist would select certain aspects of life and extend them as the whole of life, it is right to conclude that the microcosm which Hardy offers us in this book—the fruit, it must still be remembered, of more than fifty years' brooding—is indeed a true and full exhibition of inward and outward things as present to his mind. That is to say, his entire sincerity must be immediately conceded, even by those to whom his world appears disagreeable. His philosophy (if the term may still pass) may be granted as truly his, and yet rejected as being true for him but not for oneself and one's different temperament. Even his wildest and 'grimmest' fantasies must be accepted as temperamentally true. Take, for example, a mocking poem such as "Ah, are you digging on my grave."

" 'Ah, are you digging on my grave
My beloved one?—planting rue?'
—'No: yesterday he went to wed
One of the brightest wealth has bred.
'It cannot hurt her now,' he said,
That I should not be true.'"

It is not the happy widower; it is not the "nearest dearest kin," nor her late enemy, but "your little dog, who still lies near"; but when she praises the dog's fidelity, he alone of all things living still faithful to her memory, she is answered:

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave
To bury a bone, in case
I should be hungry near this spot
When passing on my daily trot.
I am sorry, but I quite forgot
It was your resting-place."

If wryness may seem to have dictated this, something perhaps sourer embitters the "Satires of Circumstance in Fifteen Glimpses." In these Hardy is attempting a skeleton poetry, without fleshly clothing or natural movement, and the starkness does not aid in credibility. One may even be driven to resentment. "The Statue of Liberty," for example, recites the questions of a sculptor who sees a man scrubbing the statue devoutly; praised for his pious work for Liberty, the cleaner answers that he cares not for Liberty, but does his humble task in memory of his daughter—"fairest and rarest"—who sat as model for the statue, and died in the town:

"In love of the fame of her,
And the good name of her,
I do this for her sake.

"Answer I gave not—of that form
The carver was I at his side;
His child, my model, held so saintly,
Grand in feature,
Gross in nature,
In the dens of vice had died."

The same untowardness in human affairs—the general theme of all his work, in verse or prose—is more effectively rendered when a sly humour leavens the helplessness; and sly humour is conspicuous among Hardy's gifts. Wanting this, his subjects are often of an intolerable rawness, and the ingenuity with which a new form, a difficult stanza, is fashioned for them does but make that rawness a little more sharply-edged, and the self-possession of the artist almost

amazing. Cynicism there is not, but an inverted humour, deepening rather than sweetening the sense of haplessness. It is the detached, even the remote spectator who speaks now and then; and indeed Hardy has a fondness for the vast aerial surveys which fell so easily into the great scheme of "The Dynasts":

"What were the infinite spectacles featuring foremost
Under my sight,
Hindering me to discern my paced advancement
Lengthening to miles;
What were the re-creations killing the daytime
As by the night?"

All these, it must be repeated, are to be accepted as true for their author, being written out of his temperament; and if we do not find them true for ourselves, if the world of our experience, inward and outward, is not strewn with statues of liberty and desolate with circumstantial satires, we may yet receive them for

the increase of our sense of the originality, the variety and the sensitiveness of the mind of their author.

—The mind of their author. There is the ultimate fascination of these poems. Their lyrical qualities are great and in certain respects unique, but it is when these qualities are most freely felt in the expression of Hardy's own personality that they excite the deepest admiration. That is a value which they share with Shakespeare's sonnets and with Donne. Through these poems the mind of the author rises as stone whitens through green turf. The stone is shaped by centuries of change, by elemental influences. And the mind of Thomas Hardy, shown in these Collected Poems more sharply than in all the novels, rises solid out of English earth, shaped by the same elemental influences and ancestral forces, by ancient paganism and by the stealthy wave of modern science.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. JANUARY, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best answer in not more than a hundred words to the question: If you had Aladdin's Lamp what is the first wish you would gratify?
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.



From "London Men in Palestine" (Edward Arnold), Captain H. Rowlands S. Collicott's graphic and spirited story of his experiences of war in the Holy Land.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to S. M. Isaacson, of 16, Lexham Gardens, W.8., and Eileen Newton, of White Haven, Whitby, Yorks, for the following:

1917.

I never knew,
Until this hour, just what I meant to you;
I knew a brave and steadfast love was mine,
But what the measure of that love might be
I never knew,
Until you died for me.

I never thought,
Nor could perceive, that I excelled in aught
Save only, dearest, in your loving eyes.
Henceforth I rate myself less modestly
As one dear-bought,
Since you have died for me.

I never cared,
O'er greatly, how the world around us fared;
Secure within the shelter of your heart.
Now will I live for all, in memory
Of all you dared
Before you died for me.

I never guessed
What wealth was mine, that you should love me best;
Until I came to face the world alone
And marvel mutely in what great degree
I have been blessed
That you should die for me.

Oh, you who went
Beyond, with fearless gaze and head unbent,
And would not wait for me, since England called,
Be near me ever, till once more I see
And join, content,
My love who died for me.

S. M. ISAACSON.

CONVEYANCE.

WHEREAS . . . AND WHEREAS . . . records the quill,
And the clerk's brown head bends low
To catch the last reluctant ray
Of the wild, implacable winter's day,
That is ending now in a flurry of snow.
Close is the room, and still.

NOW THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH . . .
But he dreams of the blackbird's tune,
Of buds that break in a sunlit space,
Of the flower-soft curves of a girl's fair face
That is one with the glamour and glow of June,
With bird-song and lilac-breath.

BOUNDED . . . ON OR TOWARDS THE EAST . . .
"Gold, red-gold, is her hair,
And blue are her eyes as those far blue hills . . ."
(They are but the drafts of dead men's wills,
By the old black box in the corner there
Of R. J. Barry, deceased.)

TO HOLD. . . Ah! June, with your songs and scents,
Loose hold of the young clerk's hand!
For the face of his holiday-love has fled;
In the dust of the Law, Romance lies dead,
And its tomb is a PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND
And the HEREDITAMENTS. EILEEN NEWTON.

We also select for printing:

RELEASE.

Your face is quiet now, your ~~thigh~~ hands stilled,
That gripped and wandered in their agony;
And hushed for ever your dear voice that strove
Through all your pain for words to comfort me.

And I have tried to hide my tears and smile,
Lest you should grieve to see my misery.
Now, God be praised, dear, you are safe from pain,
And I can weep, and weep, with none to see.

(Minna Browning, Strathcona, St. John's, Cheltenham.)

From the very large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation the thirty by Molly Fogerty (Oxford), H. J. Hann (Weston-super-Mare), Alice Doris Moorhouse (Birmingham), G. Lawrence Groom (London, N.), Rachel Bates (Great Crosby), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Gilbert Coleridge (London, S.W.), Vivienne Dayrell (London, N.W.), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), R. Scott Frayn (Altrincham), Malcolm Hemphrey (Farnborough), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Elinor M. Dyer (South Shields), Alice M. Linford (London, N.), Dorothy Stanford (London, N.W.), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), A. Muir (Glasgow), Helen Mitcham (Limehouse), E. (Highgate), Margaret Hill (Southampton), Margaret Douglas (Scarborough), A. Violet Gandy (Bath), B. Ionides (Hove), Mary Kent (Holloway), Eunice Fuller (Caen), Alice Hopkinson (Cambridge), Cyril Bertram (Taunton), Dorothy Bowers (Monmouth), Jeffery Kitley (Derby), E. R. L. (Durham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne, for the following:

THE TURNING POINT. BY EDWARD LEWIS.
(Sampson Low.)

"Her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower"
TENNYSON, *Gareth and Lynette*.

We also select for quotation:

BIRD BEHAVIOUR. BY FRANK FINN, F.Z.S.
(Hutchinson.)

"The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
Down flew a blackbird and snapped off her nose"
Nursery Rhyme.

(Mariquita Gutiérrez, 25, Paseo de la Concha, San Sebastian, (Guipuzcoa) Spain, and Captain W. L. Tudley, Garrison Headquarters, Pembroke Dock.)

THE REVOLT OF YOUTH. BY CORALIE HOBSON.
(Werner Laurie.)

"And the moral which they taught, I
Well remember. Thus they said
'Little boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipped and sent to bed.'"
THOS. BARRHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends*.

(Queenie Scott-Hopper, 25, The Crescent, Whitley Bay.)

DRESSING GOWNS AND GLUE.
BY CAPTAIN L. DE G. SIEVEKING, D.S.O.
(Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

"Here's a pretty mess."
W. S. GILBERT, *Mikado*.

(Jessie Hallit, 9, Ashfield Road, Birkby, Huddersfield, and Ada Emily Smith, 63, Fairfield Street, Wandsworth, S.W.18.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best brief motto for the New Year is awarded to Percy Allott, of St. Michael's House, Basinghall Street, E.C.2, for the following:

"I do the very best I know how: the very best I can:
and I mean to keep doing so until the end."

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We select for special commendation the twelve original or selected mottoes by M. A. Hopkins (Bath), Miss.

Hood (Christiana), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon Common), Rev. Clement E. Newcomb (Kidderminster), F. Webster (Walworth), Albert Edwards (Oldham), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), Winifred Watson (Ilfracombe), Kate Johnson (Bradford), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), John E. Clements (Manchester), Alfred Green (Skipton).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to L. Mugford, of 19, Cecil Court, S.W.10, for the following :

YASHKA. BY MARIA BOTCHKAREVA. (Constable.)

Maria Botchkareva must be dowered with a very tough body in addition to her strength of soul—for no other cast of woman could have emerged sane from such persistence of toil, ill-usage, lack of physical comfort and disillusion of spirit, as this peasant endured. It is an amazing narrative—with no great literary distinction, but compelling by its human interest. One realises with her that it will need an unusually strong shepherd to extricate the Russian flock—for easily-swayed sheep these Slavs seem—from the shifty morass in which it now struggles.

We also select for printing :

AN AWFULLY BIG ADVENTURE. BY "BARIEMEUS." (Cassell.)

This is more than a book of adventure stories. It suggests a philosophy of adventure. Adventuring with children we strike the adventure of love. Adventuring with lovers we storm the shot-raked mole at Ostend. Yet Mouldy Jakes the hero was "no adventurer by nature." Then follow O-boat adventures with submarines. The war atmosphere vanishes and we are standing on a peak in the Maritime Alps in pre-war days. Is the old world to give earnest of the new? One thing remains and the priest realised it gazing upward to the peak. "... The adventure—the brave adventure."

(T. F. Harkness Graham, Manse of Cadzow, Hamilton, Scotland.)

IRISH IMPRESSIONS. BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Collins.)

These reflections on Ireland and the Irish are marked by the vision and poetry, and the wit and humour we associate with Chesterton, and they should be widely read, not only for their literary brilliancy, but for the author's arresting statement on the burning Irish question, which may yet dig the grave of England's reputation abroad. Many readers will hotly repudiate G. K.'s scathing criticism of England's conduct towards Ireland, and

deride the Chestertonian point of view, but surely few will quarrel with his vision of Erin as a nation of peasant proprietors, living peacefully and contentedly as their own masters.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

A THIN GHOST AND OTHERS.

BY MONTAGUE RHODES JAMES, Litt.D. (Arnold.)

Attempts to create the gruesome in literature too often result in works of mere childishness and boredom, but Dr. James has grasped the essential that it is the skilful suggestion of the uncanny that grips the reader and that detailed description dispels all illusion. Although none of these five short tales can compare either in title or technique with such of his former masterpieces as "The Scrap-Book of Canon Alberic," many a fireside will enjoy Christmas all the more for the thrills received from "An Episode of Cathedral History"—the best in our opinion—and the accompanying stories.

(B. Webb, The Oratory School, Birmingham.)

AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS.

BY S. P. B. MAIS. (Grant Richards.)

"And a guide for those who have left school" might well have been added as a sub-title to this stimulating and freshly-written book. It is compiled for "the boy and girl of average ability," but, except with the help of the teacher, its value would be fully appreciated only by the scholar well in his teens. The adult will find abundant joy in its pregnant pages. At least one reader well past school age and jaded by five years of stress has won from them a new enthusiasm for English and English literature, and will peruse them many times.

(Vincent Hamson, III, Dallow Road, Luton.)

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent by E. M. Liddell (Chepstow), Florence G. Fidler (London, W.), M. K. Boothby (Scarborough), Sub-Lieutenant Gillett, R.N. (H.M.S. *Coventry*), Mrs. J. A. (Hampstead), Winifred Bates (Bridport), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), K. Gordon Brown (Glasgow), Rolanda Hirst (Bedwas), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), G. M. Field (London, S.W.), Annie Pearson (Halifax), M. B. (Stowmarket), Ruth Bevan (Bude), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), Kathleen W. Coales (Market Harborough), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Gladys M. E. Leigh (West Bromwich), Daisy Underwood (Ealing).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Gwendolen Leijonhufvud, of Wyuna, Bournemouth West.

THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY R. ELIAS ROBERTS.

ONE of the best known and least observed of critical rules is that you should never condemn a work of art for not being something which it evidently does not attempt to be. It is legitimate to argue that the "mixed" tragedy of Shakespeare, which permits the Porter-scene in "Macbeth," is an inferior form of art to that of Sophocles or Racine; but it is silly to complain of the lack of incident in Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality. Its admirers are as unvexed as were those of the elephant when the jaundiced ones turned down that king of beasts because of his failure to rival the colour or the progression of the silver pheasant. Latterly Mr. Kipling has had a great deal of this criticism. People have attacked him without

considering what kind of a poet he is, what kind of work he is trying to do. It is open to you to say that you dislike all political, dramatic, gnomic and dialect poetry—if you do, leave these handsome volumes alone; but do not take the volumes and then complain bitterly that they are full of qualities which are inevitable in the very nature of the task attempted.

The greatest and gravest fault in Mr. Kipling's critics is, I think, their refusal to recognise his superb dramatic quality. It is a thing very rare in poets. Leaving out the dramatists who wrote in verse, how few English poets there are who give us individuals, who really present character. Chaucer stands alone. There are passages in Dryden and Pope, a fierce, half-finished etching or two in Donne, and some masterly work in

* "The Poems of Rudyard Kipling." 3 vols. £3 3s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Cowper and Crabbe. Then comes Browning—for neither Scott nor Byron can claim to do anything but present romantic types. After Browning, again, who is there but Mr. Hardy and Mr. Kipling? If Mr. Kipling cannot be compared with Mr. Hardy for depth of feeling, or singleness of vision, he has invented in his verse, as in his prose, a range of characters of greater richness, with more various idiosyncrasies than has any poet since Browning. Take the series of "Barrack-room Ballads," first published in the volume of that name, and in "The Seven Seas": in those brief, economic, pitiful, humorous, tender or savage poems you have a series of portraits whose competence and craftsmanship appear to me indisputable. It has been said that all art should make pictures: and does any living poet make a picture quite so certainly as Mr. Kipling? You may not like the picture—just as you may dislike the "Capriccios" of Goya; but you must not ride away with your dislike as a flaming principle, which yet allows you to praise the poetry of Mr. Masfield and Mr. Chesterton, or of Mr. Vachel Lindsay, the latest men of genius to use Mr. Kipling wisely and well. The use of slang in the "Barrack-room Ballads" and in such a poem as the amazing "Ballad of the Bolivar," was a source of vexation to some of the poet's earlier critics. Even the *National Observer* had to comment on it as something which needed defence. To me it seems on a par with the use of dialect. If you admit the dialect of Burns, and Barnes, or in Shakespeare and Hardy, I can see no reason against allowing slang, when it is dramatically appropriate. It is this dramatic propriety which is frequently attacked in Mr. Kipling. I do not mean that a critic can draw no deductions from an author's characters and choice of subjects as to the author's own predilections. Mr. Kipling's prejudices are obvious enough. But I think that it is often forgotten how much Mr. Kipling represents, in his methods, the people for whom he is speaking. If you took at full value the soldier-songs of the war—not the poems, nor the bad verses written by good patriots to be roared at music halls, but the songs that the soldier actually sang, you would have a very odd idea of the British soldier's pluck and patriotism. That great ballad, "O! my! I don't want to die! I want to go home!" was sung tumultuously, with a luxurious melancholy, by men who would have died sooner than go home. It represented, in short, a truth of mood; it was a kind of swearing—how horrible it would be if every man who ever said "Damn you" really meant that he wished to see his enemy writhing in hell-fire. Now Mr. Kipling's poems are full of the truth of mood. He says, and makes his heroes say, precisely what they feel at the moment: and so you may get two poems which treat of the same subject in veins violently contradictory, such as "Mary, Pity Women!" and "The Ladies." And I do not see why Mr. Kipling should be charged with insincerity in either poem any more than Shakespeare whose writing of love ranges from the passion of "Romeo and Juliet" to the cynicism of "Troilus and Cressida." Or again when Mr. Kipling makes his service man declare:

"But now, discharged, I fall away
To do with little things again . . .
Gawd, 'oo knows all I cannot say,
Look after me in Thamesfontein!

'If England was what England seems
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er! *But she ain't!*'—

his critics declaim against a patriotism so conditioned, although it would not seem to differ in spirit from that of those who insist on the duty of admitting one's country's faults. If you once admit the validity of any criticism of your fatherland, you must grant Mr. Kipling the same licence you allow Mr. Bertrand Russell. This brings us to the political side of Mr. Kipling's verse, I write as one who disagrees with nearly all Mr. Kipling's expressed political views, and detest (as a politician) most of his political verse. I do not think that any one, however ardently he agreed with Mr. Kipling's attitude, would agree that he was at his best in the political verse. It falls into rhetoric, into commonplace, into abuse far too easily; but, putting politics aside, there are some poems of this class which seem to me far better than most "patriotic" verse. There is beauty and breadth, rhetorical but not false nor pompous, in "The English Flag"; and, while little can be said about such poems as "The Old Issue" or "The Islanders," what poem with a national bias can compare for dignity or wisdom with "The Recessional"? And no one who loves English country can fail to respond to the colour and love of the poems in "Puck of Pook's Hill."

Of the outstanding features of Mr. Kipling's poetry the most remarkable—and it is true of his prose too—is his feeling for words. He loves words as a jeweller loves stones. He has an unerring eye for the only word, and an incredible skill in setting it. In a day of idle workers, of careless, slipshod authors, Mr. Kipling keeps up a standard of actual writing, of pure craftsmanship, which is, in its way, as vigorous, as exacting, as full of discipline as Pater's style. Indeed, in a real sense, Mr. Kipling is the last and greatest of the æsthetes. He cannot resist a phrase. Take a simple poem, a poem in which few words are used, "Ford o' Kabul River," and analyse its language: can one condemn the art which has produced, with such a simplicity, so poignant an effect? In more luxuriant moments Mr. Kipling is over indulgent. I rather like his mediæval moments when he riots in a heaven peopled by subalterns and Rubens archangels, with a row of pale, rather frightened Blake-like figures, burning like flames, in the background; but there is no doubt that most readers find the adventures on "the rein of a red-maned star" a trifle temerarious. In these poems what one chiefly admired and admires is the sheer gusto, the gaiety of youth, the gallant audacity which is prepared to attempt in verse the same decorative effects which Flemish and Italian artists achieved in paint. It is natural that in his later work this exuberance has been curbed: yet with the more sober mood has come no lessening of strength when the poet really feels and conveys his feeling in a poem continually satisfying. Prejudice may seek to discount the value of many of the more recent poems; but it seems to me a sheer refusal of truth to recognise the beauty and force, the reticence and vision of several of the Epitaphs.

Inevitably the melody and the tone of the Greek anthology are recalled to the reader who meets such a gem as "The Beginner":

"On the first hour of the first day
In the front trench I fell.
(Children in boxes at a play
Stand up to watch it well)"—

or the even more heartrending "The Coward":

"I could not look on Death,
which being known,
Men led me to him, blind-
fold and alone."

And is there any modern English poem which would more easily slip into a collection of old ballads, and seem not at all out of place than "My Boy Jack"?

"Have you news of my boy Jack?"
Not this tide.

When d'you think that he'll come back?
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

"Has any one else had word of him?"
Not this tide.

For what is sunk will hardly swim
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

"Oh, dear, what comfort can I find?"
None this tide
Nor any tide
Except he did not shame his kind—

Not even with this wind blowing, and that tide.

Then hold your head up all the more,
This tide,
And every tide;
Because he was the son you bore
And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!"

It may be indeed that by his ballads Kipling as poet will chiefly live: and it is a high promise. For the ballad-singer, more than most poets, is the reed for the life of the race, and his music is the echo of the deep, unheard music of the people. It is not that it is less personal than other poetry, but that ballad poetry touches the universal aspects of the things which make for every person the colour, the charm, the

agony and the terror of life. The things the ballad-maker sings are simple things, and he must sing them simply; and here Mr. Kipling has restored the old tradition of extremely plain, biblical speech which was rather lost during the time when the Pre-Raphaelites pursued a more conscious and mannered style. In spite of all his virtuosity, Mr. Kipling has always remained perfectly simple in his poetry: when the meaning is obscure it is the result of a certain lack of intensity: he has been writing with his head rather than with his heart. Never when he has felt and meant his subject does he fail from that straightforward, intense statement which is the mark of the really essential poet. And there are a few poems—"Sussex" and "The Flowers" are the supreme

examples—in which the poet restores for us that early, surprised emotion of joy in lyric beauty, that sense of unaware discovery which overcame the first reader of Elizabethan song-books, of Burns, or of the Lyrical Ballads.

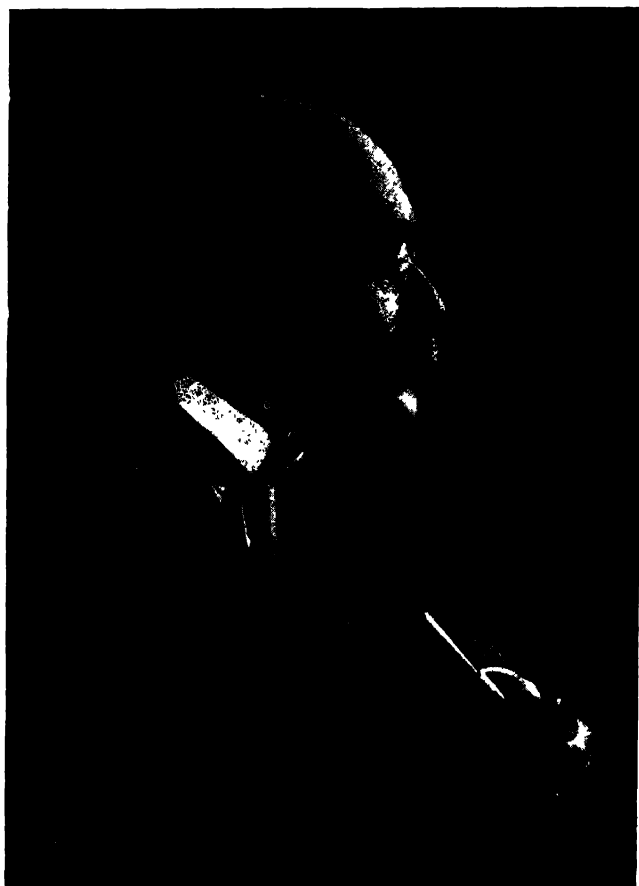


Photo by E. O. Heppé.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

By LOUIS J. McQUILAND.

WHATEVER the political and religious prejudices of Ulster, its fiction and drama have for some fifteen years past given evidence of a spirit which rises over party bickerings. The Ulster Literary Theatre was instituted in Belfast in 1904 with a poetic drama, "Brian of Banba," by Bulmer Hobson, and a satire on municipal politics, "The Reformer," by Lewis Purcell. It was at this time that the magazine *Uladh* appeared which contained plays from the repertoire of the theatre, such as "The Little Cowherd of Slainge," a dramatic legend by Joseph Campbell. Hobson and Purcell were members of the Belfast Protestant

Nationalist Society, and Joseph Campbell was a Roman Catholic poet.

Purcell's next play, "The Enthusiasts," was more ambitious in its scope than "The Reformers." It was followed, in 1906, on the stage, by "The Pagan," an adventurous attempt to build a comedy round the conflicts between Christians and Pagans in the Ireland of the sixteenth century. In the same year appeared Mr. Rutherford Mayne's serious comedy, "The Turn of the Road." In the direction of farce, the Ulster Literary Theatre produced "Gerald MacNamara's delicious extravaganza, "Thompson in Tir-na-n'Og,"

being the adventures of an Orangeman in the Celtic fairyland, and "When the Mist Does Be On the Bog," an irresistible travesty on Synge.

Later came Rutherford Mayne's "The Drone," and "Red Turf," racy of the soil. In Ulster Rutherford Mayne is still considered its leading playwright, but Mr. St. John Ervine, another native of the north-east corner, has gained the plaudits of England and America, especially with "John Ferguson," which has aroused the United States to enthusiasm. Before dealing with this play or any other work of St. John Ervine's, I think it well to begin at the beginning, and tell of Ervine's career.

The most successful playwright and novelist Ulster has produced in our time was born in Belfast in 1883. His father was a printer from whom he inherited a love of literature. He was an omnivorous reader from infancy, and began to write at a precociously youthful age. At the age of seventeen he left the Ulster capital and came to the English one. He obtained work in an insurance company, but filled in all his spare hours with writing. In course of time he became a contributor to the *Daily News*, the *Manchester Guardian* and *The Nation*. Like all Irishmen, he has been unable to escape a deep preoccupation with politics, and that preoccupation is seen in all his work. In his salad days, St. John Ervine was a member of that famous debating centre, the West London Parliament, and discussed all the questions of the day. He sat at that time on the Socialist benches. There was no distinctive Irish group in the Society. The keen young men with whom he sat were members of the Fabian nursery, who respected the Webbs, admired Wells, enjoyed Chesterton, and worshipped George Bernard Shaw. At that time Ervine looked much as he does to-day, slightly built, with fair, curly hair and a somewhat reserved manner. He had no Celtic fervour in his speeches, but was a close reasoner with crisp, succinct arguments to back up whatever advanced or lost cause he was battling for. I have not the faintest doubt that the loosening of his tongue caused by these discussions and the necessity for compression in the speeches according to the rules of debate were factors in his success as a novelist and playwright. Mr. Ervine got married when he was twenty-eight.

His first play was "The Magnanimous Lover," which Mr. William Butler Yeats thought highly of. He called it "a piece of wayward realism." Mr. Ervine has no illusions about that play, which he has since termed "a crude and violent thing." His second play was "Mixed Marriage" (produced before "The Magnanimous Lover"). He loves it most of his plays, though he admits it was "a clumsily contrived thing." It will be noticed that Mr. Ervine is his own severest critic.

The next play was "Jane Clegg," done by Miss Horniman at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester; and then came "John Ferguson" which was first performed at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and was afterwards put on for a week at the Repertory Theatre, Liverpool. During the performance there, the player who took the name-part fell sick at the end of the first act. A brief panic ensued, in the midst of which Ervine was suddenly hauled out of the bar of the theatre, thrust into the actor's clothes, hurriedly "made-up," and sent on to

the stage to play the part of John Ferguson, although, surprising to relate, he did not remember a word of it. He played the part three times and became astonishingly ingenious in hiding the book of the play. This piece, "John Ferguson," has an odd history. It was written in the three months immediately succeeding the outbreak of war, and offered to the Abbey Theatre. The author made conditions as to its production which Yeats refused to concede. Ervine was very angry about this refusal, which, with his usual magnanimity, he now considers was justified; and he withdrew the play from the Abbey.

In the course of conversation Mr. St. John Ervine told me of his surprise when one night Sir George Alexander rang him up, and asked if he had a play that he could produce at once. "I said 'No,'" explained Ervine, "but that I'd like him to read 'John Ferguson.' I sent it to him, and he liked it so much that he proposed to do it at the St. James's with himself in the title-rôle. You can imagine that suave and charming actor as a rough Ulster farmer!" On second thoughts Sir George withdrew his offer because the play was a tragedy, and he did not think that a gloomy play would draw audiences in war time. In its place he produced three "popular" pieces, one after the other, all of which were financial failures. Then the play remained dormant until Yeats asked Ervine to become manager of the Abbey Theatre for a couple of months until he could find some one to take the place of the previous manager.

Ervine went over to Dublin, produced his play and remained at the Abbey for eight months. It was a period of excursions and alarms and many pitched battles. Mr. Ervine was too drastic in his methods for the easygoing Irish players. His initial handicap was that he was an Ulsterman. The Dubliners despise Belfastmen as Philistines and hustlers; the Belfastmen despise the Dubliners as talkers and dreamers. This is not a conflict of theological and political outcome. In Ireland, as in every other country, there is a sharp dividing line in the temperament of the North and the South. In any event, however, even a Leinster archangel would not have established peace in the Abbey Theatre. I have met its principal players. They are clever, witty, charming and delightful, but they are full of artistic jealousies. The same of course applies to the distinguished *illuminati* of the Comédie Française.

At the end of eight months of trial Ervine returned to England, wrote his most ambitious novel, "Changing Winds," and enlisted in the Household Battalion. "John Ferguson" appeared to have petered out, so far as the theatre was concerned. Then an unexpected thrill came.

"I was living in Devonshire at a fishing village called Beer (the scene of much of 'Changing Winds')," said Ervine to the present writer, "when I received a telegram from New York asking for permission to produce 'Ferguson' at the Garrick Theatre in that city. The war was then over. I agreed to the Theatre Guild people doing the play, and expected to hear in due course that it had been a financial failure, and that the total amount of royalties due to me was one shilling and ninepence. Instead of this, the play was an enormous success. It ran through the hot weather, and was performed for twenty-five weeks in New York, and there are now two companies on tour in America with it. It is to be produced by Nigel Playfair and Arnold Bennett at the

Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, about February, when 'Abraham Lincoln' at last consents to withdraw."

During the war, Ervine, after serving as a trooper in the Household Cavalry, saw service in France as an officer in the Dublin Fusiliers from October, 1917, to May, 1918, when he was badly wounded, the result being the loss of a leg—but not of his style.

For a paper like *THE BOOKMAN*, Mr. Ervine's first claim is as a novelist. He has written the best Ulster novel in dialect I have yet encountered in "Mrs. Martin's Man." As an exile from the

north-east corner, I know the types he describes, and can vouch for their truth. Dialect is often a wearisome business, but St. John Ervine has made it subsidiary to his characterisation. It occurs to one that this could be their only method of expression. If Anglicised the talk in "Mrs. Martin's Man" would lose all its "tang," and very much of its force. The novel shows intense powers of observation, and the keenest psychological analysis. The story is that of a strong, simple woman with a hopelessly bad husband, a drunkard and a philanderer. She bears with him, even when he is unbearable, and is relieved when he forsakes her, even though her sister betrays her. Her boy grows up intolerant of his mother, and her women-kind take the same line, despising her weakness. They are all "set upon"

themselves. In Mrs. Martin, however, there are great reserves of strength, and the time comes when she puts down her foot and rules her own household on her craven husband's return. She resents most of all the selfish conceit of her son, who has tried to rule the roost and dominate his mother. Mrs. Martin speaks.

" 'Your da's drunk,' she said to Jamesy. 'Well, who's hurt the most by that? Not you, not Aggie, not Esther, but me. I'm hurt, not you. But you're not thinkin' of me, none of you! You're thinkin' of yourself. . . . Yes, you are, Jamesy. An' what am I thinkin' of? Aye, indeed, I'd be the poor woman if I was to wander about thinkin' of my troubles an' my pride, an' how I was hurt by this one an' that one. I'm too ould to be hain' people, Jamesy.

" 'All of yous orderin', orderin', orderin', and never askin' my leave. Well, there'll be an end of that, Master James, and your da'll know it, too, when he's sober. I'm the master in my family, an' it's me that decides what's to be done in my house, not you, or your da, or no one. . . . "

This sounds like low comedy, but it is the strong finish to a squalid tragedy, in which the only cleansing influence is heart-scalded (an Ulsterism) Mrs. Martin.

"Changing Winds" is a mighty good novel about Ulster, but in spite of its strength and vigour, it is not as good a novel as Mr. John Heron Lepper's "The North-East Corner," which deals with the history of two Ulster families about a generation after the Act of Union, and carries on the narrative from the childhood of its characters to their old age. Mr. Lepper's book is a surer study because he keeps to the Ulster soil. In Mr. Ervine's "Changing Winds," which was a contemporary novel, the interest kept shifting between Ireland

and England, and the effect was somewhat jerky. "Changing Winds," however, is a quite remarkable book, the work of a thoughtful, earnest artist, who has steadfastly declined to pander to the taste for "stage Irishmen," which has spoiled many good writers, and has utterly undone Mr. George Birmingham as a lasting influence on Irish literature.

I do not like Mr. Ervine's Cockney stories, though they have many admirers. I do not think it is possible for any Irishman to give a phonetic rendering of the speech of Bermondsey or the New Cut. The Ulsterman especially has little faculty for picking up a patois or a dialect as he has the rough emphatic tones of the Scotch—that is, if he is within the Belfast ambit. Ervine's "Alice and a Family" had a marked success. It was clever and witty and sentimental—above everything

else sentimental—but sentimentality is not his metier. In "Eight o'Clock and other Studies," a volume of short stories where the Irish dialect of Donegal is contrasted with that of South London, the contrast showed the inherent strength of the Irish medium, and the inherent weakness of the Cockney one.

I fear that Ervine will become so popular as a playwright that he may not have time for fiction; but if he does make leisure in his busy life for novels, he will be doing an immense service to his native province in continuing to present it in its verity to English readers. Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. Edwin Pugh will turn out as many living Cockneys as are desired.

One of the strongest of Ervine's early plays is "Mixed Marriage." It is a wonderful contribution to the proper understanding of the sectional bitterness of the Northern Province. Old John Rainey, a staunch Belfast Protestant, is at heart a sound democrat. He dislikes Roman Catholics; but he dislikes equally the oppression of men, whatever the creeds concerned. Michael O'Hara, a Roman Catholic, asks for Rainey's help in a strike, and has practically persuaded him to the speech that will bind Orangeman and Papist together for fair wages and



Mr. St. John Ervine.

decent hours. Before Rainey sets out to convert his fellow Orangemen to his views, he sees his son making love to a Roman Catholic girl, Nora Murray. He declines to make the crucial speech unless his boy Hughie, gives up Nora, but the young couple will not hear of separation. Rainey's old hatred of Catholicism is revived by this attempted introduction of one of the hatred creed into his family; and at the meeting of strikers he denounces the Papists virulently. As a result sectarian riots follow. The military are called in, and Nora, who has become Hughie's wife, is shot dead. The play terminates on this note of pitiful tragedy.

The play "Jane Clegg" has just such another theme as "Mrs. Martin's Man." Jane Clegg is the strongest character in it. She, too, triumphs over a worthless husband. In this play the sex problem is handled with extraordinary frankness. "John Ferguson" is the best thing Mr. Ervine has done as a dramatist. It embodies all his best qualities—sound construction, living dialogue, and that clash of individualities and temperaments which is the true essence of all drama. John Ferguson, sickly, a mystic, and finding his only hope in life in the Bible, endeavours to mould his family into his interpretation of the Book which he so constantly studies. Sarah Ferguson, his wife, has tenderness in her Christianity, but never attempts to controvert her husband's harsh views.

Their daughter, Hannah, is a fine girl of twenty who possesses some of the good gifts of each parent. There is a mortgage on John Ferguson's farm, held by a grasping bully and sensualist, Henry 'Witherow. Hannah promises to marry Witherow if he will let the mortgage go; and then she repents of her agreement. She goes to intercede with the man, and returns home in a distracted condition. In her own words, Witherow has "harmed her." Shortly after this Witherow is shot. James Caesar, a petty creature, who has desired to marry Hannah in spite of her loathing for him, is arrested for the murder. The real culprit, however, is John Ferguson's son Andrew. John struggles hard between his humanity as a father and his rigid Biblical judgment. The latter prevails, and it is with his wish that his son delivers himself up to the authorities. The play ends with John Ferguson reading, as he had done earlier in the play, the passage from Samuel, and David's lament: "Would God I had died for thee, Absalom, my son . . . my son."

"John Ferguson" is a fitting successor to "Abraham Lincoln." All of us who regard literature with reverence will see St. John Ervine's dramatic masterpiece at the Lyric Theatre. As an Ulsterman, and one with a different creed, and perhaps somewhat different political convictions, I am very proud of Ervine's success. He has worked hard for it.

New Books.

THE ONLY MAX.*

Max is so definitely clever, so brilliant in many ways, yet so economical of his gifts and resources, that there is no one in the wide range of literature or art whose works are received by a fairly numerous few with more genuine welcome and happy applause. It is rare for a writer to be complained-of for niggardliness of output; yet it is a true bill against Mr. Beerbohm. I'etter, though, economy in good things, than such over-supply as has ruined the names and work of many writers. Max is however not expressing himself as fully as he did, when the famous cartoons stamped in permanence the grotesqueries of a time, and the weekly article of dramatic criticism in the *Saturday* was a happiness to gods and men. We fail to see why the present absurd days should not be similarly rewarded. Surely there are eccentricities enough worthy of the pictorial jingle of Max's cap-o'-bells! After all, Mr. Beerbohm knows best, and while he is economical of output he is generous of quality. Every piece of his work has the right finish. Imagination, ingenuity, wit and humour are in everything he writes; he gives us of his best self, with the result that the reader is not let down; but has, within the limits permitted, a fill of enjoyment.

It is part of the humour of his latest book that he should include himself amongst the "Seven Men." Zuleika Dobsor, we were informed, caught her style of conversation through happening once to sit at dinner next to Mr. Beerbohm, who is a necessary partner in the incidents and mental atmosphere of the five stories or studies that comprise this book. Without the witness of their writer they would be shadows uncaught; whereas instead they are actualities, fantastic but sufficient. The best comes first, "Enoch Soame": an extraordinarily ingenious invention, with a true, ironical study of a type: the poet, just less than a poet, who reaches for the fruit but grasps

only the leaves. He is the instance of a frequent genus. Here is a poem, at once a gem of parody and—a significance, for it shows how ever behind time are the self-styled futurists of any aspect of art. The little incompetent people claim to be boldly in advance, a vanguard; and are, all the while, the faded echoes of their affected grandsires:

"Thou art, who hast not been!"
Pale tunes irresolute
And trceries of old sounds
Blown from a rotted flute
Mingle with noise of cymbals rouged with rust,
Nor not strange forms and epicene
Lie bleeding in the dust,
Being wounded with wounds.

*"For this it is
That in thy counterpart
Of age-long mockeries
Thou hast not been nor art!"*

Is not that just the sort of thing, though somewhat more clever, the posing cliques are penning and mouthing to-day, and will still be doing in 1992 when Enoch Soame makes his predicted and assured reappearance at the British Museum, to discover, according to the gospel of Nupton, that Mr. Beerbohm was a writer of "sumwot labud satire"? This story is the cleverest of the five, conceived with a brilliance of inventiveness and worked out with a constructive skill that makes one feel the inadequacy of English adjectives. For boldness of invention "Maltby and Braxton," Victorian authors of a brief, purple hour, follows a good second. It is the most amusing and withal comically painful ghost-story that I remember. The troubles of Maltby, pursued through his social pleasures at a country house by the wraith of his envious, supplanted rival, is perfect farce, its humour blent with the pathetic. "James Pethel" is a cruel study of a human possibility, a man so bitten with the craze for risks and chances that an added handicap but adds to his zest. Therefore, when he drives his car at a devil's speed through dangerous

* "Seven Men." By Max Beerbohm. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)

places, it quickens the tang of his peculiar satisfaction to have with him human cargo—a sinister touch that shows, if Mr. Beerbohm's humour were not so insistent and abundant, how effectively he might pen an horrific, cruel, cynical book. "James Pethel" makes the smallest appeal of these stories, because its subtlety is the least commingled with the spirit of Max, the satire is less genial. "A. V. Larder," again, is brilliant, with surprise in its tail. The idea is an inspiration, and the working out an example of the infinite capacity for taking pains. The account of the tragic railway journey is a model of artistic completeness. It is almost a relief to pass from this strain of sustained laudation to the episode of "Savonarola Brown." So much gup gets easy adjectives from half-baked reviewers that whole-hearted praise, however justified, is apt to seem untrue. The tragedy of "Savonarola" to which the prose about the late dramatic critic, Mr. Brown, who preferred to visit theatres on second nights, is the framework, is burlesque of bolder, cruder, more frankly laughable sort, than the customary parody of Max. Its object is not apparent; is it Shakespeare or the frequent poetaster who apes the Elizabethan? The tragedy is certainly funny—the stock antics of the crowd, the ornate verse, with the adapted borrowings from Disraeli and Abraham Lincoln, the "business" too reminiscent of Sheridan's "Critic," and the rich flow of mighty characters, that include Dante, Michael Angelo, Francis of Assisi, Benvenuto Cellini, Andrea del Sarto, Pippa passing, the Borgias and the Medici, Leonardo da Vinci, Boccaccio, with the Brethren of the Misericordia chanting a requiem for Francesca da Rimini, and Guelphs and Ghibellines fighting. Excellent clowning, or not much better than that. It is very amusing, but it rather takes from the charm and quality of a book that is characteristic of the wittiest writer of our time.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SWINBURNE AND MEREDITH.*

It is the exception, not the rule, to find one who having known a great man long and intimately can sit down and tell you anything much about him. Observation and a retentive memory are not common gifts; few can remember, in any detail, incidents or conversations that happened a year ago, and fewer follow Boswell's methodical practice of making a note of such things before they have had time to forget or half forget them.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's "Swinburne as I Knew Him" and Lady Butler's "Memories of George Meredith" are among the exceptional books in their kind. Lady Butler was one of Meredith's friends for forty-one years, first making his acquaintance as a girl of thirteen, when she and the cousin she afterwards married threw stones at his window before daylight and induced him to come out hatless, with "his nightshirt thrust into brown trousers and his bare feet in leather slippers," to climb Box Hill with them and see the sunrise from the top. The graphic detail with which the whole of that early episode is related gives you hope that here is a writer who saw and heard and remembers, and the hope is justified. The sketches of Meredith in middle life and old age are wonderfully vivid and alive, and Lady Butler supplements her memory with extracts from her diary and a good many interesting letters.

Not less vivid and interesting are Mr. Coulson Kernahan's pictures of "Swinburne as I Knew Him." He shows him by turns erratic, hasty, short-tempered, brusque, charming, kindly, easily pleased and easily displeased, but exquisitely courteous and lovable to those who were happy enough to win his regard. The book is a mine of first-hand anecdotes which throw light on the greatness and weakness of

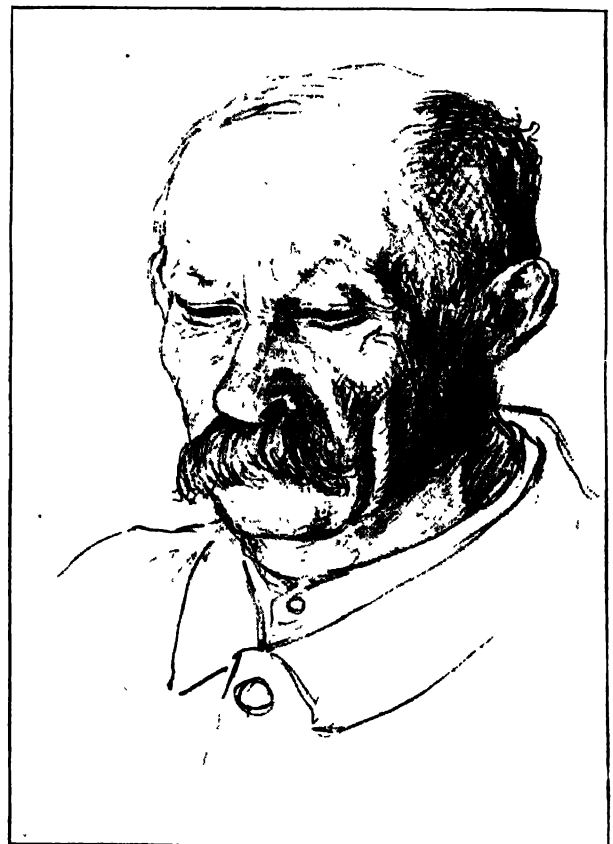
Swinburne's character; Mr. Kernahan is not concerned to hide the faults of his subject nor to exaggerate them; he touches them in frankly but sympathetically, as a necessary part of the portrait he is drawing, and when all is told you can appreciate his saying of Swinburne at the end, as Swinburne had said of Palgrave, "All my memories of him are glad and gracious memories." He is a hero-worshipper none the less because he is not blind to the fact that his hero had amusingly human, unheroic qualities. The scenes he reconstructs, the conversations he recalls are set down easily and naturally, and a few deft descriptive touches bring the slender figure of Swinburne swaying and gesticulating before your eye and his shrill voice sounding in your ear while you read.

There is a diverting chapter which narrates how, by easy and artful stages, Watts Dunton lured Swinburne out of his habit of brandy-drinking into more healthful ways; and whimsical revelations of Watts Dunton's generous, uncritical custom of eulogising nearly everything the poet wrote; for Mr. Kernahan has a shrewd sense of humour and could laugh at the quainter side of that life at "The Pines" without losing any of his admiration for the fineness of Swinburne's personality and the noble friendship for him that actuated Watts Dunton in all his actions. The book makes excellent reading; it contains some hitherto unpublished letters from Swinburne and its sketches and anecdotes are an authentic and permanent addition to our knowledge of one of the great Victorian poets.

LIFE LAID BARE.*

Greatness manifests itself throughout these books in nearly every chapter. The translation in each case reads with smoothness, colour and conviction; and the results afford the drastic tonic our current literature requires. Mr. Stephen McKenna in an outspoken introduction calls

* "Old People and the Things That Pass." Translated from the Dutch of Louis Couperus by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 7s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)—"The Life of a Simple Man." Translated from the French of Emile Guillaumin by Margaret Holden. 7s. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)



M. Emile Guillaumin.

From a pencil drawing by Charles Holden.

* "Swinburne as I Knew Him." By Coulson Kernahan. 5s. net. (John Lane.)—"Memories of George Meredith." By Lady Butler. 5s. net. Illustrated. (Constable.)

"Old People" not only "the greatest novel of the greatest living Dutch writer," but "in conception and treatment one of the world's half-dozen greatest novels." Praise so cordial makes one glow, even in the cool shades of partial opposition, because it comes in this case from a finished artist who is nothing if not sincere. Not content with voicing a personal preference, he gives us a substantiated judgment, and his preface is as interesting as the book itself, which is praise in superlative degree. As for the French book, its value is enhanced by a similar essay from the pen of Mr. Edward Garnett in which he takes a broad survey of the literature of peasant conditions, and establishes M. Guillaumin's book upon a pedestal that is none too high. But comparisons must not be strained, for besides the wide gulf of caste between them, the one book is fiction and the other is not.

Yet it needed courage as well as discernment to issue these books in an English version. With every desire to keep our definitions elastic, it may fairly be questioned if "Old People" answers to the label of "novel" in any strict sense of the word except that it deals with imaginary life. It lacks drama, form, and progression; its emotions are dominated by the fear of disclosures that dribble away; and the effect of the picture is hard and monotonous, though it comes from the hands of a master. Sixty years divide the leading figures and the action, or rather the smothered memory of action—a crime committed a couple of generations ago seven thousand miles away, and it is this "old unhappy far-off thing" which disturbs the smug, phlegmatic surface of a backwater in modern Dutch society. There is nothing to show why the Steyn de Wierds and their entourage should greatly consider the opinion of the outside world; and even so, as if of set purpose, the outside world is excluded from the setting, partly by the frank paganism of most of the characters, and partly by the fact that in their four generations, all living and all intermingled, they are a self-sufficient group. To cheat the threatening revelation of its force, every other senior member seems to be or to become aware of it; and the granddame of ninety has no virtuous halo to lose, for her tropical escapades in the past are almost as frankly recognised as her three marriages. Her doctor, who long ago stifled inquiry, dies with his lips discreetly closed. Her senile lover predeceases her, leaving money to their love-child of sixty; and the sin-stained old soul passes away in the odour of tolerance and lavender. There is no scandal after all, and the curtain goes down on her dilettante of a grandson, deserted by his wife, and beset with a crowd of curious reflections.

"Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir." It goes into a flash of intuition or a hint of blackmail, and, as already said, the murder was an Oriental incident over half a century ago. There is no development, no expiation, no remorse, still less a Nemesis of crumbled reputations. Except for a chapter of conventual piety, there is hardly a breath of warm emotion in the book. What with past infidelities, divorces and re-marriages, the tangle of relationship sets a puzzle fit to tax a mathematician, and one would like to see in a second issue, a genealogical tree by way of frontispiece, adorned with all this prolific Dead Sea fruit of troubled consciences. Strange Dutch names add to the burden of the reading, and the Sterne-like *prologage* of style can hardly be said to help us out of difficulties, the author delights to emphasise. He out-Conrads Conrad in his contempt for the primary colours of narrative, the mere confectionery of thought. But when all is said and done, the work redeems itself by a stark and ironic intensity, and an intentness of vision that makes the pupils all but ache. If that is not power, then power is a myth. It may not be fiction; it may be the morbid psychology of age, or a satire on smothered conscience, what you will; but genius it is and has, beyond a doubt.

Nor does the French book lose by contrast. After the stagnant emotions mantling on the other work, M. Guillaumin's seems a thing of life, too steady for a film, too active for a panorama. He tells the actual life-story of a Bourton

peasant lad who makes himself, without schooling or anything but hard knocks and harder work, a *metayer* or leasehold farmer, whose offspring are destined to no better fate in their turn, for the very good reason that the hard knocks pursue him to the end. We gather and Mr. Garnett encourages the view, that the original was the author's father, and the book may have been written some years ago, but at least it brings us from the revolution of Louis Philippe to the war of 1870, and these are only outside events breaking in upon a life of rutted drudgery. Circumscribed as it is, however, this plain career has all the materials of existence, and certain experiences emerge with a realism that gains nothing from grossness or crudity—the sufferings of childhood in poverty, the glow of young romance and even of dalliance in middle age, the fiendish rapacity and insolence of bourgeois landlords, the crushing weight of trust misplaced, and all the penury and misery of rural toil sweetened by content and honest dealing. Why this book has not been "crowned" by the Académie is a mystery, for we have all read many such that are less deserving. It has not the worldly sophistication that marks the Dutch book, and it comes all the nearer nature. Of both we may say that it would be hard to demand anything better as credentials of taste for a young and enterprising firm, so we may heartily cry "Encore!"

J. P. COLLINS.

RUPERT BROOKE AND THE INTELLECTUAL IMAGINATION.*

The legend of Rupert Brooke grows apace, and the world will not lose by its growth. Those who knew him can easily fancy how he himself would have treated this legend, being young and rather impatient, though he would have enjoyed it, he would not have permitted an expression of this enjoyment, but his outspoken sincerity and recoil from the "unreal" would have tempted him to certain caustic comments, which he would not have kept to himself.

Mr. Walter de la Mare is recognised as a poet of delightful fancy. The small volume before us reveals him as a sound critic and a writer of graceful prose. Mr. Walter de la Mare recognises that his author has certain limitations, and pays him the compliment of abstaining from indiscriminating praise. And it is on this account that he succeeds in putting the reader into the right mood for the poetry of Rupert Brooke:

"His [Rupert Brooke's] was the intellectual imagination possessed in a rare degree. Nothing in his work is more conspicuous than its preoccupation with actual experience, its adventurousness, its daring, its keen curiosity and interest in ideas, its life-giving youthfulness. Nothing in his work is more conspicuous by its absence than reverie, a deep stillness, broodingness. The children in his poems are few."

Mr. de la Mare's essay is the more interesting because it calls attention to the less known and less praised poems, it just cursorily mentions and excuses the verses which some of us regret, as a pardonable expression of youthful wilfulness. He quotes in full the poem named "Doubts"; the following lines from this poem will serve as a fitting conclusion to this notice:

"For if the soul be not in place,
What has laid trouble in her face?
And sits there nothing wan and wise
Behind the curtains of her eyes;
What is it in the self's eclipse,
Shadows soft, and passingly,
About the corners of her lips,
The smile that is essential She?

And if the spirit be not there,
Why is the fragrance in the hair?"

AUSTIN H. JOHNSON.

* "Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination." By Walter de la Mare. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

ESSAYS IN GAIETY AND GRAVITY.*

Here are four books of essays that we may label, respectively, Agreeable, Amusing, Provocative and Instructive, though without denying to any one of them the right to a share in the other epithets. Thus, agreeable as Mr. Lucas ever is, he rarely fails to be amusing, and instructive, too, in his own pleasant way—you must be an inhumanly knowing person if you rise up from his slightest volume without some curious addition to your information. His present instalment of agreeableness may be called "the old blend"—

born in eighteen ninety-something, and still running. No one would wish it different.

• From speculation on a Phantom Journal that should contain nothing but good and desirable news (of which he gives some highly improbable specimens), he passes on to Borrow, and The Man of Ross, and Waiters, and Epitaphs, and Policemen—strangely omitting to notice that new and terrifying institution, the Female Policeman, of whom I met a long row the other day, near South Kensington, walking so stupendously like the great originals that there was almost an instant need for their presumable skill in First Aid.

Parks, too, come into his story; but why does he call the large water in Richmond Park the "Fen Pond"? I gather, from his expressed desire for a riverside park at Shadwell, that he has omitted to notice a tiny, attractive parklet in a most unattractive neighbourhood, the garden in the Isle of Dogs just opposite the splendours of Greenwich—a most exciting place to sit in, for, besides all the steamers passing up and down, there are the great sailing barges that come tacking across stream straight at you, only to disappoint you of the anticipated smash by swirling round and dashing off again to the other side.

Of course Mr. Lucas introduces us to some delightful books we knew nothing about before, one of which, Thomas Green's "Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of Literature," I must, on the strength of his description, commend to all our readers and proceed to acquire for myself. Another, "The Elegant Girl," provides him not only with matter for an article, but with some delightful plates, duly reproduced, showing the Girl in various stages of her

Elegance. The imaginary Epitaphs in a Country Churchyard are all so quotable that I dare not begin with one lest I go on with the rest. This essay may be specially commended to those who have failed to notice that the charm of Mr. Lucas's cheerful comments on life springs from a fount of irony within. When your ironist has a winning way he is irresistible. Mr. Lucas's description of the Perfect Host and the Perfect Guest touches me nearly, especially his character of the perfect hostess as one who "places by the bed biscuits, matches, and a volume either of O. Henry or Saki, or both." Observe the biscuits. It

befalls me to travel often with one whom the Demon of Sudden Hunger will seize in wildly hopeless places, but most of all in strange inns and houses, at the mid-hours of night, when a stealthy forage for sleep-restoring food would certainly arouse the household to an armed pursuit of burglars. Remember, dear hostess, the biscuits—and, to the bedside books (a choice I heartily approve), please add one by E. V. Lucas.

As for Mr. A. A. Milne, I fell in love with him years ago when I bought at a railway bookstall a shilling volume called "Lovers in London" (I have it still) and devoured it with many chuckles. Like Mr. Lucas he is agreeable, but he is more especially amusing. With E. V. L. you often chuckle; with A. A. M. you laugh outright. He has little of Mr. Lucas's unsated curiosity—the curiosity of the eighteenth century Tatler and Spectator, to whom he (Mr. Lucas) is akin—but he (Milne, this time) plays more gaily over the surface of life, and



Mr. Jeffery Farnol,

in romance, "The Geste of Duke Jocelyn" (Sampson Low) is reviewed in this Number. From a drawing by Lawrence Stone.

is, I should guess, more inclined to sentiment than to irony. Upon Thermometers, Suburbs, Ponds, Pipes, Daffodils, Goldfish and other national institutions, Mr. Milne will give unfailing delight to you, and to everybody to whom you have the happy thought of sending his volume as a present.

Mr. Massingham is made of sterner stuff. He is provocative—in the best sense, and perhaps a little in the worst. The "Letters to X" are not, like the papers of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Milne, gay fantasias on familiar themes, but highly mannered and individual essays upon recondite forms of literature. Mr. Massingham has plainly a strong and understanding love of books as books and a sound critical appreciation of books as literature. It is delightful to find some one firmly devoted to the best writers in the best editions. Mr. Massingham's reading is wide and his taste pronounced. He has, indeed, the infectious quality that will really help intelligent readers in the proper

* "The Phantom Journal." By E. V. Lucas. 6s. net. (Methuen.)
—"Not That It Matters." By A. A. Milne. 6s. net. (Methuen.)
—"Letters to X." From H. J. Massingham. 6s. net. (Constable.)
—"Criticism at a Venture." By Geraldine E. Hodgson, Litt.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

pursuit of literature; but he has also the self-imposed handicap of a fantastic and unfluent style. Not for nothing does high praise of Henry James appear so often in his pages. I beseech him to admire Henry James as much as he will, but to regard the Jacobean influence as deadly in his own prose. Do readers really like this sort of thing? I know one who doesn't:

"You who have often peered over the rim of your knowledgeable country into the dim Inane of ours, you who have often let down the subtle hook of your curiosity into our so enigmatic vortex, you who have baited many specimens of dogma, opinion, creed and apology, jerrybuilt by various classes of the community through all grades from the simple to the artful and crafty, cannot fail to have hauled up that of Spontaneity of Expression."

And so on. Mr. Massingham has something to say if he would but say it. He is the most original critic we have had since Dixon Scott; though he must not be original to the extent of misspelling his proper names, misquoting his poets, calling a five-lined verse a distich, and confidently assigning to Ben Jonson the famous epitaph that may be Browne's, but is almost certainly not Ben's. This, as we have said, is a provocative volume. The wise reader will read it more than once.

Dr. Geraldine Hodgson is instructive. Much of her book has a last-century air—"The Legacy of Tennyson," "The Ethics of Browning," "The Poetry of Faith" and "The Poetry of Doubt" are some of its titles; but it is none the worse for that. In fact, the best parts of the book are precisely those that deal with the last generation. Dr. Hodgson is much sounder on Francis Thompson and the late Victorians than on John Masefield and the later Georgians—she must not, by the way, assign "The Shropshire Lad" to Laurence Housman—and she is perhaps best of all on the English mystics and enthusiasts and the French Parnassians and Symbolists. The book contains some helpful criticism, and its abundance of well-chosen quotations, with references fully given, should make it invaluable to the reader who wants a little guidance through the realms of gold.

Well, here they are, our four essayists. Acquire them all if you can; but if you must cut them down to two, try the effect of pairing them—the agreeable Lucas with the provocative Massingham, and the amusing Milne with the Doctor Peruttil.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

FACT AND FANTASY.*

In the preface to his new book Lord Dunsany speaks of "the few that seem to read my books in England," but one hopes that the phrase has its origin in modesty rather than in his publisher's returns, for Lord Dunsany's is a gift of writing which deserves wide appreciation. The quiet and exquisite cadences of his prose hold a place of their own in contemporary literature. He has written:

"In the blood of man there is a tide, an old sea-current rather, that is somehow alive to the twilight, which brings him rumours of beauty from however far away, as driftwood is round at sea from islands not yet discovered; and this spring-tide or current that visits the blood of man comes from the fabulous quarter of his lineage, from the legendary, the old; it takes him out to the woodlands, out to the hills; he listens to ancient song."

* Lord Dunsany has not only listened to that ancient song but has learned it and transmuted it in language intelligible to modern ears.

That those ears are not, after all, entirely unappreciative is suggested by the fact that some of his books have passed into their second or third edition. A new edition of "The Book of Wonder," with its beautiful and appropriate illustrations by Mr. S. H. Sime, has just appeared. The stories in this book are very characteristic in the wanderings

* "The Book of Wonder." By Lord Dunsany. Illustrated by S. H. Sime. New edition. 7s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"Unhappy Far-Off Things." By Lord Dunsany. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

of their fantasy from loveliness the most ethereal to a grotesque and goblin humour; but perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is the prophecy with which it is concluded:

"I take farewell of my readers. But it may be we shall even meet again, for it is still to be told how the gnomes robbed the fairies, and of the vengeance that the fairies took, and how even the gods themselves were troubled in their sleep; and how the King of Ool insulted the troubadour, thinking himself safe among his scores of archers and hundreds of halberdiers, and how the troubadours stole to his towers by night, and under his battlements by the light of the moon made that king ridiculous for ever in song."

That was written in 1912, and in the years that followed something very like it occurred. The gnomes destroyed the fairy palaces of Flanders and France, and the fairies have had their vengeance. The gods have been very troubled in their sleep (at least one hopes so), and certainly the King of Ool (an inspired piece of nomenclature) is ridiculous for ever.

But Lord Dunsany has not told of these things in his old manner. Instead, he has written "Unhappy Far-Off Things," a book written in undertones to express a sorrow which may scarcely be uttered aloud. Yet it is unmistakably the same hand that wrote "The Book of Wonder" and "Unhappy Far-Off Things." There is the same sense of beauty and horror, and of the ever-close proximity of the two; while the humour of the older tales appears in that sensitiveness to the incongruous—for instance, to a green doll's pram seen among the ruins of a house at Albert—which runs through these sketches and adds to their piquancy.

"Unhappy Far-Off Things" is a beautiful book because it is written beautifully. But it is not a romantic book. It describes reality in terms of reality, though that reality has been seen through very sensitive eyes, and apprehended by a mind wherein the thought of beauty is ever-present to accentuate the tragedy of what has actually happened. It makes us feel, as no sort of ranting could, the destruction of beauty and happiness and quiet, and their replacement by desolation and ugliness and ruin which is without dignity:

"Not for any fancy of mine must you picture run any more as something graced with splendour, or as it were an argosy reaching the shores of our day laden with grandeur and dignity out of antiquity. Run to-day is not covered with ivy, and has no curious architecture or strange secrets of history, and is not beautiful or romantic at all. It has no tale to tell of old civilisations, not otherwise known, told of by few grey stones. Run to-day is destruction and sorrow and debt and loss, come down untidily upon modern homes and cutting off ordinary generations, smashing the implements of familiar trades and making common avocations obsolete. It is no longer the guardian and the chronicle of ages that we should otherwise forget: run to-day is an age heaped up in rubble around us before it has ceased to be still green in our memory."

The poet sees clearly, and sees that war is beastliness. It is only the member of Parliament who, with solemn face, can still make heroic phrases about it.

F. B.

A PRE-EMINENT VICTORIAN.*

I.

"Everything is like a purse—there may be money in it, and we can generally say by the feel of it whether there is or is not. Sometimes, however, we must turn it inside out before we can be quite sure whether there is anything in it or no. When I have turned a proposition inside out, put it to stand on its head, and shaken it, I have often been surprised to find how much came out of it."

The key to Samuel Butler's mind is to be found in this note. His claim to immortality rests almost solely on his determination not to accept anything which failed to satisfy his reason. His father (like many another Victorian clergyman) relied on the power of the rod to reduce his

* "Samuel Butler: A Memoir." By Henry Festin Jones. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)

children to submit to the dictates of their "infallible" elders. Samuel was strong enough to resist and, loathing one of his parents, strove to impress on other generations the fallacy of the fifth commandment:

"I believe that more unhappiness comes from the attempt to prolong family connection unduly and to make people hang together artificially who would never naturally do so than from any other source."

In other words filial affection must be natural, and cannot be forced. Butler's father by acting the tyrant, as in the case of his repeated attempts to coerce his son to pursue a course of action against his better judgment, forfeited all claim not only to love but even to respect.

From the day when he discovered the dangerous heresy that underlay the stereotyped gospel of "duty towards parents" until his death, Samuel Butler wrote books for one purpose only:

"I never write on any subject unless I believe the opinion of those who have the ear of the public to be mistaken, and this involves, as a necessary consequence, that every book I write runs counter to the men who are in possession of the field. . . . The history of literature is the history of the reversing of many a deeply-rooted opinion. . . . I confidently believe and hope that time will bring many to my opinion."

Small wonder that he lost money over his literary work: the wonder is rather that his losses were less than £1,000.

He found in the average Englishman one who "would have been equally horrified at hearing the Christian religion doubted, and at seeing it practised," and consequently set about doubting two of its cardinal faiths—the efficacy of infant baptism (this caused him to refuse to be ordained) and the fact of the Resurrection ("I can only accept his death and resurrection at the cost of rejecting everything that I have been taught to hold most strongly"). He also horrified the orthodox by taking Christianity, as he took everything, quite seriously, and practising it in a way which would have commended itself to the Founder of the Faith almost as much as it displeased the Christian authorities of his day.

When he required a rest from assaulting the Church he wrestled with the big-wigs of science:

"Science is infested by a lot of false prophets who do nothing but mischief, and try to stamp out everything which does not emanate from themselves."

So to make things less easy for the hacks of science he strove with Darwin, and evolved theories on heredity, instinct and memory which made him even more unpopular with the Darwinians than he had been with the parsons. The *enfant terrible* of science then strode across the realm of art and letters and declaimed such shameful things as his idolatry of Handel ("Best loved of all the dead whom I love best") to an astonished world, his belief that Nausicaa wrote the "Odyssey" (which caused the bat-eyed dons to regard him as a buffoon), his hatred of most of the Great Chams of Literature, Plato, Virgil, Tennyson, Dante, Dickens and Goethe; his contempt for style ("I never knew a writer yet who took the smallest pains with his style and was at the same time readable"), and his attitude to long poems ("a sonnet is the utmost length to which a rhymed poem should extend").

In all that he did we can detect an honesty of purpose which only a fool could doubt for one moment, and a consequent freshness of outlook which was absent from the work of all his contemporaries. He never sought to surprise for the sake of surprising. He simply asks us to get rid of all preconceived second-hand opinions, and form our judgment anew in every subject in the light of our own experience.

It is for this service that his name will live. It is not for his contribution to scientific discovery, or divine revelation or literary or artistic criticism. He was not a great critic, nor was he a great imaginative creator in spite of his one novel which is at least as likely to live as any that have been written during the last thirty years. His satiric power was certainly greater than any in our language, except Swift's, but in satire we do not, as a race, excel. His "Notebooks" are more valuable as a

starting-point for controversial topics than any other book in existence: "Alps and Sanctuaries" is a peerless guide-book; he was a by no means contemptible poet, musician and painter, but he lacked the vision of a seer, the imagination of a poet, and the all-absorbing interest in his fellow-men that mark off the "big" novelist from the mere "best-seller."

II.

It is hard to imagine a man better suited to be the subject of a great biography than Samuel Butler. Here is a Victorian who refused to compromise, a saint who has been regarded by the devout as a blasphemer, a man so earnest in his convictions that he had to cloak them with a humour which hoodwinked all except the few, a completely lonely soul who was betrayed by friend and parents, misunderstood and reviled by those who took the trouble to notice him, and yet from defeat rose to victory and found three disciples in his lifetime and an ever-increasing multitude of devout believers after his death.

Mr. Festing Jones has added one more book to the world's great biographies, and Samuel Butler is at last sure of the only immortality he ever longed for: "Where dead men meet, on lips of living men."

Though Butler revealed himself in every line of his writings (particularly in his novel which fulfils his own dictum that the only readable fiction is autobiographical) there were many points on which we needed enlightenment before we could hope to get a complete portrait of one of the most lovable men of the last century. Now at last we feel that the whole of Butler is clear to us, the more so because we know more about those whose affections were bound up with his own. The original of Aunt Alethea, Miss Savage, stands out in these pages as a personality scarcely to be paralleled anywhere in fiction or real life. For fourteen years she wrote letters to him, which show her wit, her courage, her intelligence, her candour and her constancy to him to be of an order quite remarkable: but while she died (like the pretended sister of Viola) with her love unuttered, Butler was left to reproach himself bitterly for over-righteousness in not taking what she had to offer—"Death bound me to her when he set me free").

Mr. Festing Jones abandoned his home, his prospects, everything to become the companion of a man who stood a self-confessed failure in all that he had undertaken. And perhaps most charming of all are the deft strokes with which his faithful servant and friend, Alfred Cathie, is depicted. How many men are there of consequence, or of no consequence, who can claim to have received such a letter as this from a retainer:

"DEAR SIR,— . . . I have a little complaint to make. You never looked out of the carriage to see me standing on the platform as I always do. There was I, standing in the rain, and you never looked at me. . . . Yours truly, ALFRED."

Samuel Butler was a hero, even to his valet.

Mr. E. B. Osborn is scornful because Mr. Festing Jones includes in an Appendix a list of the clothes Butler took on his "outings." To my thinking it adds another valuable touch to the full-length portrait I am looking for, to hear that Butler brushed his hair exactly a hundred times every night, fifty times on each side of the head. Instead of less I could willingly have done with more details of his school days and undergraduate life. Somehow one had not been accustomed to think of him as an enthusiastic "cox" of a college boat. His friendship with Pauli (the man who sponged on him) finds no place in any of his books: only in his private letters could he bring himself to speak of him:

"I can now bring this squalid, miserable story to an end. On thinking it all over my main feeling is one of thankfulness that I never suspected the facts till after Pauli's death. The only decent end for such a white heat of devotion as mine was to him for so many years was the death of one or other of the parties concerned. . . . I felt pretty sure I was doing a great deal too much, but I had rather have done a great deal too

much than a little too little. . . . It was absolutely impossible for me to suspect that he had £9,000 of solid money behind him. . . . The more I think of it the more thankful I am that I never knew the truth until it was too late for my knowledge to tempt me into departing from the line of conduct which I had long decided upon. . . . I can laugh at the way in which Pauli hoodwinked me."

This episode does more to endear the merciless satirist and to humanise the hard, clear-thinking upsetter of shams than anything else we know of him.

No wonder Mr. Festing Jones is driven to cry aloud: "To me he was the dearest, kindest, most considerate friend that any man ever had. He was never selfish or egoistic, nor was there ever anything that required explanation."

After all valuations have been taken we are most likely to be right if we take him at his own:

"If I deserve to be remembered, it will not be so much for anything I have written, or for any new way of looking at old facts as for having shown that a man of no special ability, with no literary connections, nor particularly laborious, fairly but not supremely accurate as far as he goes, may yet, by being perfectly square, sticking to his point, not letting his temper run away with him, and biding his time, be a match for the most powerful literary and scientific coterie that England has ever known. . . . I have left unsaid much that I am sorry I did not say, but I have said little that I am sorry for having said, and I am pretty well on the whole, thank you."

Happy indeed is the man who can make such a statement his general confession in all good faith, but then Butler was, in spite of all, happy. It is this that goes so far to make him lovable.

S. P. B. MAIS.

THE VITAL MESSAGE.*

In one of his "Songs of the Road" Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tells the story of Bendigo, the Nottingham prize-fighter, who, after turning Methodist, began to preach at revival services. At one of these meetings, irritated by the interruptions of some of his former rivals in the fistic ring, Bendigo descended from the platform and laid about him lustily, "right and left," and left and right, straight and true and hard, till the Ebenezer Chapel looked more like a knacker's yard." The conversion of Bendigo presents some distinct points of similarity with the conversion of the novelist whose fame as a writer has not altogether eclipsed his renown as a sportsman and man of his hands. He too conducts revival meetings, and likewise descends, as it were, from the platform to administer sharp epistolary punishment to his critics in the Press. That the particular gospel "Sherlock Holmes" has espoused should be Spiritualism is to the ordinary observer as great a miracle as any of those comprised in what the scoffer calls the medium's "box of tricks." In "The New Revelation," his first book on this hotly-debated subject, Sir Arthur gave concisely the reasons which led to his taking up the position of a protagonist of the subject. In the present work, "The Vital Message," he develops his conclusions—"the sun has risen higher, and one sees more clearly and broadly what our new relations with the Unseen may be." Just now, when Spiritualism—at once a social phenomenon and a social portent—is the centre of such passionate dispute and so much confusion and complexity that to the impartial onlooker nothing very definite emerges, "The Vital Message" makes a timely appearance. It clears the air considerably, especially as regards its author's own particular views. Graphic, picturesque and realistic, his powers as a writer at least have been in no way impaired by his contact with the mysteries of the Borderland. Indeed, to some of those who are students of style, there will seem to be a distinct advance, for now he is no longer the weaver of entertaining fiction, but a man in deadly earnest on a subject which he regards as the most important in the world. Commencing with a consideration of the significance of the great war as a "moral shock" to humanity and a great clearance for the spiritual revolution which he

* "The Vital Message." By Arthur Conan Doyle. 5s. net. (Houder & Stoughton.)

believes will follow, he takes us in his own fashion, chapter by chapter, through the history of Modern Spiritualism from its inception in 1848 to its present-day developments, which include the now well-known experiments of Dr. Crawford, the Belfast engineer, and those of Dr. Geley, the French savant, Professor Henslow and other scientists whose names are too often quoted in connection with Spiritualism to need repetition here. That many professors in great seats of learning have examined and endorsed the facts is now well known to all who have made any serious study of the question. Only the veriest materialist now disputes them, and, so far as Spiritualism is concerned, the controversy centres mainly around the interpretations to be placed on those facts and the extent to which their cultivation may facilitate or retard the health, sanity and progress of the community. That question is dealt with in several chapters of the book. The author argues that at the moment when the Church is in urgent need of present-day scientific evidence of its claims, Spiritualism comes to its rescue with positive knowledge and actual proof, thus enabling religion to roll back the tide of materialism once and for all:

"With the actual certainty of a definite life after death, and a sure sense of responsibility for our own spiritual development . . . there will come the greatest reinforcement of morality which the human race has ever known."

Whether the reader is convinced or not, he cannot fail to be interested, for the narrative is interspersed with some well-authenticated instances of materialisation, clairvoyance and other psychic marvels. And the camera being now a common object of domestic life, the chapter on "Spirit Photography," with its reproductions of "spirit photographs," will appeal to multitudes of amateur photographers. However much his critics may challenge the author's conclusions, none certainly will question his sincerity.

DAVID GOW.

LIONEL JOHNSON, WYKEHAMIST.*

It is to be hoped that this book will send the younger generation back to reading Lionel Johnson. It was an accident that his biography and a definitive edition of his poems did not appear while his name was yet fresh in men's minds, but perhaps it is as well. These amazing schoolboy-letters will surely send many people to discovering the poems for themselves, and reading them in the light of what they know already of the writer. His poetry hardly perhaps earned its meed of praise in the time in which it was written. It was too withdrawn, too claustral, too stately for the nineties when the lyric was the thing, and a crowd was singing more or less clamorously. The wondrous boy, always a boy, even a child till the day he died, yet with the air of the sages and the ages about him, might well have seemed too deliberate, too formal to the nineties. There were critics in those days who roundly denied that Johnson was a poet at all. His was such deliberate, such considered poetry as asks for a deliberate and considered verdict. Somehow it has always stood aside, a little wistful, like Lionel himself, just without the doors. It is time for it to come into the light.

These letters were written to a group of correspondents, public schoolboys, like himself, between 1883 and 1885, between Lionel's sixteenth and eighteenth year. They are connected to some extent with literature, but mainly with literature as an illustration to religion, for Lionel was obsessed by religion. It would be amazing to find a schoolboy so obsessed, if one had not known Lionel, whom one thinks of as a wondrous child in the cradle. According to Buddhism, which fascinated him for a time, he might be supposed to have housed the spirit of St. Thomas Aquinas, or he might have been a reincarnation of William of Wykeham. His certainly was the monastic temperament in the highest degree. Scholarship and religion would

* "Some Winchester Letters of Lionel Johnson." 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

By "Manager."

My only excuse for occupying the columns of THE BOOKMAN is that, as the responsible head of a concern with an annual turnover of £250,000, I thought that many readers would be interested in my opinion upon that much-discussed subject, Pelmanism. I possess no literary "style," but I trust that plain speaking in everyday language will make amends for my lack of eloquence.

To be quite candid, I hate "stunts" and "crazes," and it was in that category that I placed Pelmanism when I first heard and read about it. I dare say there are many sound business men who have summarily dismissed it from their minds as being merely "another advertising stunt."

Probably I should never have changed my opinion had not circumstances forced me to make closer acquaintance with Pelmanism.

Without ever having won my way to any considerable position in the business world, I was yet fairly content with my modest progress. Suddenly, however, through pressure of external circumstances, I found myself in difficulties—difficulties so great that I clutched even at straws in the hope of deliverance. It was in this mood of semi-desperation that I said to myself, "Let's see if there is anything in this Pelmanism idea."

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Looking back on that period of trouble, doubt, delay and scepticism, I am forced to laugh and to wonder at my unwillingness to inquire into a thing because it was new—and advertised. But I know I am not unique in this: I am by no means the first or the only man who, having scoffed at Pelmanism, has subsequently taken the Course and has thanked his stars that he did so.

"Is Pelmanism worth while?"—Yes, most emphatically. As the typewriter is to the quill pen, and as the motor-car is to the donkey "shay," so is the Pelman-trained mind in comparison with the untrained mind. It is a case of trained efficiency versus rule-o'-thumb.

And I say this not only because I have in my own case experienced such tremendous advantages as the result of Pelmanising (my income is over six times what it was before I began my study of the "little grey books"), but also because I have observed what the Course has done for other business men. (And not only business men, but professional men too. I know a professional man who declares that the Pelman books are worth their weight in gold to him!)

In fact, carefully reviewing the matter, I think I may commit myself to the statement that I have yet to meet the man or woman who, having conscientiously followed the Pelman Course, has failed to benefit thereby.

I say "conscientiously," and here is a point upon which I must make myself quite clear. The mere fact of entering your name upon the Pelman register does not automatically make you a success; you have got to *work* at the Course. It is a pleasant enough study, not in the least tedious or difficult, but you must work at it seriously. If you are not prepared to do this, you may as well save yourself the trouble of enrolling. On the other hand, if you feel disposed to give up an occasional half-hour to a most interesting study of self and possibilities, then I say, without hesitation, the sooner you enrol for the Pelman Course the better for your pocket, the better for your business, and the better for your interest and pleasure in life.

Business need was the motive that led me to take up the Course, but I can truthfully say that Pelmanism has entered largely into all phases of my life. I am,

of course, very sensible of what I owe to it in the monetary sense, for it has made financial difficulties a thing of the past. In business it has developed in me powers of decision, concentration, discernment and judgment which have proved invaluable; yet higher than these I am disposed to rate the added interest it has given to my whole life.

It is not easy to express this feeling—here is where I feel the need of eloquence. But I think the average reader will understand what I mean when I say I feel a better and a *bigger* man; I get more out of everything; I *see* more; I *feel* more.

I suppose the handiest comparison I can make would be with a man who was purblind and whose perfect sight was suddenly restored. To such a man the world becomes much more vivid and real and delightful; whole hosts of new interests and pleasures are suddenly brought within his grasp.

Often and often, sitting alone with the "little grey books"—which I still read and re-read, by the way—I have exclaimed with positive delight at some sudden clarifying thought or idea. Every now and again I came upon something which explained an old puzzling difficulty, opened up a train of new ideas, revealed new sources of power, disclosed new possibilities, suggested new and better ways of doing things.

I had always been vain enough to consider myself a "brainy" man, but now I realise that although I had brains I did not know how to use them; hence my past comparative failure, hence my present success.

DRIVE OR BE DRIVEN.

There is a whole world of difference between *driving* a motor-car and being *driven* in one; equally there is a vast difference between *creating* circumstances and being the *creature* of circumstance. If we were disposed to be candid with ourselves, I believe the majority of us would recognise the alarming extent to which our plans and actions are decided or modified by "circumstances over which we have no control." A very humiliating position, that, and a very unnecessary one, as Pelmanism shows. If only by reason of what the Course does in the way of enabling students to master circumstances, Pelmanism would richly deserve all that its most enthusiastic supporters say in its praise.

The matter, to my mind, is always best considered by the light of actual experience, and when I compare my haphazard method of working in my pre-Pelman days with my present planned and organised progress, I feel well content with my experiment. The discipline of the Course has in my case proved of inestimable worth, and I am pretty confident that even the most successful and able business men would find it add considerably to their power.

I have stated as plainly as I possibly can what the effects and results of the training have been in my case, and I leave it to every reader to weigh the thing from his own particular standpoint. I have urged many to "take it up," and I have never heard a regret from a single one of the many who followed my advice. It is certainly worth investigating, and an impartial investigation is pretty sure to carry one farther.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how to secure the complete Course on special terms, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE BOOKMAN who applies to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Write or call to-day.

have been enough for him. As it was, earning his bread as a free-lance journalist—a literary one, of course—he was most sadly out of his due time and place.

One remembers how Newman's undergraduates discussed religion endlessly. Apparently Lionel and his group were a throw-back to those days. Indeed, when one comes to think of it, Lionel was very like Newman without his powers of leadership, and that perhaps was a question of physique. Lionel, unlike his fellow poet, Francis Thompson, detested cricket. I dare say there are many more boys in the public schools who detest cricket than one suspects, though they have not Lionel's courage to avow it. The letters are extraordinary. They are very intimate and full of a certain self-revelation, only one wonders if he did not keep a thin shell of reserve even for those he was freest with. Is not this Newmanism?

"I once, in an essay for Ridding (i.e., the Head Master of Winchester), defined happiness as 'the having full scope in one's own sphere and circle for practising that rule of life which principle and instinct have approved.' Ridding looked at me with a smile and said: 'You have come into the world too late for that.'"

Lionel's religious vicissitudes were many. He would be a Buddhist, a Swedenborgian, an Anglican. One of the phases was when he made up his mind that he would be a priest, an Anglican priest. Always he is fighting fiercely for his point of view. He is always profoundly interested in ecclesiastics, and is eloquent upon sermons, just as in later years he loved vestments. Among my mementoes of him are a couple of stoles.

But he was far from being a prig or dryasdust. He was only a wonderful boy.

"I love flowers, I love music, I love literature: I love studying people; except in matters of taste, i.e., matters of culture, no one can excite my loathing nor my indignation."

One remembers Lionel's strange tolerance which might well have been a mark of sainthood. To few people can the poets have meant so much. He was offering them always to his friends—Browning most constantly. (It is amusing to read his raptures over "The Light of Asia," and his recommendation of Lewis Morris's latest. It just saves our Lionel from being too wonderful.)

Of many pieties offered to the memory of Lionel Johnson this is the most perfect. As a lover of Lionel, one's heart goes out to the friend who utters this lyric cry:

"The poor boy! The wonderful child! The loving angel, for an angel of God he was undoubtedly intended to be, and in all associations of my memory with him was and still is. I care nothing for the measure of the world's coarse thumb, this and no less was he worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Novel Notes.

THE HISTORICAL NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. Series II. By Rafael Sabatini. (Hutchinson.)

The embellishment of the dry facts of history with fictitious episodes and speeches, which could not have been reported to the historian, is as old a practice as the writing of history itself; but it has been left to the moderns to introduce realism. The use of fiction as a vehicle for the expression of historical facts has reached a high stage of perfection. The novel has not the limitations of the drama and affords an ampler scope for the exploration of the by-ways and less important episodes of the main story. It was Sir Walter Scott who showed the possibilities of history as the groundwork of the novel, and Mr. Rafael Sabatini has shown us how successfully history may be adapted to the short story. His conscientiousness is apparent from his introduction in which he is at pains to indicate where, and to what extent, he has strayed beyond the limits of strict historical truth. And it is

amazing to find how little his art has obliged him to stray. There is of course individual interpretation of definite episodes—as, for example, the manner of the death of Amy Robsart, in which he differs considerably from Scott's story—but no departure from the basis of historical fact seems necessary. We are inclined to favour in this series the stories which deal with English subjects—"The Barren Wooing," in which the description of de Chuadra, the Spanish Ambassador, is excellently given—and the noble pictures of Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Clarendon in "Sir Judas" and "The Path of Exile" respectively. Mr. Sabatini is an authority on Torquemada, so it is perhaps temerarious to question his description in "The Hermosa Fembra" of the Grand Inquisitor, more especially as he draws attention to this in his introduction. But it would seem that of all the characters portrayed, this one alone appears overdrawn and unreal. The most dramatic story is perhaps the first one, which the author admits to be entirely apocryphal. The treatment of Charlotte Corday in "The Tyrannicide" is exquisite in its tenderness and delicacy. These stories have a wide appeal, and their usefulness as a means of arousing interest in what otherwise might seem dryasdust facts, cannot be exaggerated. It is to be hoped that Mr. Sabatini will pursue this experiment and go even farther afield for his subjects.

INVISIBLE TIDES. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. 7s. net (Chapman & Hall).

Mrs. Seymour has a combative mind, and a full armoury of words burnished and ready to her cunning hand. A book from her, then, whatever else it might or might not prove to be, was bound to be virile in thought and bravely and piquantly phrased. Her first novel, "Invisible Tides," is her and our complete justification. It is a good and moving story, brilliantly set down, having affinities it seems to us, with "Jude the Obscure" on the one hand and with Mr. McKenna's "Sonia" on the other (which is not to say there is more than one Hardy). If this book merely added one more to the common run of



Photo by Basil, London

Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour.

novels, one would not deem it worth while to point out the too frequent use of a conventional phrase like "of course," a tendency to overwork emphatic words of the "devastating" order, and a passion for parentheses that should be kept within artistic bounds. The fact that we do point out these little things may be taken to indicate our feeling that Mrs. Seymour has achieved, and at her first venture, a memorable book. In the opening chapters we have a profound and absorbing study of the development of the child-mind under varying conditions. Then suddenly the current of the narrative broadens and quickens, and the reader (despite any misgiving he may secretly entertain!) is made privy to Mr. Courtney's hurricane wooing of Helena. When the girl revealed somewhat of her very natural bewilderment to her mother, it was only to elicit the retort, "I can't imagine how you can talk like that of the man you have promised to marry." "That's just it," Helena had asserted. "I didn't promise, and I can't remember that he ever asked me." Nor did he ever ask her. And from the moment of the marriage one is prepared for the trouble which is not long in coming. The interlude with Hilary Sargent is treated with an unfaltering instinct for psychological truth. The relations of Helena and Hilary are delicately and poignantly portrayed, and have obviously engaged the sympathy and spiritual understanding of the author. It has to be confessed, however, that the return of Helena to Courtney after Hilary's death is hardly convincing. Either Mrs. Seymour's intuition has failed her at this point, or the wonderful chapters through which we have read have given us an exaggerated notion of Helena's strength of character and fidelity to herself. Mrs. Seymour is strong in characterisation, subtle and revealing in dialogue, and exquisite in her descriptions of nature, touched as they are with a fine imaginativeness. It is exceedingly pleasant to give a welcome to work of such high distinction, judged both as a novel and as a piece of writing. It is a sincere and passionate utterance on the eternal scheme of things, shot lightly through and through with shafts of native wit.

THE RAIN GIRL. By the Author of "Patricia Brent, Spinster." (5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Richard Beresford, tired of the Foreign Office and of his relations, and irking the ordinary routine of life, sets out along the "road to nowhere" in a south-westerly gale as a vagabond. Then "suddenly he stopped . . . and stood staring with astonishment at a gate that lay a few yards back from the roadside." For then and there he meets his rain-girl, and he is certainly not inclined (like Borrow with Isopel) to teach her—Armenian! "Ah yes," says the experienced novel reader, "we know those amateur (and susceptible) vagabonds! . . . those lonely roads! . . . those accidental girls! . . . those implacable relations!" But it is here that the experienced novel reader will err. For Richard is not the ordinary vagrant hero of sentimental fiction, nor Lola, his rain-girl, the usual heroine. Even the relations are refreshingly unlike the haughty aristocrats we know so well. The theme of the story if told baldly might have a familiar ring; but this only shows that the author knows the allure of an old romantic formula and is clever enough to endow it with a fresh vitality. So in place of the conventional sentimental comedy we have, what is rarer and more welcome, a genuine comedy of sentiment. The distinction is a real one; for we do not get humour and passion given to us in separate layers; but intermingled (chemically as the scientist would say) and treated from a single point of view—the point of view of a sensitive and observant intelligence. Slight as the story is in texture, it is worked out with an artistic thoroughness as welcome as it is rare. Both the Scylla of sloppiness and the Charybdis of melodrama are skilfully avoided. A word of praise must be accorded the publisher also for the artistic beauty of the cover design. The characterisation on the whole is excellent. The most successful piece of drawing is that of Lord Drewitt with his amusing affectations and genuine kindness. He is never out of the picture—a genuine high comedy figure, who enlivens

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the story whenever he appears. As is natural in stories of this genre the action of the tale is expressed mainly in dialogue. Occasionally, as in the first colloquy between Richard and the Rain-girl, there are touches of unreality (as in the references to Thoreau and Jefferies). And why, by the way, does Richard seem to see something comic in the Rain-girl's predilection for the concertina? Surely it is a very beautiful instrument when well played? Occasionally, some of the jests (as on p. 313) are distinctly unworthy of the setting, and once or twice Richard's method of speech is insufficiently differentiated from that of Lord Drewitt. But on the whole the dialogue flashes along easily, aptly and wittily, and when necessary with agreeable touches of fantasy.

THE MASK. By John Cournos. (Methuen.)

Mr. Cournos has remarkable powers of description, and he has given us a wonderful story. There is no plot; it is rather a psychological study. The life of a Russian boy—a Jew—both at home in his Russian woods and later in Philadelphia, is set out with the utmost detail of intimacy. A thread of philosophical reminiscence interposes like a Greek chorus and forms both explanation and palliation. Our sympathy does not lie with Vanya (John, who is the hero of the story) but rather with his stepfather Gombarov who, in some remote way, reminds one of Paragot; we therefore feel something like annoyance at the degeneration of this character towards the end of the book. The author's unrelenting realism is responsible for this no doubt; and so we find ourselves—like Douglass, a little surprised and shocked at some of the revelations, but anxious to read on. There is no definite end, and the book closes suddenly, but with a hint of more to follow which we shall impatiently expect. For it leaves Vanya not more than fifteen years of age and the period between this and the time when, as in the intervals, John Gombarov unburdens himself to his friend Douglass, must be crowded with events and opportunities for those philosophical musings which form the principal charm of this well written book.

PEG OF THE PRAIRIE. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 5s. net. (Sharp.)

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan has launched out on what is to her a new branch of writing, and has given us an excellent story for girls. Peg, a Canadian born and bred, is dissatisfied with the rough, hardworking, though happy life on her father's prairie farm, and envies her well-to-do cousins who live in London. She eagerly accepts their invitation to go and stay with them, with the option of remaining there altogether. Mrs. Kernahan draws a very striking comparison between the girl's life in Canada, in which there is a wealth of local colour and some vivid descriptions, and the very different life over in England, which does not come up to Peg's rosy expectations. When she is far away from the prairie, she begins to realise how dear its wild freedom is to her, and her brother's prophecy, that she would soon wish herself back again, is fulfilled in Peg's own heartfelt declaration: "It is beautiful, oh, yes, quite beautiful in England—but give me the prairie every time! I want to herd the cows again, and milk and make butter, and do the chores with Jo. Guess doing nothing all day isn't what I'm used to. I want to work in the worst way." Young readers will love the sensitive little Canadian girl, and will find her adventures enthralling from the moment they make her acquaintance in the sod stable, to their last glimpse of her on the big liner steaming down the Mersey, homeward bound.

THE SHRIEKING PIT. By A. J. Rees. 7s. net. (Lane.)

No kind of story can claim to be better than a good mystery that needs a lot of clearing up. The mystery here is a murder, which many strong circumstantial pieces of evidence fasten on James Ronald Penreath, a murderer done in a lonely inn, with the visible incentive of £300 cash to a man who had just been turned out of his hotel for failing to pay his bill. As Penreath was heir to a great

family, attempts were made to get a verdict of insanity, aided by a nerve specialist who had seen his strange behaviour at breakfast in the hotel, and diagnosed it as *furor epilepticus*. Penreath refused to speak at his trial, and was condemned to death. Luckily however, Colwyn, an American detective, had also seen Penreath's behaviour, and put it down to shell shock, and though later he also thought him guilty, a slight clue sent him to work unravelling the story with happy results, although the innkeeper, whom he fixed on as guilty, was not the man. The murderer was a deaf waiter whose ingenuity caused the whole mystery, which is solidly and convincingly built up. The story is well told, and well worked out. It is decidedly above the average detective story, and it displays as much power of characterisation as saves it from the common danger of machine-like movement which is the great pitfall of such tales.

THE GESTE OF DUKE JOCELYN. By Jeffery Farnol. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Jeffery Farnol, in whimsical mood, tells the story of how Duke Jocelyn won the hand of the fair Yolande in a quaint and original style. "In prose, blank-verse, and rhyme it shall be told," the author promises his daughter Gillian, to whom the book is dedicated; and from time to time throughout the book Gillian is made to interrupt and criticise her father's story, and to please her he will change an incident or description, as, for instance, when he writes:

"At this, Sir Pertinax growled in his beard—

(My daughter GILLIAN interrupteth):

GILL: A beard? O father—beard will never do!
No proper knight a beard ever grew.
No knight could really romantic be
Who wore a beard! So, father, to please me,
No beard: they are, I think, such scrubby things—

MYSELF: Yet they are worn, sometimes, by poets and kings

GILL: But your knight—

MYSELF: Oh, all right,
My Gill, from your disparagement to save him,
I, like a barber, will proceed to shave him.

* * * * *
Sir Pertinax, then, stroked his smooth-shaved chin,
And thus to curse he softly did begin. . . ."

It is all delightfully told, this story of the Age of Romance, with an ease and charm that make it peculiarly attractive.

FATE UNSEEN. By J. Talbot. (Digby, Long.)

Samuel Redd, after four years in a Canadian prison, finds himself a free man and back in England once more, on the way to discover his old mother and the girl to whom he has been engaged. For four years they have heard no word from him, and to shield them from grief he resolves they shall never know of the disgrace he has suffered. They have both waited for him in perfect faith, that adds to his remorse, yet brings him overwhelming happiness; but the shadow of an ill-spent youth rises up to greet him, and except for the love of a woman whom he has wronged, must have soon blighted his awakening hopes. So strong and unselfish is this woman's love that he gains strength from it, and although he marries the other girl, it remains with him through life like a guiding star. The past bears fruit in a sensational climax which brings the story to a sad and unexpected finish. "Fate Unseen" is evidently the work of a beginner; the characterisation is rather weak and it would seem that Miss Talbot has written more from her imagination than from close observation of human nature. She has, however, an appreciation of dramatic situations and her novel will appeal to those who can enjoy a story for the story's sake.

BLUE MOONS. By MYFANWY PRYCE. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is no list of former books on Miss Pryce's title-page, so we draw the conclusion that this may be her first novel. If that is so, our sincere congratulations are offered to her. This story of Magsie Osmond, from the first scene at the vicarage, where, somewhat after the fashion

of King Alfred, she allowed the tarts to burn while the others were at church on Sunday morning—to the last scene, in the dim war-time-lighted London streets, when she courageously tells her love to Ley Baron—is a story revealing clever intuition, keen observation, facility of expression and, better than all, the power to interest. Without much help of plot or dramatic action, Miss Pryce's people live, and feel, and do—each alone, and all together—their share in the development of Magsie's mind and heart. The theme is, put baldly, that of a clever, beautiful girl, rather impatient of her surroundings, who longs to write Looks and have free play for her intellect. But her heart is kind towards her generous relatives at the not too well-off vicarage, her manners are good and a war is on, and one thing after another baulks Magsie's desires. In the end, however, after nearly wrecking her own happiness, she discovers that love for Ley Baron is stronger than any other desire. This bald sketch gives no adequate idea of the undoubted charm of the story. Country life at the vicarage, and the London life of Magsie and her friends at war work are vividly portrayed, and Miss Pryce hits off foibles amusingly and never unkindly.

THE LAIRD OF GLENFERNIE. By Mary Johnston 6s. net. (Constable)

This is a gallant attempt at quasi-historical fiction. It does not escape the notorious pitfalls: chiefly, perhaps, because Miss Johnston appears to have been too conscious of their existence. It is a story of a great friendship between two young men which love brought temporarily to disaster but which ultimately proved deeper than passion. The future laird of Glenfernie came of stern Covenanting stock, while Ian Rullock was the son of a prosperous London East India merchant. The two boys had a lonely upbringing which deepened their attachment and mutual dependence in spite of radical differences of temperament. Glenfernie loved Elspeth Barrow with all the strength of his reserved nature, but Elspeth found him scarcely a young girl's ideal and she gave her heart at once to young Ian, now a dashing officer in King George's army. Then followed Ian's departure and Elspeth's suicide and Glenfernie's resolute pursuit of his quondam friend. Fate brought them together as officers in the opposing armies at Prestonpans and Culloden, and with the downfall of the Stewart cause Glenfernie had his enemy at his mercy. But the old feelings reasserted themselves, and Alexander and Ian departed together to seek a new life in the East. The story is admirably told and its workmanship compels respect. The style, however, is curiously laboured, and the effort to avoid Waulour Street jargon results in some tortuous and cryptic conceits. As a matter of fact, the historical setting is quite unimportant and seems to weigh down a fine study of character.

The Bookman's Table.

ON ALPINE HEIGHTS AND BRITISH CRAGS. By George D. Abraham 10s. 6d. net (Methuen.)

For the practical mountaineer this book contains much valuable information, embodying, as it does, the experience of some twenty years. But it is also sufficiently attractive to appeal to a wider public, and the general reader will not willingly lay it aside. Those of us who have no experience of the thrills of mountain adventure can feel a pulse of excitement in the descriptions in this book, and it does not tempt us immediately to leave the fireside, at least we can sympathise with those who indulge in this hardy and invigorating pastime. It is satisfactory to see that the author devotes at least one half of his book to British mountains; for it seems absurd to go to Switzerland while there are still British mountains unscaled. The mountains of Wales and the Lake district provide, if one may judge from this book, at least as much adventure

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as those of Switzerland, and the author has done good service in drawing attention to them. The chapter on "Birds of Prey on the Crags" is very interesting and has two splendid photographs. The whole book is illustrated with photographs taken for the most part by the author himself.

LESSONS IN VERSE CRAFT. By S. Gertrude Tord. 4s. 6d. net. (Dunell)

Miss Gertrude Tord's name has been for a long time well known to all young poets and students of poetry. The several poets' schools under her able management have earned her a well-merited reputation as teacher of verse and the art of versifying, and this little volume will be given a warm welcome by all aspiring poets. It is a very complete and concise handbook dealing with poetry in all its phases—the sonnet, the lyric, the roundel, the ballade, epigrammatic verse and so on—with hints as to punctuation and pointing, the uses of rhyme, how to enjoy reading poetry, how to write it as well as some sensible and extremely helpful criticism illustrated with carefully chosen quotations. Such a book fills a vacancy of which many verse-writers have been acutely conscious, and the author deserves the grateful thanks of host of budding poets for her labour of love so excellently carried out.

A GARDEN OF PEACE. By F. T. L. T. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (C. L. H.)

To find an ideal old world house and a garden whose walls were part of a more than medieval ancient castle would be nearly happiness for most of us. But to be able to take possession and then create a garden cunningly and with knowledge of what you can do in it, or to do with a garden, and what has been done by all the best masters in Italy, Holland, the Cape, England and France, and all without being overwhelmed by your garden but possessing and enjoying it rather than being possessed is felicity

indeed. To this felicity we are introduced in this book, a delightful mixture of garden talk in general, descriptions of *this* garden in particular, hints on how to do things, whimsical excursions into all kinds of themes, literary, artistic, general anecdotes of living and theatrical gossipry, all with a very light sure touch, and often conveying a piece of sound shrewd comment or criticism with just the right flavour. A most agreeable book and the illustrations add greatly to its charm.

WORDSWORTH. An Anthology. Selected and arranged with a Prefatory Note by E. J. Colbden Sanderson. 8s. 6d. net. (E. J. Colbden Sanderson)

This is really a second edition of the admirable anthology published by the Doves Press in 1911. Most of the poems included are taken from among those written by Wordsworth between 1795 and 1805 and are arranged to show, in Part I, the fact and the growth of Wordsworth's own early awakened cosmic emotion—the glory and the gloom—in Part II, III and IV, the moments at which the poet, mindful of the vast All of Time and Space, is poised in concentrated contemplation of 'case after case' of joy, of sorrow, of expectation and despair, of heroic magnanimity and of sublime ecstasies—and Part V shows those earlier dreams and emotions grown to maturity, transformed beneath an eye that has kept watch over man's mortality and subdued to finding in the meanest flower that blows thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. Wordsworth undoubtedly gains by selection—probably most poets do—and though Mr. Colbden Sanderson has worked within the limits imposed by his scheme he has carried out his purpose with the most sensitive taste and judgment, tracing in the series of poems he has arranged the development of that high emotion and cosmic sympathy which inspire the noblest of Wordsworth's poetry. It is a book that will help the reader to a fuller understanding of the mind of Wordsworth to a deeper apprehension of the spirit and philosophy of his work.

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"Mr. St. John Adcock's beautiful book is a possession for every lover of literature. . . . We are sure that every reader will wish to go straight from his pages to the complete writings of these soldier-poets, whose literary remains will be immortal as their fame in war. The portraits are admirably reproduced." *British Weekly*.

"It is a very notable impression that is made by such a book as 'For Remembrance.' One cannot read it without pride in such men and pride in the community which was capable of producing them. Mr. Adcock has chosen examples from every class, and his book is the more striking on that account. His poets range from Julian Grenfell to Francis Ledwidge, from Colwyn Philipps to John William Streets, a Derbyshire miner; and as we may judge from the portraits with which the book is illustrated, as well as from the poems with which it is chiefly concerned, the one thing common to all the men was the love of right and beauty. Few of them had more than that as a bond. Yet in all these poems, so tastefully quoted by Mr. Adcock, there is a delightful sense that one is reading a sequence which, in spite of variable talent and variable technique, is a genuine expression of a common faith in 'the things of life.'"—*Outlook*.

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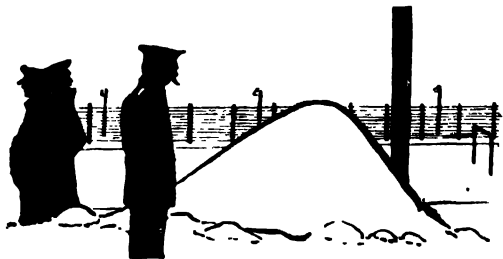
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DANNY, which was originally published in 1908, has been out of print for many years. Mr. Ollivant has now realized a long cherished dream and re-written the book. It is now in the press.

The Times, reviewing the first version, said:—"The book is notable for the fineness of its sympathy and the delicacy of its art, as true as new in its kind. . . . A very rare story of real humour, real pathos and real character."

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

No spring announcement is more welcome than that of a new book by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. His "Letters of Travel" will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. The letters record the author's journeyings about the world through places as far apart as Egypt and Canada.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing this spring Sir George Arthur's "Life of Kitchener"; Mr. Harold Begbie's "Life of William Booth, the Founder of the Salvation Army"; and "The Letters of Henry James," edited by Mr. Percy Lubbock; three books whose publication was unavoidably postponed from last autumn.

Messrs. Duckworth have published Mr. Alfred Sutro's play, "The Choice," produced at Wyndham's Theatre last year, and still running. It has a strong after-the-war interest which gives it a certain timelessness; its chief character, the uncompromising superman, John Ingleby Cordways, who sacrifices love and his hope of happiness to his conviction of what is right, is cleverly and sympathetically drawn;

and the whole play is so admirably written that it is as good to read as to act, and appeals as powerfully in the reading as it does on the stage.

"Prelude," a novel of public school life, by Beverley Nichols, will be published this month by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus have added an eighth volume, "The Chorus Girl, and Other Stories," translated by Constance Garnett, to the collection of "The Tales of Tchekhov" (3s. net each) which they are publishing in their St. Martin's Library series.

Mr. W. H. Mallock has written the story of his life and literary career, and, under the title of "Memoirs of Life and Literature," it is to be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

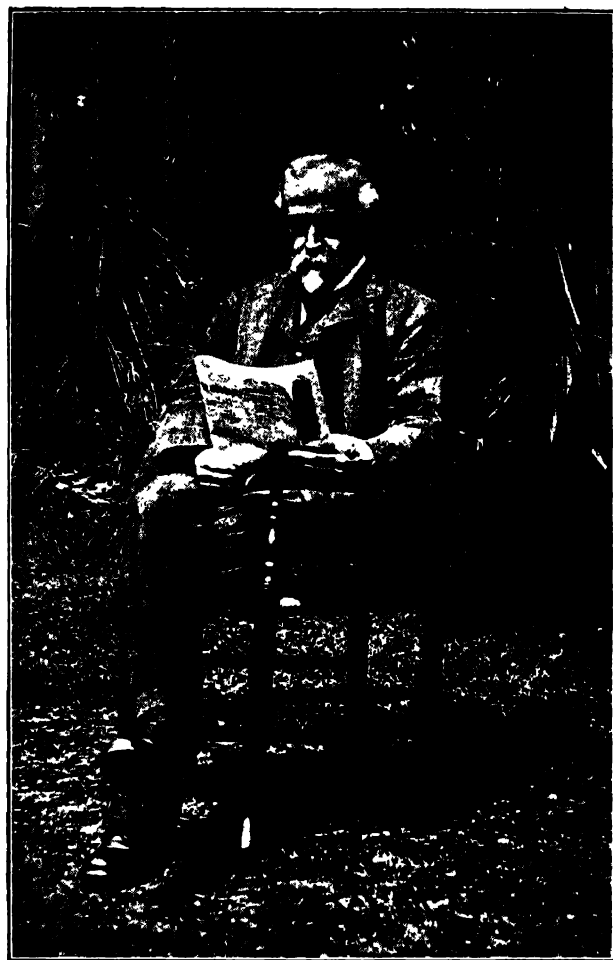
Captain A. Cunningham Reid, D.F.C., has put into "Planes and Personalities: a Potpourri," which Messrs. Philip Allan & Co. have in the press, something of his experiences as a fighting pilot and a number of good stories about the many social and other stars he has taken as passengers on peaceful flights.

A new novel, "The Tragic Bride," by Francis Brett Young, will be published by Mr. Martin Secker this spring.

General Townshend's important book, "My Campaign in Mesopotamia," is to be published almost immediately by Mr. Thornton Butterworth. It tells for the first time in full detail, and with uncompromising frankness, the true story of the first expedition towards Bagdad which ended with the heroic defence and the fall of Kut.

"Great Irishmen," which Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing shortly, is a series of twenty studies in personality by Joseph Keating and others, under the general editorship of Felix Lavery.

On December 26th, there passed away at the Old Parsonage, Didsbury, Mr. Fletcher Moss, the author of "Pilgrimages to Old Homes," "Folklore, Old Customs, and Tales of my Neighbours," and other books. "Pilgrimages" appeared in six volumes between 1901 and 1913; "Folklore" is an earlier production, and was published in 1898. A seventh volume of "Pilgrimages" is now being printed by Messrs. Spottiswoode & Ballantyne of London, and it is anticipated that copies will be obtainable at an early date. Like many other authors, Mr. Moss spent his earlier years in business so exclusively that it was not until he had attained the age of forty-seven that he found time to publish



Mr. Fletcher Moss.



Mr. Howard Pease,

whose striking book of "Border Ghost Stories" was published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald last autumn.

his first work, a volume devoted to local history. It is probable that he was encouraged to proceed with the publication of the subsequent volumes of "Pilgrimages," by a review of the first series which appeared in the *Spectator*. After some preliminary castigation, the writer made appreciative comments, indicating that he had discovered something of more than usual interest. The result was that Mr. Moss resolved to spend his spare time in making more visits to the lovely old homes of England, and to travel farther afield, and attempt more ambitious subjects. When the second volume appeared in 1903, he had withdrawn from business and become a man of leisure, devoting his time largely to administrative duties, literary pursuits, and the life of a country gentleman. His intimate knowledge of the life, manners and customs of the country, a knowledge he had possessed since boyhood, enabled him to write with a familiarity and insight that added considerably to the interest of his books. At the time of his death Mr. Fletcher Moss was in his seventy-seventh year. He was a Justice of the Peace for Lancashire, an Alderman of the city of Manchester, and a member of the Lancashire and Cheshire Society of Antiquaries, of which body he was a past president. His early education was received at Cheltenham College and Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh, once the home of John Napier, the inventor of logarithms.

Mr. Melrose has published a sixth edition of Mr. John Ferguson's arresting little book, "Thyrea, and Other Sonnets" (1s. net). The first edition appeared in 1912, and about two hundred copies were sold. The war came, and seemed to blot it out altogether. Then, about two years ago, the author sent some additional sonnets, asking if these could be included in a new edition, and a new and enlarged edition of a thousand copies was issued, with a preface by Mr. W. L. Courtney. This sold out immediately and it has now been five times reprinted. The sonnets that made the original booklet were written in a sanatorium and, perhaps inevitably, have, as Mr. Courtney says, reminded some critics of Henley's Hospital poems. The additional sonnets are on such widely varying themes as "On Hearing Chopin's Marche Funebre," and, in some realistically picturesque lines, "On a Low Comedian," "To David Gray," and "At a Pawnbroker's Window," and both in his moods of high seriousness, and in his bizarre sketches of characters of the stage and the streets Mr. Ferguson writes with a deep sense of the beauty and sadness of human life, and a real gift for expressing these in the music and language of poetry.

A new novel by Mrs. Violet Tweeddale, "The Beautiful Mrs. Davenant," will be published this month by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

"Adventures in Marriage," by Ward Muir, which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall have just published,



Alfred Ollivant,

whose life and work are the subject of an article, "Alfred Ollivant: the Author and the Man," in this Number.

analyses in a series of stories the problems and difficulties of modern married life.

In reviewing last month Emile Guillaumin's novel, "The Life of a Simple Man" (Selwyn & Blount) our reviewer remarked that it is a mystery why this book had not been crowned by the French Académie.

The translator writes that, as a fact, it was crowned by the Académie.



Mr. J. Thomas Looney,

whose new book, "Shakespeare Identified," Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing.

"A Study of Shakespeare's Verse," by M. A. Bayfield, author of "The Measures of the Poets," includes an inquiry into the trustworthiness of the early texts, a revised text of Antony and Cleopatra, and aims to give an account of the structure of Shakespeare's dramatic verse, and prove that many thousands of lines are given in modern texts in a form that their author would have abhorred. The book will be published shortly by the Cambridge Press.

The Cambridge Press is shortly publishing a second edition of "The English-Speaking Brotherhood, and the League of Nations," by Sir Charles Walston, for which the author has written a new preface.

There is a general feeling even among trade unionists themselves that certain details of their programme, once essential, have fallen out of date and need revision. On the other hand, it is as generally felt that the mechanism of finance and the control of industry are no longer applicable to the altered conditions of the modern world, and the hope of progress lies in a scientific adaptation of that old machinery to the more democratic life of the new era. Major C. H. Douglas studies these problems in "Economic Democracy," which Mr. Cecil Palmer is about to publish, and shows in what directions we may expect to find a remedy for our present contents.

Mr. Cecil Palmer will publish this spring, "First Poems," by Ruth Pitter, whose verse in one or two of the weeklies has attracted a good deal of attention.

"Two Sisters," a new book by Ralph Harold Bretherton, a clever young journalist who has two or three able novels to his credit, will be published shortly by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

Mr. Leonard Parsons, managing director of the new publishing firm of Leonard Parsons, Limited, has been connected with the house of the well-known publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash, since it was established in 1903. Associated with him as a director is Mr. Maurice A. Marston, who, since his discharge from



Hedgeley Moor.

From "Highways and By-ways in Northumbria," by P. Anderson Graham, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson, which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing shortly.

the Army, has been engaged in the publishing business. The new firm aims at producing books of real quality in all branches of literature, and is preparing to issue a distinctive series dealing with political, social and economic questions of the day.

Hendersons, of Charing Cross Road, have in the press, "Mr. Smith in Paradise and Other Satires," by Arthur F. Thorn, who will be remembered by lovers of Jefferies for his monograph on "Richard Jefferies and Civilisation." A frontispiece illustration has been drawn for his new book by Mr. Will Dyson, the most brilliant of our (or Australia's) pictorial satirists.

In a most practical spirit, probably because she has had many years of actual experience in the subject, Miss Agnes Platt has written "Practical Hints on Playwriting" (3s. 6d. net. Stanley Paul), a useful handbook for aspiring young dramatists. One gathers that Miss Platt has no great faith in the

sort of play that appeals only to a limited and superior section of the community, and has to be produced by a stage society because the ordinary manager cannot afford to handle it as a matter of business. This is a nice point which cannot be discussed in a limited space, but Miss Platt is undoubtedly right in looking to the ordinary intelligent public as the final arbiter who settles the destinies of all plays, and in urging the practical dramatist, who expects to live now and in the future, to learn how to write so that his work may appeal to the general world of playgoers. After all, the greatest authors of plays and of novels had large followings in their own days. The public can appreciate the best a man can do, if he knows how to do it in the best way; and with Shakespeare, Sheridan and Goldsmith setting him a good example, the young dramatist may recognise the common sense of Miss Platt's advice that he should not write solely to please himself, but to please the age for which he is writing. That is part of his business; and if he will not master the whole of his art he has no ground for complaint if he does not succeed. In a word, if he will not try to please the public, he must not blame the public because it is not pleased. Miss Platt bases her hints on the knowledge she has gathered as reader of plays for a West End management, and as a producer of plays herself.

The two latest volumes of Meredith that Messrs. Constable have included in their handsome Standard Edition of his works are "The Amazing Marriage" and "One of Our Conquerors" (7s. 6d. net each).

An account of the armoured train work in France and Flanders in the early days of the war, "Naval Guns in Flanders: 1914-1915," by L. R. F., with maps and illustrations, will be published immediately by Messrs. Constable.

Commencing with the February Number, "The Nineteenth Century and After" will be published by Messrs. Constable. As heretofore, the policy of the review will remain independent and uncontrolled by any group or party.

We all describe ourselves as democrats nowadays, but as we are not in agreement as to what is meant by that term there is room for such a book as Mr. J. C. Brown's "The Meaning of Democracy," which Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is publishing. Mr. Brown discusses such questions as Party Politics, Direct Action, the Control of Industry, analyses the leading

concepts of political theory, such as Liberty and Equality, and shows what a democracy is when it is stripped of misconceptions and irrelevancies.

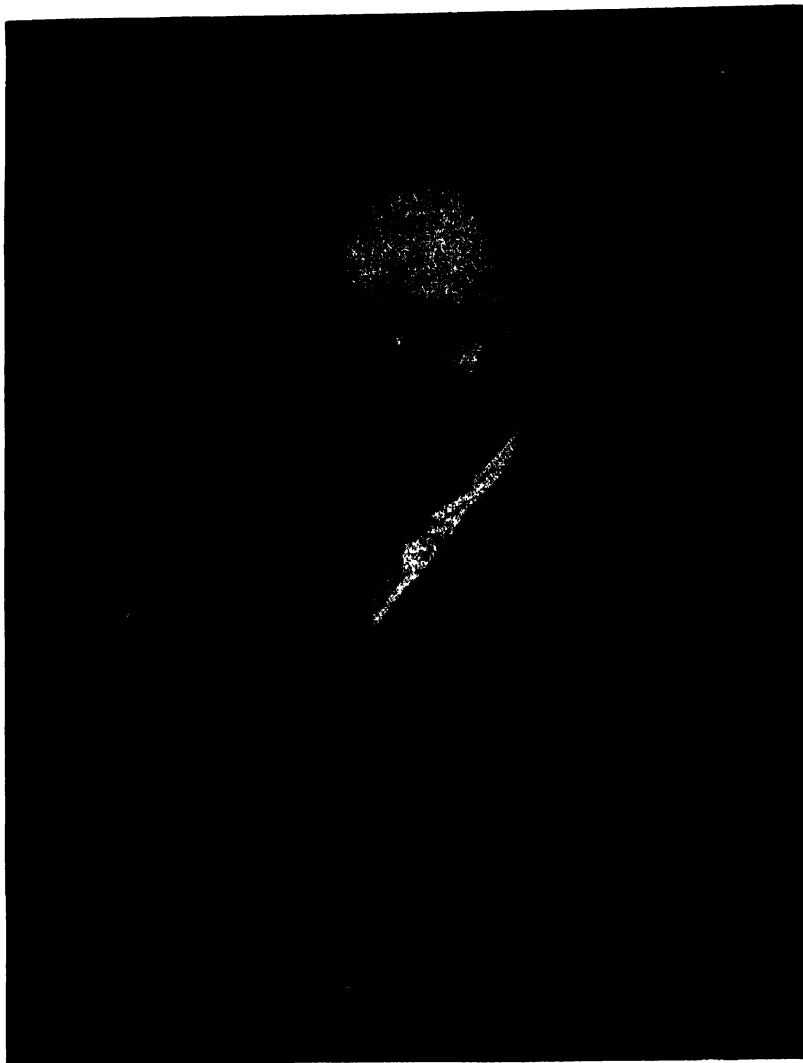
The directors of Messrs. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co., Ltd., have presented Mr. William Lowman, who has been in the employment of the Eton College Press for sixty-five years, with a silver salver in appreciation of his long service. Mr. Lowman was apprenticed in 1854, to Mr. Williams, who then owned the Eton printing establishment; later he served the younger Mr. Williams, who was followed in 1884 by Mr. Ingalton Drake, from whom the present owners purchased the business in 1901. For many years Mr. Lowman's name appeared in the imprint on the last page of the well-known Eton College *Chronicle*.

Mr. A. P. Sinnett, whose "Collected Fruits of Occult Teaching" has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is one of the leading lights of Theosophy, and an able exponent of reincarnation and the evolution of races. He has distilled into his book the information he claims to have derived from his occult experiences about the human soul and its hereafter.



Photo by O. Robinson & Co., Dublin. **Mr. Brinsley Mac Namara,**

whose new novel, "The Clanking of Chains" has just been published by Messrs. Maunsell. Mr. Mac Namara's first book, "The Valley of the Squinting Windows," met with a brilliant success both here and in America.



Paul Whitehead.

Fr The Life of Thomas Coutts, Banker," by E. Coleridge (John Lane), reviewed in this Number.

In attempting a new rendering of "Sappho," which Messrs. Hutchinson publish, Mr. de Vere Stacpoole entered upon a task of more than ordinary difficulty, but his masterly translations of Villon warrant one in hoping to find that he has succeeded where so many translators have failed.

A new weekly, *The Englishman*, is a nationalist organ devoting itself specially to the interests of the English part of the British nation. It made a very promising start last week under the editorship of Mr. W. R. Titterton and Mr. J. O. Armstrong.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play, "A Long Duel," referred to in our last month's article on her work, was published in book form by Mr. John Lane. Her book of "Anyhow Stories for Children" was re-issued with additions by Messrs. Duckworth in 1899; and her latest novel, "Miss Fingal," was published by Messrs. Blackwood last year, and not in 1917, as our contributor stated.

THE READER.

JOHAN BOJER.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

JOHAN BOJER (please pronounce Boyer), one of the two or three leading figures in the literary life of Norway, is entirely a man of the people. A native of the Trondhjem region (born 1872), he began life in the humblest circumstances. He was by turns a fisher-boy and a cowherd. He learned to read at a school which he attended but two days a week. Not till he was fifteen did he make his way to a county school kept by one Dybdahl, who implanted in him a love of letters. Dybdahl, he says, was "all fire and flame" when he read "Peer Gynt" to his scholars, moving them to tears—not unmixed, one may hope, with laughter. At eighteen he entered a school for non-commissioned officers at Trondhjem, where he remained for three years. It was at this period that he learned our language from an hotel porter, who afterwards proved to be a murderer—not merely of English. He was also a constant attendant at popular lectures, and was greatly influenced by a discourse delivered in the early nineties by Knut Hamsun, already a novelist of high repute.

He did not go into the army, but worked at the Lofoten fisheries, was for some time a sewing-machine agent, and afterwards clerk in a store. So early as 1894, however, when he was only twenty-two, he had a play, "A Mother," produced with some success in Trondhjem. It is true he earned only some £35 by it, but that was not bad for a small town, more celebrated for its cathedral than for its theatre. Shortly after, he published his first story, "Helga," and scraped together enough money to carry him to Copenhagen and Paris. His exchequer being exhausted he joined company with the poet Obstfelder, and the two made their way on foot from Paris to Amsterdam, sleeping under haystacks, but not neglecting the churches and picture galleries of the Netherlands. From Amsterdam they found a passage home in a sailing-ship.

The winter of 1895-96 Bojer spent in Copenhagen, writing letters for a Trondhjem paper at five-and-sixpence a letter, and attending the lectures of Harald Høffding and Valdemar Vedel. It was in 1896 that he first gained the ear of the public with a political novel, "Et Folketog."* The worst of the struggle was now

over, though it was not until seven years later that "The Power of a Lie" established his position in the front rank.

This varied and adventurous apprenticeship to life has obviously been of the greatest value to Bojer. We can read in it a restless curiosity and an eager pre-occupation with things of the spirit. The novelist has gone through many experiences, some of them (such as a winter with the Lofoten fishing-fleet) of the very roughest description. But he has from the first mastered his experiences, seen them in relation to the whole scheme of things, and drawn from them, not, indeed, a formal philosophy, but a sense of the greatness, the marvellousness, what may perhaps be called the excitingness of life, to which his books unquestionably owe their high vitality. It must be remembered that he came to maturity in the years of the great political struggle which in the first place gave

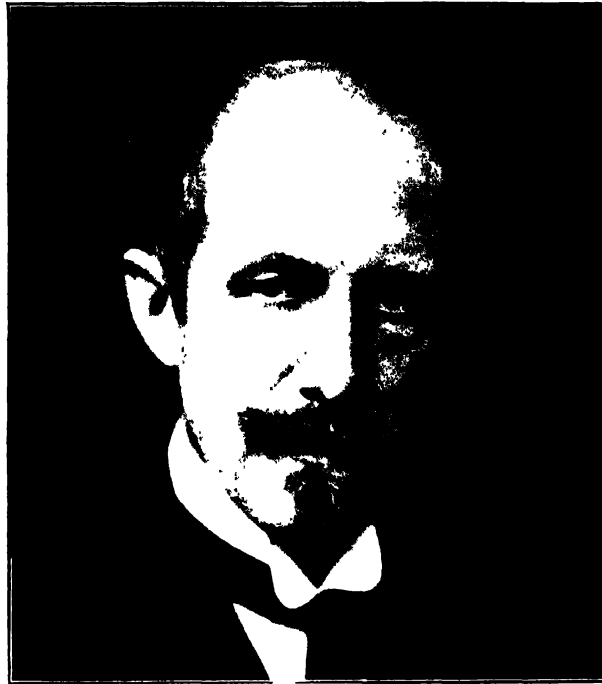


Photo by E. O. Hoppe

Johan Bojer.

Norway a completely democratic constitution, and then led to her final severance from Sweden. A more awakening period for an observant and philosophically-minded youth could hardly be imagined.

Bojer has tried his hand at more than one literary form. He has written several folk tales and at least one fantastic romance, "The Prisoner Who Sang." He has produced a tragedy, "Brutus," and three more or less tragic dramas—"Theodora," "Love's Eyes" and "Sigurd Braa"—as well as a dramatisation of "The Power of a Lie." But, though "Sigurd Braa" was a great success on the stage, he has not entirely mastered the dramatic form. Norwegian playwrights all labour under one inevitable disadvantage: it is impossible not to compare them with Ibsen and Bjørnson, or, in other words, with the greatest dramatists of the nineteenth century: and if they prove somewhat less than giants, we are apt (quite unfairly) to set them down as dwarfs.

It is undoubtedly in what may be called (rather cumbrously) the ethical-psychological novel that Bojer has done his best work. To say that his psychology has an ethical or didactic bias would be untrue and unfair; but he almost always chooses an ethical conflict as the medium in which to present his psychological studies. In this respect "The Power of a Lie" is typical. He is not content to portray the character of old Knut Norby in ordinary, typical conditions: he

* I have not read this book, and am not sure how the title ought to be translated. It means literally "A Folk-March." For the foregoing biographical details I am indebted to "Johan Bojer: en Studie," by Carl Gad.

invents a quite probable but certainly far from usual case of conscience, which brings out dormant characteristics, and shows instincts and impulses working at high pressure. If it were not for the series of trifling circumstances whereby Knut is tempted to postpone telling his wife that he has backed Wangen's bill, he might go to his grave an honest man, his moral cowardice, his baseness and his capacity for self-deception lurking undeveloped in the depths of his soul. It is doubtful whether Bojer has not carried the old man's power

of paltering with conscience to the verge of the paradoxical. Can we quite believe it possible for a man who has cruelly compassed another's ruin to emerge from the mental conflicts it costs him in a condition of smug and placid self-approval? Norby is not a man of the criminal type who has passed "beyond good and evil," beyond either approval or disapproval, into a condition of fierce primitive egoism. We are asked to conceive that his moral instincts are still operative, and that he leaves the court of conscience not only acquitted but applauded—not only superficially at ease, but without so much as a hidden ache or qualm. This puts some strain on our power of belief; and yet it is impossible

to lay a finger on any single trait and say, "Here, or here, the author oversteps the limit of the credible." On the contrary, we feel each little further slip into the quicksand to be not only possible but inevitable—the one probable reaction of character to circumstance. The book shows constructive faculty of a very high order, and if, towards the end, it seems a trifle hurried and sketchy, one is little disposed to complain of the sound tradition of Norwegian literature which says, "Rather too little than too much."

Again, in the oddly-named "Vort Rige" ("Our Kingdom") we are presented with a probable, but certainly not an everyday, case of ethical pathology. Erik Evje is the exact opposite of Knut Norby. Knut has a conscience with an ostrich-like power of digesting and assimilating crime; whereas Erik's conscience is so queasy that sins rather of omission than of commission

keep it chronically dyspeptic. At last he conceives a plan for expiating the ill he has done by playing the gracious benefactor to a number of poor people, and setting them up in conditions of un hoped-for prosperity. No sooner has he done so, however, than it appears that the small holdings he has made over to them are undermined by water and threatened with a landslide. He will not believe, and he encourages his beneficiaries to disbelieve, the warnings that are given them; but nature takes no account of benevolent intentions, and

the catastrophe happens. Erik Evje's sickly egoism thus proves even more maleficent than Norby's robust form of the universal vice. As men plant a screen of fir-trees to protect them from biting winds, so Erik has planted his little colony of peasant proprietors as a screen for his shivering conscience. His philanthropy is pure self-indulgence.

A much finer novel than either of these, and the summit, as yet, of Bojer's achievement, is "The Great Hunger," in which he anticipated by a couple of years Mr. Wells's idea of writing a modern Book of Job. The book is too well known to call for analysis. Let me only say that I know of few more moving things in fiction than the letter in which Peer Trøen tells of his

final disaster and the way in which he rises above it. His little daughter has been killed by the savage dog of a malicious neighbour. The peasants boycott the owner of the dog, and he can procure no barley to sow his patch of ground. But Peer rises in the night, takes of his own store, and sows his enemy's field. This is how the letter ends:

"We are flung by the indifferent laws of the universe into a life that we cannot order as we would; we are ravaged by injustice, by sickness and sorrow, by fire and flood . . . And yet man smiles and laughs in the face of his tragic fate. In the midst of his thralldom he has created the beautiful on earth; in the midst of his torments he has had so much surplus energy of soul that he has sent it radiating forth into the cold deeps of space and warmed them with God

"So marvellous art thou, O spirit of man! So godlike in thy very nature! Thou dost reap death, and in return



Johan Bojer and his family

in front of his house at Hvalstad, Norway.

thou sowest the dream of everlasting life. In revenge for thine' evil fate, thou dost fill the universe with an all-loving God. . . .

"Dear friend, it was thus I felt. And when the corn was sown, and I went back, the sun was glancing over the shoulder of the hill. There, by the fence, stood Merle looking at me. She had drawn a kerchief forward over her brow, after the fashion of the peasant women, so that her face was in shadow; but she smiled to me—as if she, too, the stricken mother, had risen up from the ocean of her suffering, that here, in the daybreak, she might take her share in the creating of God."

"The Face of the World" is a far less powerful book than "The Great Hunger." It is decidedly sketchy—one might almost say flimsy. Yet it contains two admirably studied characters. The hero, Dr. Harald Mark, may be called in a certain sense a man after the author's own heart, for he merely carries to excess that alert interest in "the face of the world," the great mundane spectacle, which is so prominent in Bojer's own mentality. Dr. Mark's interest is not merely alert, it is hyper-sensitive. It amounts to monomania. The injustices and cruelties of existence so torture him that it is an agony to read the daily paper—which has, nevertheless, a fatal fascination for him. We all know men—excellent and estimable men—in whom the germs of this disease are distinctly present. By studying an acute case, Bojer shows that, when it is allowed to reach this stage, it impairs the patient's efficiency and may lead to disaster. The second character-study is still more powerful. It portrays a victim to erotic obsession—a man who cherishes a hopeless passion for a woman utterly beyond his reach, who scarcely recognises his existence. Such cases are familiar to us in romantic poetry—witness Schiller's "Ritter Toggenburg" and countless other adorers of the unapproachable. Bojer ruthlessly divests the affliction of the glamour of troubadourism, and places it in its true light as a subject for the alienist—a devastating mental disease. The figure of the luckless Ivar Holth is drawn with extraordinary power.

His latest book, "Dyrendal"—the name of an estate—is perhaps the most satisfying thing, artistically, that Bojer has done. It is not moving and beautiful, like "The Great Hunger." It is uniformly grey in tone, and it contains only one or two episodic characters who have any outlook beyond the narrow intellectual and moral horizon of the Norwegian peasant. There is no one in its pages who shows the slightest concern for the mundane spectacle, or even dreams that such a thing exists. It is nothing but a singularly sober and objective rendering of a woman's character and history. Bojer might have borrowed a title from Maupassant and called the book "Et Liv"—"Une Vie." It does not hold one in the reading so strongly as some of his other works; but on looking back one recognises in it a very largely planned, well balanced, austere work of art.

There is a tendency among Bojer's countrymen to depreciate his talent, and deny him a place in the front rank of contemporary novelists. It is, I think, an indefensible, but not inexplicable, tendency. Bojer is above everything a rationalist, and the fashion of the moment—traceable, no doubt, to Russian influence—is for irrationalism in fiction. The novelist who is not at home in the psychology of the incoherent is considered but a pedestrian performer. It is reckoned a demerit in Bojer that the characters he portrays, when tested by our own experience and observation, appeal to us as probable, comprehensible—in a word, true. Your modern genius of the first order seeks to impress us, on the contrary, by making his personages feel, think and act in ways to which our experience and observation afford us no clue. When a character does something that no sane man would ever think of, we cry, "*Credo quia impossibile!*" and are lost in admiration. I am far from denying that the school of incoherence has produced some very notable work; but I suggest that the school of coherence has also its justification, and that Johan Bojer is one of its masters.

ALFRED OLLIVANT: THE AUTHOR AND THE MAN.*

BY J. P. COLLINS.

OF the writing of books there is this to add to what Solomon said, that it may waken the soul in a stricken man, and make him articulate for the entertainment or the edification of his kind. One thinks of Schubert betaking himself to composition after he had worked his hands into semi-paralysis; and George du Maurier because he found his eyesight failing. These are random instances of many where nature justifies herself against the evidence, and individual courage finds sustaining herbs, you may say, growing on the cliff-edge of misery. Some of us have long made a favourite of a better example still, perhaps, of resourcefulness in unusual adversity, and his name is Alfred

Ollivant. I have never met him, nor do I share a friend with him so far as I am aware. But to me he ranks among the noble army of martyrs who have waged a better fight than most of us who labour under no disadvantage. And if we honour Job for a passive resistance, there should be nothing wanting in our homage to men who, by facing calamity with resolution, have contrived, as Blake said, to "build a heaven in hell's despair."

Now that we seem committed to biography, a few particulars may serve. Mr. Ollivant, the son of a colonel in the Royal Horse Artillery, has ancestral links with poetry and learning away back to the laureate of "The Faerie Queene." One of his grandsires, a Bishop of Llandaff, figured in the great Colenso controversy, and helped to burn in Convocation that thorny volume,

* "Two Men." A Novel. 7s. net.—"The Next Step." An Essay. 3s. 6d. net.—And Other Tales. By Alfred Ollivant, Author of "Owd Bob." (Allen & Unwin.)

"Essays and Reviews." The other was Dr. Blunt who wrote the once-famous treatise on "Miracles," and if he had persuaded Macready to accept a play of his, instead of merely annotating it, he would have achieved a miracle of his own. There must be something, though, in an embryo theologian who gets so near the footlights and then makes Cambridge console him with a St. Margaret's Professorship of Divinity. It may not make one think the better of Church or Stage, but it argues philosophic balance in the stock; so perhaps it is here, and not in the incendiary bishop, that we may find antecedent warrant for our theme. He saw the light in 1874, and after roughing it at Rugby, elected to the Army like his father before him. He



Alfred Ollivant,
1891

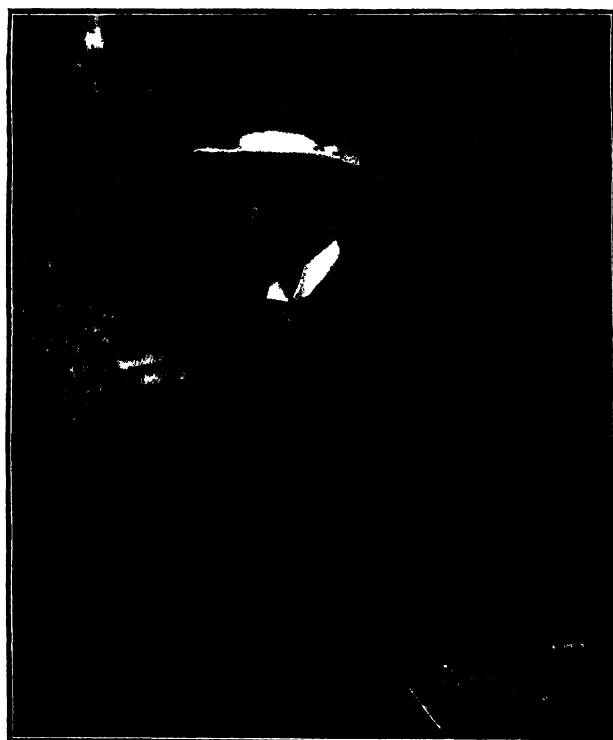
went through "the Shop" at Woolwich, and got his commission in the Royal Artillery along with notable honours—Senior Gunnery, the Toombe Scholarship, and the Riding Prize. Then came the touch of tragedy that Macready had sought in vain, and army ambitions vanished in thin air.

A severe fall from a horse landed our subaltern into the hands of the surgeons for the next fourteen years, and by the time Mr. William Treves and the late Sir Victor Horsley set him up again that commission had become an old and bitter memory. A prisoner for years on the flat of his back might well have voted himself to the social scrap-heap, but there were precious faculties burning for use. When at length he found himself on his feet again, it was to face the world in the character of an accepted author, with a couple of highly original books to his name and a third in the offing. How many schemes must have floated in and out through that sick-room window is one of those questions where, as old Sir Thomas Browne says, we



Alfred Ollivant,
1897.

may hazard a wide solution. One day the patient had been reading R. L. S., and the Pastoral in "Memories and Portraits" set his mind off at a tangent. So there grew into being that famous quartet, James Moore and his grey dog of Kenmuir, Adam McAdam and his shaggy other self, Black Wull. In the duel between these men there is no comparison, for the stunted misanthrope, McAdam, outweighs his neighbour in intensity and grip. James Moore is simply a type of magnanimity, like a speaking shadow out of some old morality play; but the widowed hermit with the idolatrous belief in a hound that plays him false, is passionately real in every snarl. Like Shylock and Milton's Satan, Adam is so far supreme from the dramatic standpoint that you forget the moral claim of his antagonist. But there is



Alfred Ollivant,
1899.

no such conflict of planes in the case of the two dogs. Black Wull is a midnight marauder, a sheep-slayer of the stealthy type; and it takes a book to track him down, helped by one of the greatest dogs ever conceived by Dr. John Brown or anybody else.

Need it be said that the name of the book is "Owd Bob"? It made a modest and discouraging entry (1898), but the world has long since taken the great bushy, sad-eyed, silver-coated hero to its heart and will not let go. Over half a million copies have been sold, apart from the recent cheap edition, and still the book grows in fame. The *Spectator*, which dismissed it in a contemptuous line or two, has mentioned it over and over again with respect since then; and as good company breeds kindly manners, who knows but some day it will own its mistake? At the worst, this was only representative of the stolid British public, after all. Those who recall the novel's arrival will remember how it fought its way slowly, month by month. Not until Nelsons gave it a sixpenny edition, ten years after its birth, did "Owd Bob" begin to forge ahead. It was America that really discovered Mr. Ollivant, as it did George Meredith; and Dr. Lyon Phelps, of Yale, wrote years ago that he had only met one Englishman who ever heard of the book. That "Englishman" was Sir James Barrie, and the doctor's remark is artless enough to be Irish, so the circle is complete. A story so familiar by this time needs no summary: it is simply an epic of fierce emulation in a region where a man's dog is more to him than his very soul. Nothing petty or artificial can live in such an atmosphere, and the gamut of emotion in "Owd Bob" rings true throughout. Somewhere the author mixes Achilles up with Ajax, and stumbles upon "wot" when he means "wist." But his prose beats with a compelling power; if the dialect is serrated, it cuts through every obstacle; and as for the picturing of mood and landscape and storm, it shows a master's touch.

Nobody but a dog-lover need tackle "Owd Bob"—or "Bob Son of Battle," as the American title goes—



Mrs. Ollivant.

and the same holds good of the novel that followed. After all, the man who has no heart for dogs is not likely to thrill at the touch of any romance ever penned. "Danny" first made its bow—or bark, whichever you like—in the *Monthly Review*. After a brief appearance in covers (1903) it went out of print, and since, like the artist that he is, the author remodelled it, the book has gained enormously. In structure it remains a vendetta against a Dandie Dinmont, with a dead mistress as a kind of angel guardian hovering round him, and a pair of tough old retainers as a group of seconds at his back. But the workmanship reveals a great advance in the handling of humans, and if anyone desires to see a feudal laird quelling a maudlin witch into

shivering sobriety, he will find it in Chapter XXI. It reads as if Meg Merrilees were haled before a humanised Weir of Hermiston, and neither the great Sir Walter nor Robert the Romancer might disavow the authorship. "Danny," as a dog, deserves what the old gamekeeper said to the author of "Rab"—"he just never can get enough o' fechtin'." But like his elder brother, the grey dog of Kenmuir, he is fighter and gentleman as well. Can our dogs always say the same of us?

Irony runs through much of our author's work, like a steadying undertone, but it proceeds from an exigent optimism without a trace of misanthropy. In that wholesome vein he has written book after book. Better than "Redcoat Captain," published in the year of his recovery, is "The Gentleman" (1908), in so far as it

expresses the joy of resuming active life. A novel of strife, it contains a magnificent sea-fight, and it celebrates the author's passion for his native Sussex and the downs. "The Taming of Jolax Blunt" (1911) needs re-writing, and bids fair to emerge as "Danny" has done, better and sounder for the process. Then came a phase which showed convincingly that the author's humanism was active and not merely a sentimental hobby. The Webbs' minority report caught Mr. Ollivant in a sympathetic hour, and confirmed him as a sober-going collectivist. After a trip to India he settled for a



Rachel Ollivant.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollivant's daughter. From a photograph taken in Switzerland.

time among the dockyards and tan-pits of Bermondsey in charge of a care committee; this term was followed by sojourns in Fulham and Hammersmith for the sake of work upon adult schools, working-men's clubs, and the crusade against unemployment. He wrote "The Royal Road" (1912), a novel which champions a Cockney labourer cast among the river-edge tanneries, and rounds off a chequered career by means of a moving reconciliation with the universal scheme of things. A monodrama of everyday heroism below the poverty line, it veils a mighty benevolence under the rags of realism; and some who know the East End through and through have classed it as the most understanding study ever written upon the lives of London's masses. You will find this strenuous crusader phase set out in certain fugitive pamphlets of Mr. Ollivant's which have been too soon forgotten, but best of all, perhaps, in "The Next Step." This new essay on reconstruction comes from a man who fought hard for peace before the war, and strove for the Allies when the war was on. It insists that the policing of the world is a nobler and more effectual means of righting things than any resort to war. Some of us may harbour practical doubts, and prefer to keep our powder dry, but we cannot resist the cogency of this plea for sober wisdom and restraint in the ruling of the commonwealth of nations.

Marriage and fatherhood had come by this time to a man who had earned, if any man did ever, his full arrears of happiness. With the outbreak of war came an invitation to America to help in dramatising his first book, and he wrote for the *Transcript* and the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of articles and stories describing England and Europe under the cloud, which did sterling work in educating the West to the pitch of duty and action. But the soul soon wore the body down again. Volunteering and hard work shattered him physically, and



Alfred Ollivant.

From a photograph taken in December, 1919.

Mr. Ollivant went back to his "mattress grave." There he has been a prisoner ever since. Happily he had proved that nothing could break his spirit. In "Boy Woodburn" (1918) he has returned to the full-bosomed bounty of the downlands, and he has now improved on all he ever wrote, by his new novel, "Two Men." Reviewers will probably say that Ruth is another Tess, crowned with a happy ending; but they will find it

hard to name any parallel to the third of the Caspars, a great-hearted man of the soil who disdains success, and wins upon the reader by a splendid manliness. Except for a couple of army chapters in India, the story lives and moves and has its being between the weald of Sussex and the sea, and it translates the "dim blue goodness" of it all into natural character and speech and action.

Mr. Ollivant's books, especially this last one, are the treble distillation of a great soul tried in the fires of patience, but I doubt if the reader has ever learned as much from any of his writings. Now that they have entered on what is practically a collected and complete edition, with the benefit of ripe revision, he looks like coming by his own wherever a deep and broad humanity finds a voice in sound English, and a hearing among discerning men. Many critics of eminence will now proceed to discover him who have somehow ignored him hitherto, but their praise will be little worth if they fail to add that he has done what only the greatest have done in literature. The appeal of his life is surely as vivid as anything he has ever written, yet he has scorned to ring himself into fame by jangling a sickroom bell. That is the worst and the commonest kind of pathetic fallacy. He has left his blackest thoughts in the inkpot, in order to give the world his best. And reticence is so scarce a virtue nowadays that it seems to me the point should not be lost.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. FEBRUARY, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS will be given for the best suggestion of a new name to be given to the modern domestic servant.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Geoffrey Dearmer, of Depot Barracks, York, for the following :

THE DRUNKARD.

Within me burned the Master-Poet's flame
Of all Life's purpose conscious nor apart,
And Beauty like a bride awaited came
And lived within my heart.

I knew all joy and knowledge, every word
I joined to word in love, and every hour
Taught me to love and treasure every bird..
And beast, and fearless flower.

Worthy of light my limbs, and mine the joy
Of wrestlers oiled, wary of eye and hand,
And limbs of rhythmic splendour, as a boy
In scudding foam and sand

Surf-marbled, and soft effervescing seas,
And pools grown suddenly deep 'neath skies of wine,
Most blessed joys most felt, Ah! joys were these
Most felt, and most divine!

Then slowly and too slow for shame, a lust
Like syrens lured me where the ways are cold,
Cold as hard eyes and masks of rouge and rust
And bodies bought for gold.

Slowly the splendours faded, slowly passed
The long, long wonder and awoken might
Of Song, the gift of God, until at last
My life was void of light.

And now I stagger down, and down, and down,
In awful solitude and stifling air;
To me the lamps are lightless, and the town
Is silent everywhere.

Still in the mart of books I scrutinise
My work enthralled, hinc on triumphant line,
I stand beside and watch the glowing eyes
That never glance at mine.

Unrecognised, alone, I watch and hear
My name from eager mouth to mouth, and I
Start sobered if men swerve from me and sneer
And staring, pass me by.

Live I no longer, Master, shall the sneer
And shrug of little men rob me of this?
Have I not wrung from hardened eyes, a tear,
From hardened lips, a kiss?

Surely my soul, however dark my fate,
Has been the seed-bed of thy spoken word,
In others dumb, in me articulate,
My Master, and my Lord?

We also select for printing :

A FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

If there should come a flock of birds
Flying at dusk your garden through,
With wings of fire and silver wings—
Be sure they are my thoughts of you.

And they shall crown you with the touch
Of kisses spent upon your hair,
And the soft rapture of their wings
Shall beat like music on the air.

For those with feathers made of gold
Are all my songs about your face,
And he with sapphire wings is one
Swift thought upon your body's grace—
Yet are they wild and wandering birds
That have no sure abiding-place.

(But if there should be one or two
Whose wings are silver tipped with blue—
Ah, call them home against your heart,
Because they are my prayers of you.)

(Rachel Bates, "The Orchard," Victoria Road, Great Crosby, near Liverpool.)

THE ONES THAT ARE NOT NEAR.

In Lovers' Lane, when stars are few and clear,
Just round the sudden corners where I tread,
I hear
The voices of the ones that are not near—
The voices of the dead.

Quite low I seem to hear them whispering.
And by the gate, the blackbirds' favoured spot,
They sing. . . .
And when I halt, they cease—as listening
For news that I bring not.

And when my footfall sounds again, they seem
With sighs to trouble the dark trees around;
Nor dream.
And though I listen hereafter, only the stream
Tells night where song is found.

(Cyril G. Taylor, 35, Castle Street, Edinburgh.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics sent by: L. N. (London, S.W.), Barbara E. Todd (Doncaster), George Fletcher (Jarrow-on-Tyne), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), Helen K. Watts (Brighton), H. L. Groom (Palmer's Green), Gertrude Gleeson (Leyton), Margaret Douglas (Scarborough), Ada M. Hudson (Highgate), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.O.W.), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), J. A. Bellchambers (London, N.), John R. Double-day (Streatham), Freda Isobel Noble (London, E.), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Herbert Elvin (Westcliff-on-Sea), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), Ruth Underwood (Ealing), Lilian Holmes (Faversham), F. O. Call (Lennoxville, Canada), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Cyril Bertram; Nancy Pollock (Glasgow), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Margaret Brown (Calne), A. Violet Gandy (Bath), Marguerite S. Goode (West Croydon), "Sinbad" (Scarborough), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Winifred Watson (Ilfracombe), Doris Berkhout (Sandown), R. K. Mundy (Bournemouth), A. E.; Ruth Bevan (Bude), Mrs. Charles Kirk (South Kensington).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Winifred Watson, of 10, Springfield Road, Ilfracombe, for the following :

THE PEACE IN THE MAKING. BY H. WILSON HARRIS. (Swarthmore Press.)

"Father heard the children scream,
Went and took them to the stream,
Saying, as he drowned the third,
'Children should be seen, not heard.'"

HARRY GRAHAM, *Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes.*

We also select for printing :

LESSONS IN VERSE CRAFT. BY S. GERTRUDE FORD.
(Daniel.)

"I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *A Farewell*.

(H. W. Barnsdale, 23, West Parade, Lincoln.)

THE MAN'S STORY. BY H. B. SOMERVILLE.
(Hutchinson.)

"My dear, I was the first who came away."
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto I., Stanza 141.

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.)

THE SUBSTANCE OF A DREAM. BY F. W. BAIN.
(Methuen.)

"Porridge and apples,
Mince, muffins and mutton,
Jam, junket, jumbles."

WALTER DE LA MARE, *Peacock Pie*.

(Minna Browning, Strathcona, St. John's, Cheltenham.)

A WOMAN ALONE. BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

"Where art thou, Adam?"

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Book X.

(Miss Blackett, 9, Florence Terrace, Falmouth.)

AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS.

BY S. P. B. MATS. (Grant Richards.)

"Halt a pound of twopenny rice,
Half a pound of treacle."

Old Rhyme.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

LIFE LAID BARE. (TITLE OF A REVIEW)

"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before
Prove false again? Two hundred more"

BUTLER, *Hudibras*.

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best answer to the question: If you had Aladdin's Lamp what is the first wish you would gratify? is awarded to Miss K. Lewis, of Eimsdale, High Oakham Road, Mansfield, Notts, for the following:

Should Aladdin's wonderful lamp come into my hands, my first command to the Genii would be, not the building of a palace for a king's daughter, but the erection, all over this land, of thousands of houses, fit to be the dwellings of the men who gave us Peace. Of all shapes, sizes and colours, they should spring out of the brown earth like mushrooms, in a single night; dream houses, come true; each one awaiting its rightful owner, ready to imprison for him all the happy hours, to become that dearest spot in the world—"Home."

This Competition has brought an unusually large number of replies, and it is significant that the most popular wish is for vast quantities of houses; other common wishes are for universal happiness; to end all labour unrest; and the favourite personal wish is to be a successful writer. We specially commend the replies by Daisy Underwood (Ealing), Rev. G. Bradley Jones (Bournemouth), Margaret Fountain (Huntingdon), Mrs. Guy Branson (Birmingham), E. W. (Dublin), George Barnett (Forest Hill), H. Dalton Vasey (London, E.), Mary J. Machar (Castle Eden), Alfred J. West (Cardiff), S. Anderson (Manchester), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Gwendolen Leijonhufvud (Bournemouth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to M. K. Boothby, of 105, Scalby Road, Scarborough, for the following:

STAR OF INDIA. BY ALICE PERRIN. (Cassell.)

In "Star of India" we are introduced to the heroine, Stella, as an inexperienced girl surrounded by an atmosphere of early-Victorian "stiffness." The call of the East is in her blood, and early in the narrative she is released from her life of boredom by marriage with a certain Colonel Crayfield, many years her senior. Later, in India, when Stella falls in love with another and younger man, complications arise. The author is thoroughly familiar with life in a remote station; she has no social or moral axe to grind, and the book is readable throughout having the advantage of a not unnaturally happy ending.

We also select for printing:

THE CLANKING OF CHAINS. BY B. MACNAMARA.
(Maunsell.)

A picture of Irish political life from pre-war days to the present as reflected in a Midland village. The central figure is an humble shop-assistant sincerely believing in the traditional nationalism of his forbears—his sufferings at the hands of the mere politicians is the theme. The novel is a strong one but rather as the study of a pool than of the flowing river of a country's life, nor are we convinced there is anywhere a village with only one just man and so much petty villainy. Surely the most stagnant waters will reflect some beauty if only that of the ever-changing skies.

(Francis J. Kelly, 16, St. Joseph's Avenue, Drumcondra, Dublin.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRACTICAL MYSTIC.
BY FRANCIS GRIERSON. (John Lane.)

To the dominant part which religious mysticism played in the life of America's greatest statesman this slim volume is devoted. It is the work of an enthusiast who possesses the ability to transmit his enthusiasm to the reader, and draw him almost unconsciously towards the man who has been the subject of so much controversy—the man who saved America almost in spite of herself. It is a fascinating little book and gives a brief but clear insight into the principles and ideas which governed the life and work of Lincoln.

(Ethel Mulvany, 21, Drury Street, Dublin.)

A MUSE AT SEA. BY E. HILTON YOUNG.
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

To the short, but earnest, roll of seamen-poets led by Admiral Hopwood, "Etienne," and a few others, we must now add the name of Mr. Young, whose work earns for him his niche. His sea-pictures are limned with a fine sense of poetry, but fail to convey always the vastness of the water-wastes with which they deal. There is no flaw in his seamanship and his knowledge of sea-lore alone would make his poetry worth while. The rugged and stalwart simplicity of his emotions greatly add to the solemn grandeur of many of his themes.

(W. Curran Reedy, 109, Hampton Road, Forest Gate, Essex.)

We specially commend the reviews by Gordon Fletcher (Erdington), Angela Cave (Boscombe), Florence G. Fidler (London, W.), Eileen M. Bradbury (Sheffield), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Mrs. Beatrice Mainwaring (Whitmore), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), A. O. S. (Liverpool), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), K. E. Douglas (Milford), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), F. Webster (Walworth), Margaret Douglas (Scarborough), Lillias Close (Cookstown), V. K. Horner (Wymondham), Geoffrey Mead (London, W.C.), "Buxtona" (Buxton), A. F. Pearson (Halifax), "Lavender Resarf" (London, W.), M. Twitchett (Sunderland), Albert Munn (Resolven), Eve Casey (London, W.C.), C. C. Underwood (Ealing).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S subscription to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Maud Montagu Bruce, Airth, Sunningdale, Berks.

PATRICK MACGILL, "THE NAVVY POET."

BY DAVID HODGE.

IN a sense it is unfortunate that Patrick MacGill should still have attached to him the label "the navy poet," for he has progressed far on the literary highway since the days when his writings were regarded as remarkable in themselves but more so on account of the fact that they were the work of a self-taught Irish stripling who had left his native Donegal to work as a navvy in Scotland. In another sense the retention of the label is fitting, because he was among the first to make vocal that little understood class—the Irish navvies—who toil unregarded at our railways, docks and roads, and at the beginning of his writing career it was in verse that he did this service to his colleagues of the pick and shovel. That was only ten or twelve years ago, when MacGill was working as a member of a repair gang on the Caledonian Railway between Greenock and Wemyss Bay. At that time—with characteristic enterprise—he resorted to the methods of the early poets and did his own distribution, leaving his little "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrapbook" at back doors one evening and calling back later in the week for sixpence if the book had happened to meet some one who wished to buy it. A bright-eyed lad with black

curly hair and a melodious and sympathetic voice, his personality excited almost as much interest as his writings, and to this day—when he approaches his thirtieth year and has to his credit a long list of books in prose and verse and an established reputation among contemporary poets and novelists—public curiosity remains keen as to how a youth with little or no educational advantages, and with all the disadvantages that a navvy's life may be expected to place in the way of literary development, succeeded in achieving his present eminence. It may be said that greater writers were more severely handicapped by their early environment and early life, and the cases of Dickens and Burns may be cited. The boy Dickens had disabilities almost as serious as those of MacGill, but Burns had not, thanks to his father, from whom he received a sound education and every encouragement to study.

Naturally, many myths surround MacGill's beginnings. It is told, for instance, without truth, that he first took to writing verse through having picked from the permanent way on which he was at work in the Glasgow neighbourhood, "Barrack-Room Ballads," dropped from a passing train. More accurate is the tale that MacGill was interested in a poem on a margarine-wrapper at

Kinlochleven, and that, moved to emulation by what he had read, he wrote some lines which he sent to a Glasgow evening newspaper, which not only printed them but paid for them. Facts are that he was born at Glenties, County Donegal, of poor peasant parents, attended the national school of his village, but left at the age of ten and went, when twelve, to work as a labourer in the Irish Midlands. Later he worked in Scotland as a railway platelayer and as navvy at the great waterworks at Kinlochleven, from which he returned to the railway. All the time he had been endeavouring to educate himself. He joined circulating libraries, and studied in particular Montaigne, Carlyle, Victor Hugo, Bret Harte and Rudyard Kipling. The second-hand bookshops of the cities knew him well, but at these establishments he had to go cautiously, the booksellers often insisting that he must purchase books he had fingered, so grimy were his navvy hands. To a London newspaper he sent an article on navvy life. "Post that man his railway fare, and bring him south," said the editor, much impressed by the contribution. MacGill duly presented himself in Fleet Street, where the corduroys of the raw-green navvy were

at once superseded by less unconventional Fleet Street attire, and he was instructed to write half a column on the latest fashions in men's neckties and socks. He tried to do so, but failed—which is not surprising, the task to which he was put being just as easy for him as the writing of an essay on bimetallism or George Meredith would be to a Sandwich Islander. MacGill was not a Fleet Street success: not even an Irish Barrie can picture him as a disciple of Rob Angus and Noble Simms. Later, he was taken in hand by Canon Dalton, through whose influence the young Irishman got congenial work among the manuscripts at Windsor Castle, where he might have been to this day if his novels had not encouraged him to devote himself exclusively to letters. In August, 1914, he joined the Army, and as a private in the London Irish he fought till wounded at Loos and invalided out. He had many offers of a commission, but he preferred to remain in the ranks, where he felt that he could best study the fighting man. Returning to England, he was employed in the War Office Propaganda Department, where written work had to be turned out whether the spirit moved him or not. The effect was not wholly beneficial; but he has now



Photo by Faulstich & Bannard.

Patrick MacGill.



Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

Mrs. Patrick MacGill.

completely returned to himself, as witness his new novel, "Maureen."

MacGill has written many noteworthy works—all highly charged with the influence of a masterful personality—but his most important books remain "Children of the Dead End" and "The Rat Pit." Each is autobiographical to a large extent, and it is in describing what he has actually seen and felt that MacGill—like the majority of authors—is at his best. With imagination he is not always—even in his verse—completely successful, and it is the easiest thing in the world to determine which parts of his books are based on actual experience and which on hearsay or invention. Realism is the key-note of "Children of the Dead End" and "The Rat Pit"—which are indeed one book, both telling the story of Dermot Flynn and Norah Ryan, who come from Ireland as mere children to take part in the arduous and miserably-paid work of potato-digging in Scotland. MacGill writes with first-hand knowledge of this work, but the appalling particulars he gives as to how the workers live and are housed have been challenged. He describes the sleeping quarters of the decent Irish folk as "an evil-smelling byre, the roof of which was covered with cobwebs, the floor with dung. On both sides of the sink, which ran up the middle, was a row of stalls, each stall containing two iron stanchions to which chains for tying cattle were fixed." A Government report gives even a more fœtid description of such accommodation as was provided for these Irish toilers within recent years. But still more amazing to the uninformed must appear MacGill's accounts of Glasgow's underworld. It is an underworld of which even an overwhelming majority of the citizens of that city had no knowledge, but it existed, and there is no reason to believe that it does not exist to-day. The back "lands" are still there, the barefooted harlots,

the squalid public-houses, the dust-heap pickers, the doss-houses, the sweating, and the churches that have as neighbours dens of iniquity and vice. Regarding all these we are not spared in the pages of MacGill. It is with Zolaesque vigour and relentlessness that he tells of these and of the making of the great aluminium works at Kinlochleven, an undertaking that drew navvies from all parts of Britain and Ireland to form a community that would not have seemed incongruous at Ballarat or the Klondyke in their early days. At Kinlochleven, MacGill worked, and wrote, and fought. His descriptions of fights are lyrics of the ring—not the ring as we have it in London to-day, but the ring of the olden times when men fought with bare fists for the sport of the thing and not for pots of gold. While Kinlochleven was in the making, the outside public had no knowledge of the mighty work in progress, and they would have remained ignorant as to what the making of it meant had not the rough, fighting, card-playing, blaspheming navvies had among them the author of "Children of the Dead End." There were no women at Kinlochleven. The author writes: "Since I came to Kinlochleven I had not looked on a woman, and the thoughts of womankind had almost gone from my mind. With the rest of the men it was the same. The sexual instinct was almost dead within them. Women were merely dreams of long ago." At another point he describes navvies as a class of men who are remarkably pure. No women hang about their lodging-houses, and they do not go in quest of women. . . . "Children of the Dead End" and "The Rat Pit" are etched with a very sure hand, and superfluous



Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

Patrick MacGill.

lines are rare. Pictures abound. This, for instance, of Kinlochleven :

"The winter was at hand. When the night drew near a great weariness came over the face of the sun as it sank down behind the hills which had seen a million sunsets. . . . A strange silence settled on the lonely places. Nature waited breathless on the threshold of some great event, holding her hundred winds suspended in a fragile leash. The heather-bells hung motionless on their stems, the torrents dropped silently as smoke from the scarred edges of the desolate ravines, but in this silence there lay a menace; in its supreme poise was its threat of coming danger. The crash of our hammers was an outrage, and the exploding dynamite a sacrilege against tired nature."

As a poet MacGill has an easy command of rhythm as well as a true poetic sense, and it is as a poet that some of his admirers and ablest critics consider that he will leave his most enduring mark. Ten years ago he suffered from his label: in their surprise that a navvy could write verse, the critics were apt to omit to apply their customary standards. Still, nascent genius was detected; and as time went on MacGill produced verse that, the critics saw, was good, even when judged by standards that were high. It is said that he copied Kipling. Of course he did—who among our youthful poets of twelve years ago did not? He copied Kipling, but the MacGill element in the copies was the stronger and the more intimate, as in "Padding It To Ballachulish":

"Jackson has need of navvies, navvies who understand
The graft of the offside reaches, to labour where God
has banned,
Men of the sign of the moleskin who swear by the soul-
less pit,
Men who are eager for money and ready in spending it;
Bluchers and velvet waistcoats, and kneestraps below
the knees—
The great unwashed of the model—Jackson has need
of these!"



Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick MacGill.

War gave MacGill inspiration for much of his most moving verse, including "La Bassée Road," "Marching," "After Loos," "A.D. 1916," and "Death and the Fairies."

"Maureen" has Ireland for scene; and just now, of all times, it is a book for Englishmen to read, for it shows peasant Ireland as an Irishman sees it to-day, with British troops in occupation and Sinn Féin in the ascendant among the political parties. MacGill takes no political side; but his heroine says: "Ireland hasn't her rights. They were taken from her hundreds of years ago by England, and ever since that time she has been crushed down"—and one imagines that the sentiment would not be disclaimed by the author. He is anti-clerical, though he portrays many a noble priest, and his affection for his native land does not lead him to paint his compatriots, men or women, as saints.

Settled now in Hendon, with Glasgow's slums and railways and the blastings and fights of Kinlochleven only a vivid memory, MacGill is the centre of a literary household. His wife also is a novelist. She writes with grace and understanding of youth, and that she has the genuine qualities of a story-teller is exemplified by her latest work, "Whom God Hath Chosen."

In contrast, there are his sad lines about his beloved Ireland, among them:

"I'm going back to Glenties
when the harvest
fields are brown,
And the autumn sunset
lingers on my little
Irish town;
When the gossamer is
shining where the
moorland blossoms
blow,
I'll take the road across
the hills I tramped so
long ago—
'Tis far I am beyond the
seas, but yearning
voices call,
'Will you not come
back to Glenties and
your wave-washed
Donegal?'"

New Books.

A SEER AT WORK.*

Admirers of Mr. Benchara Branford maintain that his "Janus and Vesta" (1916) contains between fifty and sixty predictions, and that of these about half have been already verified, while not a single one out of the whole has been falsified. His friends tell us that it is nearly a generation ago that as a young man he made a forecast of the present world-crisis. Among the more prominent of the verified forecasts of the "Janus" book are the downfall of the Kaiser, the revolution that followed, the impossibility of a German naval hegemony, the passing of Mohammedan hegemony from Turcoman to Semitic

* "A New Chapter in the Science of Government." By Benchara Branford. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

races, and the big banking combines. It becomes us then to walk warily in dealing with a writer of this calibre, when he passes from the general to the particular and expands some of his seminal ideas, as he does in the volume before us.

Mr. Branford is not alone in noting the divided allegiance that has been introduced into social life by the spirit that underlies syndicalism. We have all observed the antagonism that has arisen between the two patriotisms. Loyalty is being divided between the claims of the country on the one hand and the claims of class or occupation on the other. But Mr. Branford does not rest content with contemplating the increasing cleavage: he sets about finding remedies. We are becoming cosmopolitans by the sheer force of circumstances, but the claims of race,

country, province, city, parish, cannot be neglected with impunity. But why should the two loyalties clash with one another? Cannot they be so directed as to work harmoniously towards the common good? Each is essential to the full and free development of modern society. They oppose one another only in the sense in which the warp and weft oppose one another: they move in different directions, but lead to a result in which each has an equal share. With his well-known love of suggestive symbolism, our seer tells us that the warp of society is geographical, while the weft is occupational. His next step is to suggest the lines along which the two forces, regionalism and occupationalism, may be conducted so as to produce the desired result; and he finds to his hand the two Houses of Parliament waiting to be utilised. He has the ingenious conception that the House of Lords has been in the past the custodian of the interests of the citizens as producers, while to the House of Commons fell the part of conserving their interests as consumers. The generalisation is a daring one, but there is much to be said for it. With wrung withers we may be driven to confess that at any rate the conception is worth considering, since we are in desperate straits to find some intelligible policy to meet our present financial difficulties.

Mr. Branford holds steadily on his course by proposing to reconstruct Parliament so that the Upper House shall be filled with members chosen on the basis of occupation, while the roll of the Lower House shall be filled by members chosen on a geographical basis. Some readers may object to the fanciful argument of the *gilded* chamber being the natural home of the *guild* interests, but to do Mr. Branford justice he does not press considerations of this kind as real arguments, though his poetic mind cannot help noting them. His love of verbal effects is marked, and he is fond of such quips as "a progressive balance and a balanced progress." But whenever he encounters a real difficulty he faces it fairly and discards all verbal adornments. Thus in his upper, or occupational chamber, he foresees trouble in the conflict between capital and labour. Here he seeks reconciliation in the fact that every citizen is necessarily both capitalist and labourer, and that both interests will be justly treated in a house where employers and employed meet on equal terms.

Out of this difficulty arises the need for a revised conception of the nature of labour. Those who are worried by the rather ridiculous distinction at present drawn between producers and non-producers, will rejoice in the definition, "*'Produce' is the result of any useful activity; and any citizen who creates 'produce' is truly a 'labourer.'*" It is by a combination of human, organic and mechanical activities that man is able to produce what our author calls "utilities."

The ground is thus cleared for the interaction between the two houses, each working out the best lines of advancement for the interests committed to it. By organised series of meetings in common session the two houses will secure that there shall be that amount of compromise that is necessary to promote the reconciliation of sectional oppositions in the higher unity of the general well-being. It all sounds too good to be true, and critics who like to call themselves hard-headed will have something to say about Mr. Branford's analogies and trilogies and complex interpretations. But it may fairly be pointed out to them that we have here at least a constructive scheme, and one based, after all, on the facts of the case. It is not without significance that we find the text of the book preceded by twenty-seven pages of press extracts embodying representative contemporary politico-economic views. The book is eminently fair, and even pessimists should welcome a prophet who has proved his capacity, and has faith that his present predictions will be justified as those in "Janus and Vesta" have been so far. The forecasts at the end of Chapter XVI. of "Janus" remain still to be realised, but Mr. Branford has taken the best means of securing their fulfilment by the practical guidance he has given in the present volume.

JOHN ADAMS.

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MUSE.*

Every one has praised Mr. John Masefield's latest poem, and by an accident the present review bears its tribute somewhat tardily to qualities which every lover of poetry must eagerly recognise. "Reynard the Fox" is the record of a day's hunting from dawn to dusk, rich in clear-cut cameos of English life and character. It is impossible to avoid the reflection that, in the opening passages, Mr. Masefield has had in his mind the Prologue to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The long gallery of British portraiture which he presents could have no other exemplar. We start with the old tavern front, and the ostlers busy at their work of preparation:

"Rubbing fox-flecks out of stirrups,
Dumbing buckles of their chirrups
By the touch of oily feathers."

Mr. Masefield has the Kipling taste for technicalities:

"The savour
Of saddle-paste and polish spirit
Which put the gleam on flap and tirrit."

How many readers, one wonders, could define "a tirrit." No matter. These unfamiliar rhymes lend a zest to the picture.

And then the company begins to arrive, quick with all the variety of the country-side, old men and young, matrons and maids, with the breeze striking colour out of their cheeks, and their eyes full of the morning sunlight. It is an easy criticism that the street is overcrowded; and indeed only a few of the figures linger in the memory. Still, one can always refer to the text for refreshment. And the village gossip adds piquancy to the description:

"Jane Selbie said to Ellen Tranter,
'A lot on 'em come doggin' 'ant her?'
'A lot on 'em,' said Ellen. 'Look,
There'm Mr. Gaunt of Water's Hook.
They say he . . . ' (*whispered*). 'Law!' said Jane.
Gaunt flung his heel across the mane,
And slithered from his horse and stamped.
'Boots tight,' he said. 'My feet are cramped.'"

By degrees the square fills, and the hunt moves off to covert. And then the measure quickens, and the reader is running with the fox:

"The rooks rose raving to curse him raw,
He snarled a sneer at their swoop and caw.
Then on, then on, down a half-ploughed field
Where a ship-like plough drove glitter-keeled,
With a bay horse near and a white horse leading,
And a man saying 'Look,' and the red earth bleeding."

It is a long run, till the victim's courage begins to yield:

"And here, as he ran to the huntsman's yelling,
The fox first felt that the pace was telling;
His body and lungs seemed all grown old,
His legs less certain, his heart less bold."

No poet worthy of his sack could let so gallant a fellow die before our eyes. Luckily a terrier turns the scent, and then another fox is followed and killed after a short run. Our hero of the day's companionship is safe in his lair, after perilous straits before familiar earth stopped with stakes:

"Then the moon came quiet and flooded full
Light and beauty on clouds like wool,
On a feasted fox at rest from hunting,
In the beechwood grey where the brocks were grunting."

There are some 3,000 lines of this fresh, vigorous, open-air stuff, and it says much for the poet's art that the spirit of it never falters for a moment. Whether masters of hounds read poetry or not it is difficult to say, but one need not hunt with the Pytchley to realise the full flavour and jolly, human quality of Mr. Masefield's muse.

* "Reynard the Fox." By John Masefield. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Rosals, and Other Poems." By Gerald Cumberland. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"General William Booth Enters Into Heaven." By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Gerald Cumberland's poetry is of a more cloistered type; it has affinities with the Rhymers' Club of a quarter of a century ago. White bodies, rosy kisses, the lights of Paris, dalliance and dream—such are the materials of his melodious verse. He watches the bathers:

"Upturn'd to heaven, a girl
Floats very near;
Twin breasts of glossy pearl
Make islands here."

The seasons are a sort of symbolic pageantry of love:

"She comes with crocus blooms, with daffodils;
She stays when lilac floats upon the sight.
In rose-time she is queening it all day,
And singing in her slumber half the night.
My arms are ever open for her sake,
And, taking her, I give myself, and lose
The summer in a dream of joys, and make
My night mysterious with the love she breathes."

There is genuine passion in Mr. Cumberland's verse; his imagery is fervid and copious; he has vision and imagination. The fact that he hunts old trails should not detract from the grace of his fancy and the warm energy of his expression.

But what is to be said of Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay? The trails which he hunts are certainly not old; they are almost distractingly new. He appears under the approbation of Mr. Robert Nichols, who reports the praise of Mr. W. B. Yeats ("this poem has an earnest simplicity, a strange beauty") and of Mr. John Masefield ("He is the best American poet"). Testimony, like this, from poets of such different methods, would compel attention, even if Mr. Lindsay did not compel it for himself. But he does. He has a fine, vigorous, crude music, like the clashing of cymbals and the whistling of flutes. Mr. Nichols reports that the poet travels America, reciting his poems. "His head is slightly tilted back, the nostrils extended, the eyes closed. During the delivery—which is rapid and even, changing in pace, rhythm and volume, but never in tone, his arms, especially the hands, gesture slightly."

And the poet himself adds:

"It is the hope of the writer that after two or three readings each line will suggest its own separate touch of melody to the reader who has become accustomed to the cadences. Let him read what he likes to read, and sing what he likes to sing."

This is rather an exigent programme, and we turn with hesitation to the first piece, "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven," which is "to be sung to the tune of the 'The Blood of the Lamb' with instrumental accompaniment":

"Booth led boldly with his big brass drum --
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
The Saints smiled gravely and they said: 'He's come'
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching braves from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug-fiends pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail—
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the wages of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)"

This seems strong meat for powerful digestions, and realising that its flavour is controlled by the theme, we seek refuge in a gentler atmosphere:

"Star of my heart, I follow from afar.
Sweet Love on high, lead on where shepherds are.
Where Time is not, and only dreamers are.
Star from of old, the Magi-Kings are dead
And a foolish Saxon seeks the manger-bed.
O lead me to Jehovah's child
Across this dreamland lone and wild.
Then will I speak this prayer unsaid,
And kiss his little haloed head—
'My star and I, we love thee, little child.'"

A closer study suggests that Mr. Vachel Lindsay's poetry is all of this somewhat perfervid order. It glows with a sort of undisciplined fervour; it wells up with turgid

words which catch the fancy; but, when you come to analyse it, the meaning dwindles into a disconcerting likeness to Scrooge's bed-post:

"The genius of the lotos
Shall heal earth's too-much fret.
The rose, in blinding glory,
Shall waken Asia yet.
Hail to their loves, ye peoples!
Behold, a world-wind blows,
That aids the ivory lotos
To wed the red, red rose."

Of such fancies many ballads have been wrought in many years. But poetry is something more interpretative than this. Much American verse, we know, is bad; but we can hardly credit Mr. Masefield when he says that this is America's best.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

GEORGIAN POETRY.

This is the day of coteries in literature. Coteries lead to log-rolling and log-rolling leads to self-satisfaction, smugness and contentment with one's achievement when one has only attained the second-rate.

Poets seem nowadays to join trade unions of their own: they seldom attempt to claim a hearing for themselves as individuals, they only dare to face the public in groups and under the protection of their admiring fellows. They write poems in praise of each other, and hope that the public will accept them at their own very high valuation.

It has been "E. M.'s" distinctive merit that he has for years avoided groups in his excellent series of "Georgian Poetry": he has selected his poets because he himself approved them, and arbitrarily he banishes and arbitrarily he welcomes. When therefore we have to find fault we have to blame "E. M.," and not the group he stands for.

In his latest volume* we find ourselves more inclined to adverse criticism than we did over any of the earlier volumes. There are several poems which ought never to have been included. It is absurd to pretend that we can produce two hundred pages of real poetry every two years.

These Georgians collectively give one the impression of vagueness, their emotions are anæmic, their knowledge of nature and men inaccurate, their music harsh or completely absent; they have but little sense of beauty and none of colour; they waste all their energies on metrical experiments and leave none for their interpretation of life; they certainly never speak from the heart to the heart, poetry is not for them the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds, they never trouble the waters of the spirit, they deny completely by their results the Miltonic definition of "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers." Their numbers are seldom harmonious and they rarely express any thought. It is, in fact, impossible to arrive at any definition of what they mean by poetry.

It is pleasant to turn to the few who redeem the volume and pass over the rest in silence.

Francis Brett Young, who is one of the most able of the younger novelists, in his "Song" gives us by far the loveliest lyric in the book:

"Why have you stolen my delight
In all the golden shows of spring,
When every cherry-tree is white
And in the limes the thrushes sing,

"O fickler than the April day,
O brighter than the golden broom,
O blither than the thrushes' lay,
O whiter than the cherry-bloom,

"O sweeter than all things that blow . . .
Why have you only left for me
The broom, the cherry's crown of snow,
And thrushes in the linden-tree?"

* "Georgian Poetry, 1918-1919." 6s. net. (Poetry Bookshop.)

The simplicity that marks all true poetry is evident here as it is in all that W. H. Davies writes, whose epitaph is worthy of its author :

"The only things that knew me well
Were children, dogs, and girls that fell ;
I bought poor children cakes and sweets,
Dogs heard my voice and danced the streets ;
And, gentle to a fallen lass,
I made her weep for what she was.
Good men and women know not me,
Nor love nor hate the mystery."

It is interesting to compare this with a parallel poem by Walter de la Mare, sweetest of singers :

"Look thy last on all things lovely,
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing ;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days."

No one would question the true poetic touch here.
For colour we give the palm to W. W. Gibson :

"As a blue-necked mallard alighting in a pool
Among marsh-marigolds and splashing wet
Green leaves and yellow blooms, like jewels set
In bright, black mud, with clear drops crystal-cool. . ."

This is the clear vision of a poet who writes with his eye on the object. The child-like simpleness of Robert Graves and the terrible bitterness of Siegfried Sassoon in "Repression of War Experience" are all that remain worthy of the name of poetry.

For the rest we can only say that to omit Ralph Hodgson and Wilfrid Owen and include — and —, shows an amazing aberration on "E. M.'s" part. Let us hope it is only temporary.

S. P. B. MAIS.

A SCOTS CRIMINOLOGIST.*

Mr. Roughead is a lawyer after Scott's own heart. Had Sir Walter been alive to-day it is easy to conceive how these two perfervid investigators would have worked to each other's hands, and the collaboration would have been a fortunate one for Scottish Letters. Mr. Roughead is a perfect mine of information on the criminal annals of Scotland. In that connection he has already done important and admirable service in his "Notable Trials Series"—especially those of "Deacon Brodie" and "Captain Porteous," as well as in his single volume, "Twelve Scots Trials," a work which Mr. Andrew Lang read in manuscript shortly before his lamented death, and for which he had engaged to write an Introduction. Had Mr. Lang lived to read this latest volume, he would have rejoiced over it as a contribution to Scottish Criminology unsurpassed by the indefatigable Pitcairn himself.

Mr. Roughead is not merely a diligent researcher in a domain which he has made peculiarly his own. He is also an accomplished literary stylist, and has in him the makings of an acceptable and successful novelist were he so minded to turn his pen in that direction. Within his vast and erudite storehouse—the gathering of years—there is no lack of material in respect of intrigue, and incident, and human characterisation, for the business of a modern romantic. Mr. Lang, as one happens to know, and as has been said, perused Mr. Roughead's "Trials" with avidity ; and it is certain that R. L. Stevenson, no less than Walter Scott, would have been glad to seek for treasure in the same rich and varied field. Mr. Roughead, however, confines his attention almost entirely to the purely legal aspect of his studies and only to what is genuinely historic in the episode with which he is dealing.

There are eighteen separate papers in the book before us, running to 511 pages. At least fifteen of these papers are taken up with careers of perfidy and corresponding

* "The Riddle of the Ruthvens and other Studies." By William Roughead. 25s net. (Green & Son.)



Courtyard of Gowrie House, 1789.

From an engraving by Sparrow.

From "The Riddle of the Ruthvens," by William Roughead (Green & Son).

deeds of infamy. This is the only bond of association among them—their exemplification of the darker and seamier side of the national life, and of customs and superstitions which, luckily, are long matters of the past. We can only refer to one or two of Mr. Roughead's arresting articles. That which gives the book its title does not pretend to solve the eternal mystery centring in Gowrie House—a mystery never likely to be solved till the Day of Judgment, as a quaint Scotswoman suggested to Mr. Lang. Mr. Roughead inclines to the side of the Ruthven youths, and it cannot be denied that his masterly exposition of the story considerably helps the hypothesis that King James alone was the real offender. There may have been no preconcerted plot on either side, and an explanation may be found in the theory of an accidental brawl, in which ungovernable tempers and passions kindled to white heat, ended the day so disastrously. But it is very probable that James was the *fons et origo* of the whole ugly business.

Belief in witchcraft and a personal domination of the devil was common to every Scottish parish two or three centuries ago. James the Sixth (James, in some ways, is the *bête noire* of the book) was largely responsible for much of the agony and suffering which followed those suspects of his time. He gloried in tracking them down: in listening to confessions too obviously evoked by the application of torture: and he had no compunction—this “high and mighty Prince” to whom the preface of the Authorised Version of the Bible is addressed—in sending those unfortunate persons to a fiery death on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, or wherever their terrible fate might be. The affair of the Witches of North Berwick, for instance, will ever stain the record of James's cowardly kingship. The man who could not intercede for his mother, who would do nothing to save her, could scarcely hope to escape the judgment of posterity, which sees in him a weak, vain, everlastingly suspicious and utterly selfish mortal, who imagined that because he possessed some literary talent, and a supposed sanctity, he was therefore specially obnoxious to Satan and his minions. Even “Bloody Mackenzie” condemned “those cruel and too forward judges who burn persons by thousands as guilty of this crime.”

Mr. Roughead's best chapters are concerned with the notorious Robert McQueen, Lord Braxfield, the Lord Hermiston of Stevenson's unfinished “Weir of Hermiston.” Among the Laing Manuscripts in Edinburgh University Library Mr. Roughead discovered a curiously happy defence of the Lord Justice Clerk. This was written in 1837 by Alexander Young of Harburn, an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, son of the minister of Hutton on Dryfe, in Dumfriesshire. Young (who had known Braxfield intimately) desired to correct some misstatements in the first edition of Lockhart's “Life of Scott”—and also to clear Braxfield's character from certain imputations on the part of Lord Cockburn. Lockhart had narrated the story (which really belongs to Lord Kames) how Braxfield (as he alleged) had sentenced to death an old friend convicted of forgery, with whom he used to play chess, (Braxfield never played chess) observing, “An' noo, Donal', my man, I think I've checkmated ye for ance!” This, and much else which for years passed as coin from the Braxfield mint, Young declared to be spurious and unworthy of the man, despite his eccentricities and lurid irreverencies. But as Young wrote his defence nearly forty years after Braxfield had disappeared from the Bench, it is possible that he was looking back on the past in the too soft light of Fancy, and that, as is not seldom the case with the very aged, Charity's angel controlled his thoughts and guided his pen. Stevenson's hero is a first rate picture of the actual and historical Braxfield, and even had Young's paper been known to Stevenson, it is unlikely that he would have altered his portrait in any way.

Foot-notes to the “Heart of Midlothian” on “Nicol Muschet” and the “Master of Sinclair”: the “Abduction of Jean Kay,” referred to in Notes to “Rob Roy”: the crimes of “Auld Auchindrayne” which Scott immortalised in a tragedy—the weakest thing he wrote: the adventures of that brace of arch-scoundrels, David Haggart

and James Mackcoul: an account of “Antique Smith,” the modern literary forger, and an illuminating Note on Edinburgh's poet, Robert Fergusson—Burns's “elder brother in the Muse”—are among the “other studies” which make up an exceptionally notable piece of work. It is by far the best thing Mr. Roughead has done. There is not a dull page in his book, nor can there be a reader who will not ask for yet another series of these so satisfying and fascinating mystery tales of a country that contains so much of the mysterious and romantic elements.

W. S. CROCKETT.

AN IRISH REBEL.*

If Connolly was the brain of the Irish Rebellion of Easter Week, 1916, Pearse was its soul. He was a poet and idealist right through, with a streak of shrewd common sense which went to the making of what should have been a great schoolmaster. His ideas on the subject are well known. He found out a boy's best and fostered it; he put his boys on their honour and believed what they said; he set a steady ideal before them. He should have been Ireland's first Minister of Education if he had not gone down in the catastrophic rebellion; yet he would have said perhaps that dying, he set his greatest and most enduring lesson. The writer of this little book, one of Pearse's schoolboys, gives us some valuable things. He disposes of the myth that Pearse trained up his boys to fight in the rebellion, saying indeed that he was concerned at the martial activities of some of his boys in the Easter rising. To be sure, the figures of the old Irish heroes loomed large in the spiritual atmosphere of the school. Pearse loved the autobiography of Wolfe Tone, the greatest of Irish rebels, as he loved Shakespeare and Milton. He would have had little patience with a people who could not or would not fight; and Mr. Ryan remembers him admitting the truth of Thomas MacDonagh's “Bedacl, that's consistent!” when a pupil of St. Erda's joined up for the war. This is a loving and disarming tribute. We could do with many more personal sketches of Pearse, like this of the last hours in the Post Office:

“All was dark within on the Wednesday evening. . . . the fires glared: distant volleys could be heard: around lay men sleeping on the floors: others stood on guard at the windows peering through the sandbags at the strangest spectacle men have seen in Dublin. He sat upon a barrel, looking intently at the flames, very silent. . . . Suddenly he turned to me. ‘It was the right thing to do, was it not?’ he asked curiously. ‘Yes,’ I replied in astonishment. He gazed back at the leaping and fantastic blaze. . . . ‘And if we fail it means the end of everything, Ireland, Volunteers, all?’ ‘I suppose so,’ I replied. He spoke again: ‘When we are all wiped out, people will blame us, condemn us. But for this the war would have ended, and nothing would have been done. After a few years they will see the meaning of what it tried to do.’ . . . ‘Dublin's name will be glorious for ever,’ he said with passion. ‘Men will speak of her as one of the splendid cities.’ He was one of the most occupied men in that dangerous front room, superintending a hundred details, cheering the wounded, firing anew the devotion of his comrades within that furnace. . . . When we are tempted to grudge Pearse's immolation to his political ideals two pictures rise before us: the first, that gallant captain in green, facing solemnly a hundred dangers, walking as serenely to his death. The second that head master who would have answered with a quick smile and eager gesture—‘Ah, impossible!’”

Mr. Ryan makes his hero real and human. The strange, gentle soul in Pearse that made him weep over a dead kitten, and give up gardening for a day because he had accidentally killed a worm, was not inconsistent with that other side of him which made him “love a fighter” against wrongs and stupidities, and cruelties, and all old fossilised superstitions and ignorances.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

* “The Man Called Pearse.” By Desmond Ryan. 4s. 6d. net. (Dublin: The Talbot Press.)

THREE NOVELS.*

What Tom Leeds thought of Bridget Tinchampton—"There she was, able far above the average, and attractive, surely, to any man who valued brains, wit and character"—is the epitome of "Full Circle." An interesting book, it makes an appeal to clever people; brains inform it; it has even more to it than wit and character, but too much space is filled with dead stuff. It analyses where it should be giving the incident that reveals character, and though it has some emotion, it has not enough to add that touch of the universal without which novels are only a pretty trick of the human intellect.

A book is like a tree. By some natural process it produces a lot of dry woody matter, which should be cut away, leaving only the live shoots; but few and far between are the authors who are willing to hack out even the driest of leafless boughs. "Full Circle" pruned would have been a finer book; as it is, the study of the Tinchampton family, people too boneless to grasp at the big things of life, people whom nature treats roughly, shouldering one into a convent, leaving the others for the most part unmarried, is ably done. Such people do not matter as a family, they are dying out; they will not leave many descendants, but they matter as individuals; they matter, poor things, to themselves. Bridget, the working bee, is the woman the economic conditions of to-day have produced; she is portrayed with loving care, contrasted cleverly with Eliza, the simple everyday creature who, accepting her destiny of wife and mother, will grow in grace because to her will fall the good and bad weather of big experiences.

The writer who long ago enchanted us with "The Dark Lanthorn" and "The Magnetic North" has given us in "The Messenger" the story of Greta Schwartz, a spy. The old charm is present, the attention is held from the first page to the last. The first part of the story is laid in the household of a Government official. The daughter's German governess is a spy—a spy of the good old-fashioned kind, handsome, clever, extravagant and strong-willed. When run to earth she is with true British clemency returned to Germany and, though the hero knows that the buttons on her ulster are English sovereigns covered with cloth, he is not sufficiently patriotic to draw the attention of Scotland Yard to the fact. In the second part the characters dodge about between America and England in order to give us the horrors of the submarine campaign, and the interest is not so well maintained. As a writer of spy stories Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is more successful than Miss Robins, and yet every now and then we get a touch of the latter's incomparable magic as, on page 260, when the submarine, having torpedoed the ship, rises and stands away to southward. "'They're hailing us,' the captain said with bitter mouth." The sentence hits you, it is fine, and you pray that Miss Robins may presently turn from spy stories to give us such another book as "The Dark Lanthorn."

Miss G. B. Stern has kept us waiting some time for "Children of No Man's Land," but the waiting, as it has produced a finer book than any she has hitherto written, has been worth while. Always amusing, she has now tackled a theme of some magnitude, a theme with which she is well qualified to deal—the position of the Jews in the war.

This cosmopolitan people, still as great wanderers as when they followed their flocks from pasture to pasture in the Middle East, cannot be said to belong to any one European country. They have relations with all, relatives in all; but the German Jew is not a German, he has not married a German and quite probably a brother of his lives in London and another in Paris. To such folk the war was an even greater tragedy than to us. When they joined our armies—as they did—they knew they would find their relatives in the opposing forces. Brother might at any moment "go over the top" to find, in some German

trench, his brother. To give an instance, a Jewish family here received, at the same time, news of the death of their son fighting for England and of their nephew fighting for Germany, and did not know, poor souls, whether the one boy might not have shot the other. The poignancy of such a situation far transcends any with which we were faced. Add to it the problems of naturalisation with which Miss Stern deals and you get a fair idea of the terrible position during the war of this unhappy people.

"Children of No Man's Land" is an interesting book, and Miss G. B. Stern is to be congratulated on it. It should greatly enhance her reputation.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

EX CATHEDRA.*

Though all these gathered essays have seen the light before, to those who have not referred to the works in which they originally appeared they will be quite new reading, and as such they are welcome. The most of them were first printed in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," though a number of the titles have been altered. One cannot mistake Mr. Charles Whibley's sound scholarly qualities. There are few men of letters better versed than he in the highways and by-ways of Tudor literature and in the literary history of the period, and one is made aware that behind the instances of his knowledge here shown there lies a vast reservoir of learning from which he can draw unreservedly. He has no lack of what Rossetti called "fundamental brain-work"; and this learning has a cloistered virtue, in the best sense of the phrase. These studies are almost as historical as they are literary. They form no mere record of facts, though facts are not neglected but are allotted their rightful position. Mr. Whibley has, *inter alia*, the historical mind for envisaging the past with a lively retrospect, and has, moreover, a spirit of wide tolerance and sympathy for the humane letters of the more remote periods of our literature. The same urbane spirit is traceable in his contribution on Beaconsfield to "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature" and it likewise informs his sympathetic epitome of George Wyndham's career in the beautiful introduction to Wyndham's "Essays in Romantic Literature."

Mr. Whibley brings out prominently the thirst for universality and encyclopædic knowledge that begat in the Tudor and Elizabethan translators and chroniclers their far-reaching claims in literary work. He makes us fully realise what an immense debt the Elizabethan dramatists, Shakespeare and Webster, Marston and Massinger, owed to the Tudor translators, to such works as Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" and Warner's "Menæchmi." The dramatists borrowed freely from such sources for their plots, and to Arthur Golding's translations Shakespeare was indebted in no small degree. Another point that the author emphasises is the extraordinary debt of England to Spain in matters literary during the latter part of the sixteenth century.

It is difficult in a book that consists entirely of rare delights to single out any one study above another for commendation, but perhaps Mr. Whibley has reached the full fruition of his art in his record of Sir Walter Raleigh. An occasional touch of the Elizabethan conceit infects his style and colours it with a robust charm. Not content with mere enumeration of Raleigh's exploits, Mr. Whibley indulges freely in sincere praise of his versatile gifts. The author's sympathetic profiles of Rochester and Buckhurst in "The Court Poets" are excellently done and incite the reader's admiration for his critical acumen. The vignettes of Congreve and other Restoration dramatists are charged with a liveliness that harmonises with the town and society life of the period. While lettered men of action rather than of leisure find favour in these studies,

* "Literary Studies." By Charles Whibley. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

* "Full Circle." By M. A. Hamilton. 7s. (Collins.)—"The Messenger." By Elizabeth Robins. 7s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Children of No Man's Land." By G. B. Stern. 7s. (Duckworth.)

rogues and scoundrels are the kind of writers, for the most part, who throng Mr. Whibley's pages, and when he limns the lettered vagabonds who inhabit his "Underworld of Letters," he hits off "their untidy talent" and their loose ways with a felicitous word and phrase. It was a time when "Parnassus spoke the language of the market, and Apollo, travestied, became a Tabarin," when the streets were filled with "campaign wenches" and "lame mumpers." An acute study of Jonathan Swift brings up the rear of the book, and, with a show of good reason, Mr. Whibley takes strong exception to Thackeray's virulent attack upon Swift in the "English Humourists."

A prevailing sense of unity presides over this book, but in little measure can it be defined as a connected account of the lettered and scholarly world from the time of Henry VIII. to that of Queen Anne. Though the flats are not "jined," there are connecting threads that link up the whole with adequate finish. Much of the book's appeal is due to Mr. Whibley's careful craftsmanship, to his well-ordered prose, which is both lucid and terse. One can only repeat what has been already indicated, that the spirit of the book is that of felicity, and to the browser in those fields of far-off days, as well as to those deeply versed in each or any particular phase, the book makes happy reading.

W. M. PARKER.

THOMAS COUTTS, BANKER.*

"It is said of some men that whatever they touch turns to gold. If that were all that could be said of Thomas Coutts, his life might have merited half a column of a Biographical Dictionary, or at least have served to point the moral of a scandalous pamphlet. It is true that slowly, steadily, and in the course of sixty years' unremitting attention to business he acquired a fortune which in these days would be noticeable, but by no means extraordinary. His life is worth writing, not because he was the creator and in part the proprietor of Coutts' Bank, but because he became a power in his own land and outside it as the friend and adviser of kings and princes and ministers of State. Rank appealed to him, the amenities and even the splendour of wealth delighted him; but he cared for none of these things in comparison with the ordering of his own life after his own sense of right, and as he willed it to run its course. The secret of his management of the great was not only the *flair* of the financial potentate, who knew when to be lavish with his loans and when to tighten his purse-strings, but the magnetic force of personal dignity."

In the foregoing outline Mr. Coleridge brings Thomas Coutts before us in both his private and official capacities. He was essentially self-reliant. Whatever line of action he felt himself called upon to take that line he took regardless of opposition and convention, regardless also of consequences. His first wife he found in his brother's household, namely the nursemaid of his niece; his second was the celebrated actress, Harriot Mellon. It is commonly supposed that before he married the latter she was his mistress, but this Mr. Coleridge denies, his contention being that there is no positive evidence that such was the case. Platonic friendship is always looked upon with suspicion, and Thomas Coutts cannot justly have considered the world harsh or uncharitable in its judgment. There was a strain of insanity in his family on both the paternal and maternal sides, and his eccentricities may possibly be attributable to that source.

The famous banking firm of Coutts & Co., which at the end of last year was amalgamated with the National Provincial and Union Bank of England, is the modern representative of the bank of John Campbell and George Middleton which was founded at the close of the seventeenth century at "The Signe of the Three Crowns" next to the Globe Tavern in the Strand, and was then the only bank in London west of Temple Bar. Campbell died in 1712 and the banking concern was then conducted by Middleton

until 1729 when the son of the former was admitted as junior partner, whose sister (Mary) was married to Middleton. In 1741 David Bruce (a nephew of Middleton) joined the firm until his death ~~few~~ years later. George Middleton died in 1746 and on the demise of David Bruce in 1751 George Campbell was until 1755 the sole representative. In the previous year (1754) James Coutts, of the firm of Coutts Brothers & Co. of Edinburgh, founded by the Coutts brothers' father, John Coutts, Lord Provost of that city, came to London to visit his brothers Patrick and Thomas who were in charge of the London branch of the firm, in Jeffreys Square, St. Mary Axe. During this visit he "met, perhaps loved, and in 1755 married Mary Peagrim, who lived with her bachelor uncle George Campbell, and was destined to inherit his fortune." James Coutts severed partnership with his brother John of the Edinburgh bank and was taken into Campbell's bank as partner and joint-proprietor. Five years later George Campbell died and James Coutts took his younger brother, Thomas, as his partner. "At length, in June, 1775, Thomas Coutts bought out his brother James, and for a short time reigned both as owner and sole proprietor of the Strand banking-house." As the years passed others were added to the firm, but so long as he lived Thomas Coutts was the predominant and guiding spirit.

Mr. Coleridge has done his part well, and has produced a most interesting record of a unique personality. It can hardly be described as a set biography for the work consists chiefly of letters written principally by Coutts, accompanied by extensive explanatory matter. Nearly all the correspondence is printed for the first time. The book owes its origin to the discovery in 1907 of a large collection of letters and other documents which had been consigned to the partners of the bank by Thomas Coutts's widow. These were handed to Mr. Coleridge with the suggestion that a selection should be made with a view to publication. Undoubtedly, as the author observes, the life of Thomas Coutts is "markedly a human document," and the love story of the septuagenarian makes uncommonly good reading. Apart from this episode he came in contact with all sorts of important and interesting historical and other persons. Particularly attractive are the chapters entitled "An Embassy to Frascati" and "The Cardinal of York," relating to Henry Benedict, Cardinal Duke of York, the younger son of the Old Pretender. Coutts visited the Cardinal in 1790 and on his return to England had an audience with George III. "to whom I did not omit to give" [he informs the *King de nuit*] "a particular detail of the honours I received at Frascati, and of the uncommon politeness as well as the elegant and princely manner in which they were conferred. Neither did I fail to notice the very handsome and most liberal terms in which such sentiments of the character were expressed." Equally urbane was "the *King de facto*" in the expression of his regard for the family of Stuart, "who were worthy of all good men's attention, were it only for their misfortune." Details relating to the great Earl of Chatham, his widow, his son, William Pitt, Charles James Fox, and a host of others are equally interesting. Among them should be mentioned Clementina Walkinshaw, the mistress of the Young Pretender and a distant connexion of Thomas Coutts.

We wish that there were some prospect of the appearance of a cheaper edition, but fear such is very unlikely for some time to come. Forty-two shillings is a stiff price for many who are now labelled the "new poor." Another edition would give the author an opportunity of correcting no inconsiderable number of what are undoubtedly nothing but misprints. A careful reader will be able to correct these himself, but a less perfunctory going over of the proof-sheets should have made this unnecessary. We refer chiefly to dates, but one letter stated to have been written to Lord Stair was clearly sent to Colonel Crawford.

Mr. Coleridge must be a great admirer of his grandfather's brother-poet, "the giant—Wordsworth." We have traced about fifteen quotations in the text to that poet.

* "The Life of Thomas Coutts, Banker." By E. H. Coleridge. 42s. net. (John Lane.)

THE WAYS OF PEACE.*

A League of Nations for peace and good will is an ancient aspiration. One hesitates to call it a political ideal, because, to the world of politics, an ideal is always something to be derided and destroyed. A political ideal was nailed to the cross at Golgotha by the practical politicians of Jerusalem. The ideal of peace in a world of good will was sung by angels on Christmas Day and crucified by men on Good Friday.

There have always been in the world many important persons to whom war and the constant threat of war are sources of profit, place and power, and by whom, therefore, war has been declared the noblest work of man and peace the habitual occupation of traitors. Those who preach peace nearly always pay for their ideal with their lives; those who preach war pay for their ideal with the lives of others. Men can always be moved most easily by panic, and the war-mongers see that they are often so moved. The criminal fools who cry "fire" in a theatre are as nothing to the criminal knaves who cry "war" in the world. Is it a matter for laughter or despair that our vociferous spirits are already crying aloud for the next war? Only an hour or two ago, I was reading one of the sixpenny weeklies, and found there an urgent and powerful appeal for an immediate allied war against Russia. Why? Because if we don't make war against Russia now, Russia will make war against us by and by!

But I refuse to despair. I cling to the belief that man will be saved in the end by his sense of humour. Let man once begin really laughing at the antics of these pen-pushing patriots who are heroically prepared to shed every drop of their subscribers' blood, and the world will be saved from the last of its palæolithic traditions, a ritual of human sacrifice.

Suppose we admitted everything that can be urged against a League of Nations for peace: even then, isn't it worth the attempt? Consider calmly all that happened between August, 1914, and November, 1918, and you will surely not dare to say that any attempt to save mankind from a repetition of that unparalleled shame is not worth making! I should not dream of intruding political controversy into these peaceful and pleasant pages, but there are some matters that have ceased to be questions of politics and have become questions of ethics. Slavery, for instance, is such a question, and there are others still awaiting settlement. When people argue that a League of Nations for peace, or self-government for Ireland, are bound to fail, they forget the crushing retort that awaits them, namely, that nothing could be more utter and abject than the failure of no league of nations for peace, or of no self-government for Ireland. And when our true-blue war-loving patriots deny the possibility of a League of Nations, do they unpatriotically forget the British Empire? Or, if they want an example with more dangerously artificial frontiers, do they forget the United States of America, which is, in fact, nothing but a League of Nations?

An immediately effective union of all states is not to be looked for with "such a being as man in such a world as the present." But an ideal of peace is something to hope for and to work for. The individual contribution that each of us can make to the building of a better world is something that is at once the simplest and hardest of human efforts: it is to believe—through good report and ill, through obloquy and ribaldry, to believe unshakably. The doctrine of justification by faith cuts deep into human life. What we do in doubt and indifference will not prosper; what we do in faith and hope will have its success, late or soon.

It is comforting, however, when our belicists have some support from knowledge. Let our historians and philosophers hearten us with their honest reports—in such

volumes as the two now before us, which we have been slow in mentioning, but which really need no discussion, their purpose being clear and their matter indisputable. Miss Elizabeth York's volume is historical, and discusses proposed Leagues of Nations through the ages from the Amphictyonic Council to the Holy Alliance. From the leagues of ancient Greece she passes to a consideration of Dante's *De Monarchia*, then to Henri Quatre and the "Great Design", then to Grotius' *De Jure Belli et Pacis*; then to William Penn's "European Diet"; then to Saint-Pierre's "Perpetual Peace"; then to Rousseau's doctrine of Federation; then to Kant's "Everlasting Peace"; and then to Bentham on International Law. Her ten chapters are as a rule biographical as well as historical, and each is supported by an appendix of cited authorities. The whole book, soundly and attractively written, is just what the plain man who is not specifically a student of history needs for his enlightenment.

Dr. Sarolea's volume begins as a definite criticism of the recent Peace, which he describes as a peace of violence, not a peace of reconstruction. While the man in the street still imagines that the Peace has something to do with President Wilson's approved Fourteen Points, the reactionaries are openly boasting that it is not the Peace of Wilson and the League, but the Peace of Clemenceau and La Revanche. Dr. Sarolea's volume is not merely critical, but constructive. His wide knowledge of European politics and history has never been shown to greater advantage than in the lucid pages of this inspiring and helpful volume. Like Miss York's book it is, in a sense, the story of failure, but it is also the story of perpetual hope. Slowly but surely the foundations of peace are being laid. Such books as these will strengthen our faith, and deepen our reasoned conviction that the ancient ways of hate and war are the ways of destruction, and that the way of life must still be sought in the words said daily, though with little faith, these many centuries: *in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

EVANDER.*

This latest book by Eden Phillpotts is a delightful fantasy in which modern problems—marriage, divorce, wine, wisdom and religion—are dealt with in modern phraseology, but with the ancient and romantic setting of old Olympus. We are taken back to the early days when the gods visited the earth, and interested themselves actively in the affairs of men. A noble Emperor of ancient Rome has decided that the blessed state of matrimony must no longer be looked upon as an exclusive patrician privilege, but that its inestimable blessings shall now be shared by the middle and even the lower classes. Like most other innovations this royal decree is looked on askance for some time, till Livia and Festus, greatly daring, become the pioneers of marriage in their humble village. Both are worshippers of Bacchus, and all goes merrily, till along comes Evander, a worshipper of Apollo. He, being an "intellectual," is more interesting in conversation than Festus the simple woodman, and Livia being much flattered by his notice, turns to the worship of Apollo, or rather of his minister, Evander. Festus insists that she continue to worship his god, and opposes her with hard words and blows until she thinks herself a martyr. Bacchus, in his wisdom, advises Festus to leave her alone, and she will soon return to his way of thinking, but while the husband is conferring with the gods, the wife has eloped with the prophet. However she soon tires of Evander's austerity; his plain living and high thinking become a weariness to her when their novelty has worn off, and she returns, a penitent, to her injured husband—

* "Evander." By Eden Phillpotts. (Grant Richards.)

* "Leagues of Nations, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern." By Elizabeth York. 8s. 6d. net. (The Swarthmore Press.)—"Europe and the League of Nations." By Charles Sarolea, D.Litt., Ph.D., LL.D. 6s. net. (Bell.)

thus giving Evander's self-love a much needed lesson, which he takes to heart.

"The woman you gave me," he says to Apollo, "might have been won by sympathy, but proved invulnerable to doctrine. Some people (and I was one of them) seem to set a good example like a trap."

The whole thing is a kindly satire on modern life and its everyday affairs, on the minor poet, the changeableness of public opinion, the love of talk and self-glorification of the "intellectuals" who "are the very last persons to the fore when anything has to be done." Apart from the story the book is worth reading for the sake of the well-turned epigrams and delicious witticisms scattered broadcast throughout its pages. Incidentally it may be observed that the jovial and kindly Bacchus comes out in a better light than the glorious but unsmiling Apollo.

H. B.

A NEW CHRISTIAN YEAR.*

Miss Stoddart has here produced a book of strong appeal—a book that can re-impress the Church's year upon every reader, can give the breadth of that year's meaning to thoughtful minds, and can arrest and appeal to the minds of the less thoughtful. "The purpose of this book," the author says in her preface, "is to illustrate from life and literature the Scriptures appointed for use on the Sundays and Holy Days of the Christian year. . . . The order followed is that of the Epistles, Gospels, and the Lessons as ordered in the Prayer Book." In her introductory chapter Miss Stoddart wisely and well points to, and commends, unity of worship. "In hours of danger and sorrow, and in the morning joy of a great deliverance, Christian hearts are strangely drawn towards united worship." Roman Catholic and Methodist, Church of England and Presbyterian, may pray together and sing together the grand *Te Deum*. "The Book of Common Prayer is one of the most precious possessions of the English-speaking race." "Epistles, Gospels, Lessons, are all part of the common heritage." They are; and in the pages that follow, men and women of all creeds reveal the truth that Miss Stoddart has uttered.

The plan of the book is simple and impressive. We open at the beginning, at Advent; and after remarks and quotations showing forth the solemnity, the beauty and the opportunity of this beginning of the Church's year, the chapter goes on from point to point. Taking the Prayer Book's practical warning "keep out of debt," Miss Stoddart, after mentioning the shock felt by Bassanio, in "The Merchant of Venice," at the result of his thoughtless extravagance, passes on to George Eliot's character, Lydgate, in "Middlemarch," the young surgeon whose life is saddened and shortened by the galling chain of debt. From the subject of debt the Epistle passes on to "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour," and many beautiful illustrations are given revealing the force, the value, the essential need of love. And so on again, from point to point, the main truths of Advent's teaching are shown in quotations from preacher, historian, poet, novelist. The book is a veritable anthology, every page arrests attention and interest, every chapter carries the reader forward with sincere eagerness to the next. The twenty chapters are the outcome of an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures, and the success of the idea is the result of an unusual knowledge of books and a distinct gift for selection. Miss Stoddart may pride herself upon having given us a volume full of inspiration and suggestion for preachers, and of charm and instruction for the lay public. It is a volume to keep near by and dip into. It introduces us to anecdotes that make us want to read or re-read the biographies, to scenes and opinions that make us want to read or re-read the novels and essays, to poems that make us desire a closer knowledge of the poet's works; it creates interest by its excellence and retains it by its variety.

* "The Christian Year in Human Story." By Jane T. Stoddart. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

ARCHAIC ENGLAND.*

The title page of this book raises expectations which are doomed to disappointment. The author belongs to the school which wishes to show that the culture of pre-Roman Britain was part of a widely spread religious system with an attendant civilisation to which we owe all that is best in modern Britain. Incidentally he asks us to believe that the landing of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, whom he calls "Germans" with a rather contemptible attempt to prejudice the case, was an "untoward and discreditable" episode and to see in the return of the "Britons" with Duke William of Normandy the destruction of "the temporary ascendancy of Germanic kultur." To a writer of this school it matters little that Bretons formed but a small portion of the motley host that followed William to England and that the leaders and a large proportion of their followers were of Scandinavian stock, racially more closely allied to the Anglo-Saxon than to the Germanic branch of the great Gothic race.

The book is beautifully printed, and contains upwards of 500 illustrations, collected from very varied sources. Among these are many representations of British and other coins and a plan of an unrecorded earthwork. With these it brings together a mass of curious reading and out-of-the-way lore, but handled in such an artless and uncritical way that even when the author seems to be on the right track one hesitates to take him as a guide. What faith, for instance, can we put in a writer who bases arguments equally on the legends, certainly ancient, which ascribe the origin of the British race to Troy, and on the Foreword and Afterword of the Prose Edda, which give Thor the same origin, but are the late product of an Icelandic scholar of the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries who was desirous of linking Northern to Classical mythology.

As regards the aids to deciphering prehistory referred to on the title page, though references to megalithic monuments and earthworks are numerous, we cannot find that these studies add to our knowledge of the subject or give any clear evidence of the meaning or historic significance of these remains. Avebury and Stonehenge appear several times, the name of the former being equated on one page with *abri*, "the generic term for a shelter or refuge," and on another with "Alberich, the German equivalent for Auberon." The author further explains that "*brich*, *brick*, *brook*, etc., are fundamental terms and are radically *ber uch*. Brightlingsea . . . is pronounced by the natives Bricklesea, and there are innumerable British Brockleas, Brixtons, Brixhams, Brockhursts, etc."

"Stonehenge used," he tells us, "to be entitled Stonehengels, which may be modernised into the *Stone Angels*, each stone presumably standing as a representative of one or other of the angelic hierarchy." He then proceeds to tell the legend of the massacre of the Britons by the Saxons to account for the translation of the *Stone Angels* into "the Hanging Stones, or Gallow Stones." We suggest that the invention of the legend, or its transference to Britain, to account for the name, is at least as probable.

Earthworks mentioned are chiefly the minor ones, though Maiden Castle, the huge camp between Dorchester and Weymouth, is referred to as probably "a colossal Troy Town or Drayton." Troy Towns are usually mazes and the author has apparently never seen Maiden Castle or studied the plan in Mr. Hadrian Allcroft's "Earthwork of England," a book to which he refers elsewhere, or he would have seen that at Maiden Castle the mazes are purely defensive and confined to the entrances at either end of the camp. In another place he quotes a guide-book description of the "Troy Town" in St. Agnes, Isles of Scilly, without apparently being aware that in this case Troy Town is a miniature only some inches in diameter.

With customs and faerie superstitions the author is more at home and from a very wide reading brings together

* "Archaic England: An Essay in Deciphering Prehistory from Megalithic Monuments, Earthworks, Customs, Coins, Place-Names and Faerie Superstitions." By Harold Bayley. 25s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

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much that is valuable and suggestive, while as regards coins he is doubtless right in arguing that the quaint devices and strange representations of certain animals on early British coins have probably a symbolic and mythological meaning, and are not mere endeavours of barbaric art to express itself, or to imitate the productions of Greece and Rome.

But it is in the matter of place-names and etymology that the author's methods are most revolutionary and most distracting. The method may be best described in his own words:

"The term 'word' I understand . . . as the dictionary defines it 'an oral or written sign expressing an idea or notion.' Thus I treat John as the same word as *Jane* or *Jean*, and it is radically the same word as *giant*, Old English *geant*, French *geante*, Cornish *geon*. Jean is also the same word as *chien*, a dog—Irish *choirn*; Welsh *chyn* or *cyn*, and all these terms by reason of their radical *an* are cognate with the Greek *kuon*, a dog, whence *cynical*. The Gaelic for John is *Jann*, the Gaelic for Jean or Jane is *Sinn*, with which I equate *shine*, *shone* and *sheen*, all of which have respect to the sun, as also had the Arabic *jinn*, *genii*, and '*Gian Ben Gian*,' a title of the fabulous world-ruler of the Golden Age."

On these principles the author identifies St. John with the Irish *Shann* and "the British divinity Shony" whom he also evolves "from the primeval *Shen* at Shenstone near Lichfield." From the presence of a St. John's Well here near the church of St. John he suggests that the church was built on the site of an original *Shen stone*, and that similar "John stones" must have been plentiful in Scotland, as shown "by the common surname Johnstone."

Following on such lines the reader is led a giddy dance, rarely knowing whether a word is presented to him under its oldest known form or is what may be only a modern corruption. The reminder that the ascription of place-names to Anglo-Saxon personal names may be carried too far is doubtless salutary, but it is difficult to believe in the reconstruction of prehistory on the etymological lines followed by the author of this book.

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

Novel Notes.

THE LOST DIARY. By Horace Blackley. net. (Nash.)

It depends entirely on your sense of humour as to whether you will enjoy this story or not. The plot concerns the Right Hon. Clement Venables, M.P., a middle-aged bachelor who has just become engaged, through the machinations of his aunt the Duchess of Frinton, to charming little Delia Carrington. In his youth, long before he becomes a staid M.P., Venables has had a decidedly gay time, a record of which is still in existence, in a diary which he used to keep, and which he has forgotten all about. There is a house party at Venables' place, among the guests being Delia and the austere Duchess of Frinton, when an old school friend of Venables' arrives bringing with him the fateful diary. Of course the diary gets lost in the house, and there is frantic juggling to keep it from the eyes of Delia and the Duchess. The book becomes a kind of game of rounders, with the result that nearly every one in turn gets hold of it and reads it, including Delia, who is thought to be something of a prude. However, instead of shocking her, it has the effect of making her understand and like Venables, whom she has always looked upon as being a bit of an old stick. The diary has still further adventures outside the house, before it finds a resting place on the back of the fire. Fortunately for the reader we are not given more than a few hints as to what the diary contains.

LEGEND. By Clemence Dane. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

"Legend" has been hailed as a *tour de force*, as was Mr. Swinerton's "Nocturne." Rapturous verdicts of that kind show how casual the average English novel still is: when we meet one with a definite form, a unity of expression

and spirit, we exclaim "*tour de force*" in surprise and admiration. Certainly Miss Dane deserves our admiration. Satire is rarely practised artistically in England; the most notable exponents of modern satire, such as Mr. Belloc, are too preoccupied with general questions to give to their novels that devotion to character which can alone justify this form of fiction. Miss Dane proved her eye for character in "Regiment of Women"; and in "Legend" she has produced a novel which is better than her first book and greatly superior to her second. She has one astonishing weakness. Her men are almost entirely unreal. In this tale, Kent the painter, Flood the poet are the merest pegs—and they seem even more lifeless than they might, set beside the flaming vitality of Anita, Jenny and the dead heroine Madala Gray. Madala is dead before the book opens. And the story is an account of the way her friends discuss her and her inexplicable marriage on the night of her death. Jenny, who tells the tale, has never met Madala; Anita, her cousin, has been the dead novelist's closest friend. Yet Miss Dane makes us believe, from the first pages, that Anita understands nothing of the woman she has played Boswell to, while Jenny is really in tune with the ardent, beautiful spirit. You may read "Legend" for pure enjoyment, without any thought of its deeper significance. It is an attack on all hagiology. Is the truth ever told about the famous dead? Does not the disciple always betray the master, either with a kiss as Judas, or by a blow at his enemies, like Peter? Does even Jenny understand Madala? Did her husband? One can see early enough the falsehood of Anita's shrill vulgarities at Madala's acceptance of married love and of motherhood; but can one be sure that Jenny's view is true either? The questions cannot be answered. That one should ask them, should be anxious to pursue the history of Madala Gray, her husband and her friends is a tribute to Miss Dane's admirable art.

SIMON. By J. Storer Clouston. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

"Simon" is a sensational yarn, full of thrills and exciting episodes, which should satisfy even the most exacting lovers of this type of story: a mystery, a romance and two murders are to be found between its covers. The main idea, though some may deem it frankly improbable, is ingenious, and makes a good theme for the author to work on. To give any proper idea of the plot one would have to give away part of the mystery of the story, which would be unfair to Mr. Clouston and to readers of the book, who will enjoy finding out for themselves who Simon really is and what becomes of him. It is an engrossing mystery, with the interest well sustained from beginning to end.

FELIX MORGAINÉ. By Josephine P. Knowles. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Felix Morgainé, the new Dean of Winterbourne Cathedral, carries out a revolution in the church services during the absence of the bishop of the diocese abroad. A famous scientist preaches, a titled lady reads the lessons, and children sing poems and madrigals in the nave. The Dean's enemy is Canon Bulstrode, who is old-fashioned, and is scandalised by the innovations. Felix's cult appears to be the worship of beauty in nature, and is a form of pantheism. His personality exercises a wonderfully refining influence over the street children and the rough elements of the town. On the other hand he alienates many of the local élite and the middle classes. The new movement is discussed in the London press and in Parliament. When the Bishop returns, he convenes a public meeting, at which he invites both sides to state their case. Canon Bulstrode plays his trump card by charging the Dean with loose morals, substantiating his accusation with the fact that the Dean has been seen kissing a girl in his room. Luckily, the Bishop treats this as irrelevant. Meanwhile, the Dean has fallen in love with a beautiful Italian countess, whom he marries. The story closes with the Dean fighting on the Somme as a private, and the decision of the ecclesiastical authorities yet to be

promulgated. The author has written an interesting story. Many characters are introduced, and all of them are well portrayed. There is perhaps one failing, and that is that none of the characters opposed to the Dean are at all attractive. A conservative can be as sweet a man as a liberal, and the reformer may be as narrow minded as the reactionary. Some of the best features are the description of the effect of the war on the manners and dress of girls, the visit of the Dean to the old shepherd, and the controversy which raged in the press. The author has certainly the gift of writing, but theology is not her strong point.

THE DEATH DRUM. By Margaret Peterson 6s. 9d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

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CATHY ROSSITER. By Mrs. Victor Rickard 7s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If this novel were not convincingly modern in its style and in its frankness of dialogue one would recognise it as a product of the period if only that it harps upon divorce and women's rights, and plays upon two familiar types of the day—the overstrung idealist and the hard-mouthed lady medico. These two and Colonel Jack Lorrimer (presently M.P. and a knight) make up the trio of the story, with Jack as a rickety centrepiece, shallow, contemptible and false. Cathy, lovable and emotional, rebels against the taint of the aristocrat in her veins; Monica Henstock, the doctor, has no such ingredient and is a mere opportunist, with what remains of her conscience kept well in hand. Called in to attend on the credulous Cathy at the latter's country house, Monica, with Jack's connivance, consigns her to a private madhouse; and the scenes it affords, together with the maddening reassurances and blarney, the franker threats of stricter treatment, and the farce of the magistrate's visit of inspection, make some of the best and truest writing in the book. In the end she is rescued by Robert Amyas, and we have to wade through the cesspools of divorce before we reach a cheerful solution. But it is Cathy's character, consistent in irresponsibility, that makes the book what it is.

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HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED. By Baroness Orczy. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The title of this "Historie," as the story is termed in the book, refers to Thomas Betterton, the actor, who was one of the King's Players in Charles the Second's evil reign. The authoress has reverted to the style of Richardson, writing her novel, not in many letters, but in one lengthy epistle. The lady to whom it is addressed scarcely appears in the intrigues described by her correspondent, John Honeywood. That humble clerk and scrivener—so he calls himself, being a hero-worshipper—does his best to explain away the questionable doings of Betterton, of whom the lady—and with cause—is jealous. As in Defoe's works the most emphatic words have capitals, which gives the "narrative" a quaint archaic air. This is quite in keeping with the time when the story is supposed to be written. But the tale is a very good one with ample intrigue and passion, both of the right and wrong sort. Betterton is beaten and revenges himself on the coxcomb who procures him the beating. In the end he forgoes his revenge to please a lady, who is not worthy of the sacrifice. The characters are well delineated, but in these democratic days the intolerable insolence of the aristocrats to the commoners sounds almost impossible. Charles himself does not appear, but the rotten state of things induced by his shameful rule is very excellently described.

CIRCUITS. By Philip Camborne. 6s. net. (Methuen)

This is a delightful novel of Wesleyan life; one does not need to be a Wesleyan to enjoy the story of the Rev. Mark Frazer and his wife, of their friends, and of their family. The author has avoided the two tiresome features of novels which deal with English religious life outside the Anglican Church. These novels either describe the hero falling into agnosticism, or coquetting with the State Church; or else they are drenched in the provincial details of some little Bethel. Now, this novel describes thoroughly human people, old and young. The inside life of Wesleyan ministers is drawn with sympathy, but not over-coloured. There are three love stories, with some patter to set off their romance and humour, and they are held together in a certain unity. It is always a pleasure to come across evidences of originality in some well-worn field of fiction. "Circuits" has the note of freshness, and the note is not forced.

THE THEATRE QUEUE. By Arthur F. Wallis (Sampson Low)

Although it contains no dramatic plot, the interest in this story is powerful. The characters are well portrayed, not overdrawn and are true to their local atmosphere. It might be objected against the plot that there is no strong likelihood of the characters being involved one with another to such an extent, but this is a reasonable artifice to save overcrowding the stage and, indeed, to lend an added zest to the story. Ruth is a character with whom our sympathy grows in spite of ourselves as the story proceeds, and at the close we are aroused to something like admiration. Harry Lake is unsatisfactory—the author does not seem to have made up his mind about him—we feel a furtive dislike for Arnold who is apparently

the hero of the story. The minor characters, with whom the temptation of most authors is to deal slovenly, are admirably treated. One is inclined to fear at times that it is a novel with a purpose, but the author subdues the tendency to be didactic just in time. Incidentally it is fair to admit that the discussion of trade unions, labour and capital is logical, opportune and well conducted.

THE FAR CRY. By Henry Milner Rideout. 7s. (Jarrolds.)

"The Far Cry" is a very fascinating and unusual tale. Although the action takes place amidst the golden glories of the South Seas with infinite opportunities for sensational writing, yet the author with commendable reticence contrives to keep the same within bounds. The book suggests the classic art of the Greek dramatists, as all violent action is not presented on the stage. Even the fight between the hero and the villain is described in a quiet, restrained manner, but very vividly. The strength of the book lies in what is not said: it is a triumph of suggestion. And pictures—every page is a picture—alluring with colour and life, and the clean splendour of primitive life, direct and impressively simple. The two empire-enlargers, who find Godbolt on the uninhabited islet, are real flesh and blood, the French gaiety of Tisdale contrasting pleasingly with the thoughtfulness of Wallace. But Godbolt is wonderfully drawn: he is not a character in a story, but an actual person, envired by the fairy glamour of true romance. And Katherine, the one woman in the book, is just as good. Their wooing is not set out at full length, but one feels that the absolute passion is there. Mr. Rideout's artistic instinct has told him that music alone can express the attitude of the lovers, and he suggests music, which awakens understanding. And all the characters are excellently drawn with few strokes but much vividness. Frave, the indomitable grandfather, Mace the villain, whose very reticence suggests deep depths of evil, Anak the native, physically strong but wanting in moral courage—and the bull-dog fighting strain for the matter of that—are all admirable. Nor must Satrap the Malay be forgotten, for although he is not a prominent figure he is real and true. Altogether Mr. Rideout may be congratulated on writing a very fine story: he shows a real mastery of his craft.

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Cambridge Readings in Italian Literature.

Edited by E. BULLOUGH, M.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 8s. net.

These Readings cover the period from the end of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the war, it being the Editor's desire to present a picture of Italian thought in the nineteenth century. The book is divided into five sections—*Intellettuale, Letteraria, Vita, Pensiero*. A prospectus giving fuller particulars will be sent on application.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E. C. 4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

intending competitors to the fact that the closing date for their £750 Prize Novel Competition is March 31st. The three prize winning novels will be published in the United States by Messrs. Putnams.

News Notes.

The April BOOKMAN will be a combined Spring Double Number and a Herbert Spencer Centenary Number. It will contain an illustrated Supplement dealing with new books, and special articles on Herbert Spencer by Professor J. Arthur Thomson and James Oliphant. The literary contents will also include "Charles M. Doughty," by John Freeman; "A Brazilian Mystic," by Frederick Watson; "Two Victorians," by Lewis Melville; "Arthur Hugh Clough," by R. Ellis Roberts, etc.

The portrait of Tchekov on our cover is reproduced from the "Letters of Anton Tchekov" (Chatto & Windus) reviewed in this Number.

"Returned Empty," a new novel by Florence Barclay, will be published immediately by Messrs. Putnams.

Messrs. Collins are publishing shortly "Pandora's Young Men," a new humorous story by Frederick Watson. They have also in the press a new novel by J. D. Beresford, entitled "An Imperfect Mother." Messrs. Collins ask us to draw the attention of

Books Limited, of Liverpool, have published at 6s. net each three admirable novels of widely differing interests, by two known authors and one who is unknown. "The White Pope," the last story of that popular romancer S. R. Crockett, has a strong religious interest; "Rachel" is an exciting romance of love and intrigue by the Australian novelist, Lilian Turner; and "Jew!" a novel by David Heller, is a very promising first story, showing considerable narrative power, and a striking exposition and defence of Judaism.

Two new novels by Fergus Hume are to be published in the next few weeks—"The Woman who Held on," by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and "The Singing Head," by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

New novels that Messrs. Hutchinson published last week are "The Triumphs of Sara," by W. E. Norris, and "Pilgrims of Circumstance," by G. B. Burgin.

Mr. Kennedy Jones's "Fleet Street and Downing Street," which Hutchinsons are publishing, is at once a history of the Press in England and a survey of present-day journalism and journalistic conditions.

The journalist of the future may have no less difficulty in establishing himself in his profession, but he will certainly have better opportunities of training than his forefathers. The University of London has recently turned its attention to this matter, and established a Diploma in Journalism. Less directly the Faculty of Commerce, which has begun its activities at that University, should have considerable interest to "young men about to embrace" a newspaper career. As every one knows the greatest asset in journalism to-day is a specialised knowledge of an essential subject or subjects. The demand for good "business" journalists was never greater. Apart from the market in the daily press for good authoritative articles on commercial and industrial subjects, there are coming to light every month new journals devoted to business organisation and commercial enterprise. Their editors would confess that their greatest difficulty is to secure even reasonably well informed articles from English writers. In America technical journalism has been brought to a very high pitch, and there is no reason why it should not improve very greatly in this country. Certainly a writer who had taken his Bachelor of Commerce Degree at London University, specialising in some branch of trade or industry, and following it with journalistic practice and experience, should have no difficulty in making a very lucrative living in the newspaper world to-day. The University has made every allowance for students who may be able to devote any part of their time to studying for the degree, and practising journalists might be well advised to study the prospectus closely.

A timely and important book that Messrs. Leonard Parsons are publishing this month is "Nationalisation of the Mines," by Frank Hodges, J.P., with an introduction by J. R. Clynes. It is dedicated to "The Toilers of the Underworld and to Mr. Robert Smillie." This will be the first in their New Era series, which is to include "Direct Action," by

William Mellor, and "Labour and Finance," by Philip Snowden.

Among the new fiction that Messrs. Leonard Parsons have in the press are "Side Issues," by Jeffery E. Jeffery, a collection of stories, sketches, vignettes and scraps of autobiography touching on various side-issues of the war and of after-the-war conditions; "The Bishop's Masquerade," by W. Harold Thomson, "The Buried Torch," by Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken, and two novels by new writers—"Miriam and the Philistines," by Alice Clayton Greene, and "The Greater Dawn," by Nora Kent.



Photo by Lady's Bros., Penance.

Mr. W. H. Hudson.

A new portrait.

Six of Mr. Hudson's books, "A Crystal Age," "Green Mansions," "Birds and Man," "A Little Boy Lost," "South American Sketches," and "The Purple Land," are now re-issued in Messrs. Duckworth's Readers Library.

Betty Balfour, tells with admirable simplicity and clearness the life story of Elizabeth Fry. It will be followed at intervals by other such studies of men and women who have in various ways served the community, including "John Bright," by Bertram Pickard; "Dr. Elsie Inglis," by Lady Frances Balfour; "Lincoln's Citizenship," by Annie Matheson, etc.

Mr. George Sampson has made a selection of the more valuable chapters of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," supplemented by Wordsworth's essays and prefaces on poetry, and the book will be published shortly by the Cambridge Press with an introduction by Sir A. Quiller-Couch.

"The Key of the Fields," a new romance by H. Milner Rideout, will be published this spring by Messrs. Jarrold.

Mr. H. H. Bashford, whose recent novel, "The Plain Girl's Tale" (Collins), is now in its second impression, is putting together a selection of his short stories which he hopes to have ready for publication this autumn, probably under the title of "The Human Factor." This will bring Mr. Bashford's total up to seven volumes, a good record for a man who is still under forty, and can only follow literature in his spare time, and has not too much of that. His experience of life has been pretty varied. He was educated at Bedford Modern School, and then went farming for a couple of years



Photo by Lizzie Cassall Smith

Mr. H. H. Bashford.

in Manitoba. Returning to England, he took up medicine at the London Hospital, where he has held several appointments. Since 1908, when he took his M.D.Lond., he has been on the Head-quarters Medical Staff of the General Post Office. In his medical student days Mr. Bashford wrote a novel or two and some short stories by way of prentice work, but his literary career really dates from 1911, when "The Corner of Harley Street" was published by Constables in England and Houghton, Mifflin in America, a book of essays, with a thread of story running through, which is now in its eleventh edition, and still selling steadily. His first novel, "Pity the Poor Blind," was published, in England by Constables and America by Holt, in 1913, reprinted the same year and, in 1918, issued in a cheap edition. A little travel book of a walking tour with his wife, "Vagabonds in Perigord" (England :



Photo by Albert Burchell

Mrs. Cecil Palmer,

who drew the decorations for "A Miscellany of Poetry" (Cecil Palmer), and is illustrating in colour a new edition of Omar Khayyām, which Mr. Leopold Hill is publishing.

Constables. America : Houghton, Mifflin) appeared in 1914, and in 1917, a collection of his verse, "Songs Out of School." To the spring of last year belongs "Sons of Admiralty : A Short History of the Naval



Photo by Van Ralty.

Mr. John Ferguson,

whose striking book of poems, "Thyreia" (Andrew Melrose), was referred to in last month's BOOKMAN. A sixth edition (1,500) has now been exhausted and a seventh is in preparation.

War." written in collaboration with Archibald Hurd, and published here by Constables, and on the other side of the Atlantic by Doubleday, Page. "The Plain Girl's Tale," his second novel and latest book, is the longest and biggest-scale work Mr. Bashford has attempted so far, and represents three years of hard work. It is a charming story of a girl who may be plain but is certainly adorable, and bids fair to vie in popularity with "The Corner of Harley Street."



Photo by Ward Muir.

Mr. Perceval Gibbon,

whose new book of stories, "Those Who Smiled" (Cassell), is reviewed in this Number.

Mars, that are so frequently received by wireless operators in various parts of the world, it is well to remember that in this the imagination of the novelist has again forestalled the discoveries of science. In the thirteenth chapter of "The Soul of Lilith," Miss Marie Corelli brings Mars into communication with our earth, and as that book was published in 1892 it seems likely that she was responsible for prompting a good many modern writers and others to speculate on the possibility of getting into touch with the Martians.

Mr. J. Bernard McCarthy, the postman-playwright, whose book of poems, "The Shadow of the Rose," has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin and The Talbot Press, Dublin, has had some undoubted success with Irish plays produced at the Abbey Theatre and elsewhere. He is an auxiliary postman in a small country district, and has had circumstances of ill-health and poverty to contend with, but by indefatigable work he is steadily winning a place for himself in literature. There are charming things in his book—little snatches of song touched with fancy and feeling that have the magic of simplicity and spontaneity.

We have received the first number of "Harmsworth's Universal Encyclopædia," which is to be completed in about fifty fortnightly parts. Its editor, Mr. J. A. Hammerton, claims in a preface that it will form a complete survey of learning, dealing with thousands of subjects that are not dealt with in any earlier publication of this kind. It aims, he says, to be an exhaustive, helpful and practical work of ready reference on all things under the sun. The first number, copiously illustrated and handsomely produced, contains in addition to its encyclopædic articles and definitions, a series of articles on great topics of the time by John Galsworthy, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Moulton, Viscount Northcliffe, Lord Askwith, and Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P.

In view of Mr. Marconi's sensational statements about the indecipherable messages, possibly from

"Lord Grey of the Reform Bill: Being the Life of Charles, 2nd Earl Grey," by George Macaulay Trevelyan, is to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Longmans.

The Swarthmore Press is publishing "London Through Chinese Eyes," by Dr. M. T. Z. Tyau, a book in which an eminent Chinaman has set down his impressions of England and the English.

It is significant of the reviving interest in the canals of this country that Mr. F. Bouthron's "My Holidays on Inland Waterways" (Murby & Co.) has just been issued in a third edition. The book covers two thousand miles of cruising by motor launch and pleasure skiff, and has seventy illustrations.

Mr. A. E. Tilling, a well known writer on Bristol history, died in that city on January 18th, in his fifty-fifth year. Mr. Tilling, under the pen name of "Stanley Hutton," was the author of several books, including "Bristol and its Famous Associations" and a "History of Bath and Bristol," while he was a frequent contributor to the London weeklies, as well as to Bristol papers. Entering the service of the Bristol Libraries Committee in 1879, he spent all his life in the work, and at his death was Assistant Chief Librarian of the City. Of late years he was much in demand as a lecturer, his subjects being mostly historical and literary. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing a new biography of Burke.

THE READER.

BURNS AND ABERDEEN.

BY DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A. SCOT.

THE Reverend John Skinner (1721-1807) of Linshart, Aberdeenshire, was the son of another John of that ilk, who for over fifty years was schoolmaster of the Parish of Echt. The minister's son, the third John Skinner, became the Episcopalian Bishop of Aberdeen, and the Bishop's son, John Skinner the fourth, also became a clergyman, in spite of the fact that his grandfather, in playfully twitting him with being "dull o' the uptak," imputed this verse to Thomas the Rhymer:

"The world shall four John Skinners see,
The first shall teach a school—
The other two shall parsons be,
And the fourth shall be a fool!"

The Bishop's father was for sixty-five years minister of the episcopal chapel of Longside. He wrote a learned "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland" (London: 1788, 2 vols. 8vo) which probably no man alive to-day has ever read, but he is remembered, and lives in Scots Song Literature, as the author of

"Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
Play the Marquis' Reel discreetly,"

"The Ewie wi' the crookit horn," "John of Badenyon," and "Tullochgorum," which Burns, who hailed him as a "brother bard," described as "the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw."

In a rhyming epistle addressed to Burns on September 25th, 1787, "old Skinner," as the Poet, obviously with no disrespect, generally calls him, opens thus:

"Oh happy hour for evermair,
That led my chill up Chalmers' stair,
And gae him, what he values sair,
Sae braw a skance
Of Ayrshire's damty Poet there,
By lucky chance"

The *chill* (i.e. child) refers to the Rhymer's son, Bishop Skinner, who met Burns on the stair of the printing office of J. Chalmers, at Aberdeen. The poet has this allusion in the Journal of his Highland Tour (1787):

"Monday, Sept. 10.—Meet with Mr. Chalmers, printer, a facetious fellow—Mr. Ross, a fine fellow, like Professor Tytler—Mr. Marshall, one of the *poetoe minores*—Mr. Shirrels, author of 'Jamie and Bess,' a little decrepid body, with some abilities—Bishop Skinner, a nonjuror, son of the author of 'Tullochgorum,' a man whose mild, venerable manner, is the most marked of any in so young a man—Professor Gordon, a good-natured, jolly-looking professor—Aberdeen a lazy town."

In a posthumous volume of his father's poems—

"Amusements of Leisure Hours," 1800—Bishop Skinner alludes to his meeting with Burns "on Chalmers' stair," informing us that he went with him to one of the rooms and "was much entertained by an hour's conference on several very interesting topics."

James Chalmers (1742-1810) was the son of the founder of the *Aberdeen Journal*. Like the three generations of Skinner Clerics, he was educated at Marischal College. Afterwards, he studied printing at London and Cambridge, and on his father's death in 1764, took up the position of editor, as well as printer of the *Aberdeen Journal*. Soon after Burns's visit he launched a thirty-two page fortnightly periodical, entitled, *The Aberdeen Magazine, Literary Chronicle and Review*. The first number is dated Thursday, January 17th, 1788, and was sold at threepence. It continued its fortnightly appearance long enough to make four stout volumes (1, 2, 3 and 4) the title pages of which are dated 1788-89-90-91.

The "fugitive" appearances of Burns's poems in the newspapers and magazines of his time, have been diligently chronicled, especially in Henley and Henderson's Centenary Edition (1806-97), but evidently no Burns authority has ever explored *The Aberdeen Magazine*, on such a quest. And yet, knowing that the Poet had been there before us, and had met Shirrefs and other Aberdeenshire bards in the sanctum sanctorum of that "facetious fellow," there seems every reason why we, too, should go "up Chalmers' stair," and sift that old Magazine on the off-chance of finding some new Burns data.

Though *The Aberdeen Magazine*—probably largely owing to its extreme scarcity restricting the opportunities of research—has never been cited as containing Burns items, it is actually of far more consequence in that respect than many of the recorded periodicals.

As a preliminary, I am able to furnish some new information, and offer a long overdue correction, suggested by an item in No. XVII., Thursday, August 28th, 1788. On page 536, appears "The Favourite Song of 'The Boatie Rows.' The words by a Gentleman of Aberdeen." This well-known old song is generally ascribed to John Ewen of Aberdeen, and authorities unite in saying that it was first claimed for him by Robert Burns. Stenhouse in his "Illustrations



Rev. John Skinner.

to *The Scots Musical Museum* (1853 ed., p. 380) says:

"Burns informs us, that 'the author of this song, beginning 'O weel may the boatie row,' was a Mr. Ewen of Aberdeen. It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to 'There's nae luck about the house.'" *Reliques*.

The same information is given in Whitelaw's "*Book of Scottish Song*" (1844, p. 233), Wood's "*Songs of Scotland*" (1848-49, iii., 3), and repeated by scores of other authorities right down to George Eyre Todd, who in "*Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century*" (vol. ii., 33) says, "'The Boatie Rows' was first assigned to John Ewen by Burns."

The authorities are all wrong. To begin with, the Note cited by Stenhouse, and those who, without verification, repeat his statement, as from Cromeck's "*Reliques of Robert Burns*" (1808), is not to be found—nor anything resembling it—in that work. It is, however, printed in Cromeck's "*Scottish Songs*," 1810, i., 45.

The Notes, which Burns wrote in the famous *Interleaved* copy of *The Scots Musical Museum* (4 vols. 1787-88-90-92) now in the Collection of Mr. John Gribbel of Philadelphia, have never been correctly printed in any edition of *Burns's Works*. Cromeck, who had access to the volumes, garbled many of them in his "*Reliques*," and introduced some of his own invention. Emboldened by his success, he added still further to his false-gets, in his two volumes of "*Scottish Songs*" (1810), fathering on Burns, among others, this spurious Note on "The Boatie Rows"—a song which was not published in *The Scots Musical Museum* till after

"Death steek'd the Poet's weary een"

when it appeared in the fifth volume, generally dated 1796, but which John Glen, in "*Early Scottish Melodies*," says was not issued till 1797.

For over a hundred years—the *Interleaved Volumes* being lost to ken—editors of Burns had to lean on Cromeck for the Poet's Notes. Ultimately they were located by J. C. Dick, and only in his "*Notes on Scottish Song*," by Robert Burns (1908), are the genuine Notes, as written by the Bard, to be found. This valuable volume, which was limited to 255 copies, confirms beyond dispute the contention that the oft-quoted Note on "The Boatie Rows" is an impudent fabrication of Cromeck's. Nevertheless, the gist of the Note may be true enough, though Peter Buchan (himself a fabricator *in excelsis*) flatly questioned Ewen's authorship of the song.

Its publication in this first volume of *The Aberdeen Magazine* was doubtless its earliest appearance in print, though it is well not to be over dogmatic on such points. I have not seen it noted, but it is a fact that Burns sent the song to Johnson for his *Scots Musical Museum*. The manuscript is in the Hastie Collection in the British Museum. The verses are not in Burns's holograph, but that he sent the song is proved by a note on the MS.—undoubtedly in Burns's handwriting—which reads:

"I think I have heard that this song has been published already—if so, let it be compared with this copy."

The Magazine and Museum versions show some slight verbal variations, and differ in one important particular. Burns's set has four lines which are not in the Aberdeen printing of the song. Knowing what a song-mender

Burns was, we are warranted in believing that the extra verse is an unsuspected interpolation of the Master Songsmith. The stanza in question is squeezed into the manuscript, in minute writing, at the end of the other verses, evidently by a third hand. It was printed as the second verse, which we quote with Burns's presumed lines in brackets:

["I cust my linc in Largo bay,
And fishes I catch't nine,
There was three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.]
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot o' a',
Who wishes her to speed."

Burns's well-known song, "Thaniel Menzies' Bonie Mary," was first printed in the second volume of *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1788. It is there signed "Z," indicating, according to the Index, "old verses with corrections or additions." In this case the original old song has never been located. Henley and Henderson's comment in the Centenary Edition (vol. iii., p. 320) is in these words:

"Buchan (the ingenious and obliging) 'remembers to have seen many years ago a copy of this song in a very old Aberdeen Magazine, said to be by a gentleman of that city.' He also supplies a set which he describes as the 'oldest on record,' at the same time stating that it is 'from recitation, and never in print'"

The said Peter Buchan is frequently, and even more caustically, quoted in the Centenary Edition, but in this case, he was right about the old Aberdeen magazine, although evidently his memory was treacherous, for his "never in print" version is substantially that of the old magazine. In Volume i., "Thursday, November 20th, 1788," is the identical song mentioned by Buchan. Burns's song, beginning:

"In comin' by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;"

was some months earlier in print, but the Magazine rendering is probably the original, inspired by the Miller o' Dye's daughter. Here it is:

THAINY MENZIES' BONNY MARY.

The Words by a Gentleman of Aberdeen, Adapted to Music by Mr. Wilson.

The Miser's joys an' gouden bliss,
I neither ken nor seek to guess,
I'm rich when I can gain a kiss
Frae Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary.
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary,
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary,
A' the world wou'd I gie
For a kiss o' Thainy's Mary.

In Scotland braid, or far awa',
Where maiden's paint and busk them bra'
Sae sweet a lass I never saw,
As Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary.
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary, etc.

Some dozen'd lowns, sae douff and aul',
Had liv'd till they were growin' caul',
An' scarcely kent they had a saul,
Till they saw Thainy's bonny Mary.
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary, etc.

iv.

Her milk-white hand, sae saft an' sleek,
Her lovely lips and rosy cheek,
Her twa bright een that seem to speak,
Have ty'd my heart to Thainy's Mary.

Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary, etc.

Like Burns's song, it is set to the tune of "Ruffian's Rant," now better known as "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." In the British Museum Music Catalogue there is a rare item entitled "Twelve Original Scotch Songs, Composed and Adapted by William Wilson," which was probably published about 1792. Basing on MS. notes in their copy of *The Aberdeen Magazine*, the British Museum authorities ascribe "Thainy Menzies' Bonny Mary," and another song to John Marshall. No Aberdeen poet of the name and period is known, but no doubt he was the "Mr. Marshall" whom Burns met in the printing office.

The first poem by Burns, printed in *The Aberdeen Magazine*, is in Volume ii., *Thursday, January 29th, 1789*. On page 56 appears his "Elegy on the departed Year 1788," beginning:

"For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die -for that they're born:"

The poem is dated January 1st, 1789, and signed "Thomas a Linn." The Centenary Burns records the printing of it in *The Courant* of January 10th, and in *Lloyd's Evening Post*, January 12th-14th, but evidently Henley and Henderson were not aware of its appearance in "Aberdeen awa."

The next Burns item occurs in the issue of *Thursday, September 10th, 1789*, and is the poem, "On Captain Grose's Peregrinations," beginning:

"Hear, Land o' Cakes an' brither Scots
Frac Maidenkirke to Johnie Groats,
If there's a hole in a your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And faith he'll prent it."

This also is signed "Thomas a Linn," and was first printed in *The Edinburgh Evening Courant* of August 27th, 1789. The Centenary Edition (vol. i., p. 446) instances numerous periodicals in which it afterwards appeared, but once more has no mention of *The Aberdeen Magazine*.

We now come to the most interesting Burns item of the series. In No. II., *Thursday, December 17th, 1789*, page 825, appears:

"TAM GLEN,
"A SCOTS BALLAD.
"My heart is a-breaking, dear tittle,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

'Your counsel, dear tittle, don't tarry,
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

"T. S."



Captain Grose,
Burns's "chief."

A hitherto unpublished portrait from a miniature in the possession of Mr. Davidson Cook.

Immediately following is "The humble Petition of Bruar Water, to the Duke of Athole," printed without signature, or any indication of connection with the Scots Ballad. Both pieces appeared in *The Edinburgh Magazine* of November, 1789—"Tam Glen," signed "T. S.," and "Bruar Water" anonymously, as in *The Aberdeen Magazine*. At first glance the Edinburgh print seems to have an indisputable claim to the honours of "first appearance." It is so credited in the Centenary Edition, which again has no knowledge of the Aberdeen publication. In spite of the seeming impossibility of it, it is just possible that *The Aberdeen Magazine* of December 17th, may be earlier than *The Edinburgh Magazine* of November. It was customary for

the old monthly magazines to be issued in the month following the one named thereon. That it was so with *The Edinburgh Magazine*, is proved by the fact that this "November" issue has a report of a meeting of Freemasons, held on St. Andrew's Day, November 30th.

The "T. S." at the foot of "Tam Glen," in both magazines, is a puzzle, though Burns as a contributor to current literature, affected various signatures. There are several poems (not by Burns) signed "T. S." in *The Aberdeen Magazine*, and if Chalmers was first to print, it may be that the attaching of these initials is simply the result of a little confusion in his Poetical Department. Of the authorship of "Tam Glen" there can be no doubt. It appeared in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Volume iii., 1790, No. 296, and even in the original issue, it is indexed "Burns." Henley and Henderson (C.E. iii., 363) quote as from the same, "Written for this work by Robert Burns," but they must have been using the 1803 edition, for the words quoted are not in the first edition, having been freely—and sometimes falsely—added to the plates for the reprint. In this case the statement is true. There is still extant, in Burns's handwriting, a list of songs (not all his own) suggested for Johnson's *Museum*. "Tam Glen" is one of them, and opposite it, the Poet has a "do" under "Mr. Burns's words," which is written against a song higher in the list. We must conclude that if Burns did not append the initials to "Tam Glen," they resulted from an editorial or printer's blunder.

Passing to Volume iii. of our old magazine, we turn over page after page of arresting items, but nothing of Burns interest greets us, till we come to the issue of "Thursday, October 7th, 1790," on page 623 of which appears, anonymously, the Elegy on Capt. M—H—, "O Death, thou tyrant fell and bloody," etc. This famous Elegy on Matthew Henderson, was first printed, anonymously, in *The Edinburgh Magazine* for August, 1790. The Centenary Burns so informs us (vol. i. p. 424), but its debut in "guid black prent" in the Granite City is unchronicled.

In the very next number of *The Aberdeen Magazine*, "Thursday, October 21st, 1790," we find (p. 655) "The Lament of Mary Queen of Scots," beginning "Now Nature hangs her mantle green"; this time, signed:

"R. BURNS,

"The Scots Ploughman."

This seems to be its first appearance in print. The Centenary Edition, which is religiously careful in recording such matters, has no note of this, nor indeed of any other, fugitive appearance of "The Lament," which Burns included in his two-volume edition of 1793.

It is not unlikely that the Poet sent the poem in manuscript to Chalmers. Indeed the same may be true of "Tam Glen" and some of the other pieces, but in this instance, the printing of the signature, plus the poem's

early appearance here, and not (as far as I know) in the other magazines, lends colour to the idea that Burns himself communicated the piece to the "facetious fellow" who printed and edited *The Aberdeen Magazine*.

I have not the fourth volume, nor is it in the British Museum, but I believe the only Burns item it contains is "Hear, land o' cakes" (p. 688) which had already appeared in the 1789 volume.

THE WORK OF F. W. BAIN.

BY WILFRID L. RANDELL.

IN the search for truth—that is, for an established and workable principle by which all life may be guided, all evil corrected, all good enhanced the philosopher plays a large part. His lantern and that of the poet may show different colours, but they both illuminate the way. "Philosophy is, in the end, at one with poetry," says Dr. Edward Caird; and in defining or endeavouring to define the truth which philosophers and poets seek, we have to remember that there is the "truth" of simple observation and the truth of poetic imagination; both equally right, yet often incorrectly opposed as "fact" and "fiction." "Without in the least confusing the methods of the poet with those of the philosopher," says Professor Henry Jones, "seeking merely to be sensitive and responsive to the charm of his highest imaginative powers, we may still feel that his ideas apply to life, and come to him, as indeed we do, asking grave questions."

East and West, poets and philosophers have put into words their ideas, and an awkward obstacle in the search for truth is the fact that the East and the West are so fundamentally different in their points of view. Sympathetic interpretation, on both sides, is the great solvent, and the wisdom of the East, as far as India is concerned, has its most sympathetic and unwearied interpreter in Mr. F. W. Bain, who for many years was English professor at the College of Poona. His series of thirteen stories from Hindoo sources, though we are not sure that each one is actually "translated from the original manuscript" (even his mother in one of the letters quoted in "An Echo of the Spheres" says: "Whether it's a translation or a creation is your secret")—succeeds better than any formal treatise could do in conveying to the English mind the beauty of India's ancient—and present-day—beliefs; and each tale, in its way, is perfection. Scarcely ruffled by Western influences, the old faith in reincarnation is as strong as ever; the millions of India doubt their former birth no more than they doubt their own existence; and the gods, to them, are powerful for intervention—anthropological, as all gods conceived by human brains must be, in the sense that they are immensely glorified likenesses of human beings, both male and female.

"Metempsychosis, transmigration, everlasting incarnation and reincarnation of the immortal soul in body after body, birth after birth: all Hindoo literature is but the kaleidoscopic reiteration of this one identical idea, whose beauty is such that no logic will ever destroy it or oust it

in favour of another. For the Sanskrit language is a kind of shrine, consecrated to the embodiment and immortalisation of this philosophic myth. The Hindoos are possessed by it; it is their hereditary heirloom, the legacy from an immemorial past; it is all they have left."

So writes the author in his preface to "The Descent of the Sun," one of the most striking of his stories.

"The Descent of the Sun" tells of a young King of the Spirits of the Air, Kamalamitra, who asked of Maheshwara, Lord of Creatures, whom he worshipped, a boon:

"Give me a wife, whose eyes, like these hills and this sky, shall be full of the dusky lustre of thy throat and thy moon, as if, insatiate of gazing at thee, they had become, not transitory mirrors, but pictures permanently stained with thy glory. For so shall she be a medium of devotion between me and thee."

His request was granted; but the young king, too proud of the beauty of his bride, boasted of her, and in reply to a taunt agreed to test the virtue of an aged sage by showing him her loveliness. The acute ascetic, however, divined the truth, and cursed them both, saying: "Descend now, ye guilty ones, into mortal wombs, and suffer in the lower world the pangs of separation, till ye have purged away your guilt in the fire of human sorrow."

They are born in mortal shape, one as Shri, a princess, the other as Umra-Singh, a king's son; and each has the seed of desire for reunion, the mysterious longing for the preordained mate who alone can wholly satisfy, so that each refuses to marry in the customary way. Many details must be omitted; but after varied adventures, seeking and sought, through realms of evil spirits and potent spells, they find one another. At the moment of recognition and reunion (as mortals) Umra-Singh, in striking at a lion (which was but a phantom produced by a crafty forest-spirit) accidentally strikes his long-sought bride:

"And as his hot tears fell on her face like rain, Shri opened her dying eyes: and instantly they were full of peace, for she knew that it was her husband at last. And she said slowly: 'Weep not for me, O my lord, for I have attained the emancipation of union with thee. All day long I have sought thee: but I have found thee in the evening, before my sun goes down: that is enough.'"

The wonderful thrill of this story comes on the last page, where, as in several of these legends, Maheshwara, Lord of Creatures, makes his comment:

"And at that very moment, the curse came to an end. Then those two erring lovers regained their immortal natures. And they looked at one another, dazed and bewildered, for they thought that they had awoken from a dream. And their spirits rose out of those mortal bodies which they had abandoned, and soared away to their heavenly home, locked in each other's arms. But Maheshwara, from his seat on Kailās, saw them go. And perceiving all, by the power of his mystical intuition, he said to himself: 'There are those two foolish lovers rejoicing to have awoken from a dream; not knowing that it was but a dream within a dream, and that they are still asleep.' And he laughed aloud: and the thunder of the shout of his laughter rolled and reverberated, and rattled in the blue hollows of Himālaya, like the sound of a drum."

Mr. Bain's prefaces have nothing in common with the customary preface; they are little searchlights illuminating either the story which is to follow or some aspect of Hindu faith that will take the reader another step on his journey towards comprehension. They are essays in miniature, often drawing subtle analogies and contrasts not particularly favourable to Western ideals. The wonderful Sanskrit language is the author's never-failing source. In the introduction to that delightful tale, 'In the Great God's Hair,' he grows lyrical in its praise:

"As there are butterflies' and beetles' wings, of which we find it impossible to say that they are positively this colour or that—for according to the light in which we view them they change and turn, now dusky red, now peacock-blue, now it may be dark purple or old gold—so a well formed Sanskrit compound word will subtly shoot and coruscate with meaning, as do those wondrous wings with colour: and this studied double, treble, manifold signification of its words lends to the classic tongue a sort of verbal sheen, a perpetual undercurrent of indirect suggestion, a by-play of allusion, a prismatic beauty, of which no other language can convey the least idea."

This book tells of a mortal Kathaka (story-teller) who had told stories for the entertainment of his king for fourteen years, every night, and then confessed that his stock was exhausted; whereupon the king allowed him three months' grace to find a story more curious than anything he had ever heard, at the expiration of which period terrible penalties were to happen to the weary purveyor of fiction. So the great god Maheshwara, who was about to tell a story to his wife when he perceived this mortal toiling up towards him through ice and snow, hearing the supplication, picked up the poor Kathaka and placed him in his hair to listen, and begins, talking of Ranga, a young heir to a kingdom, who was driven from his rightful throne by treachery, and who flouted the gods, vowing to serve only Water-Lily, goddess of chance and fortune. She pitied him and

favoured him, so that out of curiosity he adventured to climb into the top room of a palace tower, where a king kept his "finest jewel." And lo—the jewel was the king's daughter, Wanawallari, who, waking from a dream inspired by Water-Lily, recognised in her midnight visitor the husband of her dream. Ranga takes her, and the lovers make their home in a ruined city near by. But the gods are angry with Water-Lily, who has taken Ranga's part, and Indra, during Ranga's absence to buy food, assumes the shape of an old Brahmin and

tries his best to part Wanawallari from her chosen mate. She, however, is his equal in argument, and counters him brilliantly; he vanishes, vanquished, into the sky—much to Water-Lily's delight and Wanawallari's amazement. Ranga returns, but is tracked by the jeweller to whom he has sold one of her priceless bracelets, and who soon tells in the city where the lost treasure is hidden; so the two lovers are captured. But once more the goddess of chance intervenes, and in the end Ranga regains his throne and Wanawallari becomes his queen. Then comes a very beautiful interlude where the gods, annoyed with Water-Lily, sought her husband Nārāyana through the universe in order to complain of her behaviour, finding him at last "alone in the very

middle of the sea, lying on the leaf of a lotus." He listened to their complaint:

"And then, that husband of Water-Lily whispered very gently the name of his wife. And low though it was, the sound of that whisper vibrated through the worlds into the uttermost parts of space: and the universe echoed to its tone like a lute whose strings tremble at the touch of the wind. And as that ubiquitous murmur sank and died away into a hush, the sea began to bubble and foam, and suddenly the goddess of beauty rose up out of the lather of its waves."

Confounded, abashed, and silent before such loveliness, the gods, without speaking, "all flew away together over the sea, and disappeared on its edge like a flock of birds." And then we have the inevitable surprise. Maheshwara lifts the story-teller from his sheltering hair, and says: "Thou hast heard: Go now, and tell thy story to the king." But the Kathaka rashly craves another boon—to see "one single glimpse of that wave-born beauty as she rose out of the sea before the gods." This is permitted to him:

"And the Kathaka raised his head, and looked up into the dark expanse of sky, stretching over the pallid snowy moonlit peaks. And suddenly the goddess was revealed against it, like a picture painted on a wall. And for a single fraction of an atom of an instant of time, there flashed in his eyes the vision of that blinding loveliness,



F. W. Bain.

and over two hills of snow a pair of dark blue eyes shot into his own, and withered his heart like a blade of dry grass in a sheet of forest flame. And he uttered a cry, and caught at his heart with both hands, and fell upon the snow dead. . . . But the soul of that unlucky Kathaka instantly returned to earth and was born again. And he became a poet, who wandered in the world all his life long, hunting with a heart on fire for the eyes he could never find."

Quotation, which I have so freely used in order to illustrate Mr. Bain's work, must now stop, tempting though it is to give summaries and examples of such books as "A Digit of the Moon," "The Livery of Eve," and the last and perhaps most wonderful one in Messrs. Methuen's neat and well-executed five shilling series, "The Substance of a Dream," which appeared only four months ago. The thirteen of them range from 1901 to 1919, and whether readers are interested in Hindoo beliefs, or in an exquisite handling of the English language, they should become familiar with the whole.

It is obvious, even from the short extracts I have presented here, that Mr. Bain is a poet. He is also the son of a poet, for in "An Echo of the Spheres," published by Messrs. Methuen last year, he has with loving hands collected the poems of his mother. Her father was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, and is mentioned in the Waverley novels. Even without the charming preface in which with many an intimate revelation he

honours her memory, we should recognise her work as often worthy of comparison with that of the great poets; poesy was her gift, her solace in a life of bravely borne disappointment, her mode of self-expression. Lovely and most lovable was her character, and those who are fortunate enough to read this volume will be grateful to Mr. Bain for adding it to his own prose-poems.

In the end, what do we gather from these Oriental romances? Firstly, I think, that there is among the millions of India little anguish of intellect. It is debatable whether this unquestioning, irrational belief of mythology is not better than the maze of intellectual by-paths so significant of Western modes of thought. Any human being, in this faith, is seen as the result of an infinite number of previous lives, and is apprehended, as necessarily imperfect, incomplete, in a stage of progress which death merely carries one point farther—either higher or lower. Possibly we would not make the exchange; restlessness, inquisitiveness, suspicion of the evidence of our senses, characterises our philosophy, and leads to alluring paths of investigation, astronomical, biological, psychological; but to interpreters such as Mr. Bain, able to place themselves *en rapport* with both East and West, we owe a very great debt of gratitude. He has written other books, in a different vein; but it is by these vivid and unique pictures of the mind of the East that he is best known, and will be remembered.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. MARCH, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN.
• Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best inscription in not more than four lines of verse or twenty words of prose for the Edith Cavell monument in Trafalgar Square.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

- I.—The Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green, London, N.13, for the following:

HAUNTED.

I hear no more the singing birds
That gaily flit from tree to tree,
My heart wakes only to your words
The words you never spoke to me.

I cannot hear what new loves say,
For yet your voice rings in my ears,
And suddenly your laughter gay
Falls, and I turn away with tears.

I may not heed when children call,
I dare not look, because I see
Dream faces where the shadows fall,
Of babes you would have borne to me.

I cannot reach you with my prayers,
Nor still to peace your groping hands,
Because your eyes are fixed on theirs
With longing no man understands.

Oh, lonely hearth for ever bare!
Oh, little feet for ever still!
And you, you neither know nor care
When I go homeward up the hill.

We also select for printing:

THE CALF.

As I went down through Market Street,
The birds were mad with mirth,
The wind came, soft and blossom-sweet,
To kiss the young green earth;



Photo by Scott Galloway,
Torquay.

Miss Alberta Vickridge,

a successful BOOKMAN competitor whose first book of verse, "The Sea Gazer" (Erskine Macdonald), was recently reviewed in our pages.

Bloom upon bloom, like foam piled high,
Bedecked the apple-tree ;
On the world's rim, a wide, blue sky
Leaned over, tenderly.

As I walked down through Market Street,
A tiny calf was there,
And burly men with sticks that beat
And drove it—God knows where !
I saw it, terrified and weak,
Beside a low, dark door,
Whence came the sacrificial reek
Of old blood on the floor.

As I passed on through Market Street,
A blight was on the tree,
The very air was chill with sleet—
Or so it seemed, to me ;
No magic more was in the Spring.
No blue in all the sky,
Because that little, frightened thing
Had gone in there to die.

(Eileen Newton, White Haven, Whitby, Yorks.)

We select for honourable mention the lyrics sent by M. E. Morris (Torquay), Thora Stowell (Egypt), A. M. Christie (London, W.), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Audrey Haggard (Felixstowe), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), Gwen Shelley (London, S.W.), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Esme Wynne-Tyson (Battersea Park), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Eisdell Tucker (Bristol), Eleanor Grant (Bournemouth), Faith Hearn (Florence), Miss Ionides (Hove), Christina Hole (Great Houghton), Winifred Watson (Ilfracombe), Thomas L. Morris (Cambridge), J. A. Stark (London, W.), Rachel Bates (Great Crosby), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Margaret Brown (Calne), Mariquita Gutiérrez (San Sebastian, Spain), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Beryl M. May (Farnham), John R. Doubleday (Streatham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Percy Allott (London, W.C.), Cecil Thomas (Baluchistan, India), Blanche Adeline Watson (Hull), L. Yarde Bunyard (Maidstone), Olive Earlam (Warrington),

Cyril Bertram (Oxford), Hylda M. Wearn (Lindfield), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Laurence Tarr (Hornchurch), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), V. Walker (Whitehaven), V. Carey (St. Ives), David Conrad (East Ham), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Lucy Malleson (West Kensington), Helen Bardsley (Dalton-in-Furness), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), J. O'Dwyer (Harrogate), Cecil Eden (Bromley, Kent), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), Eleanore Brent (Darlington), Una Malleson (West Kensington), G. N. Goodman (Watford), Barbara Drummond (Winchester), Mabel Forbes Myers (Bournemouth), Irene Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell), G. M. Tyrrell (West Kensington), Betty Watt (Bo'ness, N.B.), E. M. Riley (Hull), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Grace H. Baker (Hailsham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Violet A. Sullivan, of Melton, Woodbridge, for the following :

THE POWER OF A LIE By JOHAN BOJER.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

" Her Aunt who, from her Earliest Youth,
Had kept a Strict Regard for Truth,
Attempted to Believe Matilda ;
The effort very nearly killed her."

H. BILLOC, *Cautionary Tales for Children.*

We also select for printing :

THE TRAGIC BRIDE By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.
(Martin Secker)

" Where art thou, Adam ? "

JOHN MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Book X.

(C. D. McKenzie Harper, Girton College, Cambridge.)

PETER JACKSON, CIGAR MERCHANT.
By GILBERT FRANKAU (Hutchinson.)

" Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight."

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

(E. R. Gunn, 11, Leopold Street, King William's Town, South Africa.)

ADVENTURES IN MARRIAGE By WARD MUIR.
(Simpkin, Marshall)

" I'll marry one lady to-day,
And I'll marry the other to-morrow."

GILBERT, *Trial by Jury.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)



Mr. J. Bernard McCarthy,

whose book of poems, "The Shadow of the Rose," has just been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin and the Talbot Press, Dublin.

AN AWFULLY BIG ADVENTURE.

By "BARTIMEUS." (Cassell)

"The cow jumped over the moon."

Nursery Rhyme

(Mariquita Gutiérrez, 25, Paseo de la Concha, San Sebastian, Spain.)

THE LONDON VENTURE By MICHAEL ARLEN

(Heinemann)

"There was an old Parson of Anerley,
Whose conduct was strange and unmannerly;
He rushed down the Strand
With a pig in each hand,
But returned in the evening to Anerley."

EDWARD LEAR, *The Book of Nonsense*.

(E. M. Dean, Clare Hall, Clare, Suffolk.)

III.—In suggesting names for the new domestic servant no competitor seems to have had a real inspiration. Many propose "House Help," "Household Assistant," "Home Orderly" or "House Orderly," "Home Maker," and "Handmaid." The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Marjorie Maxwell, of 39, Waldegrave Road, Brighton, for the suggestion that domestic servants should be enrolled in a corporate body to be known as the D.A.B., otherwise Domestic Assistance Brigade, wearing a distinctive uniform, with badges for proficiency and long service, so that they should come to be regarded as Civil Servants in the best sense of the term.

We specially commend the suggestions of J. E. Barritt (Putney), Marguerite Melliar-Smith (Rottingdean), F. Webster (Walworth), E. Lewis (Mansfield), Kitty Gallagher (Bootle), Margaret Fountain (Huntingdon), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Clarice Holden (Battersea), Vincent Hamson (Luton), Mary L. Yewlett (Walton), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Charles R. Watson (Crouch End), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon), E. J. Roberts (Winchester), A. Coralie Browne (London, S.W.), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss J. A. Jenkins, of Edge Hill College, Liverpool, for the following:

THE NURSERY SCHOOL. By MARGARET McMILLAN.
(Dent)

That "Truth is stranger than Fiction" is a truism, but it would be difficult to find any novel more enthralling and more fascinating than the story of "The Nursery School" as told by its originator. The fact that the wonderful Fairy-land does exist for children brings back in all their non-realisation one's own childish dreams, and one knows for the first time that these longed-for, but denied, pleasures were not only not wrong, but were essential to true and full development. It is practical

in the extreme, and yet there is a glamour over all that makes for enchantment.

We also select for printing:

ROBIN LINNET. By E. F. BENSON.

(Hutchinson.)

This novel strikes the reader as if Mr. Benson had started to write a second "Babe, B.A.," changed his mind in favour of another of the "Dodo" series, and then found that the war had butted in and spoilt his plan. The picture of the Gurtner children, who always sang "Die wacht am Rhein" at bedtime, then suddenly were taught to sing "God save the King," owing to the unfortunate prejudice against anything German, takes some beating—but the story itself is lacking in concentration. Owing to this, Robin's death at the front did not seem to matter much, somehow.

(Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester.)

THE MASON-WASPS. By J. HENRI FABRE

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

This translation is one of the best of a delightful series of natural history studies. We are captivated by its story of experiment and observation, told in a simple and straightforward manner, and wonder at the differences between the three classes of wasps in their building methods. But most interesting of all, because they are of supreme importance, are the conclusions to which we are led. We have to travel beyond instinct to discernment, we find perfect spheres and hexagonal cells, and we reach the highest point of all in the author's assertion of a Supreme Intelligence shining behind the mystery of things.

(Rev. J. W. Clifford, 25, Mayfield Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.)

Several competitors are disqualified, as usual, for exceeding the specified length. We specially commend the reviews by J. Alex. Gunn (Liverpool), Diana Gray (Christiania, Norway), E. M. Peet (Southport), F. Roe (Oxford), L. A. Loveless (Enfield), A. A. Kane (Oldham), Yvonne Wilbraham (Andover), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Marjorie H. Murray (Weybridge), Emma Vere-Jones (Lowestoft), Rolanda Hirst (Weybridge), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), C. B. Parker (Worcester), J. Stanley Stokes (Exeter), Dorothy Ensor (Hampstead), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Mrs. Guy Branson (Birmingham), Vincent Hamson (Luton), H. Adair Marquand (Cardiff), Mrs. H. Barnes (Eye), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), Frank L. Stevens (Mexborough), J. E. B. Bevan (Bude), Beatrice Mainwaring (Whitmore), Francis J. Kelly (Dublin), B. Webb (Birmingham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S subscription to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. John Adams, 27, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.

THE ELIZABETH BOOKS.

By M. P. WILLCOCKS.

It was at a reading of Calderon's witty play, "The Fountain," that I made a discovery about myself. I have since made precisely the same discovery in re-reading the Elizabeth books: it is that raillery at the expense of women, such as used to irritate one in what are often called "the old suffrage days," now possesses no sting whatever. Having won the day,

feminism can now afford itself the bland satisfaction of a completely recovered sense of humour. And so Calderon may show up the fool-woman who believes that dividends grow and are not made, and one laughs; Elizabeth's Man of Wrath may discourse on the suitable juxtaposition of women, children and idiots in German law: Elizabeth herself may hug her chains, or rather her petticoats, and make fun of pamphlet-writing professors' wives and nowadays one simply savours it all with that true charity which springs from

* "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "The Solitary Summer," "The Benefactress," and "Elizabeth in Rugen." Uniform edition. 3s. net each. (Macmillan.)

ABOUT "PELMANISM."*

BY SIR WM. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

(Editor of "The British Weekly.")

"Development and increase by discipline and exercise" may be taken as the foundation-principle of "Pelmanism." Psychologists are agreed that the principle is thoroughly sound and scientific, results show that it is inherently practical and fruitful. Common sense also agrees that the principle is essentially right, for we well know that upon regular use or exercise depends the efficiency of every organ, limb and muscle of our organisation.

Strength is promoted by activity, disuse results in atrophy. Nature is a utilitarian, she does not waste her gifts upon those who neglect them. Anatomists tell us that in our bodies are traces of organs which have practically vanished— forfeited by centuries of disuse. And the brain—the organ of mind—does not escape this general law. Used and exercised, it thrives and increases its powers, mental weakness and inefficiency being the consequence of a lack of due mental exercise.

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

These facts have long been recognised, but the moral has not been acted upon. Psychology as a science is by no means new, but it has hitherto held itself too much aloof from everyday life. Theoretical science and abstract principles do not interest the busy man whose work consumes the greater portion of his day. Hence psychology as a science remained largely outside the ken of the average man, until the findings of the scientists were linked up with the facts of everyday life by "Pelmanism." "Pelmanism" makes available for practical purposes what the scientific investigator has discovered by years of patient laboratory research.

So much for the principles upon which the Pelman System is founded. What of its methods?

A professor of psychology recently remarked that whilst he was delighted with what he had seen of the work and the popularity of the Pelman Institute amongst all classes and the results attained, he could not comprehend how the public had been won from its former indifference to psychology—he said he supposed it was due to "advertising."

A COMPLETE MENTAL EQUIPMENT.

That was a hasty conclusion, and, I think, a wrong one. Clever and insistent advertising will doubtless do much to bring a thing into temporary prominence, and will always attract the unwary and the unthinking. But "Pelmanism" has now been prominent for a lengthy period, and it is, moreover, rapidly enlisted every section of the community. Members of the legal, medical and other professions are not notoriously amenable to "advertising," and the registers of the Pelman Institute contain the names of too many members of these professions—too many men with brilliant university records, and too many men and women of acknowledged standing in literary, educational and intellectual circles—to allow it to be possible that "advertising" is the explanation.

No. The success which has attended "Pelmanism" can but be fairly attributed to the success of the attempt to clothe the dry bones of the science with the living flesh of everyday facts. The technology of the schools has been translated into the language of "real" life. It is this which makes "Pelmanism" appeal with equal force, but for various reasons, to the barrister and to the salesman—to the woman of fashion and to the worker—to the military leader and to the private—to the business man and to the student and the educationist. Men and women of every class and every age have at least this one need in common—the need for training the mind as systematically as the athlete trains his body. Modern life can be met with nothing less than a complete mental equipment. One's natural mentality is insufficient

unless it is also efficient; and only training can make it efficient.

STOPPING THE MENTAL DRIFT.

The Pelman Institute carries out its programme of training upon the basis of a strict analogy between physical and mental development. But the work goes much farther than training upon a common principle: the *individual* need of each student of the course is the ultimate goal, and it is never lost sight of. Attention is focused on helping men and women in their individual and special difficulties and on bringing out the best that is in each. "Interest" and "aim" are therefore treated as of paramount importance, as indeed they are, and in stopping that mental "drift" which is one of the diseases of the age, and in introducing definite purpose and direction into life and effort, the Pelman Institute is doing a work which it would be difficult to overpraise.

Many of the letters received by the Institute make it apparent that quite a large proportion of those enrolling are little prepared for the thoroughness with which Pelmanism compels a self-overhauling and a stocktaking of deficiencies and possibilities. Several writers express openly their astonishment at the new and wider outlook upon life which has resulted—and amongst these are men and women who have attained a considerable degree of success in their several vocations—showing that it is not only life's "failures" who are able to profit by the teaching of Pelmanism.

LIFE AND ACCOMPLISHMENT.

It is not sufficient to exist. Life implies accomplishment, and accomplishment necessitates intelligent and sustained effort. What the nature of our accomplishment may be matters little so long as it is a worthy accomplishment. The point is that we cannot justify ourselves as human beings unless we fill some niche in the universal scheme of things, and it is because Pelmanism is so manifestly helping thousands of men and women to recognise this, and inspiring them to appropriate action that I have departed from the usual practice in regard to Pelmanism. I again affirm my strongly held conviction that it will prove to be an important factor in that re-birth of civilisation which we hope to see.

THE NEW PELMAN COURSE.

The New Pelman Course which is now being given is the revised and enlarged Course upon which the specialists of the Advisory Board of the Pelman Institute have been engaged for many months past.

Brilliantly successful as the previous Course was, it may be confidently predicted that the new Course will be even more successful. It embodies not only the latest discoveries of Psychology but the results of the experience which has been gained in the course of training the minds of over half a million men and women of all classes.

It costs you only the price of a postage stamp to satisfy yourself as to whether there "is anything in Pelmanism," and you will be agreeably surprised at the modesty of the fee for enrolment.*

*Full particulars of the New Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how to secure the complete Course on specially reduced terms, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE BOOKMAN who applies to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Write or call to-day.

Overseas Addresses: 505, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.; 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; Temple Building, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban; Chowpatti Sea Face, Bombay.

* This article first appeared in "The British Weekly," June 6, 1918.

being on the winning side. For certainly it is the feminist who laughs last.

Yet years ago, before the war, we laughed with Elizabeth, even those of us who rather resented the undertone of satire at the strenuous woman and her inelegance; we laughed as women because we were conscious that, if Elizabeth laughed at woman, yet no one on earth possessed a keener sense of the oddity of man than she. "Men are babies," she says, in effect, "and, like the beefsteak of Tom Pinch's butcher, must be humoured, not druv." She knows that if you humour a man, there is nothing you may not do with him—if, of course, you happen to be young and charming. And a woman of wit can, of course, so throw dust in a man's eyes that he never realises when he isn't looking at the face of a beauty.

The amazing popularity of "Elizabeth" and the series of books that followed, "The Solitary Summer," "The Benefactress" and "Elizabeth in Rügen," which appeared in edition after edition before the war, has not been destroyed even by the last five tragic years and the river of blood that has flowed between Elizabeth's native land and her adopted one. It is indeed curious to read these stories again with one's war-thoughts in one's mind, for here is far eastern Germany, the region where the Poles used to pour over the frontier for the potato season; here is the stuffiness of bourgeois Germany with its superstitious rites of iron etiquette and the enormous importance attached to precise shades of social difference. When Elizabeth pays a call, or Anna talks to a German pastor, one feels that the whole is like an exaggerated picture of some ultra-snobbish provincial town in England, drawn of course with a touch of caricature. In the village scenes, where Elizabeth goes out to play the lady bountiful to the tenants on her estate, there is something that "dates" these books where all else is so startlingly fresh. For in England, at any rate, it is no longer customary for great ladies to remark contemptuously on the thick skins and callous nerves of poor people who can sleep three or four to a bed and who have but two rooms for all the purposes of family life. It never seems to occur to Elizabeth that these wretched people, whose ignorance she derides, are not in need so much of soup and jelly—she makes much fun of philanthropic reputations built up on jelly—as of a new building scheme which it was "up to" the Man of Wrath to frame. In fact, there is a curious contradiction between the way in which Elizabeth plans to get a certain pastor appointed to a living with six thousand marks because the man has a large family, and the calmness with which she suffers the misery of the Polish labourers' wives or the appalling conditions of housing on her husband's estate.

In this Germany there is evidently a barrier between the human lives of the upper classes and the animal existence of the workers, a barrier strange in England since Dickens wrote. Even English Elizabeth, with all her laughter at the German contempt for women, at the stage grandiosity of the German officer, yields to this sense that the peasant is not made of a flesh and blood which in any way acknowledges kinship with that of his betters. The glimpses of pre-war Germany in these books give one a feeling that we are looking at a social state which is somehow a travesty of what

our own would be like if our barbarisms had never been softened either by humour or pity. "Walking in the streets of a town," she says, "you are almost sure to catch the word 'Essen' in the talk of the passers-by; and 'Das Essen,' combined of course with the drinking made necessary by its exaggerated indulgence, constitutes the chief happiness of the middle and lower classes. Any story-book you take up is full of feeling descriptions of what everybody ate and drank, and there are a great many more meals than kisses. . . ." It is strangely, even terribly, ironical, to read this and to realise what life in rationed Germany is like to-day. Again, in the finest of these books, "The Benefactress," the satire of the whole is directed against the snobbery of those unpaying guests whom Anna chooses to befriend, their mean persecution of the one who was the daughter of "a man of letters," that is, a postman, and the hatred and malice that persisted between every class in Pomerania. Of grace, courtesy, humour and breeding there is nothing except in the Von Lohms, of course a noble family.

It was not, however, for their picture of German life that these books were and are loved: it was for something much more subtle even than their wit or their rare power of making one appreciate the atmosphere of a strange country by a few bold touches. It was for a reason which one can scarcely appreciate unless one is a woman. For, although men may smile at Elizabeth's sallies and think how delightful it would be to take her down to dinner, it must have been women who piled up those editions of "The Garden" and "The Solitary Summer." They not only put these on their library lists, but they gave them as presents to one another. For Elizabeth enabled them to enjoy, as women, the rare pleasure, not of seeing themselves as others see them, a vision from which all sane people shrink, but of seeing themselves as they would like other people to see them. Elizabeth, whether she roams round an island in the Baltic or plans herbaceous borders, is just the figure of ease and charm that women "make-believe" to themselves when they dream. When they are young, they do it actively, seeing themselves as "great ladies," not harassed strugglers; when they are older, with the shades of time coming over them in the form of shapelessness of figure and a plentiful lack of creative imagery, they love some one who will "make-believe" for them. And this it is that Elizabeth does superbly in the midst of nightingales, lilac-trees and books or with snow-storms and ice-bound roads that lead to sleigh-drives in rich furs. Here too are all the rewards of virtue—'tis no Paradise of sensual ease to affront the taste of the most delicate conscience; here are April, May and June babies, connected with daisy-chains and never growing out of their clothes, whose tear-stained cheeks it is for the nurse or governess to wash. As the centre round which these tasteful joys revolve is woman's grace and love of beauty, even her piety tempered with the humour that knows she is really "better" when she is happy. Not even a raging suffragette is really superior to these things, though Charlotte, the rebel wife of the Professor, pretends to be. One must confess, too, if one is candid, that it is neither wit nor charm which yields the final glory to the picture, it is the crowning triumph of being a great lady, of figuring to

oneself what it must mean to be "noble," not to have to fight for either ease or deference.

There can be but few women struggling in a workaday world who have not occasionally sighed for a sabbatical year. Only it must be one where one can command the elegant simplicity of well-cut clothes, need never look at sixpences or consider the cost of railway fares. But if any woman says she never harboured even a fugitive fancy for such joys—then shun her. She is either too good or too bad for everyday life. Elizabeth is just what ninety-nine women out of a hundred would like to be, at least in their moments of relaxation, and that is—very precious to a husband who shows nothing but sardonic satire towards every other woman, as well as personally capable of enjoying everything that makes life worth living, from health, wealth and laughter to literature, poetry and the delights of the revolving seasons, or of observing maliciously the weaknesses of one's kind. Elizabeth, in short, is one of those rare women who make the best of every kind of world there is. She has fed on roses and raptures, but has escaped the fulsomeness that is usually associated with such a diet. The simple life appeals to her, but she cannot enjoy it without a maid and a man to wait on her. She "gardens" without breaking her back by digging, and pretends to groan because German conventionality won't allow her to take to field labour. She swims and tramps and goes on pilgrimage—all in the most admired simplicity. On paper she does all the things that women like to see themselves doing without getting unbecomingly hot. And thousands who would be in reality unutterably bored at listening to nightingales and reading seedsmen's catalogues, love it all in fancy because they see themselves as possessing the whip-hand of everybody, including the Man of Wrath himself, in virtue of wit, charm, grace and rank. Elizabeth has all the cards in the pack, those cards which are distributed in such a niggardly fashion to most of us.

Elizabeth's very existence is a testimony to the potential glory of the woman of civilisation. Her pose is all of a piece with the half-sophisticated, half-simple desires of cultivated women who hate vulgarity. It is as light and unforced as the wittiest of fine talk—and at bottom as unreal, in the sense of corresponding to life outside the leisure of country gardens with half a dozen gardeners and a fine bank balance. It is as criminal to try and analyse it as it would be were one to try and probe the secret charm of a painting of some *fête-champêtre*. As soon as the plot of an Elizabeth book plunges into tragedy, as in the imprisonment of Axel von Lohm, the lover in "The Benefactress," one is instantly aware, not of exaggeration only, but of something very near bathos. It is as startling as would be the arrival of Rembrandt's rabbi at—a Watteau picnic. One feels that the showman has been careless and mixed the slides.

Elizabeth was born to fleet the time carelessly like any other grande dame. And if she has a fine contempt for the ways of governesses and poor people generally, it is all in the picture. She has, besides, kind impulses; she has above all else an instinct for joy and folly and ease. Through her, many heavy-laden women dream vicariously. She deserves well of us all and to live in endless editions endlessly repeated. As she will.

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By **WINIFRED GRAHAM** 5th Large Edition

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New Books.

THE ARTIST SPEAKS.*

To all who are interested in the art of imaginative writers—in the views and aims and general technique of those who do creative work—this is a wonderful and fascinating book. Not, indeed, that the ultimate secret is revealed here, or anywhere else. In the end of all the artist knows as little as his critic about his own achievement. The creative mind is unconscious, and cannot be constrained either to work or to explain itself. Our spiritual and literary ancestors knew that well enough when they professed belief in a mystery of utterance—in what they called inspiration, that is, in some power, not himself, that spoke through man, using to the ends of perfection his imperfect and fallible faculties—a power which, as God or Muse, might be besought, but might withhold itself from all entreaty, or come unbidden and fill with its message the chosen and honoured vessel. Nowadays we write heavy books about art, and quote the more respectable and least readable Germans; but we are no nearer the secret. It is "the magic hand of chance" that holds the poet's pen; it is the voice of the god that speaks through the lips of the prophet.

Sometimes our efforts to explain the inexplicable land us in absurd situations. The miraculously assimilative mind of Shakespeare fascinates us, and we attempt to rationalise a mystery, to give reasons for what is against all reason; and, in our desperation, confusing spirit and intellect, the creative with the critical, we find ourselves asserting that the unconscious mind of Shakespeare must be the conscious mind of Bacon. It is like comparing the wind on the heath with a wonderful system of ventilation. The perfect art, like the perfect heart, is unconscious in its activity. Intellect contributes something to art—it may steady the hand, but it cannot paint the picture. Technique is valid up to a certain point, but true art begins where technique leaves off. Thousands of people have a technique of composition superior to Beethoven's; but what really matters in Beethoven is something that technique cannot give. When the unconscious artist in Dickens had charge of the pen, we got such real boys as Pip and David Copperfield; when Dickens self-consciously tried to rise to sublimity he made the dying Paul Dombey declare that a picture of Jesus was not divine enough. Wordsworth went on talking for forty years after the Muse had deserted him; but Wordsworth never knew the difference and would have denied the desertion.

The creator knows little more of the miracle of creation than we do; nevertheless, when an artist theorises, when our synthetist turns analyst and takes himself publicly to pieces, we look on with deep interest, for we are brought a little nearer to the secret, even though we never pluck out the heart of the mystery. The present volume is full of such exposition—casual rather than deliberate, told to friends rather than published to the world, and therefore the more spontaneous and sincere. We should add at once that it is put before us in English that is a delight to read. Mrs. Garnett has never done better.

I wish, by the way, our Russian scholars would agree upon a consistent form of transliteration. In French there is need for the preliminary T in Tchekov, but there is none in English, as the "ch" in such words as "chair" and "check" is exactly the sound of the Russian character that begins this name. And when the redundant "t" is thrust into the consonant that looks so much worse than it is, we get five English letters, "stch" to represent a single Russian character. After all, names like "Shchedrin" or words like "shchi" are perfectly easy to any Englishman capable of saying "fresh cheese." The exact rendering of the Russian unstressed "e" is

* "Letters of Anton Tchekov to His Family and Friends." Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

almost impossible in normal English spelling, and I think the attempt should be abandoned. Mrs. Garnett writes "Byelgrade." How many English readers will get its pronunciation right from that spelling?

Chehov (as we prefer to spell him), a perfect example of the unperturbed and unbiased artist, was in himself an eager, passionate, handsome, humane man, with an unresting spirit that wore out his body and left him dead of consumption at forty-four. There was no more unpromising foe than he of art made consciously didactic; but in Russia it is impossible for an artist not to be a reformer, and just as Turgenev may be said to have abolished serfdom, so Chehov reformed the convict settlement of Sahalin, merely by showing people what it was like. He was a doctor, and brought the surgeon's dispassionate skill and observation into his art. To him nothing was common or unclean:

"To a chemist nothing on earth is unclean. A writer must be as objective as a chemist, he must lay aside his personal subjective standpoint."

"You abuse me for objectivity, calling it indifference to good and evil, lack of ideals and ideas, and so on. You would have me, when I describe horse-stealers, say 'Stealing horses is an evil.' But that has been known for ages without my saying so. Let the jury judge them; it's my job simply to show what sort of people they are."

"You are right in demanding that an artist should take an intelligent interest in his work, but you confuse two things, *solving a problem* and *stating a problem correctly*. It is only the second that is obligatory for the artist."

"I think that an artist's instinct may sometimes be worth the brains of a scientist, that both have the same purpose, the same nature, and that perhaps in time, as their methods become perfect, they are destined to become one vast prodigious force which now it is difficult even to imagine."

We have selected these sentences almost at random from several letters to different persons as some indication of the wealth of sound criticism scattered up and down the pages. But that is only half the story. There are descriptive passages, equally casual, conversational and unforced, and just as attractive. There is a page upon the Russian character worth more than many whole books, and there are sketches of places and persons, besides the account of his terrible journey across Siberia, enough to set a lesser novelist up for life. It is, we repeat, a wonderful and fascinating volume, contributing much to our knowledge of a writer who was certainly one of the greatest literary artists of his time.

By way of confounding those who put forth theories about "aristocracy" and "birth" and the "peasant mind" and so on, Nature arranged that Chehov, the perfect type of serene, cultivated and aristocratic art, should be the grandson of a serf who bought his freedom in 1841 for 3,500 roubles—700 roubles a soul, the daughter being thrown in for nothing. That the story may lack nothing to complete it, we will add that the son of the noble who sold his serfs was Vladimir Chertkov, the fanatic apostle of Tolstoyan anarchy. Really, the situation requires the art of Chehov himself to do it justice.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE MANAGING DIRECTORS OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE.*

Among the minor horrors of the great war may be included the flood of so-called "literature" which has almost overwhelmed the long-suffering public. Dirty linen has been washed by the basketful; astounding secrets have been revealed which have amazed none more than the persons to whom they are supposed to refer; writers of fiction (including some newspaper correspondents) have lightheartedly described the astonishing

* "G. H. Q." By G. S. O. 20s. net. (Philip Allan & Co.)

adventures of superhuman general officers and impossible subalterns. All this is, perhaps, the natural consequence of a conflict waged upon a scale never before attempted; it was impossible to visualise it as one might a South African campaign or a punitive expedition. Imagination, once set free, ran riot.

It is therefore the more refreshing to come across a book the key-note of which is accuracy. In "G. H. Q." the author has "attempted an intimate picture" of what he describes as "a capable Board of Directors of as glorious a company of soldiers as the world has known." He has succeeded. The present writer was attached to General Headquarters in France after many months of regimental and brigade duty, and shared, it is to be feared, many of the prejudices against "red tabs" which arose from sheer ignorance of their wearers. It was, therefore, in a severely critical spirit that he set himself to examine the habits and customs of the *genus* Staff Officer. The author of "G. H. Q." hides his identity under the initials "G. S. O." (presumably, General Staff Officer), but, whoever he may be, it is beyond question that he has lived, moved and had his being amid the Olympians who gave the Boche so often and so furiously to think. He tells his story modestly and with little comment, leaving facts to speak for themselves—that they *are* facts the writer can avouch.

G. H. Q. was established in the charming old town of Montreuil-sur-Mer on March 31st, 1916. Lord (then Sir John) French's head-quarters had been fixed at St. Omer, but many considerations (among them the growth of the British military strength) made the change desirable. At Montreuil the General Staff lived a monastic life; when an officer is chained to his desk from nine o'clock in the morning until half-past ten or eleven at night, he is apt to consider a sound night's sleep his most agreeable diversion. The author finds seventeen pages barely enough in which to briefly indicate the actual work done at G. H. Q. Here it is only possible to be trite, and say that G. H. Q. was the brain of the great British military body in France. Of course, it was not all work and no play, but play meant chiefly a chat in the Officers' Club, or the necessary exercise without which none could have stood the mental strain. Feminine society, of which one heard so much, was rare. Occasionally a "lady" from Paris would arrive—and depart forthwith, escorted to her train by a polite, but firm gendarme. Q.M.A.'s there were, and the statements circulated in certain quarters as to their behaviour are very properly repudiated by "G. S. O." I quote:

"According to some scandal-mongers a very large proportion of the Corps qualified for a maternity hospital almost as they got to France. As a matter of fact the standard of conduct among them was very high, and it would be libel on our race to discredit them with a charge of looseness."

"G. S. O." deals faithfully, but without bitterness, with shell and gun shortage. The British army, he says, "had been trained for a different type of warfare from that which actually came." The building up of an adequate store of munitions, once commenced, was achieved with almost incredible rapidity, with the result that if the German had not thrown up the sponge before the spring (1919) campaign, "he would have been literally blown out of his trenches and chief cities."

The author speaks of the medical side with an admiration which will be shared by many who sojourned in the hospitals. "It was a wonderful part of the war," he says, "that defensive and offensive against Disease. . . . In the process of beating the Germans we made such great advances in the war against the germs that we greet peace as a definitely healthier people, organised to save, in a generation or two, more than the total of all those who went to a Higher Service from the fields of France and Belgium."

It is not possible even to summarise here the three hundred pages in which "G. S. O." covers a surprisingly large area; the book is full of accurate information, but its author has succeeded in avoiding that dullness that gives to such narratives the fusty atmosphere of a legal



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brief. Excellent photographs of prominent people and interesting places, and good, clear type (alas! sufficiently rare to call for comment) make the book one to be read alike by the soldier and the civilian, and its lack of unnecessary technicality should commend it to paterfamilias with sons to educate in the creed of true patriotism.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON (Captain).

A SHORT-STORY VIRTUOSO.*

It is impossible, nowadays, to join in any "shop" talk amongst a group of authors without the subject of the short story cropping up and causing excitement. Why is it (some one indignantly demands) that the popular English magazines are filled with the trivial? Why is it that collections of short stories, in volume form, are notoriously not welcomed by publishers?

The debate is endless, and leads nowhere in particular. To be candid, its tendency is often rather irritating to any listener who has had practical experience of the trade the chief commodity of which the short story happens to be—the trade of magazine editing. I have occupied an editorial chair: I have read hundreds of short story typescripts: and to me the notion—so commonly voiced in literary circles—that English editors reject well-written short stories because their readers do not want good writing, is merely comic. Scores of typescripts passed through my hands which were "highbrow" (if I may use a vulgar but amusingly understandable word); but those which went back to their senders went back not because they were "highbrow" but purely and simply because they were uninteresting.

Plenty of people, picking up Perceval Gibbon's latest book, "Those Who Smiled," will promptly recognise that each of its stories is, of its kind, a little masterpiece. Immediately they will add: "Why don't our magazines publish work like this?" The reply is that our magazines *do*. I should be surprised to hear that there is a single story in this collection which has not appeared in an English magazine. (I take it for granted that they all originally appeared in American magazines.) Perceval Gibbon's name ought to be famous, as a magazine contributor, throughout the length and breadth of England. In America—which is the golden market for all serious short story writers—he is known everywhere. He is a "star artist" from New York to San Francisco. A contribution from Perceval Gibbon will advertise any American magazine—and will sell it to a fastidious and critical clientele. But in England the correspondingly fastidious and critical clientele never dream of reading a magazine at all—and then, absurdly enough, complain that we have no first-class short story writers!

The remarkable thing about the Perceval Gibbon short story is that it utterly shatters the "highbrow" contention that a short story, to be a work of art, must almost inevitably be unpopular. It makes havoc of other pseudo-aesthetic theories also. We are told that a short story must be an episode and not a condensed novel. But nearly all the Perceval Gibbon stories are condensed novels. We are told that melodrama cannot be literary. But one of the most powerful stories in this book, "Plain German," is a positive thriller: every paragraph is keyed up with tension: the plot is deliberately lurid: yet each sentence is a piece of beauty and each character who appears on the stage is a clear-cut psychological portrait: moreover, that stage is an exquisitely-wrought background of local colour.

Local colour is one of Perceval Gibbon's strong suits. He has travelled everywhere—always with keen powers of observation on the alert. In "Those Who Smiled" he lays his scenes in Africa, in Russia, in America, in Italy, in England, in Switzerland, in France. And his local colour is always highly relevant to the plot; it takes its place as an essential factor in the scheme. The stories

* "Those Who Smiled." By Perceval Gibbon. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

couldn't happen just anywhere: each is inevitably bound up with its setting. And how wonderful those settings are! The vividness of them is brilliant, and the phraseology of their description is a delight.

And there are wisecracks who tell us that the short story is dead in England! It is a form of intellectual snobbery which would be amusing if it were not so harmful to the prospects of the very art with which it professes itself to be sympathetically concerned. "Those Who Smiled" is, at all events, another triumphant proof that the English short story is not only not dead, but is exceedingly alive. Not that there are many Perceval Gibbons in our midst. He is admittedly a virtuoso of the craft. But other, lesser craftsmen should be grateful to him, inasmuch as by compelling recognition of the short story in this country he raises the status of the profession, and helps others as well as himself. To an extensive public he is known by his full-length novels—and it is good to hear that he is at present engaged on another, which should appear before the autumn—but this same public will show a grievous lack of discernment if they miss the hardly less satisfying intellectual feast offered by such a collection of novels-in-miniature as "Those Who Smiled."

WARD MUIR.

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE'S POEMS.*

"Lady Margaret Sackville," writes Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in his preface, "is the best in my opinion of our English poetesses, at least of the younger generation." Such testimony cannot be lightly disregarded, and the poems which are collected in the volume certainly reveal the qualities that justify Mr. Blunt's verdict. Lady Margaret possesses a delightful lyrical gift, and the genuine beauty of much of her verse captivates both the ear and the imagination. The feeling which is expressed in many of these poems reveals a keen appreciation for the sunshine as well as the shadows of life, and the delicious playfulness which is shown in "The Apple" proves that Lady Margaret's muse is endowed with an exquisite sense of irony. But it is perhaps especially the note of human sympathy that is so apparent in the poems written between the years 1914 and 1917 that will find a responsive chord in the heart of most readers. "Quo Vaditis?" is a fine example of the mood in which the grief-stricken soul, confronted by the unintelligible spectacle of war, and beset by its own obstinate questionings, finds itself. In "Reconciliation" there is evidence of the dear and abiding faith in love, which, in spite of the hatred and horror of it all, can endure to the end, and in the thought of "our mutual dead" find pity and pardon. "The Peacemakers" is a really inspiring piece of work, and all who are wrestling in spirit to achieve a fairer order will take comfort in its rousing appeal. It is well to find our poets grappling with the realities of life; and to realise that they can traffic in the things with which the ordinary mortal is concerned. Their message cannot fail to find a public.

R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.

LITERARY ADVENTURES.†

Blest is the specialist able to unbend from his particular severities and be something more than specialist! By following courses that carry him out of his groove for a time he not only discovers new realms of interest; but rests his mind, freshens his pen, clarifies his vision, helps to the better attainment of the next province of his investigations. It was so with Gladstone. There is no knowing what measure of greater good—or harm (the choice depends on your political tendencies, gentle reader!)—he accomplished in statesmanship through his cultivation of Homer

* "Selected Poems." By Lady Margaret Sackville. 6s. net. (Constable.)

† "Sir Roger de Coverley, and Other Pieces." By Sir James George Frazer. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

and the variable *strata* of the Impregnable Rock. So is it, also, manifestly, with Sir James Frazer, who has sweetened his studies of anthropology, comparative ethics, mythology, folklore, early history, geography, primitive language, codes, customs, magical practices, religions, superstitions, and oh!—very much else, with an eager appreciation of eighteenth-century literature. Some of the fruits of that leisurely culture are exhibited in this volume; which, from first to last—though there were qualms of doubt among the verses—is built for present enjoyment and an enduring refreshment and pleasure.

It is not difficult to realise how eased and stimulated Sir James must have been when, his mind fuzzed with the long consideration of totems or the elaborate restrictions governing the marriages of savages, he turned from the primitive—at the very next-door to the reign of tooth and claw—to the opposite region, the realm of egregious artifice, in the age of Anne or the early Hanoverians, when fashion with its hoops, wigs, patches and powders, snuff-boxes and clouded canes, its bowings and fulsome scrapings, and the rest of the vanities of a supremely vain time, were regarded as the be-all, if not the end-all, of a chatterbox existence. Yet the very contrast of the atmosphere induced, adds to the quality of the refreshment; and it is easy to understand the peculiar joy with which Sir James left the dim forests of portentous superstition for the pavements of Whitehall and the Temple, wherein Sir Roger de Coverley wandered and Will Honeycomb—not too kindly treated in this collection of *post-Spectator* papers—strutted; or for those placid yet tragical walks at Olney and Weston wherein William Cowper, of the silver voice and pen, was haunted by the ghosts of religious darkness or cheered with the pleasant joys of a simple life. The particular treasures of this volume are the Coverley papers and the Introduction to this author's edition of the Letters of William Cowper; both already published and well known; yet so charmingly written, as indeed is the rest of the prose in this book, with limpidity, lucidity and apt sufficiency of phrase, that it has been a pleasure improved to re-read them.

Sir James has caught the Coverley atmosphere excellently, and managed to achieve a style suited to its task; not entirely of Steele or of Addison, yet of both merged, with perhaps a *soupeon* more of Dicky than of the sublime and stately Joseph, with, of course, the right amount of Frazer added. It is not exaggeration to describe these papers as brilliant; never has a distant atmosphere been more happily caught, though in the process Sir Roger has grown somewhat idealised and, as we have suggested, Will Honeycomb has been not too generously treated. The study of Cowper is entirely sympathetic, with here and there a nice ironical touch; as in the passing description of noting at Olney after Newton from his pulpit had denounced the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day:

"So long as he confined himself to hellfire and brimstone, he might be tolerated; but when he touched the sacred ark of bonfires and tallow candles on the Fifth of November, the populace rose like one man. . . . The vicarage was threatened. The curate committed the case to the Lord, but the Lord paid no attention. Providence did not interpose. The crowd drew near. Mrs. Newton was terrified. A flag of truce was sent out, a parley was held. Soft words had some effect, a shilling had much more. . . ."

it is daintily done, as elsewhere, frequently—as with the offer of the laureateship to Hayley, "the lofty pedestal which had been lately vacated by the imperishable Pyc, and was afterwards adorned by the immortal Tupper." The study of Cowper is complete within these limits, so that no better introduction to his poems and personality as well as to his letters could be devised.

Besides these biographical contributions the work contains extracts from Sir James's prefaces, his studies of the Australian anthropologists, Fison and Howitt, a version of the quest of Perseus for the Gorgon's Head, which shows how amusingly the old-tales can be rewritten—and that is not all. The volume comprises a pleasant illustration of the profitable use of a great man's limited leisure—by work of another kind. Let us conclude with

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a personal appeal. Sir James Frazer has rooms in the Temple and during his residence there has met within those historic ways some famous shadows. Other spirits must also frequent the ancient place. Charles Lamb and Noll Goldsmith walked there. If Sir James would "make it convenient" to meet and hold discourse with those immortal ghosts the result would make a pleasant reading-holiday for others besides specialists.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.*

The writing of books by soldiers holding high military rank in order to explain their failures or to ventilate their wrongs is so common a practice in these democratic days that it excites little comment and no protest. While it cannot be denied that the principle is essentially objectionable because it leaves so many persons attacked without means of reply (unless we are to be flooded with war reminiscences) yet the example was set by so distinguished a soldier that little justification is necessary. When, moreover, it is the usual practice for Cabinet Ministers to reply to their critics by means of highly-paid contributions to the Sunday press, the publication of books becomes by comparison a highly respectable undertaking.

The first impression one receives on reading this book is that the writer is a man of outstanding military and administrative ability; the second is that he is by no means unaware of it, and finally that he is anxious for us to share this opinion with him, which of course we readily do. There can be no doubt that General Townshend has been shockingly treated. It is impossible to exaggerate what he accomplished in Mesopotamia: he was obviously understaffed and ill supplied. He was forced to act against his own judgment by the ambitions of political adventurers who were too ignorant or stupid to allow him the necessary supplies. The advance on Bagdad with the forces at his disposal at the time was for General Townshend the merest gamble: if he had succeeded the political effects would have been enormous, but the failure of this and the subsequent surrender at Kut (although altogether honourable for General Townshend) was so disastrous for the authorities in India and at home that they vented their spite on him by giving him no reward for the great work he accomplished.

A great part of the work under review is purely technical. It will undoubtedly interest the military student. General Townshend has a convincing way of writing, and his use of authorities to support his opinions is excellent. It would be unfair after what we have said above to insist that he writes as a statesman, but his view is always that of an administrator who is used to governing subject races. In this connection his view on the Armenian problem is delightful and worth quoting at the present time:

"As regards Armenia, I should treat this question, had I a voice in the matter, by placing a British Resident, on the lines of our diplomacy in India, to see that the people were not oppressed. I know well—and I may say no one better—all the horrors that have been perpetrated on the Armenian people, but it must be remembered that the Armenian question has been to the Turk what the Irish question has been to England."

It is necessary to draw attention at this point to the important part played by General Townshend in the surrender of the Turk. He seems to have been entrusted by them with the whole affair, and it is clear that they reposed the greatest confidence in him. This was certainly justified but, nevertheless, General Townshend seems to have been very badly snubbed by the British Government and authorities.

The reminiscences included by General Townshend are undoubtedly of great interest, although they have nothing to do with his campaign in Mesopotamia: and he has a way of writing on matters technical that makes them

pleasant reading for the ordinary layman. As Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith's "Natural History," he has made it as entertaining as a Persian tale. And as a contribution to the military and diplomatic history of the war the value of this work cannot be lightly estimated. Its reception in certain quarters may not be very cordial, but if it results in winning the public sympathy for the Mesopotamia Force and its gallant commander, if it succeeds in getting for them the justice which the politicians have denied them, it will have accomplished a great service to the whole Empire.

ANDREW BOYLE.

THE ACTOR AND HIS ART.*

Many as are the books that have been written concerning the life of the actor, it is probable that of all the professions acting is the one to which the fewest *practical* works have been devoted. As the author of this volume points out, many actors have written interesting and entertaining volumes of personal reminiscences—quite a respectable-sized library might be formed of such—yet few in doing so have troubled to present those particulars most likely to prove helpful to young beginners at the art and craft of the stage. We use the two terms advisedly, for Mr. Calvert is careful to point out that both are applicable. As he says at the outset there is no adequate literature of the subject, and reverting to the theme towards the close he adds:

"There are plenty of biographies of famous actors of the past, but those tell mostly of great triumphs, not of the methods that made those triumphs possible. In the lives of Edwin Booth, Henry Irving and the many others we may read, we get no sense of *how* they acted, only of the great heights they reached. Ristori gives us some insight into her technical methods; Joseph Jefferson, in his long autobiography, writes a few pages that are of great value. But there are only a few oases in the desert. For the most part these books are personal history, interesting enough, but of little real help to the ambitious beginner, who could probably be helped so much had the giants of the past bequeathed their wisdom to posterity. There is no doubt that we would all be better actors for such reading."

In this volume, then, it may be said that Mr. Calvert has set out to supply the tyro of to-day with something in the nature of that helpful kind of work, the want of which he and others lamented yesterday. He has kept well before him the requirements of his readers for helpful hints, or practical advice, but while doing so has been able to illuminate such with happy anecdote and interesting reminiscence, so that his work is at the same time serviceable, entertaining and interesting. He does not in any way minimise the difficulties that lie in the path of the beginner, but he shows that with that first essential, the right kind of enthusiasm—the enthusiasm which accepts hard work, and does not expect to attain the great end of success by any other means—such beginner may do much. It is, indeed, a kindly, thoughtful book, this story of the actor's art by one of that art's distinguished exponents. But it is something more than that, for it embodies many pleasant personal reminiscences, a goodly number of good stories, and some outspoken criticism which makes capital reading. In his introduction, the late H. B. Irving, that distinguished actor son of a famous actor-father, describes the book as one that should be put in the hands of every dramatic student, and happily sums it up as a book that "rings true."

WALTER JERROLD.

MARY-GIRL.†

In being over-careful to exclude melodrama many of our novelists have shut out passion. I do not mean they ignore only sexual passion, substituting instead a merely physical excitement, but that the bigger passions of life, good or bad—ambition, work, love, anger, religion—are forgotten or so feebly represented that life laughs at the

* "My Campaign in Mesopotamia." By Major-General Sir Charles Vere Ferrers Townshend, K.C.B., D.S.O. 25s. net. (Butterworth.)

* "Problems of the Actor." By Louis Calvert. With an Introduction by H. B. Irving. 7s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

† "Mary-Girl." By Hope Merrick. 7s. net. (Collins.)

novels, and a bored, half-educated public turns from fiction to the raw material presented in the newspapers. Mrs. Merrick's book—alas! that we shall have no more from her pen—is a real discovery. Here we have a novelist quite sufficiently skilful in the technique of her art, also aware of the fact that human beings have hearts to be broken, minds to be perplexed, temptations to fight and to overcome. "Mary-Girl" is rather French in form, in its compactness, and in the rare economy which refuses to waste attention on subsidiary characters or events. It is true that by her concentration on Mary and Ezra Sheppard, Mrs. Merrick risks leaving some of her other people a little unreal, a little too much of the theatre; but it was a risk worth taking for the sake of the added power devoted to the portrayal of the gardener and his wife. Ezra and Mary are Quakers: and it is their ambition to replace the tumbledown old barn in which the Friends worship by a better, more stable building. They are saving up gradually for the money needed to build the meeting-house; when suddenly they are offered the chance of getting it quickly. The lady of the manor refuses to suckle her child, and the country-side is scoured for a foster-mother. Slatterns and drunkards are turned down by Lady Folkington's mother, until at last the local doctor tells her of Mary, but says he feels sure Mrs. Sheppard will not come or, if she is willing, Ezra will not allow her. The struggle is set thus early. As to its course the reader must be left to discover it. Mary goes, a sacrifice for the dream of Ezra's heart; she goes at a princely salary, and a friendly, ungodly builder—one of the best of the minor personages—starts the building at the sight of the first monthly cheque. What flows from this mistaken sacrifice, what agony for Ezra and Mary, what shame and trouble, can be guessed. Mrs. Merrick never fails to rise to her best scenes. Sometime in the valleys she seems to tire a little, and to write, never carelessly, but ordinarily; but in the big scenes, of which there are not a few, she writes with ease and conviction. The sense of drama in the book is quite unusual—drama both of character and of incident. I am not sure that in the episode of Mary and Latimer, the novelist, Mrs. Merrick's sense of drama in incident did not outrun her sense of drama in character. Had Mary been a young girl, one might have thought her lapse with Latimer probable; as it is, it seems barely possible. For she has not hated Ezra, nor even thought of deserting him; and Latimer has been little more to her than an understanding audience and a useful travelling companion. The episode is the only doubtful thing in a singularly well written, well constructed and moving story.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

PRELUDE.*

We make of life what we bring to it, and "Prelude" is the story of what Paul Trevelyan made of his four years at a public school. But though Martinsell can easily be recognised as Marlborough, it is doubtful whether the majority of Marlburians would find here anything to remind them of their own experiences. For Trevelyan brought to Martinsell a temperament very different from that of the average boy. He had not been to a preparatory school, he was an only son, and his early years had been spent in an atmosphere of music, poetry and perfumes, and in the company of a charming, vaguely inconsequent mother who is rather like Mrs. Fane in "Sinister Street." In consequence Trevelyan has never played football, does not know the difference between second-slip and cover-point, and shows no desire to correct his ignorance. To the end he remains unchanged; he took to Martinsell the exclusive superiority of Chelsea, and made there for himself a world in his own image. Certainly it was an achievement.

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All through the book he stands outside the revel. He takes no part in the communal life, and in his third term does not know the name of the school captain. He has no share in the general interests of his companions; he is detached from their prejudices and enthusiasms. He looks on them from a distance and finds a vague æsthetic value in their sense of stress and hurry, the eternal flux of things. His attitude to his environment is that of a minor poet in the nineties, an attitude that is not without its own peculiar charm.

Nothing troubles him, nothing happens to him. The brave procession of life goes by him and he is charmed by certain aspects of it, certain moments of effect and gesture. He responds to the beauty of court and cloister; cricket pleases him as an æsthetic spectacle, green field, white flannels, grace of action; Holy Church woos him with its altar-lights and incense; Beaudelaire soothes him with perfumed growths and heavy melodies; his friendships are sultry and emotional. Indeed "Prelude" is the story of a hot-house plant that has known neither wind nor rain, that has only seen the moon through glass and the sun through misted air.

It would be easy enough, no doubt, for the moralist to dismiss "Prelude" as a morbid and unhealthy book; for there is here neither freshness nor vigour, the value of games is as much neglected as it is over-emphasised elsewhere, and sultriness is the book's main characteristic. "Prelude" represents and interprets the life of only the smallest section of a public school community, but as a study in the ideas and sensations of an individual, it is a very interesting piece of work. There is hardly any story, few incidents stand out clearly, it is an essay rather than a novel, but it does succeed in a definite personality.

Paul Trevelyan will to many appear an incredible person; the hard-headed beef-eating squire will be horrified at his decadence and poses. But he is very real in Mr. Nichols's book, one cannot help sympathising with him. The life of a public school as it appears in "Prelude" is life at a public school as it impressed itself on one temperament, and if that temperament is not that of the majority, does that in any way affect the book's literary value? Mr. Nichols has done what he set out to do, and does anything else matter?

ALEC WAUGH.

MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

Four books, and each of them recalling memories of the war. But how different are the memories, and how widely apart the experiences here set down.

Mr. Daryl Klein was attached to the Chinese Labour Corps at Tsingtau. He tells us of the difficulties before embarkation; of the long voyage; the journey from Canada and through Panama; and ends his tale with the arrival at the Base in France. His book is written in a good spirit.¹ For Mr. Klein understands and appreciates the Chinese. All who, with the present reviewer, officered the "Chinks" in France will endorse much that is written of the character of those cheerful, entertaining, hard-working and humorous people. Humour, in especial, was their strong point, and Jule was right in declaring the coolie's "sense of humour is too keenly developed to allow him to make an ass of himself. He is continually seeing fun in little things." But it requires a sense of humour to observe it in others, and this Mr. Klein fortunately possessed. The illustrations are all helpful.

The Australian padre, sometime lecturer in philosophy at St. Paul's College, Sydney, had two brothers killed at Gallipoli. In these modest and sincere sketches he claims, justly, to be making "a consistent effort at exact truth." He is determined that we shall see something more than the "very one-sided view of the Australian," which figured him as "a lusty animal and a great fighter." General Sir Cyril White in his preface rightly emphasises this point, and declares:

"A fighting individual is of little value; it is the association of individuals of the right quality, in a body imbued with a co-operative ideal, which has a military effect."

And so in "Khaki and Cassock" the author gives us many glimpses of the Australians to whom he ministered in France for over two years. Bombardier Waller, who lost his right arm on service, contributes some really fine pictures, full of power and distinction, to a book which deserves to be read by all who care, as its author does, for the religious welfare of mankind.

The late Major Hody (for death came to him suddenly at Cologne last June, six weeks after he had completed his book) had a good story to tell, and told it in capital style.² To him it fell to relate "the adventures of the 17th Divisional Supply Column on its trek to Italy." And what a column it was, the Mad 17th!

"I don't know whether we, as a column, took more enjoyment out of life than other columns did; but certainly whenever there was anything to be had we always seemed to be there. We could play and we could work, we could work and we could play—whichever came our way. Perhaps that was the reason why we obtained the nickname of the Mad 17th, a name that I accepted, however, as a compliment."

It is a gallant tale of zeal and endurance, the trek of the Mad 17th:

"One thousand three hundred and forty kilometres in ten days, through unknown country,

¹ "With the Chinks." By Daryl Klein, 2nd Lieutenant in the Chinese Labour Corps. 6s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

² "Khaki and Cassock." By Kenneth T. Henderson, C.F. 6s. (Melbourne: Melville & Mullen.)

³ "With the Mad 17th to Italy." By Major E. H. Hody, R.A.S.C. 10s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)



"We solemnly walked through the ranks."

From "With the Mad 17th to Italy" (Allen & Unwin.)

without any preparations, an average of 134 kilometres a day with the whole column of fifty-six lorries and one spare."

Theirs were the first British lorries to arrive in Italy by road. Incidentally Major Hody observed many things, and his shrewd and sensible comments are applicable to much that happens in civil life. The pictures and maps are excellent.

Captain J. G. Lockhart has interesting memories to recall in his sketches of the campaign in the Holy Land. For the first three years of the war he was on garrison duty with his regiment in India, to be sent to Egypt to take part in the final operations before Gaza. Great was the variety of races, languages and religions in that Egyptian Expeditionary Force. "Least conspicuous and most handworked was, of course, that ubiquitous personage, the British soldier." But Indians were there: Pathans, Punjabi, Mussulmans, Sikhs, Dogras, Jats, Gurkhas, Mahrattas, Rajputs, Brahmuns, also two Burmese battalions. Also Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans. Also Cape boys, Sudanese and Egyptian Regulars, and West Indians, Frenchmen, both *poilus* and Colonials; a small band of Italians; two Jewish battalions, the 38th and 39th Royal Fusiliers; and a regiment of cavalry called the Nixte Cavallerie, "about whose nationality no one seems to know anything," are included. Small wonder the business of "getting back to your regiment" after a stay in hospital was no light task. In Palestine, as in France, Italy, Gallipoli, and wherever the armies went, the same feeling prevails, and the same note is sounded by Captain Lockhart in his well-written recollections as by other soldier-writers: the note of comradeship, and the feeling of good fellowship. The last memories of the war are in that note and feeling.

J. C.

SOME RECENT ESSAYS.*

Without going so far as to say that an influenza-laden atmosphere is favourable to the finest development of the critical faculty, I rather incline, at the present moment, to the opinion that it is by no means a bad one in which to subject the essay form of literature to deliberate consideration. For the essay is essentially a personal thing, revealing its author's individuality and expressing his mood at the time of its writing, even when intended primarily to be more or less didactic; and if the author's mood and individuality are so subtly persuasive as to make a reviewer who is recovering from influenza forget his own individuality and mood—both of them, inevitably, detestable just then—the verdict must be that the essays are pretty good goods. I have just had influenza, and since I recovered sufficiently to sit up and take notice I have been reading the three books named at the foot of this column. If their authors don't like what I say about them, they can discount my remarks on the ground that I could not possibly have been perfectly *compos mentis* while making them. If they do like them, I shall be even more pleased.

Father O'Neill is Professor of English language in University College, Dublin, and in this volume, "Essays on Poetry," he has collected nine papers, five of them definitely didactic on the nature and utterance of poetry, the other four criticisms of, or at least letters introductory to poets so diverse as Aubrey De Vere, William Allingham, Thomas Boyd and Father Gerard Hopkins. The last provides a complement to the present Poet Laureate's edition of Father Hopkins's work that simple justice required should be forthcoming from somewhere. I should keep this volume if only for the sake of the essays on Father Hopkins and on Allingham—this latter an admirable,

* "Palestine Days and Nights." By Captain J. G. Lockhart. 5s. net. (Robert Scott.)

* "Essays on Poetry." By George O'Neill, S.J., M.A. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin). "Springtime and Other Essays." By Sir Francis Darwin, F.R.S. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray). "Serenity: Essays and Reflections, October, 1917-July, 1919." By the Author of "Peace of Mind." 4s. 6d. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

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even delicious piece of work—but its use to the largest number of people probably lies in the five papers on poetry prepared for the students happy enough to sit at the feet of this scholarly and engagingly human professor. They are the best things on the subject that I have read since it was my good fortune to become the possessor of Professor Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's—more concisely Q.'s—first series of lectures on the art of writing.

Of the dozen papers that make up Sir Francis Darwin's volume, the eponymous one, "Springtime," and two other nature papers, "A Procession of Flowers" and "The Traditional Names of English Plants," brought the brightest gleams into my recent grey days. For, like other scientific men of the first rank whom any one could name, Sir Francis is a poet, having the gift of vision as well as that of sight. He is a musician, too. That assertion is made on the strength of the internal evidence contained in his essays, not merely on the strength of his autobiographical confession that, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, he once won an encore for a flute solo at a C.U.M.S. concert, that he afterwards took up the bassoon—a fearsome instrument—and that his chief musical interest to-day is in the recorder. I am thinking rather of his incidental remarks on such things as colour in springtime, and his frequent spontaneous use of the terminology of music.

Here, for example, is a characteristic self-revelation:

"I remember being told by a physician that a celebrated Polish violinist in his old age could not bear the sound of concerted music, but he would weep over a musical score, of which he said, 'These beggars don't play out of tune.' This is also true of the great symphony of colour which the springtime unfolds"—

and then, with the quick, deft touches of the master, he elaborates the figure just, and no more than just, sufficiently.

"To a lover of plants," [he ends a charming essay by saying,] "this commonplace list will, I hope, be what a score is to a musician, and will recall to him some of the charm of the orchestra of living beauty that springtime awakens"

I could expatiate at length on other subjects brought vividly and urgently to my mind by Sir Francis Darwin's book, thereby proving his right to the name of essayist, one distinguishing note of whom is his provocativeness of conversation. But I must pay my tribute to the third human individuality that, or who, has been sitting—figuratively, of course—by my bedside and holding my hand. This is the unnamed author of "Serenity," a companion volume to that "Peace of Mind" which by this time has established itself among the small company of books for which a few readers will always exist, for whom, in turn, an adequate supply of copies will always be forthcoming. That vitality of the meditative essay is one of the most interesting phenomena of literature, and, once more, I am sorry that I must not digress.

Most, if not all, of the essays contained in "Serenity" were written as contemporary comment on events that occurred between October, 1917, and July, 1919, but their journalistic origin increases rather than diminishes their literary value, because it shows, with such dispassionate detachment, how, properly regarded, any ephemeral event is but an imaginary point from which permanent truth can be seen in right perspective. Lest I should be deemed to be accusing him of a professional pulp-teering of which he is entirely innocent, I will illustrate my meaning. In his own talk about essays in this volume the author refers to another essayist who had confessed in his then most recent book that his popularity was waning. The author of "Serenity" does not take the confession as a text and proceed to preach a sermon on the merciful goodness of the great architect of the universe, nor, on the other hand, does he waste sympathy on a writer who still has very much to be thankful for. He merely accepts the statement as true, as indeed politeness requires, and then, speculating about its reason, arrives at the permanent truth illustrated by the passing phenomenon.

"Personality is a very charming, very appealing quality in the essay, but when it comes to personal revelations, reticences

must be maintained. On second thoughts I incline to believe that it is this 'standing for the nude' that has done for the writer in question."

There is the man for my money: with definite views and opinions clearly formulated which you agree with or disagree with as you happen to be made yourself, but which you can't ignore. A stimulating personality, with whom it is an intellectual tonic to hold conversation.

C. M.

LYRA MYSTICA.

Many of us will be more grateful to Mr. Osmond for the beautiful things he has brought together in "The Mystical Poets of the English Church,"* than for his criticism and setting forth of his subject and his matter; which is but to say that one may regard this important book rather as an anthology than an exposition. Mr. Osmond has a considerable amount of knowledge—I confess that, being greedy of poetry all my days, some of his poets were all but unknown to me; and he justifies his inclusions, for there is no poem here one would wish to be away, though one would sometimes desire to add to or alter the selection. The only complaint one has to make is that Mr. Osmond has not come to his task with the detached mind of the true critic. Some of his remarks about Coventry Patmore, which have nothing at all to do with the poet's poetry, are a blemish on the book, for a critic like an historian should be detached and impartial. He should be unaware of matters outside the work to be judged. For example, this about Francis Thompson:

"He is in some respects not a good advertisement for mysticism. . . . The seminarist who, to his intense disappointment, was rejected as a candidate for the priesthood . . . on the ground apparently of invincible indolence—the medical student who from his access to drugs gained nothing better than a slavery to laudanum: the errand boy of adult age, incapable from sheer fecklessness of keeping the situation which was alone between him and degrading poverty—this was one for whom the mystic mood was an indulgence not altogether unlike that of drug-taking"

One is obliged to say, "Fudge, Mr. Osmond!" which is ungrateful considering the entertainment he has given us.

And this passage on Crashaw might well give Mr. Osmond's enemy, if he has one, occasion to rejoice:

"The poetry of Crashaw is peculiarly open to adverse criticism: the 'utterness' of his sentiment, the intensity of his emotion; the cheap glitter of his diction, at times almost provoke the reader to flippant comment"

These passages are unfortunate, but usually Mr. Osmond is much more in sympathy with his poets. Perhaps he might have omitted Crashaw, Patmore and Francis Thompson, the inclusion of them breaks his hard and fast line, and makes exclusions—of Mrs. Meynell, of A. E., of Father Gerard Hopkins, to name but three, a matter of wonder.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A GEORGIAN—AND SOME OTHERS.†

Mr. Francis Brett Young is among the new contributors to the latest volume of "Georgian Poetry." The moment of his appearance under the Georgian banner is not, perhaps, an altogether fortunate one for himself; for it occurs just at the time when the inevitable reaction against the Georgians is gaining force. The Georgian movement began as a genuine protest against superficiality and insincerity. Against the fluent rhapsody and rhetoric of much preceding and contemporary verse it set an admirable

* "The Mystical Poets of the English Church." By Percy H. Osmond. 15s. 6d. net. (S.P.C.K.)

† "Poems: 1916-1918." By Francis Brett Young. 5s. net. (Collins.)—"The Happy Tree and Other Poems." By Gerald Gould. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)—"The Survivors and Other Poems." By Geoffrey F. Fyson. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)—"The Pedlar and Other Poems." By Ruth Manning-Sanders. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"The Yellow Rock and Other Poems." By Harold Child. 2s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

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standard of honesty, in that its original inspirers resolved to confine their poetry to a restrained treatment of such themes, and such themes only, as did genuinely move them—and chief among these was a mild and genteel appreciation of Nature, seen objectively for the most part, and not in the spirit of interpretation, as Wordsworth saw it. The movement went wrong, however, when it cast out humility and allowed intolerance to infect it—when it remained no longer content to be a minor, though still important, movement, but claimed, through the powerful literary organs controlled by certain of its own members, to be *the* movement. Making that claim, it at once attracted to itself a superficiality and an insincerity of its own. There are some poets—as there are some politicians and men in every other walk of life—who are not strong enough to go their own way, if it threatens to be a lonely way. They must at all costs be in the “movement”; and the last volume of “Georgian Poetry” presented the not very edifying spectacle of a few genuine poets, conforming naturally to the same standards, surrounded by a band of fawning imitators and sycophants; and so quickly does reaction often work that, before long, to call a poet a “Georgian” may well be equivalent to giving him a bad name, and hanging him.

That is why we say that the moment of Mr. Brett Young's enrolment in the Georgian camp may not prove to be a happy one. This is a world in which the innocent suffer with the guilty, and it would be unfortunate if Mr. Young's work should come to share the ill-favour with which the Georgians are already being widely viewed. For Mr. Young's verse is quite spontaneously and sincerely cast in the Georgian mould. He would have been what we now mean by “Georgian” if there had never been a Georgian movement. His voice, in a word, is his own, and not, like that of so many other Georgians, a pale echo of some one else's. To say that he is a true Georgian is, of course, to say that his verse has certain limitations. He himself confesses, in one poem, that his themes are “slender,” and it is not for us to contradict him. But, granted the inevitable limitations of the Georgian temperament, his poetry is rich in its own beauty and music. The following verses, taken from the middle of a poem called “An Old House,” are fairly typical of the spirit and tenor of his work:

- “No one lives in the old house—year by year
The plaster crumbles on the lonely walls.
The apple falls in the lush grass; the pear,
Pulpy with ripeness, on the pathway falls
- “Yet this garden was, where, on spring nights
Under the cherry blossom, lovers plighted
Have wondered at the moony billows white,
Dreaming uncountable springs by love delighted;
- “Whose ears have heard the blackbird's jolly whistle,
The shadowy cries of bats in twilight flitting
Zigzag beneath the eaves, or, on the thistle,
The twitter of autumn birds swinging and sitting,
- “Whose eyes, on winter evenings, slow returning
Saw on the frosted paths pale lamplight fall—
Streaming, or, on the hearth, red embers burning
And shadows of children playing in the hall.”

Mr. Gerald Gould has never been included in any volume of “Georgian Poetry,” and that fact is in itself evidence enough of the limited outlook of the Georgians. For Mr. Gould is undoubtedly a poet of very fine calibre. His verse finds inspiration in big themes—in the complex psychology of Love, and in the aspirations and sufferings of common humanity; and he approaches these themes in a spirit of reverence and with a moral passion rare among modern singers. If his work does not abound in colour and in varied music, it is rich in thought and in cadences that move with stately dignity and grace. Here is “Another Husband to His Wife”:

- “Was this a fear, that in our mingled breath
Shook for a pulse's beat, or seemed to shake?
A pause between two doubts, that sleep and wake:
Between two certainties, of life and death?”

Was it a cloud on love's clear glass—a wraith
Unhappy, of forgetting and mistake?
Ah, no! this shadow was for beauty's sake,
And, if a doubt, a doubt that flowers in faith.

“Behold the restless heart of love!—the strong
Made weak by morning star or evening bell;
White light so full of colours, and the spell
Of time, that works eternity no wrong!—
Only the silence understands the song.
And only song the silence. All is well.”

● The other three volumes before us are by lesser-known or new writers. Mr. Geoffrey Fyson's verse breathes the true feeling of one who has suffered much during the war, and his work promises well for the future if he can learn to restrain his tendency to a too eager fluency. Miss Manning-Sanders writes very pretty songs of Nature, and clothes homely philosophy and moralisings in graceful measures; while in Mr. Harold Child's pages, love of Nature and love of Love are blended in pleasant union. Does this praise seem very qualified and a little patronising? Well, it is not intentionally so. We cannot, indeed, be too grateful for the many writers of verse who continue to sing, with small hope of recognition, because they love singing for its own sake. They may be but privates in the ranks of Poetry. But, though the Generals may have the genius and win the applause, it is, after all, the privates who hold the line.

GILBERT THOMAS.

Novel Notes.

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Most fiction is about adventures in love and finishes with marriage as if then both parties were safely in harbour and all their adventures were over. In fact, we know it to be otherwise, and that marriage is either the happiest or darkest and most fatal adventure of a lifetime, which may end in the adventurers finding the treasure island, or in their being wrecked on stormy seas and drifting apart, or being rescued after dire vicissitudes, or catching forlornly to all manner of straws till they go down in despair. Mr. Ward Muir has written many stories of romance and fantasy and humour; there is humour and romance in his newest book, but he writes here as a realist, and, life being what it is, his tales do not always end happily even when, as in the poignant sketch of “The Man Who Laughed,” the love on both sides remains unbroken to the last. There is a touch of cynicism in “Motives,” but that resolve of the humdrum city clerk to save his vanity at the expense of his reputation is devastatingly true to human nature. There is tragedy in “Behind the Windows,” and a queer, bizarre, pathetic comedy in “The Unlawful Friendship,” with a hint that will not meet with general acceptance of what is needed for the perfect marriage. “Poverty” is bitter, and though it ends with a reunion you feel that it might have been wiser if the man, suddenly successful after long failure, had let the woman go instead of overtaking her just in time to stop her with his good news. Perhaps “The Risk of Love” is the happiest story in the series, and the saddest, “Sunrise”—or it would be the saddest if it were not touched with a strange, imaginative beauty that lifts it above sorrow. This is emphatically a book to read; it handles those problems that none can marry without having to solve one way or another, and it handles them understandingly, interestingly, and with a sure and delicate art in the telling.

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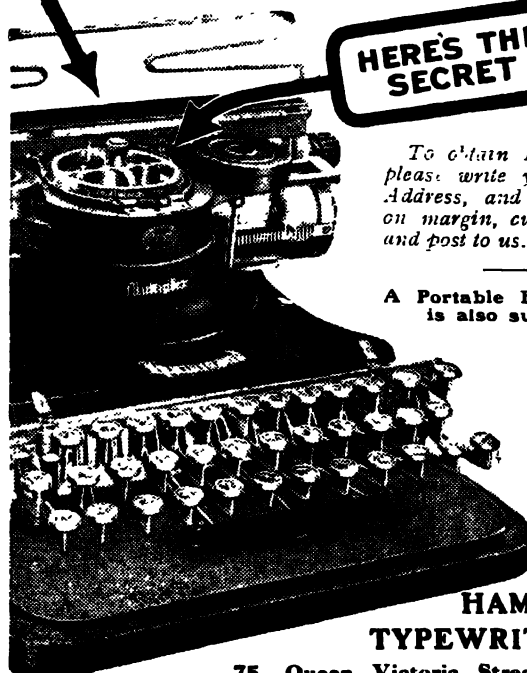
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▲preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE BOOKMAN

250 GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITION.

The increasing cost of book-production is, in these days, raising very serious difficulties for the author as well as for the publisher—especially for the author who is unknown. Articles and letters have recently appeared in the newspapers reiterating that it is becoming almost impossible for the beginner to get any chance at all, for, until the enterprise is less costly and speculative, most publishers prefer to limit their lists to the works of novelists of established reputation, and are unwilling to take the risk of publishing a first novel.

It has always been part of THE BOOKMAN'S programme to look out for new talent and encourage young authors of promise and, in the adverse circumstances that face them at present, we have decided to offer

A Prize of 250 Guineas for the best First Novel.

For the purposes of this Competition a "first" novel

is defined as one by a writer who has never before had a work of fiction (other than a volume of short stories) published in book form.

Full particulars of the Competition will be sent on application, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to

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Johnson lives more in Boswell's Life of him than in his own works, and if it would be going too far to say that Spencer may some day be better known to the world at large by "Home Life with Herbert Spencer" (2s. 6d. net, Arrowsmith) than by what he has written himself, it can safely be said that the "Home Life" is and will be read with entire enjoyment alike by students of Spencer and by that greater number who never open his books, and would not find pleasure in reading them if they did. First published in 1906, it is now in its third edition, and is, or ought to be, too well known to need any detailed description. It was written by two ladies who shared house with him during eight of the later years of his life, and the story of those eight years is told with a wealth of anecdote, a Boswellian faithfulness to large and little facts, whether they show the great man as attractive, kindly, gracious, or perverse, stupid, unpleasant,

or outrageously ridiculous, that make excellent reading, and render a portrait of the elderly philosopher that is as irresistibly amusing as it is minutely truthful. If they had not been hero worshippers, blessed with a sense of humour and growing to have a real regard for him, his house-mates must have found him, with all his fads and eccentricities, an intolerable nuisance. As it was, they accommodated themselves to his sometimes irritating peculiarities, put up with his interferences in their domestic arrangements and his many small tyrannies because, having known him "in his health and sickness, in his serious and his frivolous moments," they could appreciate "the depth and the width of the great, kindly nature that lay beneath that remarkable exterior," and understood him well enough to be able to laugh at his absurdities without losing any of their respect for the man himself. It is the most human and the most entertaining book ever written about Spencer, and more indispensable to a knowledge of his personality than his own books are to a knowledge of his philosophy.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne,

whose new romance of piracy, "Admiral Teach," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.

"The Letters of Henry James," edited by Percy Lubbock, are to be published by Messrs. Macmillan on the 8th April.

"Sapper's" new novel, "Bulldog Drummond," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish this summer, is the story of a demobilised officer who, wanting excitement, advertised in the paper for some and, as a result, made the acquaintance of a very charming girl, and became involved with a gang of international criminals.

Among the interesting and important books that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in preparation are a new volume of essays by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, P.C., M.P.; "The Peace Conference," a full and authoritative account, written by experts, historians and others acquainted at first hand with the practical working of the Conference; "The

Kaiser's Letters to the Czar, 1894-1914"; "Bismarck's Memoirs," a book that makes some sensational revelations; and "The Story of Nurse Cavell," by Professor Ambrose Got, drawn entirely from German official documents and supplying irrefutable evidence against the German military authorities.

A new romance by C. E. Lawrence, "The God in the Thicket," will be published shortly by Messrs. Dent; who have also in the press "Littleman's Book of Courtesy," by H. Caldwell Cook—a book of manners expounded in quaint rhymed verse, with illustrations by C. E. Brock.

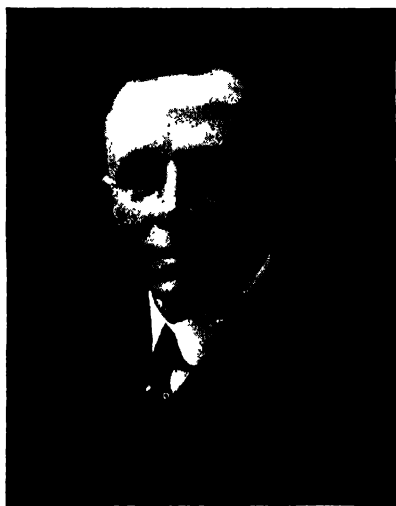
"My Years of Exile," by Edward Bernstein, the well-known German Socialist, translated by Bernard Miall, is announced by Messrs. Leonard Parsons & Co. During his long residence in London, Herr Bernstein became intimate with many of the leading personalities of the time; these figure in his pages which throw vivid sidelights on the development of the Socialistic movement in England, Germany and Europe in general.

The Edith Cavell edition of "The Imitation of Christ," which the Oxford Press has included in its World's Classics series, is a reproduction of the copy which belonged to Edith Cavell. She had it with her in the prison of St. Gilles in Brussels, and the marks and notes she made against several passages are reproduced in facsimile, one of them being dated the day before her execution. In a beautifully sympathetic introduction the Dean of Westminster tells the story of her martyrdom, and explains how her copy of this book came at length to the hands of the cousin to whom she wished it to be sent, and why it is now allowed to be published in facsimile.

"Serenus, and Other Stories of the Past and Present," by Jules Lemaitre, translated by A. W.

Evans, will be published shortly by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount.

"The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories," which the Educational Book Company is issuing in twenty volumes, claims to include the thousand best complete tales of all times and all countries. It is edited by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, who has given several years of hard work to this enormous undertaking, and in making the selection has had the advice of an international board of eminent critics, including Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Mr. George Saintsbury, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Clement Shorter, Sir Frederick Wedmore, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Mr. Carl Van Doren and Mr. Brander Matthews.



Mr. Frank Butterworth
("Peter Blundell").

the successful competitor in Mr. Werner Laurie's Humorous Novel Competition. A large edition of his prize novel, "Mr. Podd of Borneo," is in preparation.

The first volume contains the greatest short stories in the literature of the ancient world, and the last contains the finest work in this art by living writers of all countries. The books are illustrated with two hundred plates.

Mr. S. P. B. Mais, whose two new books, "Lionel," a novel, and "Books and their Writers" (both published by Mr. Grant Richards), are reviewed in this Number, is Professor of English at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, and Examiner in English to the University of London; to the Civil Service Commissioners and for the Scottish Education Board. He took a Double Blue at Oxford and Honours in Mathematics and English Language and Literature. For ten years Mr. Mais has been a teacher in three of our great public schools, and, though he is still among the young men, he has written articles and reviews for a large number of periodicals, and has published several novels and some admirable books in education and general literature. He has a new novel ready for the autumn, and another book, "Why We Should Read —," a collection of eleven essays on authors of the present and eleven on authors of the past.

A collection of humorous and satirical sketches by Gerald Gould, with illustrations by Will Dyson, will

be published shortly, under the title of "Lady Adela," by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

Messrs. Nelson are publishing the official history of the South African Forces in France, by Lieut. Colonel John Buchan. The book was written at the request of

the Union Government, which has placed all the official papers at Colonel Buchan's disposal.

A novel by Lady Dorothy Mills, "The Laughter of Fools," which Messrs. Duckworth announce, pictures the life of London during the latter half of the war, when certain sets of well-to-do people found distraction from war depression in feverish and extravagant forms of amusement.



Mr. Eric Leadbitter,

whose very successful new novel, "Shepherd's Warning" (Allen & Unwin), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

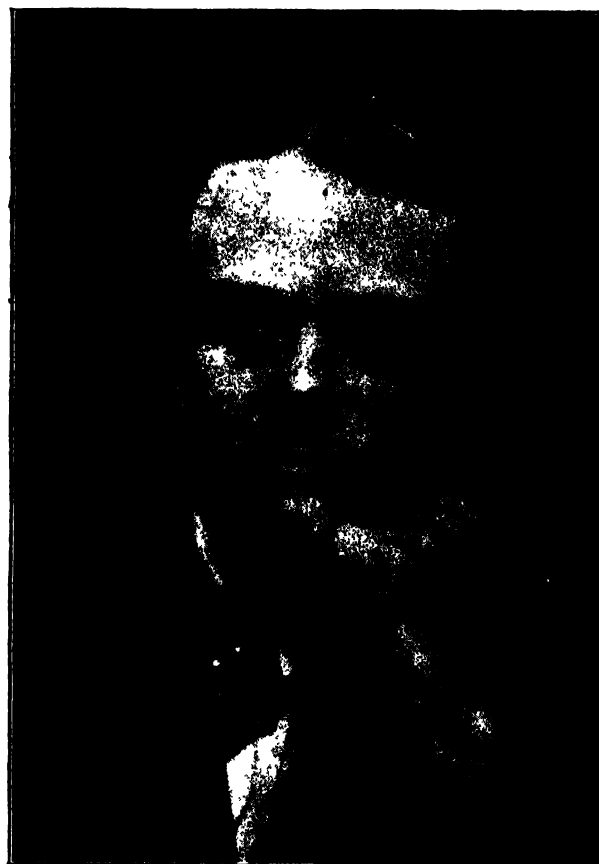


Photo by
Lissie Caswell Smith.

Mr. J. A. Hammerton.



Photo by Russell.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas.

whose volume of collected verse, "Poems 1870-1910," the Swarthmore Press is publishing

Mr. C. E. Jacomb, although still in the early thirties, is a man who has seen life in many countries, and has had a distinctly varied career. Born in



Photo by John Emberson.

"Red Band,"

whose book of poignantly personal poems, "A Prisoner in Pentonville" (Elkin Mathews), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN. An American edition is about to be published by Messrs. Putnams.

Godalming, Surrey, the son of an Indian judge, his early years were spent largely in travelling through Europe, America and Canada. Educated at Harrow he passed the Army (Woolwich) entrance examination at the age of sixteen, but his health breaking down, he was forced to give up all idea of an army career, and instead was sent as a midshipman on a sailing ship to Australia. Colonial life appealing to his sense of adventure, he returned there two years later and took up fruit farming in Mildura, Victoria. He continued at this for six years, and profited by his many opportunities for visiting the different Australian states and gaining much knowledge of Australia. Desiring a change he went farther afield, this time to the New Hebrides, South Sea Islands, where he remained until the outbreak of war when he returned home like the majority of other overseas Englishmen. Mr. Jacomb has thus, in the course of his wanderings, gained a quite out-of-the-way knowledge of

**Mr. Sivorì Levey.**

"Virginel," "The Two Knights," and "Ruby Vine" (Fountain Publishing Co.), are reviewed in this Number

Empire questions, and is able to take a wider and more detailed view of English political and reconstruction problems than seems to be possible to most party politicians. Above all, Mr. Jacomb is a champion of the "underdog," and has great sympathy with Labour aspirations, through which, if properly handled, he hopes for the regeneration of England. He has written his war experiences and what he has learned from them in a remarkable book, "Torment" (Andrew Melrose), which we review in this Number.

"Cinnamon and Angelica," a fairy tragedy by J. Middleton Murry, will be published shortly by Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson.

"The Mills of the Gods," a new book of short stories by Elizabeth Robins, will be published shortly by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

As we go to press, we learn with much regret of the death of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and shall hope to deal adequately in our next number with the life and work of one of the most popular novelists of our time.

THE READER.

HERBERT SPENCER.

(APRIL, 1820—DECEMBER, 1903.)

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., LL.D.

AS the years pass it becomes possible to think of Herbert Spencer more dispassionately. He was a pioneer of evolutionism, and now we are all evolutionists; the smoke and the heat of controversy have been dissipated, and there is clear cool air. He was a pioneer of sociology in days when even the word raised a sneer, and now we are all sociologists whether we have read our "Spencer" or not. He was a pioneer of agnosticism, and if we are not all agnostics we have at any rate learned some humility and toleration in regard to problems "that thoughts do but tenderly touch." Herbert Spencer, we mean to say, is no longer the red rag he used to be, and while this implies in part that we are too apt in these years of grace to be "but half-believers in our casual creeds," it also implies that we have learned some of the lessons that Spencer lived to teach. We can think dispassionately of the great Dissenter whom Professor Henry Sidgwick once spoke of as "our most eminent living philosopher," and in the same sentence described as "an impressive survival of the drift of thought in the first half of the nineteenth century." We can think without any vexation of the thinker whom some have likened to a second Aristotle, whom others have thrown aside as not a philosopher at all. We can think detachedly of one of the most scientific minds that ever lived, "whose excess of science was almost unscientific."

Of the man himself as the years pass we remember more of the greatness and less of the littleness. He was vain, he thought too much about himself, he had no sense of humour, but, if we dare say so without impertinence, he was a giant, of massive intelligence and wide horizons, who did much to broaden the thoughts of mankind. The story of his life commands our admiration for its faith, its courage and its loyalty to an ideal—the ideal of a Synthetic Philosophy. It is a story of plain living and high thinking, of devotion to a noble ambition. Spencer was a quiet servant of science, disliking controversy, sensationalism and noise, vexed by an extremely nervous temperament, and yet as resolute as a Hebrew prophet in delivering his

message. Indifferent to conventional honours, careless about "getting on," contemptuous of popularity, he was entirely devoted to the pursuit of truth and absolutely fearless in championing any cause that

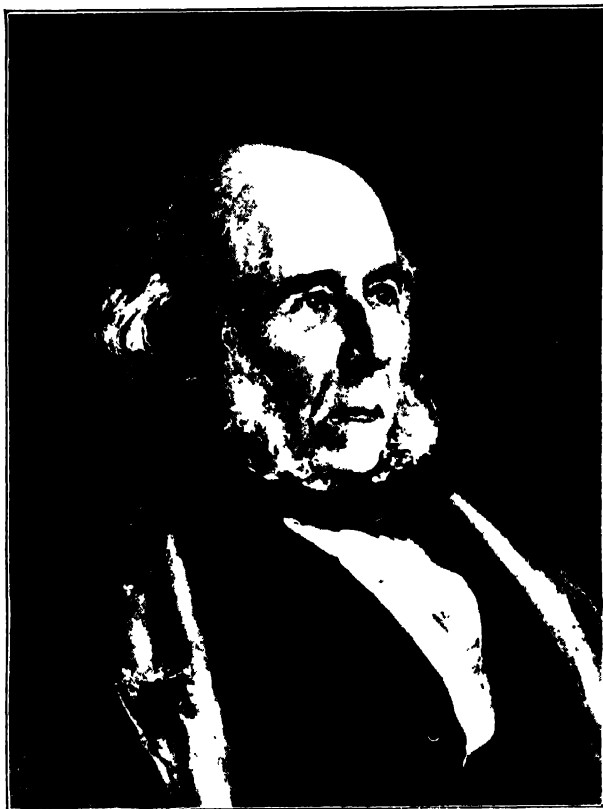
seemed to him righteous.

There was a touch of fatalism in his persuasion that he had a message from the Unknown which he must give to his generation. There was more than a touch of Non-conformity in his continual militancy, never laying his weapons aside, never thinking of compromise, always up against something—whether theology or metaphysics, monarchy or molly-coddling legislation, the classical discipline of the schools or the socialism of the market-place, war or Weismannism. And he was a braw fighter almost always—almost always, we say, for he was sometimes too keen, as when he said that "Either there has been inheritance of acquired characters, or there has been no evolution."

In scientific discussion over matters of fact there ought

never to be any reference to the *consequences* of a conclusion.

Spencer's life was even more uneventful than Darwin's, for there was no *Beagle* voyage. Its quietness reminds one of Kant's. But there are a few facts which it is useful to recall. Nonconformity was in Spencer's blood and bone of his bone; the traditions of the family were all in the direction of the higher values (beauty excepted); he had for practical purposes no brothers or sisters; much of his childhood was spent with considerable freedom in the country; the atmosphere of the home was intellectually stimulating but emotionally repressive; the school period was marked by little linguistic but much scientific discipline, yet with sufficient liberty to allow of an unusual amount of independent boyish thinking. For about ten years (1837-1846) Spencer was engaged in varied practical work—engineering, surveying, plan-making and superintendence, which doubtless exercised an influence on his future thinking, much stronger than he himself suspected. After an unattached couple of years, during which he continued his self-education, experimented, invented and meditated, there began a period of miscellaneous literary work, of



Herbert Spencer.

the pa

Herkomer.

journalism and essay-writing, during which he wrote his "Principles of Psychology" and felt his way to his System (1848-1860). At the age of forty he settled down to something like unity of occupation—developing and writing the Synthetic Philosophy (1860-1882). Finally, during a prolonged period of pronounced invalidism, he withdrew almost completely from social life, husbanding his energies for the completion of his System, the revision of his works, and his Autobiography (1882-1903).

Spencer's salient characteristics, what he called his "traits," were carefully analysed by himself. There was the scientific flair, "an unusual capacity for the intuition of cause"; there was "the synthetic tendency," the power of generalising or of working out unifying formulæ; and so on. It seems probable that his mental processes were many times more intense and also more extensive than those of ordinary intellectual combatants. As Sir Francis Galton put it, Spencer's composite mental photographs were many times multiple of those of ordinary mortals. A composite mental photograph from a small number of intellectual negatives yields a blurred outline—a woolly idea, with ragged edges and loose ends—but a composite mental photograph from a very large number of impressions yielded, in Spencer's case, a generalisation which was crisp and well-defined.

Spencer has told us of the defects of his qualities, and some of his frank self-analysis seems to correspond with fact. Thus his habitual disregard of authority often led him to take the opposite side without doing justice to what he sought to controvert. A shrewd naturalist has said that in tackling an unsolved problem there are only two commendable methods—one to read everything that has been written on the subject, the other to read nothing. It was the second method that Spencer followed. Except for his own works he did not set great store on the invention of printing. At any rate his own thought was always far more to him than anything he ever read. But there is little profit in noting the limitations of one so great. He belonged to the kingdom of genius, and if his emotional nature had been developed on the same grand lines as his intellect, he would have set the world aflame.

Our limits do not allow any adequate summing up of the great achievements of Herbert Spencer's life, but we would lay emphasis on three: (1) He was one of the advance guard in the Evolution campaign. He championed, almost alone at first, an idea that has now become organic in all our thinking. In his first important book (1850), "Social Statics, or the Conditions essential to Human Happiness specified, and the first of them developed," there are two or three sentences which indicate a definite step towards a general doctrine of Evolution. As far back as 1852 he published in the *Leader* an article on the "Development Hypothesis," which contained a forcible statement of what are often called "the evidences of evolution"; and in his essay on the "Nebular Hypothesis" in the *Westminster Review* of July, 1858, before the famous couple of papers by Darwin and Wallace, he clearly stated the general idea of evolution as a modal formula applicable to the world as a whole. He was an out-and-out evolutionist before the publication of the "Origin of Species"

(1859), and must be ranked in the long list of pioneers who link Charles Darwin to the Greeks. He had been greatly influenced by Von Baer's views on individual development, and probably by Goethe's, but on the whole he came to the theory of organic evolution from above rather than from below, from his studies in the intellectual and social history of mankind rather than from a deep acquaintance with biological data.

(2) Having formulated the Evolution idea, Spencer proceeded to try to bring it into rational relation with the great physical generalisations of the conservation and transformation of energy. The thinker who had collected flowers and insects as a boy, to whom the progress of humanity had become the supreme problem, had also been for many years an engineer, familiar with the conclusions that Joule, Helmholtz and others had established in regard to "the persistence of force," or the conservation of energy. In the philosophical system which was taking shape in his mind, the evolution-formula, reached inductively, could not find a secure place until it was shown to be (to Spencer's own satisfaction at least) rationally deducible from the concept of the persistence of force. The outcome was the familiar definition:

"Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

(3) Having established the evolution-idea as a keystone of his system, deductively as well as inductively secure, Spencer proceeded, as every one knows, to apply the formula to every order of facts, from nebulae to religions, from the reflex actions of animals to the social institutions of mankind, and to show that it worked. In his essay on "Progress: Its Law and Cause," he gives in simple language the gist of his Synthetic Philosophy:

"The advance from the simple to the complex, through a process of successive differentiations (i.e. the appearance of differences in the parts of a seemingly like substance) is seen alike in the earliest changes of the Universe to which we can reason our way back, and in the earlier changes which we can inductively establish; it is seen in the geologic and climatic evolution of the Earth, and of every single organism on its surface; it is seen in the evolution of Humanity, whether contemplated in the civilised individual or in the aggregation of races; it is seen in the evolution of Society in respect alike of its political, its religious, and its economical organisation; and it is seen in the evolution of all those endless concrete and abstract products of human activity which constitute the environment of our daily life. From the remotest past which Science can fathom, up to the novelties of yesterday, that in which Progress essentially consists, is the transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous."

To the question, What was Herbert Spencer's most enduring service, we should answer—his conception of the correlation of the sciences, or, as he would have said, the Unity of Science. "In an age of specialism he held aloft the banner of completely unified knowledge"; in an age of analysis he worked out a synthesis. The particular form of that synthesis must pass; it has already to some extent passed, yet only in the sense that the truth that was in it has been absorbed in the ever-growing, ever-metamorphosing, organism of thought, whence other syntheses emerge to serve a similar noble

function and to share a similar fate. From Spencer and from Comte we have learned the unforgettable lesson, that the science of the Realm of Organisms (biology in the widest sense), autonomous though it may be, rests upon the science of the Domain of Things (chemistry and physics), and forms a foundation for that science of the Kingdom of Man which we call sociology. The idea of a hierarchy of descriptive sciences, aiming at the shortest, simplest, completest, and most consistent formulation of the routine of happenings, and the idea of their correlation, for each by itself is abstract and partial, have left a deep mark on the developing thought of mankind.

"The idea of knowledge as a whole," says Professor Pringle-Pattison, "worked out on purely natural (though not, therefore, naturalistic) principles—a whole in which all the facts of human experience should be included—was a great idea with which to familiarise the minds of his contemporaries. It is the living germ of philosophy itself."

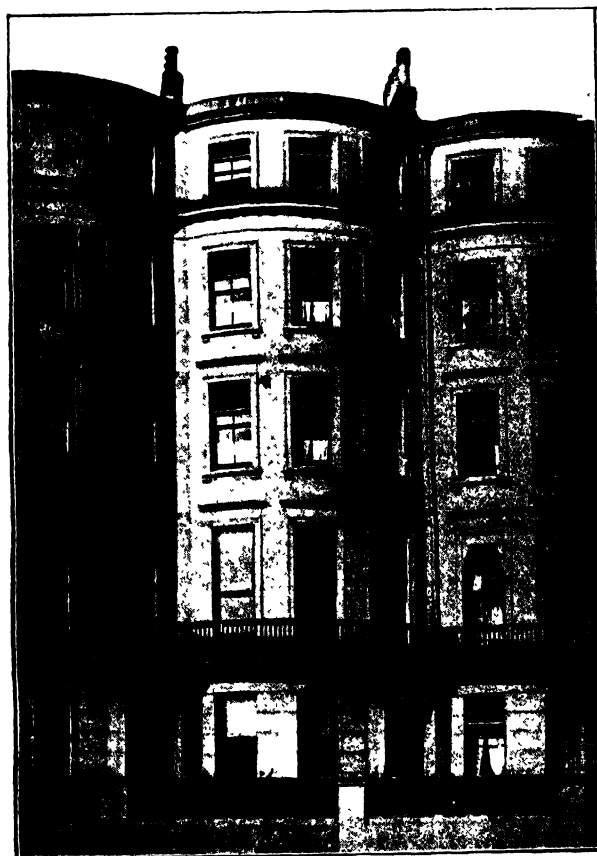
Similarly another even more unsparing critic of Spencer's philosophy, Principal Iverach, writes:

"It is a great thing to be constrained to recognise that a system is possible which may bring all human thought into unity, that there may be a formula which may express the law of change in all spheres where change happens, and that the universe as a whole and in all its parts forms one system. Suppose that the particular formula of Mr. Spencer is inadequate, is a failure, yet is it not something worthy of recognition, that a man has lived who gave his life to the elaboration of this thought, and has so far succeeded as to make men think that such a consummation is possible and desirable? He has widened the thoughts of men, has enabled them to think in larger terms, and has done something to enable men to overcome a mere provincialism of thought. In an age of specialism he endeavoured to be universal. And such an endeavour is worthy of the highest admiration."

With these stalwart philosophers behind us, we feel confident in saying that Herbert Spencer's greatest service was in focusing the idea and the ideal of a correlation of the sciences. Every intellectual combatant who ventures nowadays on the jousting-ground of the philosophy of science has this idea of the correlation of the sciences in the background of his mind; we wonder how many are aware of their indebtedness to Spencer for this mental furniture which is almost unconsciously acquired in the course of education? But if we are to make the Spencerian inheritance our own—and this of course applies to all who seek after truth, whatever be their assured, transcendental convictions (theological, philosophical, poetic, or otherwise), we must have the idea of correlation not in the background, but in the foreground of our minds. And here there is room for intellectual experiment of a fascinating sort. We study an occurrence in our experience; following Herbert Spencer's organon, we study it chemically, physically, biologically, psychologically, and sociologically if all these "aspects" are relevant. If we do this—and we usually don't—we do well. We are Spencerians of the letter. If we do more than this, and inquire into the exhaustiveness of Spencer's "aspects"; if we discover other interrelations on the complex chess-board, other facets of the crystals we use in our gazing, other relations of things which require a subtler organon than Spencer's, then we are Spencerians of the spirit.

Perhaps there is another debt that we owe to Spencer, which is suggested in his epigram: "Science is for life, not life for science." He, like Comte, was a pioneer on the distinctively modern path: *Savoir pour prévoir, Prévoir pour pourvoir*. He had clearly before him the idea of basing action on established and verified knowledge, of utilising science not merely in such applications as agriculture, medicine and navigation, but in the whole art of life. Science was to him much more than a discipline, much more than a body of knowledge which enlightens; it meant a knowledge of a given field of occurrences such that not only prediction but control becomes increasingly possible. Was there ever a scientific and philosophical thinker who had more constantly in view "the relief of man's estate"?

One is sometimes asked how much of the Spencerian system remains, but the question is misleading. During his lifetime Spencer exerted an influence wider and stronger than that of any philosopher of modern times, and much of that influence endures in the minds of men, commingling with their thoughts even when they know it not. But there have been changes which have not strengthened Spencer's system. (1) Much of his biology and psychology was based on a very insecure Lamarckian evolutionism, which held to the transmissibility of individually acquired modifications. Without dogmatising in regard to the part that individual experience may play in racial evolution, we cannot suppress the fact that the case for belief in the transmission of individually acquired modifications, as such or in any representative degree, remains very weak indeed. (2) Spencer's scientific system was mechanical, and although he was not a materialist in the technical sense, he thought of a unity rather than of a correlation of the sciences. In other words, while he did great



**5, Percival Terrace,
Brighton.**

The house in which Herbert Spencer died.

work in clarifying the biological categories, he would not have agreed with those thinkers of to-day who maintain the autonomy of, let us say, biology and psychology, who are convinced that the adequate description of Animate Nature requires other categories than those which work so well in the domain of things, and also in regard to what may be called the "inanimate aspects" of vital processes. (3) Along a path which the loyal Spencerian will not follow, there are many, nowadays, who seek an all-round or synoptic view of Nature and Man, wider than can be gained by scientific methods alone. The synthesis they seek is one which includes all the facts of human experience, which uses

in its construction data other than those which can be reached by the necessarily abstract and partial methods of scientific analysis. We are not so sure as Spencer was, that science is the only right-of-way path towards an appreciation of reality.

And yet, was he sure? For we must close our grateful tribute by recalling his obeisance to "the insoluble mystery," his humility in presence of the inscrutable, his reverence for Nature, deeper than many more obviously religious minds exhibit. "At the utmost extent of his tether," to use Locke's words, "he sat down in quiet ignorance of those things which he found to be beyond the reach of his comprehension."

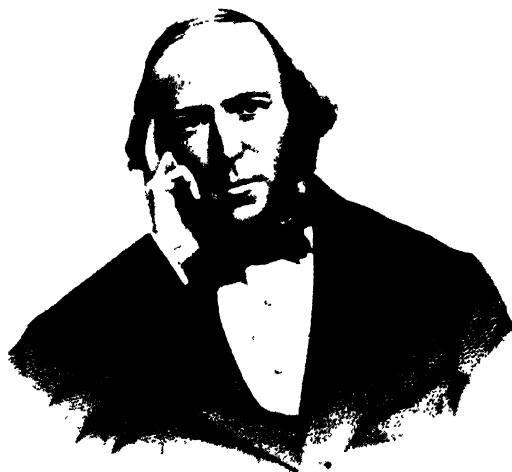
HERBERT SPENCER: AN APPRECIATION.

BY JAMES OLIPHANT.

THOSE of us who forty or fifty years ago watched with eager interest the building up of Herbert Spencer's System of Synthetic Philosophy, and were inclined in the enthusiasm of youth to enrol ourselves as his whole-hearted disciples, can at this distance of time consider his achievement with greater calmness, and if we find that our appreciation must now be qualified in certain respects, we may at least feel that it can rest on a surer foundation. One of these qualifications concerns the originality of Spencer's contribution to the history of thought. He himself gives little help in the task of relating his gospel to the work of his predecessors, preferring in his scant references to them to dwell on the points of difference rather than on the points of agreement. It is now clear that what seemed the most striking and characteristic feature of the new instrument—the doctrine that the phenomena of human life, including all social relations, are subject to law—was the discovery not of Spencer but of Auguste Comte, in so far as any one man can be credited with the discovery of a philosophical generalisation. Another reservation concerns the consistency with which Spencer applies his principles throughout his System. In this matter there may well have been misgivings from the first. There must be many who have always felt that the exposition of the Knowable, as conceived by the author, was weakened rather than strengthened by his theory of the Unknowable, which was meant to support it. Any attempt to deal with the Unknowable seems a departure from the positive platform which Spencer avowedly adopted, and his solution of the so-called "ultimate" problems of thought has lessened his authority, alike with those

who accept his scientific doctrines and with those who question their value. His quasi-theistic standpoint cannot satisfy those who should have been his most fervent followers, for they must regard the philosophy of the Unknowable as a mere excursion into the barren ground of metaphysics, a failure to carry out the analysis of the devices of language which have been so widely assumed to represent outward realities. Nor can the author's shadowy and negative conclusions as to the Unknowable bring any comfort to those who seek the basis of religion in some active principle, whether supernatural or not, which directly affects the life and destiny of man.

But if the highest originality and complete consistency cannot be claimed for Herbert Spencer, there remains an ample area within which his influence has been powerful and unique and is likely to be permanent. He was the first to formulate with fullness and precision the process of evolution, and to demonstrate its applicability to all the ascertainable facts of the universe, including psychological experiences and social institutions. The formula may not be final and the scope of its application may be found wider than was imagined, but these limitations scarcely detract from the grandeur of the achievement. It was indeed a sublime conception to bind together all the strands in the realm of scientific investigation by a single unifying principle which, in great measure at least, should explain their genesis and development. It is hard to know whether to admire most the splendid courage with which the enterprise was begun, or the untiring persistence with which, amid serious difficulties and discouragements, it was brought to a



Herbert Spencer in 1872.



*From a painting by John Bagnold Burgess, 1877.
In the National Portrait Gallery, London.*

Herbert Spencer.

triumphant conclusion. The world can show no more striking example of the union of the power and the will to perform a gigantic task. No one else had the necessary mental equipment—the breadth of outlook, the encyclopædic knowledge, the range of interest, the penetration into the essence of things, the skill in disentangling and arranging facts, the magnificent sweep of all available material into a well-rounded structure. Such intellectual eminence offers little example to lesser men, but Spencer has taught us all, in some degree at least, to apply his instrument in seeking to bring order out of chaos and to regard every item of experience as a probable part of a larger whole.

It would be misleading to speak of the "teaching" of Herbert Spencer as if he had professed a mission to reform the world; his was the rôle of a thinker proclaiming the truth as he saw it, rather than that of a

preacher laying down definite rules for the conduct of life. Yet he accepted the responsibility of helping to form public opinion in regard to the general trend of political and social activity. He enriched our store of educational doctrine by insistence on many wise precepts. He exposed the dangers of collectivist tendencies in the organisation of industry, maintaining an uncompromising attitude which would no doubt have been modified under the stress of more recent developments. His most effective influence, however, on the practical side lies in the example he has given of the devotion of a life of unremitting toil to the fulfilment of lofty aims, and of constancy to a great intellectual ideal. Apart from this his most precious gift to his followers is the light he has thrown on the origin and growth of social institutions and ethical ideas. In this sphere he built on well-chosen foundations and the superstructure he reared is as solid as it is imposing.

A. H. BULLEN.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE death of Arthur Henry Bullen removes a unique personality, one which was a glory to English literature. I can think of no one just like him. His scholarship was so much a thing that existed for its own delight. One could not say of him that he was shy, or modest: he was too little conscious for that: I believe that if the world had been empty of people to share with him the fruits of his passionate scholarship he would have gone on gathering just the same. There never was anyone so absorbed in his admirations. I am sure that he could have written poetry like, at least, a lesser Elizabethan. I do not think he ever tried. He was too happy with his gathering. He was born out of his due time, for he was a strayed Elizabethan: the Mermaid Tavern should have known him: he might have sat down by Ben Jonson and asked nothing better in heaven or on earth. He had a wild head of fair hair, and a long, loosely-built figure. You would have looked at him in the street and known him to be of the true Kingdom of Bohemia. He had a careless, fine way of talking. For all that he was ardently and passionately concerned with poetry as the greatest thing in the world, he was first of all a Man. The irony of fate made him a publisher in the early nineties. Nothing could make him a business man and when he ought to have been looking for and publishing the best sellers, he was publishing the Muses' Library and editions de luxe of the classics. He used to say to one of us, flinging back his mane: "What I cannot understand is a classical man like you writing novels." And to the other: "Why do you bother with novels when you can write poetry?"

The publishing did not make money. He was most happily at home during the good year when he edited the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Lord Northcliffe. I doubt if there was ever as good a magazine as that while it lasted. It should be a precious possession to those who own it.

He knew every old inn and Mine Host within walking distance of London, and he knew the inns' history. There was a Mine Host who was known as "The Gaffer":

I have heard a pernicky youth say: "Bullen adores the Gaffer, who is really a very dirty old man. I have seen Bullen eat a disgusting mess of tripe and bacon with the Gaffer, washing it down with Brown Burton." Then Bullen's eyes flashed and he began to growl while he defended the Gaffer and tripe and bacon and Brown Burton as a supper after a long walk.

London must have possessed many things that pleased him, but it should have been fifteenth or sixteenth century London. The later London bemused him with its noise and newness, so that he retired to Stratford-on-Avon, where he printed his edition of Shakespeare and other classical books. Let me recall that there, amid his great printings, he found time for two or three little books of my verse. "I like to publish you," he wrote, concerning the last of my publications with him. "I have just enough paper for a very small edition." He printed, I think, two hundred copies of the little book, "Experiences."

Stratford-on-Avon was his true home, as Oxford or Cambridge would have been three or four hundred years earlier.

I can remember him now as we came out from dining with him one midnight in a February of the later nineties. He lifted his face to the sky, and there came along a wind from the west, bringing the spring: "Oh," he said, "I smell the fields."

I claim him as an Irishman—the Bullens all come from Cork—and his temperament was rather Latin or Celtic than Anglo-Saxon, but he had absorbed English beauty with English poetry at every pore. I like to think of him stepping out, when the last call came, into the very heart of English beauty, and with the young spring about him, "going West," where are all the El Dorados. He had something of the Elizabethan adventurer as he had of the Elizabethan poet and man of letters. When he has entered in at the low door of the last, best Inn, will not Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Marlowe and Raleigh and Spenser, with his own Campion, spring up to welcome him, with—"Gentlemen, a toast!"

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

BY JOHN FREEMAN.

LIKE to the "large utterance of the early Gods" is Charles Doughty's voice, and his themes, too, have the large simplicity of primal existence. In his latest book, "Mansoul,"* he undertakes a subject as vast as the subject of "Paradise Lost," and yet contracts it within a very few thousand lines. Extreme spaciousness of conception, extreme concentration of verse—these two characteristics mark "Mansoul" as plainly as any of Doughty's other poems, from "The Dawn in Britain" to "The Titans."

Those who have not read this poetry will yet probably have some acquaintance with "Wanderings in Arabia," the 1908 abridgement of a larger work; and they will understand the devotion which that great prose book has inspired in lovers of our native tongue. It has been called our chief original prose book, and for myself the least I can admit is that it is the greatest English prose work of the nineteenth century. It records Doughty's wanderings in an alien naked land, among alien, stony-hearted nomads, an avowed Nazarene in the midst of bigots no less naked; enduring all things for honour and religion's sake, and by reason of simple endurance drawing a human music from the fanatic breasts. Wonderful is the story of those years-long wanderings: there is a full life, and a full man extending his greatness over the whole narrative; and indeed, as you read, you slowly perceive that the ultimate supremacy of the book, if it lie in one thing rather than in another, is a supremacy of personality. The character of the author emerges with the unconscious, omnipresent artistry of time, and confers its final distinction upon the noble prose. Of that prose a single specimen must suffice:

"The Arab's leave-taking is wonderfully ungracious to the European sense, and austere. The Arab, until now so gentle a companion, will turn his back with stony, strange countenance to leave thee for ever. Also the Arabs speak the last words as they have turned the back; and they pass upon their way not regarding again. This is their national usage, and not of a barbarous inhumanity; nay, it were for thee to speak when any departs company, saying, 'Go in peace.' You have not eaten together, there was nothing then between you why this must take his leave; all men being in their estimation but simple grains, under the Throne of God, of the common seed of humanity. But the guest will say as he goes forth, and

having turned his face, with a frank simplicity, *nesellem aleyk*, 'We bid thee peace.' The Arabs are little grateful for the gift which is not food, receive they with never so large a hand; 'So little!' they will say, 'put to, put to'; but the gentler spirits will cry out soon, *bess' wigeed! keffy!* 'enough, there is found, it sufficeth me heartily' . . .

II.

Of the poetry the first and obvious thing to be remarked is that it is almost purely epical, whether you take "epical" in a narrow or generous sense. "The Dawn in Britain" unfolds in six volumes a relation of those persons and actions, myths and circumstances, out of which the modern world was shaped. "Adam Cast Forth," the briefest and simplest of the poems, is exactly described by its title. In "The Cliffs" and "The Clouds," both published before the fatal August of 1914, Doughty foretold with profound psychological divination the German uprising against the world; and then, in "The Titans," he reverted to the antique solitudes in which Titans sought to overthrow the last creation of God. It would be absurd to attempt the further indication of the nature of these poems in the present short notes, but I cannot forbear citing a passage from, say, "The Dawn in Britain," in token of a hundred others equally significant of the delight with which Doughty ponders over the rich simplicities of English landscape:

"Cropping the tender herb, those colts draw forth
With tardy wavering pace—Wend barefoot choirs
Of white-stoled druids all chanting where they trace,
With whom much people which have crowned their heads
With gurlands, and that carol on green grass.
Descends this sacred pomp from shire to shire
By forest Andred, sith by
dark Cotmawr;
And come forth all to worship
where they trace,
And follow them with hymns
and joyous feast.
Unyoked at eve, in sheltered
leas, are loost
The sacred steeds to pasture
till new sun
Shall mount in the blue oracle
of heaven,
Fair as the eyebright flower,
full of clear beams.
See how the goddess, Mother
of the Year,
Her virgin youth reneweth!
late having doffed
Her russet homely weed of
winter teen,
She takes new raiment on her,
of high tide
With silver knops and buds of
living gold.
The earth her garden is where-
in she goeth
As Dawn's sweet breath, and
all with green bedecks,
And gentle flowers, like a
bride-chamber floor.
Teems earth's wide bosom,
of much sunny rain
As in what tide the firstlings
she brought forth



Photo by W. & J. Stuart.

* "Mansoul, or the Riddle of the World." By Charles M. Doughty. 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Of love, in the fair field of a
new world.
A shrilling, subtil ferment is
abroad
Like harping small of iris-
wingéd flies.
Ean ewes in shepherds' pinfolds
without throes,
And fallow-beasts couch in the
fern."

This that follows may
suggest his imaginative vision
of vast and solemn things :

"Dark, without stars, in the
infinite Universe,
Dismeasured, void is place,
which yet no place
But furthest from God's eye.
There Satan cast
Of Hell's great frame the base-
less fundaments hath.
He laid the plot there greater
than the Earth
And strewed with dust and
bones of this world's
death ;
Wherein who lie, as stumbling-
stones and rocks,
Or hang (as lacking sense) like
drowsy moths
On walls of burning hell in a
death's dream,
Were brutish souls unworthy punishment.
Dim land it is, whose eager, fiery floods
That fall to everlasting sink of brimstone
Were tears, with mingled murder-blood of wars ;
Whose tempests rife were sighs of ages dead.
Children of stature, purblind, without stay,
There wander—lost, unnumbered multitude."

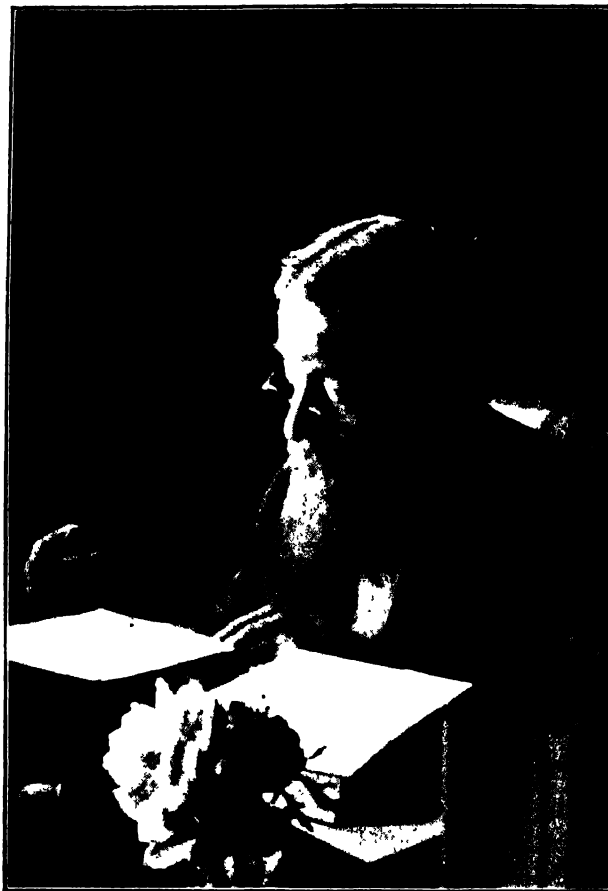
Imagination moves him purely, with little fume of
the transitory and commonplace ; yet his verse, even
in the most exalted passages, has a naturalness which
makes joy familiar ; there is no sense of a clashing of
spiritual with substantial ; he removes you as he
removes, and you walk by his side in Rome or Avalon,
in the first Garden or in the shadowy Underworld, with
equal native right.

III.

At the end of "The Dawn in Britain" Doughty has
placed a glossary and a note upon the diction, for which
perhaps the reader of the foregoing citations has been
waiting. He says it is idle to imagine that any man
who is not a well-taught lover of his tongue can enter
into the Muses' Garden ; and of his own verse he writes,
"Its Anglecism, or linguistic horizon, is that nearly of the
days of Spenser." But he does not take directly from
any writer, and roams through the English language
with the rediscovering ardour of an Elizabethan. He
loves old words, lost words, and would reanimate a
neglectful speech. Poetry for him is human speech :

"Mongst human masteries
To what might we compare the skill of such
As travail to bring forth immortal verse,
Whose every chord resoundeth human life
With new Mæonian lofty hardihood."

Difficult as a single page may look, if briefly glanced at,
the ease with which the apparent difficulties are absorbed



Charles M. Doughty.

From a recent snapshot.

in quick, imaginative delight
renders it needless for me to
speak further of them now.*

IV.

"Mansoul," to which all
this is but an induction,
presents the "riddle of the
world" without pretending
that mortal beings can ever
find a solution. It is not
a metaphysical poem ; it is
profoundly conceived, yet
does not contain "thoughts."
There is nothing of which
you will say, "I have never
thought of that," nor on the
other hand anything which
will evoke, "That is my own
thought, newly phrased for
me." The riddle is presented
in a dream in which the
author follows Mansoul (vast
figure of the multitude of
human souls) through Dark-
ness to inquire wisdom of
past ages. Hertha, earth-
mother, directs them, and

the passage in which the journey begins at her bidding
in the Muses' Garden is one of the splendours of
modern English poetry :

"The Sister-Muses' garden hence begins
Which planted for delight have their own hands
With laurel-rose, the long caved brink beside
In purple ranks, and midst the pebble streams.

I ascending forth came to a deep swart pool
Like liquid flint, which partly a mirror sheen
Is else a swimming nap of gracious lilies
Whose buds and chalice-blossoms, so purely white,
Be faeries' drinking-cups o'er whose broad leaves
Trip dainty water-fowl on slender feet.

For facries' gentle Nation wont to send
Thereto a yearly solemn embassy
Which, due obeisance to the Muses made,
Do—humbly embraced their divine knees—entreat
If any fay or elf, by foot or voice,
In the late Moons unwitting have trespassed
Those sacred precincts, pardon. And their vows
Renew, to observe the goddess-Sisters' hests."

It is impossible to quote adequately. Poet and Man-
soul pass on to "Hell's tremendous house," meeting
successively Zoroaster, Buddha and Confucius ; they
enter the Athens of Socrates and hear a fragment of
his talk :

"No man knoweth
To what intent Gods made and marred the World,
Nor whether Gods made men, or Man made Gods."

They pass through Palestine, are witnesses of the Cruci-
fixion, and then, by an amazing, breathless transition,
are granted a flying glimpse of the modern crucifixion
of mankind between 1914 and 1918. Thereafter the

* In my quotations I have ventured to normalise the punc-
tuation, a liberty which author and reader will, I hope, quickly
pardon. But I must add that Mr. Doughty's idiosyncrasy in
this matter of punctuation ceases to be conspicuous after a few
minutes' reading

dreamer moves into a quieter dream with a new vision of "Britain's Muse" and a snatch of song for Spenser :

"Colin is dead, lies Hobbinol lapt in lead,
And Cuddy is no more ; and long ago
Was Rosalind laid in grave. So shall be we,
And who in Time to come shall emule us
Which yet live, late survivors of his crew,
But shall his heaven-derived, sweet, chivalrous measures
Still breathing grace and happy influence
Continue through World's ages unforget.'

They meet Saxon Cædmon, "master song-smith," then journey to Stonehenge, and thereby the narrative is thrown back to the Titan age, followed by the faerie age, Doughty's imagination playing over the latter with inimitable tenderness. The last book contains the vision of Mansoul's Dream City, suspended between heaven and earth, with Mansoul himself stating the conclusion of his super-elemental inquiries :

"Child of the Sky and Earth, and featured thus,
Even he who most is happy and fortunate
Fleets like some garish bubble in trembling stream
To be to nothingness resolved anon."

While the poet, passing back to common consciousness from that other consciousness, sees over the Dream City, writ large in everlasting light :

"Fear ye not little flock ; and underneath,
Hath not Jeshua said that God is Love ?
Words which abide a Perfume in our hearts."

V.

I suppose it is because of Doughty's unique qualities, as well as his unique obscurities, that so many are unaware of his greatness. We pass under the shadow of that greatness, as men might move under the shadow of a rock, and go on making jewel-butterflies, ignorant of the rock. His work is neglected as Wordsworth's was, but more completely ; as Shelley's was, but less rancorously. And as even with Shelley there are still too few who care most for his boldest attempt and grandest achievement, "Prometheus Unbound," so Doughty's imaginative poetry is neglected by many of those who praise his "Arabia." But time is juster and wiser than any critic or any generation of men, and I am content not to predict.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE. - Competitors must please keep copies of their verses ; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the six best maxims to be given to a young author who is about to write his first book.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Helen Mitcham, of 251, Burdett Road, Limehouse, E.14, for the following :

LIMEHOUSE MORNING.

*The young Day loiters, half afraid,
On every shining roof and tree,
As cool and secret as a maid
Dreaming of love, yet passion free,
And pitiful of Love's quick heats,
Safe in her own wise heart's unhurried beats.*



Mr. C. E. Jacombe,

whose impressive war book, "Torment" (Andrew Melrose), is reviewed in this Number.

Last night the ships were ships of doom
That crept along a sullen tide ;
The furtive houses in the gloom
Last night had evil things to hide.
Last night the sham'd name of God
From satyrs' mocking mouths was flung ;
It smote the darkness like a sword,
And like a shuddering flame it stung.

These ships that ride on the young tide
Are lovely as birds, in mist and flame,
And merry children run and hide
In streets their laughter purges from all shame.

And troops of them, like elves, I know,
With gold light in their matted hair,
And one of them comes dancing slow
—O, wistful, merry face and fair!—
On small bare feet, with arms outflung,
In the sheer nameless grace of being young.

Last night, in all the haunts of sin,
A haggard woman in a kilt
Danced to the bagpipes' weary lilt,
And somewhere an old violin
Quavered and broke in travesty
Of the fine, passionate thing it used to be.

And in this dim and clamorous room,
The swart Celestials sat at meat.
Strange warm scents swam out on the gloom,
And broken songs that once were sweet.

* * * * *

*But now each window keeps the sun ;
—These things have never been, or are undone !*

We also select for printing :

SPRING.

This is the Gate called Beautiful,
But God hath christened it " Spring "
And Earth is here with her silver and gold,
A priceless offering
For the lame and the halt that gather there
And the pitiful blind who grope
With feeble hands in the sorry night
For the robe of the Angel Hope.

This is the Gate called Beautiful,
God's angels passing by
Are Promise and Peace whose healing hands
On each suffering spirit lie,
Silver of joy and gold of love,
Such are their gifts in store
For Life has come to the beautiful Gate
And the world is alight once more.
(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

DELIGHT.

Spring comes tripping gaily to the merry lute of Pan ;
Pale stars deck the hedgerow, there is music in the tree.
Little folk are clanging the clapper of the blue bell,
Silver song is swelling through the halls of Arcady.

Riot routs the silence of the dim and distant valley,
Joy slim-footed dances o'er the moorland, up the hill ;
Nymph and pixie gambol in the green and bosky woodland
Pelting one another with the jewels of the rill.

Love and laughter frolic amid the blue of heaven,
Clambering triumphant on a cloud-drawn caravan,
Mirth leads with abandon, swaying to the music,
Spring comes tripping gaily to the merry lute of Pan.
(J. Stanley Stokes, 33, Park Road, Heavitree,
Exeter.)

THE HOUSE OF MEMORY.

O little House of Memory !
Upon the sunlit hill.
How gently swayed the apple bloom
About each window sill,
There birds of laughter built their nests,
Joy sprang, a golden flower,
And Peace, that white musician, played
Her harp at sunset hour.
O little House of Memory !
Upon the bleak hill-side,
Whose shattered casements desolate
The anguished winds deride :
Thy birds are fled beyond the storm,
The trees are riven, bare.
O piteous House of Memory !
I dare not enter there.

(Nina M. Cook, 22, Portland Terrace, Southampton.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by
J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Alice W. Linford (London,
N.), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston-on-Thames), G.
Laurence Groom (London, N.), Lucy Malleson (West
Kensington), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), L. M. Priest
(Norwich), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport), Ronald
Graham (Grahamstown), Violet D. Chapman (Paris),
Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), W. N. Davis (Cardiff),
Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), M. Merewether (May-
fair), Phyllis E. C. Duce (York), Doris Blezard (Lofthouse),
Mariquita Gutiérrez (San Sebastian), A. J. Perman
(Merthyr Tydfil), Malcom Hemphrey (Farnborough),
John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Delphine Stringer
(London, S.W.), Eileen Carfrac (London, S.W.), R. Scott
Frayn (Timperley), Arthur R. Taylor (Birmingham),
Cicely Nevill (Dunedin, N.Z.), Violet E. Adlard (Balham),
Jack Albyn Goad (Ladbroke Grove), Lettie Cole (Pon-
trilas), C. C. M. Wayland (Leytonstone), F. J. Venables
(Forest Hill), Beatrice J. Pratt (Wandsworth), A. E. W.
(St. Mary Church), Harold Matthews (Handsworth),
B. M. May (Farnham), Rita Klyne (Bayswater), C. F.
Miles-Cadman (Ecurie, near Arras), Hilda C. Brighthouse
(Eccles), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Kathleen Ida
Noble (Whipp's Cross), Rachael Bates (Great Crosby),
F. W. Kulicke (Pyrgos, Greece), Frances Evelyn Millett
(Manchester), Jane Stuart Binnie (Glasgow), James A.
Stark (Kensington), Marguerite S. Goode (Croydon),
Phyllis Erica Noble (Forest Rise), Irene Leese (Leaming-
ton), Alexander H. Capern (East Sheen), Geoffrey H.
Wells (Cardiff), W. F. Fry (Southampton), Una Malleson
(London, W.), Herbert H. Elvin (Westcliff-on-Sea),
H. R. Nichols (Skegness), Faith Hern (Florence, Italy),
C. M. Littleboy (Saffron Walden), Charles Davies (Win-
nipeg), Robert C. MacBride (Ballymena), Barbara
Drummond (Winchester).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best
quotation is awarded to Edward Jackson
Macdonald, of 5, Farndon Road, Oxford, for
the following :

PRELUDE. BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS.
(Chatto & Windus.)

" I grieve to say, I've winked at him,
And he has winked at me."

Gentle Alice Brown—Bab Ballads.

We also select for printing :

DIRECT ACTION. BY WILLIAM MELLOR.
(Leonard Parsons.)

" Off with his head."

SHAKESPEARE, *Richard III.*, Act iii., Sc. 4.
(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

FALLING WATERS. BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.
(Hutchinson.)

" Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes."

LEWIS CARROLL, *The Walrus and the Carpenter.*
(M. A. Lotz, 41, Lingfield Road, Wimbledon Common.)

THE WOMAN WHO HELD ON.

By FERGUS HUME. (Ward, Lock.)

"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

ROSE H. THORPE.

(Margaret Kent, Harraby House, South Parade,
Northallerton, Yorks.)SEVEN JOURNEYS. By DOROTA FLATAU.
(Hutchinson.)

"Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

ROBERT BROWNING, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*

(H. A. J. Martin, 17, Dale Road, Luton.)

RETURNED EMPTY. By FLORENCE BARCLAY
(Putnams)

"Come, fill the cup"

Omar Khayyám

(Margaret Hill, "Charminster," Highfield Lane,
Southampton.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best inscription for the Edith Cavell monument in Trafalgar Square is awarded to Miss H. Porter, of Donnycarney House, Dublin, for the following:

EDITH CAVELL.

This stone will crumble back to dust,
For Time relentless is, and sure.
Her Faith and Love and Sacrifice
To all Eternity—endure.

We specially commend the inscriptions by F. Roe (Oxford), S. Edith Mort (Colne), Jocelyn Irene Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Jos. B. Eland (Catford), Phyllis M. A. Deards (Harlow), Rev. Arthur T. Gill (West Wittering), Mrs. Guy Branson (Birmingham), Percy Allott (London, W.C.), Ruth Bevan (Bude), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Kathleen Mounsey (Bath), A. P. Pearson (Halifax), Miss Battye (Windsor Castle), Mary J. Machar (Castle Eden), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), N. Cooper (Putney), E. E. Garnett (Peckham Rye), Gladys Birnie Rhind (Harlow), Alice Andrew (Gainsborough), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), E. Olive Brown (Highbury), Edith Walton (Leeds), Elgar Owen (Muswell Hill), X. Y. Z. (Croydon), Frank Woolnough (Ipswich), Harriet Mary Fletcher (Barnes), Jennie Raines (South Shields), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Amy Peacock (King's Lynn).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mrs. Grace G. Webb, of Gordon House, Southam, Warwickshire, for the following:

HOMING WITH THE BIRDS.

By GENE STRATTON-PORTER. (John Murray.)

A fascinating record of a life spent among birds in America! It is both beautifully written and beautifully illustrated, the photographs, many quite unique, being all the author's own work. A lover of birds, she invests each little "bird character" with an irresistible attraction. Who would not love the owl which could be "called" into the kitchen at night or the robin which nearly starved to save her eggs in a deluge? But not only is it a mine of information about individual birds; it is also a book to turn to for that spiritual refreshment which Nature always gives.

We also select for printing:

THE HOUSE OF BALTAZAR. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.
(The Bodley Head.)

That anyone could have existed in ignorance of the war for two years seems impossible. It says much for Mr. Locke's art that he has made that impulsive genius, John Baltazar, a credible, as well as a lovable, figure. We follow his fortunes with keenest interest as—a German bomb having destroyed his life's work, and driven him back to the world of action—he sets about the winning of his

newly discovered son, his old sweetheart, position and power. We leave him with characteristic impulsiveness sacrificing the last to shield his son, and voluntarily exiling himself again.

(B. Noël Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

PRELUDE. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS.
(Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Beverley Nichols has a rare gift, the glowing spirit which gives life and force to platitudes. His story of English public school life contains all the traditional ingredients, even to superb Grecian running on the part of the hero, an attractive personality, lovable as a second edition of Rupert Brooke, but is told with such gentle appreciation of a boy's ideals and difficulties that a certain crudity of workmanship is easily condoned, while the interpolated criticisms of similar productions show a sense of humour and a sanity of outlook which are sometimes lacking among youthful reformers.

(H. G. L. John, 6, Bayley Street, Bedford Square, W.C.1.)

THE ANCIENT ALLAN. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
(Cassell.)

"The Ancient Allan" relates another of the remarkable adventures of Allan Quatermain. The story opens in modern England, but Allan and his old friend Lady Ragnall having inhaled the perfume of an African herb of marvellous properties, the scene shifts to the Egypt of the Pharaohs, where Allan, now incarnated as Shabaka, and Lady Ragnall as the Royal Lady Amada, live over again their former life and love. The story goes with a swing, and there is plenty of incident, but it would have gained considerably had more attention been paid to the character drawing which is decidedly sketchy.

(Margaret Wakefield, Risbygate, Bury St. Edmunds.)

HEALTH IN THE HOME.

By DR. A. KNYVETT GORDON. (Jarrolds.)

At the present perhaps more than at any time "Health in the Home" is a welcome addition to the literature on this important subject. It is a thoroughly practical work, devoid of all technicalities, which are so often found in a work of this kind from the pen of a doctor. It is a book that may be read by the average householder and from which he will derive information that is of use in his own home, and will make him take a deeper interest in this particular branch of the work of the municipality and also of the State.

(C. Raines, A.R.S.Inst., Sanitary Inspector, "Weynoake," Albury Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Katharine Hawksley (Tenby), Beatrice Mainwaring (Whitmore), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Florence G. Fidler (London, W.), J. Scott (Cheltenham), D. Hare (Torquay), M. W. Spencer (Bradford), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), G. M. Field (London, S.W.), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Margaret Wakefield (Bury St. Edmunds), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), W. H. Hunt (Bury St. Edmunds), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), Herbert S. Townsend (Staveley), Emily Lewis (Mansfield), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), M. C. Haywood (Truro), M. E. Burt (York), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Mildred Hammond (Buxton), Marjorie Eardley (Boston Spa), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), John McIlraith (Cardross), E. Dawson (Liverpool), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Edith E. Hall (Eastbourne), Margery G. Turner (Windsor), Winifred M. Davies (Brynmarw), Dora G. Hall (Folkestone), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Leslie Harrison (Barnes), Sybil Sardeman (London, S.W.), D. W. Beckley (Harpending).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S subscription to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. H. Jones, 96, Willows Road, Cannon Hill, Birmingham.

GENERAL BOOTH'S BIOGRAPHY.*

By JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

ENGLISH Christianity during the Victorian era threw up two vivid religious movements, Tractarianism and the Salvation Army. Our wise century has been tempted to underrate the Victorians, as the nineteenth century occasionally underrated the eighteenth; but the Oxford Movement and the Salvation Army upset any neat theories about Victorian religion being a merely conventional attitude. Mr. Begbie has not attempted to write a history of the Army. Yet the Army was so conspicuously the work of a personality that these volumes throw light upon the organisation as well as upon its leader. Even the career of Mr. Booth, before he founded his Army, is an important clue to the meaning of his later work and of the form into which his masterful genius cast it.

He was the son of a lace-manufacturer in Nottingham. "My father," he once said, "was a Grab-and-Get. He had been born in poverty. He determined to grow rich; and he did. He grew very rich, because he lived without God and simply worked for money; and when he lost it all, his heart broke with it, and he died miserably." Young Booth's childhood fell in the last stage of his unfortunate father's career. Apparently he was a wild, high-spirited boy, but his home-life was unhappy, and it irritated him to become a pawnbroker's assistant. The family downfall hurt his pride; the sordid side of his occupation embittered him; he was lonely and hardworked, trying to support his mother and sisters. The Chartist movement appealed to his discontented soul. But he was to pass beyond social propaganda, and his genuine sympathy with the poor soon flowed into a definitely religious channel. His first religious impressions were due to some Wesleyans. They drew him away from his conventional attendance at the Church of England. His conversion led to an eager participation in open-air preaching of the revivalist type in the slums of Nottingham. And this proved too unconventional for the respectable Methodists. Even when he moved to London, to carry on his business, combining it with open-air preaching, and even when he was persuaded to study for the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion, he could not settle inside Methodism. His fiery revival methods were too violent. The Primitive Methodists accepted his resignation in 1862. It is needless to recall the unfortunate series of misunderstandings. The

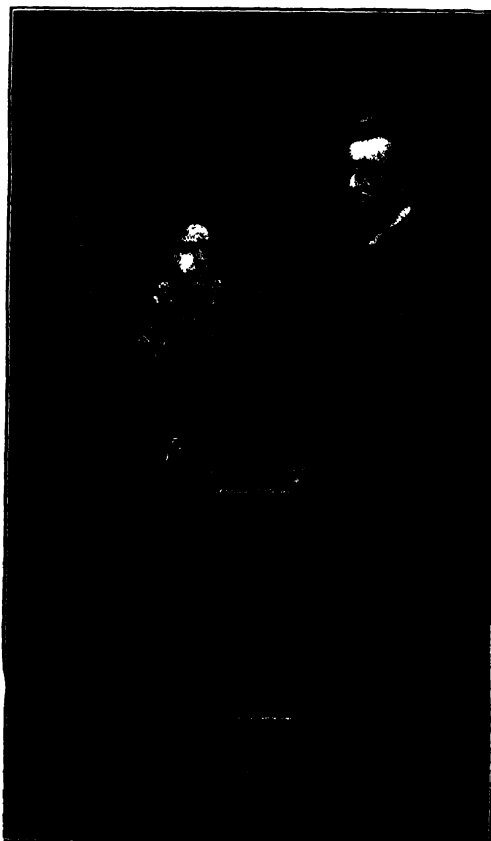
Salvation Army was not started till 1878, but this was the outcome of a series of independent revivalist campaigns conducted in London and the provinces, whose watchwords were "Holiness" and "Conversion." Mr. Begbie points out that during this interval "William Booth was strongly inclining towards Holiness, was thinking rather about the making of saints than the conversion of sinners." The emphasis on holiness never left him, but the intense desire to waken torpid England to a sense of sin swept him into the organisation of a "Salvation Army," alive with religious passion and cheerfulness, indifferent to decorum and reserve, bent upon storming the citadels of vice and squalor in England, and bound together by an equivalent for the mediæval monastic vows of poverty, chastity and obedience.

The success of the Army was accompanied by fierce criticism of its methods, from the religious as well as from the secular public. The General himself had to meet attacks upon his honesty, as well as upon the wisdom of his efforts. These were sometimes damaging, although the General himself could not be charged with self-seeking. He had the true note of a great reformer, an absence of any love for money. But the criticisms of men like Huxley and Tyndall had their effect.

In 1888 the social phase began. The Army had been in the forefront of the battle for social purity and temperance; but now Booth published "In Darkest England," and started a campaign for social reform. Not that he ever abandoned the rôle of evangelist.

The revivalist aims and methods of the Army continued as before. Only, its scope was broadened. The scheme did not produce as much fruit as the General hoped, however; it was more valuable as an impetus to quicken the conscience than as a guide to social reform.

All this vast organisation, with its ramified interests, was under his personal supervision till he died in 1912. The biography leaves an impression of extraordinary personal force in the General, a combination of narrow theology and broad human interests, a power of managing people, a capacity for not only rousing but directing enthusiasm, and a faculty of decision. "He had upon his hands," says his biographer, "a work of gigantic magnitude, and after a long and grievous experience of committees, he determined in middle-age—encouraged by the most able and devoted of his followers—to make himself an autocrat." However



The Rev. William and Catherine Booth (1860).

From "Life of William Booth" (Macmillan).

* "William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army." By Harold Begbie. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)

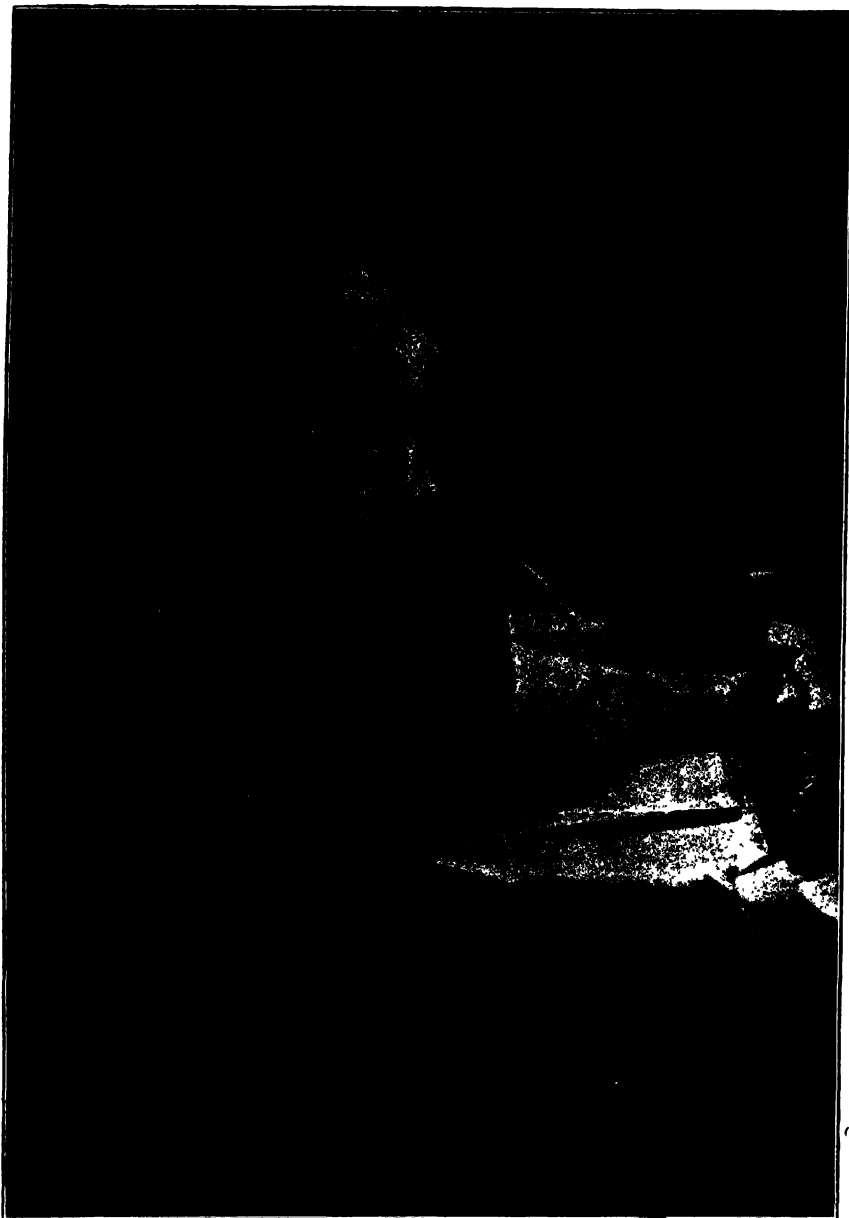
necessary this was for the success of his work, it had its defects and drawbacks, which appeared both in the Army and in the General himself. But there does not seem to be any evidence to show that his autocracy led him to favour his own family, or to violate the rules and regulations which he had laid down for the Army as a whole.

But the autocrat was human. The love-letters which he and his wife wrote are a human document of singular interest. Mrs. Booth's services to the Salvation Army have been recognised, ever since her biography was written, but this life of her husband suggests that in almost everything except the name she was the real founder of the Salvation Army.

Women have rarely initiated great religious movements, and only a humorist would bracket Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Booth. But Catherine Mumford's influence counted for more with William Booth than most outsiders suspected. She was never strong in physique, but her mind was keener than her husband's, and her judgment was excellent. Her belief in him and his devotion to her are shining traits of their story. Each influenced the other, and their heroic struggles to bring up their family on a scanty income and to carry on at the same time an exhausting revival mission are more fascinating even than the domestic story of Luther and his Kate.

The General was not a book-man, not even as Wesley was. Literature appears to have been for him a recreation rather than a source of inspiration. But it is surprising that he had no liking for Dickens, with his interest in the poor. He found Dickens "intolerable," Mr. Begbie remarks. But "he had well-nigh unbounded admiration for 'Les Misérables' and 'Jane Eyre.' . . . And in early youth he found a new world opening before his vision in the romances of Sir Walter Scott, to which he returned in middle life. . . . He was never tired of reading Froude's 'Cæsar.'"

Apart from the sustained interest of the man's career, these volumes give many instances of his intercourse



General Booth in his Study.

From "Life of William Booth" (Macmillan).

with men, whom he read more eagerly than books. He once told Mr. Winston Churchill that he was convicted, not converted; and, when the politician "added something about my seeing what was in him . . . I replied, 'What I am most concerned about is not what is in you at the present, but (what) I can see of the possibilities of the future.'" He was impressed by King Edward. "I had come to expect a selfish, sensuous personage. . . . And all at once the embodiment of a simple, genial English gentleman was sprung upon me. No attempt to pose as an intellectual philanthropist, much less religious; indeed, no attempt to pose at all: anything more natural could not be

imagined." When King Edward asked him in the course of the interview, "Tell me, General, how do you get on now with the Churches? What is their attitude to you?" he made the King laugh by answering, "Sir, they imitate me." But the essence of his Salvation Army methods is contained in these sentences from his speech when he received the Freedom of London in 1905. He was speaking of a besieged town's experiences during the Boer War. "Money, food, and other things were got together, but difficulty was experienced in distributing them satisfactorily. At last the Episcopalian clergyman got up and said, 'All who belong to my communion, follow me.' The Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist said, 'All who come to my chapel follow me.' And I have no doubt the minister of the Society of Friends, if there was one, said the same. Then the Salvation Army Captain's turn came. He said, 'All you chaps who belong to nobody, follow me.'"

Mr. Begbie's volumes are long and large. There is some repetition in them, and the difficult art of using letters has not been mastered. On the other hand, the evident sympathy is tempered with candour. There is occasionally a tendency to point the moral, but for the most part the General is left to tell his own story; his journals are freely drawn upon, and the contemporary

background is not over-elaborated, except in the opening chapter. The biography reveals one of the most arresting and independent religious personalities

of last century. It is diffuse, but the arrangement is clear, and the successive phases are distinctly marked.

CHARLES GARVICE.

BY ANTHONY C. DEANE.

ALL who knew him well must have been discontent, I think, with the "obituary notices" of the newspapers. These appraisements varied in length, yet their common verdict may be compressed into two sentences—he wrote vast quantities of inconsiderable fiction which strangely charmed the multitude; in private life he was pleasant and companionable. Though they be true, other sentences must be added if we are to do justice to the memory of Charles Garvice.

His success was colossal, and often stirred the scorn of those who account fiction an art. But Garvice did not attempt to practise it merely as an art. He knew precisely what he could do; he did it year after year with unfaltering precision. His sound business instinct adjudged it folly to desert methods of proven success, to attempt fiction of a kind which certainly his public was unprepared to read. His unquestionable claim was to be in the forefront of the best sellers. If he contributed little to art, he added much to human pleasure, and took an honest pride in the fact. For a fact it is, beyond denial. His novels held an incommunicable secret. Into millions of drab lives they brought romance, and colour, and innocent delight. This boon Garvice wrought: it is not small.

And no man was better liked by his fellow-authors. Many scoffed at his work; some (with a private glance, perhaps, at the contrasting slenderness of their own takings) found in his success their favourite proof of the public's imbecility. Even they, however, were driven to esteem the man. Did they try to be offensive,

he refused to take offence. He was a pattern of genial good temper. In proportion as he differed from the average man of letters, he was exempt from the weaknesses of the literary temperament. Because he was a successful business man, he was notably qualified to help men of letters. And because he had the kindest of hearts, the most generous of natures, he used that power without stint.

He loved to say encouraging words, and to cheer those who were downcast by private grief or professional failure. But his help went far beyond words. It was amazingly thorough. Though his time, quite literally, was money, he would take up some detail of management at the Authors' Club as though nothing else in the world concerned him. Until his death he served on the committee of the Society of Authors, and, speaking as its present Chairman, I can scarce exaggerate his interest in its work or the value of his counsel. But, beyond all else, his eagerness was to assist writers who had fallen on evil days. Chancing to have been much in his confidence over such matters, I can betray little of what he did. Yet I will outline one instance, not the least poignant. A person (let the sex be hidden by that word), who not long before had done Garvice a grave and public wrong, met with misfortune. From Garvice came to me a letter offering most substantial help; my part was to secure the acceptance of the gift and to keep its source unsuspected. . . . There are of us who, when our own time of passing comes, would rather have such deeds as this to our credit than be the applauded masters of literary art.

PRAISE.

Let me but praise Thee as a wild bird may,
Who breaks the hush of mystic dawn; alone
He warbles, while with dew-anointed feet
Through the cool meadows, down the dusty street,
Comes Thy white priest, the Day.

As in the growing light Thy warbler soars—
Nor doubts Thy love, but only lives to praise—
Enraptured still he sings, is ever led
By the first sunbeam's slender, shining thread,
Higher and higher unto Heaven's doors!

As the wild bird, exuberant as he,
In the pure morning, would I worship Thee.

MURIEL ESSE.

New Books.

INTERPRETATIONS OF FRENCH LITERATURE.*

Here are two new books to bear witness to the extraordinary interest in French literature which is at present being shown on this side of the Channel. One of them is meant primarily for readers ignorant of the French language; the other may also be read with profit and pleasure by such, but will have more for those who can turn from it to the novels and poems of which it treats.

Mr. Wilfrid Thorley has undertaken a very ambitious and difficult task—no less than to give, by means of verse translations, a view of the whole range of French lyric poetry from the early anonymous folk-song down to the latest product of symbolism. (He does not go beyond the symbolists: there are no versions in his book from Claudel or Jammes or Jules Romains.) On the whole, he has succeeded wonderfully well in his adventure. Not only are his translations made with the pleasant appearance of ease of the practised versifier, but to run through his book does give one very approximately the same sensation as one gets from a similar perusal of the "Oxford Book of French Poetry," or Professor Saintsbury's smaller but almost perfectly chosen "French Lyrics." Mr. Thorley's own selection is admirable. Naturally, in a selection of three hundred poems from a whole literature, there are names and individual favourite pieces that one misses. Among the eighteenth century epigrammatists, for instance, while specimens of the work of J. B. Rousseau, Voltaire and Parny are included, there is nothing of Gresset's or Piron's. In the most modern section there is nothing by Jules Laforgue or the Comtesse de Noailles. But perhaps the most remarkable absentee of all is Verhaeren; and this is not to be explained by the fact that he was not a Frenchman but a Belgian, for Rodenbach, Maeterlinck, Van Lerberghe and Le Roy are all here.

Mr. Thorley aims, as does any translator worth his salt, at giving a spiritual equivalent rather than a literal rendering of his originals. For the earlier poems he uses a contemporary idiom, remaking a folk-song in the fashion of the "Twa Corbies" and turning Ronsard and Du Bellay into Elizabethans. Perhaps it was unnecessary to affect an antique spelling; we nearly always read Herrick or Campion in modernised versions, and are sensible of little loss in doing so; but on the whole Mr. Thorley is perhaps at his best with the delicious songs and sonnets of the Pleiade. His version of Du Bellay's exquisite "D'un Vanneur de Bléd aux Vents" shows him at his happiest:

"To you light troupe that
ryde
On moonyng wings and
glyde
Above the world and
slake it,
And with your murmur soft
Move the green shade and
oft
With gentle tremors
shake it—

* "Fleurs-de-Lys." By Wilfrid Thorley. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Twentieth Century French Writers." By Madame Duclaux. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

"For you I violets cull,
And flowers beautiful,
These roses and these lilies,—
These roses all soe red
And newly opened,
These pinks and daffodillies.

"Nowe with your gentle breath
Breathe on the plaine beneath,
And lightly fan this meadowe.
Whye I doe sweat and straine,
At threshynge of my graune,
And noon is without shadowe "

Mme. Duclaux has three qualifications for writing a book on contemporary French literature. She knows that literature in and out, she knows many of the men and women who have made it; and she has an intimate knowledge of the land which gives it its body, its background and its atmosphere. Perhaps the second of these qualifications is not altogether an advantage from the point of view of pure criticism, but it lends a humanity to her pages which to most readers will be worth far more than the finest flower of detached scholarship. And Mme. Duclaux, for all her learning in more than one literature, is humanist rather than scientist. Hence her sympathy—though a mind long nourished on Fénelon and Renan cannot but confess to a certain revolt against the more anarchic manifestations of the modern spirit—hence her sympathy with the most salient characteristics of that spirit, its revolt against intellectualism, as expressed alike by the Catholicism of Claudel and by the intuitionism of Bergson. She does not, however, seem quite to realise—at any rate she does not emphasise the point—that this revolt is itself fundamentally intellectual. The Catholicism of Barrès (as of Chesterton) is part of his politics; and even with Claudel, though his preoccupations are more exclusively religious, one cannot help feeling that his religion is consequent on his general view of life, instead of his view of life being derived from his religion. Jammes is a more doubtful case, though his too consciously preserved simplicity is suspicious, and Péguy and Psichari may have been genuine mystics; but the arrogance of Psichari's imperialism, which is really as crude as Kipling's and less genial, is not essentially ameliorated by the crusader's cloak. As for the non-sectarian intuitionists, with the



Photo by Dornac.

Maurice Barrès,

From "Twentieth Century French Writers" (Collins).

tumbling of Romain Rolland from his pedestal it may well be that the reaction is already at hand. At any rate one may take it for certain that M. Benda's corrosive acid will ere long be seconded by less gradual methods of attack. For the intelligence of France will not consent to stultify itself indefinitely.

But such speculations lead one far from the spirit of Mme. Duclaux's charming essays, than which it is to be doubted whether there is any more attractive commentary, either in English or in French, on their fascinating and provocative theme; and in which the hieratic Claudel is balanced by Mme. Colette, and the rapt Péguy by the friendly talent of René Boylesve.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS.*

There are so many bright young men talking about books just now, and so many clever books to talk about, that we wonder why one of them, rather than others, has put his thoughts into a volume, how he has chosen which authors to appreciate, and that a publisher should have the courage to print it; but Mr. Grant Richards is nothing if not courageous.

Nearly all modern, or at any rate all contemporary, criticism is simply ardent appreciation. It is the fashion to-day to affirm that all we need examine in literature is what the author means, how successfully he has expressed himself. Nothing else matters. The ideal of writing is to have something to say.

Mr. Mais, at any rate, is quite content to act as interpreter. He is immensely interested, and rather curious, about other people's ideas, their points of view, their enthusiasms and their dislikes. Though mainly concerned with his own friends, the young men and women of the new England, he makes occasional discursions into old times and foreign lands, giving us an impression or two from China and Japan, chatting pleasantly about the Victorians, and discovering Jane Austen!

In many ways the extreme *naïveté* of his startled determination to revise his "method of reading" "*Pride and Prejudice*" may lay more claim to suggestive originality than anything else in the book. He "had read too fast"; so he decided "to find out exactly where her power lay," and, further, to tell every one else all about it. He does not, it is true, say anything particularly new on the subject; but he does feel, and express, the charm of her genius with a sincerity and insight that is refreshing. We welcome first-hand impressions about Jane Austen;—the keen enjoyment of one nurtured on Wells, Shaw and G. K. Chesterton who can so thoroughly adjust his mind to a new angle, and so frankly enjoy an old-world classic.

For the rest, Mr. Mais has given us a number of "elegant extracts" from many novelists and poets of our own day, with excursions into the last generation, which reveal much catholicity of taste and quite serious-sincerity. That is to say, he does select, or differentiate, between what, in his judgment, is good and what is bad; which means (for him as for most young writers) what he enjoys or agrees with, and what does not appeal to him.

The enthusiasm for Dora Sigerson will find an echo in many readers; he has done well to invite our attention to Lafcadio Hearn's illuminating reflections on English literature—as it appeals to a cultured Japanese; while the contemporary novelists and poets he finds "elect" are, in fact, all worthy of study. His own comments are interesting and reveal certain, unexpected discrimination: and he is evidently well read, as intimately at home with Georgian poetry as with Georgian fiction; not at sea among the Victorians. Some, perhaps, will be particularly attracted by the new light thrown on Florence Nightingale and General Gordon which he has culled, and vigorously reproduced, from Mr. Lytton Strachey, while accepting

with no less cordiality his indignation over Gerald Cumberland's "*Set Down in Malice*": "It certainly satisfies a craving that we all feel to know something about our more famous contemporaries, but I cannot, for the life of me, think why he should search for something nasty to say about most of them."

This is not criticism but, like the other essays, it has a certain charm of cultured sincerity. Mr. Mais, indeed, is always easy to read; he has a good stock of ideas, and gaily refreshes one's memory about writers and books one has enjoyed, which are, most of them, worth reperusal.

"Books and their Writers," in fact, is a helpful, light-hearted guide to modern literature, at least to certain fruitful fields thereof. It will serve, admirably, to keep one in touch with much that the most thoughtful and gifted of the young school (both men and women) are really feeling and thinking about; how they have chosen to express their thought.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

AN AMERICAN POET.*

It would be easy to name a score or more of living American novelists whose books are as popular on this side of the Atlantic as they are on their own. But in spite of the facts that poetry has of late come into high favour among us and that America is as rich in new writers of verse as we are ourselves, the number of present-day American poets who have any vogue in this country could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. We know something of Robert Frost, perhaps because he was living here and temporarily one of us when Mr. Elkin Mathews published his first book; the satirical "*Spoon River Anthology*" of Edgar Lee Masters took us by storm; some of us admire Amy Lowell; most of us know one of Edwin Markham's poems—"The Man With the Hoe"; the war brought us acquainted with Alan Seeger and Joyce Kilmer; and we are aware of the brilliant eccentricities of Vachel Lindsay; but I doubt whether any living American poets have other than an occasional public in England except Henry Van Dyke and Cale Young Rice.

You have only to read Professor Phelps's admirable and very interesting survey of "*The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century*" to learn how many more American poets there are who, in America, count as the peers of the few I have mentioned, yet half of them are unknown over here even by name. One refreshing characteristic of Dr. Phelps is that he is a critic who speaks his mind, and does not stop to consider whether or not he is "in the movement," whatever it may be. He says some good and right things about Hardy, but they are not all praise; he can appreciate Kipling and Watson, Noyes and Masefield; he passes in review all the more significant of our latter-day poets, with some who are rather insignificant, and his pages are everywhere alive with his own keen interest in his subject.

The American section of his book particularly attracts me, for here again he writes with such catholic taste and discrimination of the American poets I know that I am ready to accept his judgments on those I don't know. I have read Cale Young Rice's successive volumes as they appeared in this country, and have been re-reading his work in the two handsome volumes into which all the poetry he published before 1917 has been collected. With variations of phrase Mr. Rice has been described by critics here and over the water as "the most distinguished master of lyric utterance in the New World," and you find Professor Phelps ranking him higher as a lyrist than as a dramatist, and saying:

* "*Collected Plays and Poems.*" By Cale Young Rice. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century." By William Lyon Phelps. 6s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

* "*Books and their Writers.*" By S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

"His songs are spontaneous, not manufactured. He is a natural singer with such facility that it is rather surprising that the average of his work is so good. A man who writes so much ought, one would think, to be more often than not, commonplace; but the fact is that most of his poems could not be turned into prose without losing their life."

He bears testimony to his wide range and variety in subject, and considers that, when all is said, his poems have "limitations rather than faults."

"Well, the poet without limitations has yet to be born, and I find myself, on the whole, agreeing with Professor Phelps, though I think he does less than justice to Mr. Rice's dramatic genius. Certainly his finest work is in his lyrics, and the sheer, spontaneous lyrical note sounds in such things as "Waves":

"The evening sails come home
With twilight in their
wings. . ."

in "Highland Joy," that rises to its rapturous close:

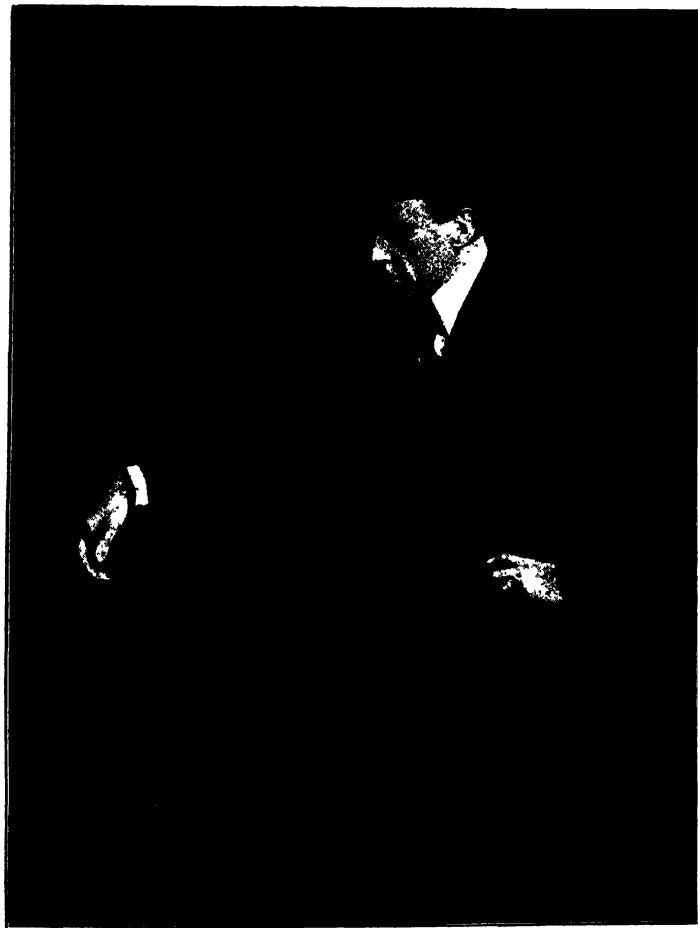
"O winds, O waters, O mountains,
O earth with your singing soul,
I'm glad of the weather
That brings together
My heart and the heart of God!"

in scores of songs that have the art of seeming artless and are filled with the happiness and pathos, the sweetness and sadness of common life, and in none with more charm and grace of fancy than in those addressed to "A. H. R." But such poems as "Telepathy," "Civil War," "The Wife of Judas Iscariot," are at once essentially lyrical and as vividly, often as bizarrely dramatic as any of his plays. And as a playwright he is in the great Elizabethan tradition. He has the real gift of story-telling, and, without his extravagances and incoherences of plot, has something of Webster's grim imaginative power and his leaning towards strange tragedy and dark poignancy of phrase. Of the nine plays in these volumes I would rank highest "Charles di Tocca" and "Porzia." If any poetic drama is being written in America that surpasses these and the rest of his dramatic work, I have not seen it, nor does Professor Phelps bring it to our notice.

But as Mr. Rice's lyrics have a dramatic so his dramas have a lyrical quality, and you come back to repeat that before everything else he is a singer, a born maker of songs. His songs are of many countries and are by turns descriptive, reflective, dramatic, but their prevailing elements are an intense feeling for humanity, a sense of beauty and that touch of emotion without which all poetical technique is a vain thing, and though he lays bare at times the darker secrets of the human heart, its weaknesses, its blind passions, I think, in the main, he realises the aspiration embodied in the last lines of "The Soul's Return":

"I ask no more
Than to restore
To simple things the wonder they have lost."

Mr. Rice has published three volumes since this collection of his work was made: "Wraiths and Realities," "Trails Sunward" and "Earth and New Earth," and, if confirmation were needed, these serve to confirm the



Mr. Cale Young Rice.

judgment of those critics who have named him the first and most distinctive of modern American lyrists and "one of the world's true poets."

F. HEATH.

TWO VICTORIANS.*

It is nearly sixty years since the first story of Anne Isabella Thackeray, "The Story of Elizabeth," appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, then edited by her father. A pretty story has been related about this little tale. Thackeray was reading the proofs when Dean Hole was shown in, and the great man passed them to his visitor, saying that this was his girl's first story and that already she wrote better than he did. Although the Dean tacitly declined to accept the judgment of the proud father, he was none the less able to speak appreciatively of the work of the young writer. After that,

Lady Ritchie wrote many novels and short stories, which secured deservedly a wide public. They are dainty, full of charming touches and most delicately written, but it must be confessed that it is doubtful whether any of them will survive. Certainly they cannot bear comparison with, for instance, Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" or "Cousin Phyllis" nor with the Carlingford series of Mrs. Oliphant.

Lady Ritchie, in spite of the fact that she was not a novelist of high rank, had nevertheless a very pretty talent. She was at her best when she was writing vignettes of people and things she knew. Such volumes as "Unwritten Memoirs," "Reminiscences of Tennyson, Browning and Ruskin," "The Blackstick Papers" and "Under the Porch," together with the present collection of miscellanies, have a great attraction. When the author was not bound to any line of action by a plot, and could allow her agile mind to follow its bent, then she wrote very delightfully indeed, in a simple and singularly charming style—indeed, that style was one of her greatest assets. There is an ease about it that suggests the master. No one in her day could more convincingly portray a friend, nor better relate an anecdote, nor better conjure up an atmosphere. We are indebted to Miss Emily Ritchie for collecting these miscellaneous papers of her sister-in-law, Lady Ritchie. It is a quaint and delightful volume. There is a pleasant story, "Binnie," redolent of the Victorian era; there are letters from Thackeray written to Frank Stone in 1835 and 1837 from Paris, and letters written by "J. G. R." to Lady Ritchie so late as the recent Armistice; and throughout the book are references to Tennyson, Leighton, Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. Sartoris, and the rest of a brilliant set, of which Lady Ritchie was the last to depart at a ripe old age, lamented by a wide circle. To the end she retained her simplicity of mind and her dignity and that air of distinction which were among her charms. In her writings she was always the high-bred lady that she was in life: nowhere in her essays is there a note of petulance or superiority. Once there was a controversy about a certain

* "From Friend to Friend." By Lady Ritchie. Edited by her Sister-in-law, Mrs. Emily Ritchie. With a Portrait. 6s. net. (John Murray.)—"Victorian Recollections." By J. A. Bridges. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

chapter of "The Virginians." A story was given currency long after Thackeray's death that some American friend had written for him this descriptive chapter. The story was printed in several quarters and at last came to Lady Ritchie's ears. Her reply was gentle but crushing. She was sure her father wrote it because he would not have signed anything he did not write—and because no one else could have written it. Her father's reputation could scarcely be enhanced, but her filial devotion cherished it tenderly, almost zealously. She wrote of him lovingly in many a paper. From time to time she issued little sketches and drawings found among his papers. Best of all she issued an edition of his works and wrote the daintiest, most delicious biographical introductions conceivable.

Mr. Bridges' "Victorian Recollections" is a rambling, discursive, but very readable and entertaining volume of memories. The author not unnaturally holds a brief for the Victorian era, an attitude that befits one who was born four years before Queen Victoria. "It has become the fashion for writers in the Press and elsewhere to allude to what they term the Victorian era in terms of acute disparagement, as if all the happenings of that prolonged reign were utterly futile and absurd. I think that these critics might have been charitable enough to remember our disadvantages," Mr. Bridges pleads. As a matter of fact, only a certain class of critic sneers at the Victorian era; no literary writer certainly has a harsh word for an epoch which started with Thackeray and Dickens and ended with Swinburne and Meredith. We have here sketches of bishops and schoolmasters and country editors, and something about the Navy and the Army, in which last the author served during the Crimean War. An interesting account is given of recruiting in those days, and a chapter is given to Victorian electioneering. We have something of a private school and something about Eton in the forties, and more about farming and those plagues of the farmer, rats and rabbits. We gather that Mr. Bridges is not a strong advocate of the equality of man and woman, but on this, as on all other subjects upon which he touches, he writes with moderation.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

TORMENT.*

This is a remarkable book. Without the least attempt at sensationalism, or straining after effect, and in spite of a little clumsiness of phraseology, Ex-Lance-Corporal Jacomb, of the 23rd Royal Fusiliers, here gives us a piece of autobiography which, if it were not so disturbing, would positively enthrall. The commonest details of his daily round of army drudgery he crams in, page after page, and yet we never tire of them or feel that they are overburdening the narrative. Probably the obvious sincerity of the author, and his scrupulous attempt to be honest and fair, largely explain the grip he keeps on our attention. But the cumulative effect of these humdrum or poignant trifles and tragedies is positively appalling, for such a condemnation, such an indictment against our army system, and that by one of its humblest units, we never expected to read. Here we have an imaginative, ardently patriotic and well educated man, who throws up all his business prospects and comes to England from the other end of the world to help fight for his country and, wherever he turns, he finds outworn and obsolete systems, hopeless red-tape methods and ridiculous prejudices blocking the path of the would-be worker and fighter. In the course of his narrative the author gives his experiences in a War Office Department, and a vivid description of English hospitals, a Command Depot, and a Reserve Battalion, but the bulk of the book, and the most important, is devoted to life on active service in France. And what a life! The inevitable danger and discomfort were intensified and made almost unbearable by the cruelties, the idiocies and the utter lack of sympathetic imagination

inherent in the army system. "Neither results nor usefulness is looked for, intelligence is not encouraged. The only virtues recognised are agility in forming fours, clean buttons, and a smart regimental salute." As an example we are given descriptions of certain fatigues. "If the work in hand required a broom, we were given a pitchfork; if a pitchfork had been the most suitable tool, we were given a navvy's shovel." And this is but the flimsiest part of the author's case. Perhaps the worst part of all is his remarks on the relations existing between the officers and the men; but here again the system is to blame and not the officers. If we had a strong national sense of justice, the publication of this "Study in Patriotism" could not be ignored; it would result either in the imprisonment of the author for slander, or the reform of the entire army system of this country.

R. K.

THE CLINTON TRADITION.*

The process of desaturation, as Henry James called it, answers well in more than one line of fiction. Mr. Marshall has pursued it so well in his stories of English manorial life that it seems the most natural process in the world. You steep yourself full of fine old trees and tradition, the affection of contented tenants, the charms and talents of a prolific family, and the wealth required to pass the secret and the succession on, and then unload it easily into a dozen novels as fresh and exhilarating as a fine spring morning. Sometimes the reader's ungrateful heart longs, not in vain, for a break in the unruffled continuity of sheltered leisure and well-fed serenity. Cicely, an otherwise irreproachable young person, tries an elopement to vary the monotony of life at Kencote; on another occasion, her eldest brother fixes his affections on a widow with a footlit past. But these little escapades are just a hurdle or a hazard set into the game to make it more zesty and attractive. Otherwise there would be less occasion for parental autocracy in the Squire and filial ingenuity in his heir, or maternal benignity in the way of mediation, to illustrate what a really superior race the Clintons are, of Kencote in South Meadshire, and goodness knows how many generations back. Even the nursery twins at Kencote have a blither "cheek" than twins of common clay; and even the old maids of the family maintain a sublime complacency denied to spinsters elsewhere. For instance, as Aunt Laura puts it about the Squire:

"There is nobody quicker at seeing a thing than your dear father, Cicely. He spoke very kindly about it. He said we must all die some time or other, which is perfectly true, but that if your Aunt Ellen did not live to be a hundred he should never forgive her. He is like your dear Aunt Caroline in that; he is always one to look on the bright side of things."

When Mr. Marshall makes an attempt at "period," as in "The Clintons and Others," and takes us back to the Regency time, for the sake of running atilt at Beau Clinton, the buck and profligate, the result is less convincing. The worthy merchant brother who up and denounces him does his upbraiding well and deserves his win, but we know too much about the Prince Regent and his ways on nights of dice and drink to believe him capable of playing a just and enlightened arbiter, especially between one of his own bosom cronies and a plain-spoken business man. The other stories in the book reveal Mr. Marshall's agreeable vein of healthy and effortless worldliness relieved by sport and good living and the rest of it; and the last tale of all brings the annals of the Clinton household down to the end of the war. Mr. Marshall knows the life and the type of character he depicts with extraordinary intimacy—he has evolved the Clinton type through several books with the subtlest art and the most complete understanding of its essentially English quality. It is in every way worthy of an agreeable and enlightened chronicler; it

* "The Squire's Daughter" and "The Eldest Son." By Archibald Marshall. 2s. 6d. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Clintons and Others." By Archibald Marshall. 7s. net. (Collins.)

* "Torment." By C. E. Jacomb. 6s. net. (Melrose.)



Mr. Archibald Marshall,

a uniform edition of whose novels Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

flings into sharp relief every other form of character ; and it never lacks for humour and vivacity so long as the Squire is in health and his youngsters are around. Dick and Humphrey and Walter, Cicely and the youngsters, are all thoroughly lovable young people, reflecting in various facets the hearty, capable, eupeptic parent who sires them, and the blonde old goddess who graces his hearthside. It is true that in this region of custom and use and wont, the womenfolk have an almost Turkish effacement for the sake of the dominant sex. Like the everlasting obsession with property and primogeniture, it is part of the tradition of centuries, and nobody could make it more entertaining or more English than Mr. Marshall does. His pen is ease and lightness itself, and one could wish that more ambitious novelists would imitate his style. He well deserves the reissue of nearly a dozen of his novels in the present half-crown series, and one envies new readers their experience of making his acquaintance so happily.

I. P. COLLINS.

THE FATHER OF REFORM.*

In writing of a Grey of Northumberland, Mr. Trevelyan's foot is on his native heath ; and in writing of a great Whig statesman his hand is guided by all his ancestry. What an excellent story it is he tells, and of how excellent a man ! Times have changed in the political as in every other world, and we must loyally accept change as the result of cosmic law. This is the age of democracy. What we have to do is not to deplore a vanished aristocracy, but to learn how to make democracy comely. The great Whigs offer us a pattern of this desired comeliness in

public career and private life. They were, as Mr. Trevelyan tells us :

" A very small and very select society. They were men of fashion when to be fashionable was neither easy nor vulgar. They were men of culture, with a knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, Italian and English literature very uncommon in later times."

The Tories may have shrieked against them in the seven-teen-nineties as " Jacobins " (as the so-called " patriotic " rabble of to-day call any thinker of progressive tendency a " Bolshevist "), but they were able to look down upon the Tories of their day as unfashionable and decidedly illiterate persons :

" It is easy to sneer at the Whigs for being aristocrats ; but it is lucky that in an aristocratic age a few aristocrats were Liberals."

It is the story of this high, mannered elegant society that Mr. Trevelyan tells, a story, too, of great accomplishment.

The whole of Mr. Trevelyan's volume is excellent and instructive reading. The great struggle for Reform with which the name of Lord Grey is associated has found its ideal historian.

THYRSIS.*

Some men are enthralling or exciting or interesting merely because of their personalities : in whatever age or country they were born St. Francis, Shelley, Christina Rossetti, Blake, are bound to arouse enthusiasm, dislike or criticism. Then there are other men whose greatness or half-greatness seems to be a thing of condition and circumstance. They are regarded as incidents in some movement greater than themselves. The class numbers some rare or beautiful spirits, such as Philip Sidney, Keble and Addison ; but they are men who are either not sufficiently strong in individuality to avoid being half submerged in some creed or cause, or men who deliberately pose themselves against a background which they know will give their own qualities the best chance of emergence. Boston of the Brahmins perhaps supplies more of this type of man in letters and religion ; never was there such a collection of minor personages claiming and obtaining recognition simply by virtue of their adherence to the discreet shibboleths of the pontificating masters. Only in the Oxford of the Tractarian Movement and, perhaps, in London of the nineties does one meet in England a phenomenon which equals the pompous spectacle of transcendental Boston at the time when Mark Twain in his loose-limbed freedom, shocked or shook the world where Emerson, Howells, Holmes and Lowell reigned somnolently. And just as there is a danger that we should forget the real merits of the Bostonians, to whose company the name of Hawthorne is alone sufficient to give the glow of imperishable gold, so we may forget, while we laugh with Mr. Lytton Strachey at the slow, saurian movements of our Brahmins, that there was in the great or lesser men of the period more than matter for ridicule or easy contempt.

Mr. Osborne merits our gratitude for reconstructing the portrait of one of the lesser men. Clough is remembered either, affectionately, as the Thyrsis of Arnold's poems, or with despite as the butt of Swinburne's stupid mockery. In his own lifetime he was so much a man of the moment that he hardly ever emerged into individual distinction. Thomas Arnold's best pupil, Matthew Arnold's friend, Carlyle's disciple, the man who lost his head to Catholicism and his heart to philosophy, a philosopher who tried to write poetry, a poet who cumbered his verse with philosophy, he is a microcosm of the intellectual nineteenth century. Yet Clough was a man. His influence was personal and direct, though unobserved ; for instance, through his

* " Lord Grey of the Reform Bill." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

* " Arthur Hugh Clough." By James I. Osborne. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

great influence over his sister, the Principal of Newnham, he had a conspicuous share in framing the philosophy of that feminist movement of which we are only just seeing the beginning. Mr. Osborne very justly points out that it is curious that Clough, whose three best poems deal with love and are conceived with a freedom and an absence of cant either of the Tennysonian or Swinburnian variety, should always be hailed as the poet of doubt—a title which does more properly belong either to Tennyson or to Arnold. Clough had doubts as all believers do: he was presented as a sceptic not because of any doubt in his soul, such as in moments of accide afflicted Newman or Pusey, but because his mind refused assent to propositions which never touched his heart. Emotionally timid, intellectually he is courageous in his emotions; he even goes further; and, echoing Blake, one might say of him that with Clough love was an intellectual thing. What frightens him is not love, but duty:

"Men and maidens, see you mind it;
Show of love, where'er you find it,
Look if duty lurk behind it!
Duty-fancies, urging on
Whither love had never gone!"

Clough, that is, was Thomas Arnold's favourite pupil, the auto-Rugbeian, not because he was temperamentally in sympathy with the cold world of earnest and impersonal endeavour, a world suspicious of any capricious enjoyment, any Catholic freedom, but because he was at once susceptible and sensitive. Arnold stamped the clever, sympathetic boy, and for the rest of his life Clough slowly grew out of the mould whose pattern he had taken at school. A more rebellious boy would have never been impressed: a less sensitive man would have become bitter and angry, but Clough was content to assure himself that, after all, there was a larger world than the high schoolroom and orderly dormitory beloved of his old head master, that there was sunshine to be basked in, and love to be pursued. Yet Clough does lack fervour. Whether this was temperamental or the result of his school-days it seems impossible to determine. Claude, in "Amour de Voyage," is like the self-analytic, egotistic hero of a modern novel. Mr. Osborne connects him with Werther:

"Werther, Amiel, de Musset, Manfred, the hero of 'Locksley Hall'—they may be ranked together in a contingent of fighters against themselves, with Hamlet as their captain. In order to keep the members of the band within reasonable limits, Russians may be excluded. It is so far a homogeneous collection that all its members have in common three things: sadness, weakness of will and extreme self-consciousness."

The category might pass, though I hardly understand the inclusion of Manfred: but is not Clough's hero nearer to moderns in this—that his struggles are those of a man for whom the intellect and the emotion are equally vital? There are men, primitive, full-blooded, tiresome people for whom the intellect is continually second; there are others who will not allow an emotional moment or mood to be unchallenged in its efforts to govern the intellectual or spiritual life. There are others who seem almost unable to distinguish between their emotions and their judgments. Modern literature and modern life is full of them. Selfish, vain, conceited, garrulous, they believe the sacred sentences, "I wish," "I don't like," or "Ah! but that I never do," to be efficient reasons against the "must," the imperative of life. One is anxious to say loudly to them seven times a day: "Things are what they are; and the consequences of them will be what they will be: why then should we be deceived?" They use Bergson as a barricade, and Freud as a smoke-screen: their impulses are the jerks of incipient spiritual paralysis, and lack co-ordination or consequence. It is to these young men Claude belongs: and nothing in Clough is more memorable than his skill in presenting a type which was very uncommon at his own time and which, though Mr. Osborne can dismiss him as "unattractive, uninspiring, and unprofitable," has for the student of morbid psychology and æsthetic casuistry the fascination of a remarkably good "museum" piece.

This analytic Clough, the Clough who should have been a novelist, was little suspected by his contemporaries,

and even distrusted by himself. Only in America—where Lowell published "Amour de Voyage" and Charles Eliot Norton "Dipsychus"—did this verse of Clough's rouse much interest. In England he was known chiefly—and still is—by his earliest ambitious poem, "The Bothie of Tober na Vuolich," by a few lyrics in the Arnoldian manner, and by the "Easter Day," a poem not altogether unworthy to be named with Browning's more magnificent and sumptuous ode. "The Bothie" is undoubtedly charming. Not every one can love its hexameters: but those who do always have a difficulty in listening to the jingling, girlish rhythms of "Evangeline" or "Miles Standish." Nowhere in it does Clough bring off so competent and acrid an effort as the phrase in "Amour de Voyage"—"the horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people"; but there are in "The Bothie" a boyishness, a gallantry, a primitive, unsophisticated cheerfulness which is astonishing when one considers it coincided with the neat, lawn-like, park-like effects of Tennyson. The lyrics suffer from Clough's inability to sing. Sermons in stones are tolerable—but sermons in stanzas are apt to make the lyric rather stodgy; and I have never been able properly to appreciate the laboured, if beautiful, metaphors of "Say not the struggle naught availeth." In "Easter Day, Naples, 1849," on the other hand, and in "The Shadow" there is a power both of thought and language which gives Clough a high place among those philosophical poets who will always have a select audience. He is not an optimist. He attains, rather, that high faith which we see in some of the younger men of to-day whom the war and the peace have left disillusioned but not despairing. He doubts; he desponds; but he believes firmly and defiantly in truth, and can afford to give his difficulties a shape and a definiteness a lesser man would avoid. Never was his style so dignified, so serene, as in these poems:

"I dreamed a dream: I dreamt that I espied,
Upon a stone that was not rolled aside,
A Shadow sit upon a grave—a Shade,
As thin, as unsubstantial, as of old
Came, the Greek poet told,
To lick the life-blood in the trench Ulysses made—
As pale, as thin, and said:
'I am the Resurrection of the Dead.
The night is past, the morning is at hand,
And I must in my proper semblance stand,
Appear brief space and vanish—listen, this is true,
I am that Jesus whom they slew.'"

The man who wrote that was something other than "Thyrsis." Arnold knew that his two odes gave but an incomplete idea of his friend: but too many people to-day take Arnold's picture as a portrait, and put Clough away with Henry King. It is as unfair as if one were to judge Ulysses from Turner's picture of the hero defying Polyphemus: and I hope Mr. Osborne's monograph will send the reader of to-day to the study of this neglected poet.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

FORLORN CAUSES.*

In one of those laborious and utterly depressing upheavals of casual papers which all of us must sooner or later undertake, I unearthed the other day an article printed in the spring of 1914 when presumably the world was young. The writer, a man evidently of vision, took his stand on the inspiration of sentiment and poured contempt on prudence. With trembling hand I had torn it from its roots and, as one does with strange fatality from day to day, laid it carefully from sight and memory. And suddenly it reappeared, faded, crumpled, but unbroken, and the words I read are: "Is it not passionate thought, prompted by ideal considerations, that has accomplished all the great deeds of history and the present world? Joan of Arc setting out barefoot to crown a king, Byron giving life and all to deliver Greece, Florence Nightingale starting for Scutari, Livingstone turning back to escort a few natives to their distant home."

* "A Brazilian Mystic." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

One could go on adding to such a list almost indefinitely. But is it also not the same passionate thought which has led all the lost causes to their tremendous devastation? The names of the triumphant, as in a greatly lesser degree the lost leaders of men, have won their place in history. Theirs was the passionate thought. But what of those who followed in their train? What spirit of self-sacrifice is fired in their hearts? For all lost causes have not been strengthened by faith, or provoked by tyranny, or dazzled by hope of gold. Failure for such as these offers its own sufficient if not always credible explanation. But there are causes known to us so hopeless, so reckless, so unprofitable, so apparently without any culmination save death, that however damping to the prudent or conscript conscience it may be, the spiritual folly of man is beyond tabulation or academic analysis. Recall the memorable challenge of Garibaldi to all the accepted gods of humanity: "I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions. Rather do I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death." That sublime acknowledgment of the spiritually sentimental in human conduct might have been written upon the title page of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's amazing and moving story of Antonio Conselheiro. Never have I followed the record of a cause more tragic and forlorn. Prince Charlie landed with seven men, but he came to win a kingdom. Antonio Conselheiro, a Brazilian mystic, offered neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions, and set up no banner of revolution or conquest. He simply wandered, a John the Baptist of the nineties, over the deserts and mountain paths of Brazil and the Vaqueros hailed him as the revelation of God. They followed him in "a land of thirst, of great extremes of temperature, of sudden storm, of frozen night succeeding days of intensest heat"—they did so with no personal or political end, and the only desire of their leader was to found a place of worship remote from the Republic where they might await the coming of the eternal King of the World. A simple creed, a most harmless ambition, and it would seem to an unprejudiced observer that if men followed an ascetic visionary into an almost inaccessible country, however disturbing passions, strange and even alarming, might strike politicians and professional soldiers, the wise in their generation do not take a bellows to a small unwelcome fire. But officials of that new and uneasy Republic conferred with Generals, memoranda passed, and it was agreed that most assuredly some action must be taken. And so, as in those musical comedies which used to strive so vainly after the rich humour of imaginary principalities, the Government dispatched a little band of soldiers to quell with a roll of kettledrums a few odd thousand cattle-men, their religious fervour rendered immensely practical by their national pastime of sudden death.

After a martyrdom of thirst and hunger the soldiers advanced to the attack. Immediately, as the Highlanders for another cause, equally forlorn, broke upon the English dragoons at Prestonpans, the defenders of Conselheiro almost annihilated that tragic expedition. The inevitable conflict was now sealed. Conselheiro, alarmed at the danger of war with the Republic, retired to Canudos, a place separated by eighty miles of desert from the nearest railroad, and there founded the new Zion. He proclaimed no definite faith, no new code of morals. His religion was one of asceticism, prayer, and his message the swiftly approaching end of the world. No leader ever studied the accepted essentials of leadership with larger indifference and, it must be allowed, no immensely astute demagogue ever won so absolute a devotion. For the faithful, who valued their lives neither here nor elsewhere, bandits, cattle-men, half-castes, Indians, riders like centaurs and armed to the teeth, travelled through the deep silence of the forests and over the parched plains to Canudos, where Conselheiro the Mystic had challenged established things. There they sang hymns and chanted litanies, and in the intervening hours oiled their mediæval weapons, drank raw wine and conducted their approved if amorous activities. Meanwhile the Government far away in

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Rio de Janiero took thought, and in 1895 (for this is no story or legend of the Middle Ages) three priests reached Canudos, bearing high a crucifix and chanting as they marched through the amazed and interested spectators. These missionaries, by leave of Conselheiro, entered the great place of worship his followers were building, and rated them with the historic assurance and indiscretion of the Church. Their denunciation was received with frank derision and, cursing the place with spiritual unction, they departed, and again the Government resorted to the force of arms. Once more, and yet again, a miserable band of soldiery, parched with thirst, white with dust, limped towards Canudos, and on each occasion only a remnant struggled back to tell the tale. At last, for there is but one ending to the advocates of passionate thought, an army of artillery, cavalry and foot laid siege to the town. In that terrible siege, carried on without quarter, or surrender, but day by day in deepening agony and gloom, the followers of Conselheiro never flinched, and never complained. Even the death of their leader, worn out by the downfall of his dearest convictions, did not sap their strange and incredible fortitude. They might have retreated to the last, had they willed, into the impenetrable forest behind the town. But they fought on. In their annihilation nothing could be gained. In their amazing obstinacy was nothing but the darkness which must be met and can never be conquered. And in the silence when the last man had fallen, when the smoke had drifted away, leaving Canudos to return to the wilderness, they found the dead body of a man who had lit once again the fire of devotion in the hearts of simple men.

In these telling, unforgettable words Mr. Cunningham Graham terminates as with a tragic gesture his immensely poignant story: "Some of the faithful had placed some withered flowers upon his breast. His body lay upon a ragged piece of matting, and both his eyes were full of sand."

FREDERICK WATSON.

CARADOC EVANS AND HIS "NEIGHBOURS."

In speaking of Mr. Caradoc Evans's new volume of satires (or libels) on the Welsh nation, I have no wish to revive the passions of an old controversy. Whether the Nonconformists of Cardiganshire, resident in that county or exiles in London, are the callous beasts which they are represented to be by their countryman, I have no means of deciding; though judging a priori I very much doubt whether Mr. Evans as author can, or as Welshman should, draw up an indictment against a whole people. But what I am concerned with in dealing with "My Neighbours" is the essential qualities which give these stories of the London Welsh their idiosyncratic value. The chief of these, I suppose, is the economy of phrase and of sentence which condenses a whole life-history into a single tale. The allusive way in which the narrative of greed, lust and cruelty proceeds through births, marriages and deaths to the crucial dramatic situation is marked by an absence of comment, which gives it its stark ironic appeal, and by a pregnancy and an air of unaffected veracity which seem to owe not a little to a study of the Old Testament stories. Truly Biblical, too, is the author's cool, unabashed way of describing the love-making of his couples. These quaint, primitive pictures are characterised indeed by a post-Raphaelite directness and simplicity. The third distinguishing mark of the author's method is his masterly use of dialogue. Herein he confines himself severely to the practice of the playwright. Eschewing psychological analysis save for the slightest of running commentaries, he depicts his characters solely by means of their conversation; and this conversation is always illuminating and dramatic. But the presentation of his scenic persons as average men and

* "My Neighbours." By Caradoc Evans. 6s. net. (Melrose.)

women forms no part of his intentions. Wherefore, in order, I imagine, to make them as remote as possible, to show them as a clan apart, with a view also, I suspect, of throwing their hypocrisy into the whitest and most lurid of lights, Mr. Evans adopts the doubtfully legitimate plan of translating their talk not idiomatically but literally. The result is that his Welsh peasants and drapers and dairymen are made to converse in a sort of baboo English which, whatever the author's intentions may be, renders them supremely ridiculous. So "Get thee behind me, Satan" takes on the unfamiliar guise of "Go round my backhead, Satan"; and "People have talked to me of the fine pigs of Tyhen" appears as "Mouthings have I heard of grand pigs Tyhen." Similarly such barbarisms abound as "Speak you a little verse for a funeral preach," "Stiffish are affairs with him, poor dab," "Talk the name of the old malady," "Insulting am I to the Large One bach," "What is in the stomach of my purse this one minute?" "The pant of my breath is not back," and "Out of the neck of young youths we hear pieces that are very sensible." At times, as the examples I have just given will show, this grotesque literalism ceases to be merely quaint, and becomes wearisome because unintelligible. But, regarded as a whole, it proves enormously effective; never more so indeed than in the following passage taken from a prayer uttered by a sort of Cymric compound of Naaman and of Hezekiah who fancies, to his horror, that he is on the point of dying:

"Not fitting that you leave the daughter fack alone. Short in her leg you made her. There's a set back. Her mother perished; and did I complain? An orphan will the pitiful wench be. . . . A fuss will be about Shop Richmond. Paid have I the rent for one year in advance. Serious will the loss be. Be not of two thinks. Send Lisha to breathe breathings into my inside—in the belly where the heart is. Forgive me that I go to the Capel English. Go there I do for the trade. Generous am I in the collections. Ask the preacher. Take some one else to sit in my chair in the Palace. Allow me to live for a year—two years—and a grand Communion set will I give to the Welsh capel in Shirland Road. Individual cups, silver-plated, Sheffield make."

A passage like this, which does equal justice to the religion and to the religiosity of the Welshman, shows how finely perspicacious a critic of his people and his neighbours Mr. Evans could be if he would only bring himself to regard them from a point of view which was sympathetically and not sardonically humorous.

L. B.

REALITIES OF WAR.*

It is of course impossible for any one pair of eyes to see as a whole the great war of 1914-1919. It has been too large for human vision. For that reason it is a little difficult to criticise Mr. Philip Gibbs's latest war book. It has been rather the fashion to sneer at the war correspondents; to speak of them as men comfortably housed at the base, gossiping with wounded fighting-men and elaborating their dispatches by the aid of imagination. During a somewhat varied experience (including regimental, Brigade and G.H.Q. Staff work) I came into contact with a number of the Brethren of the Pen, and I cannot say that I ever actually saw any of them very close to the front line, but that is merely my individual experience, and I take it that if a correspondent's account of an action is reasonably accurate one need not inquire too closely into his sources of information.

There is no doubt that Mr. Gibbs has written a wonderful book; a terrifying book indeed, but it is well that the surprisingly large number of people who even still scarcely realise the magnitude of Britain's effort should be made to understand something of the horror of war.

In four hundred and fifty-five pages of close type Mr. Gibbs has endeavoured to convey his impressions of modern scientific murder and its attendant evils. He has succeeded; and if his pictures are coloured a little by the semi-neurosis induced by the contact for weary months of an evidently sensitive temperament with the crudities

* "Realities of War." By Philip Gibbs. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

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of the slaughter-house, we need not be surprised. Nor need we, his readers, blame him too much if he has permitted his humanity now and then to blind him to facts. For example—and to discharge myself first of all of the small measure of adverse criticism I feel he deserves—he permits himself more than once to speak of “the Staff” with a bitterness no less real for being restrained. Writing of G.H.Q. (after its removal from St. Omer) he says:

“War at Montreuil was quite a pleasant occupation for elderly generals who liked their little stroll after lunch, and for young Regular officers, released from the painful necessity of dying for their country, who were glad to get a game of tennis down below the walls there, after strenuous office work in which they had written ‘Passed to you’ on many ‘minutes,’ or had drawn the most comical caricatures of their immediate chief, and of his immediate chief, on blotting-pads and writing-blocks.”

Such words—which will be deeply resented alike by the elderly General, the young Regular officer and their comrades in the line—go to show that Mr. Gibbs was not much in the habit of frequenting those little rooms in the Ecole Militaire in which men worked until the written words danced before their bloodshot eyes, and their tired brains at last refused to function until a few hours’ sleep had broken the tension. Does Mr. Gibbs seriously believe that British officers—many of them maimed or half-blinded in that very front line they are supposed never to have seen, could be indifferent to the sufferings of their brethren? Mr. Gibbs does *not* speak of the snug dinners and comfortable beds in the châteaux allotted to the war correspondents. But it is all (so obviously) set down in ignorance; not in malice. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

For the rest, as I have said, the book has been made by the pen of a master of words. The little pictures of war in its various forms are cameos. For instance:

“‘Having a clean-up, my man?’ said a Brigadier to a soldier trying to wash in a basin about the size of a kitchen mug
“‘Yes, sir,’ said the man, and I wish I was a blasted canary.”

He has the courage, too, to be unfashionable: to admit the bravery of the German troops and the excellence of the German gunnery. To suggest that the enemy were cowards is, to pay a poor compliment to British valour; as to the Boche shooting, I have painful reason to admire it—but that is another story!

“‘There will be a lot of murder after this bloody war,’ says a Tommy to Mr. Gibbs. ‘What’s human life? . . . We’re trained up as murderers—I don’t dislike it, mind you—and after the war we shan’t get out of the habit of it. It’ll come nat’ral, like!’”

“He was talking for my benefit,” adds Mr. Gibbs, describing the laughter that followed. Nowadays one is inclined to think that many a true word is spoken in jest.

With Mr. Gibbs’s criticisms of strategy and tactics I am not concerned; it is so easy to be wise after the event. But his analyses of such tragedies as Loos are profoundly interesting. Terrible as his descriptions may be, they are certainly not exaggerated:

“Shell-shock was the worst thing to see. . . . A sergeant-major . . . was convulsed with a dreadful rigor like a man in epilepsy, and clawed at his mouth, moaning horribly, with livid terror in his eyes. . . . He had been a tall and splendid man, this poor terror-stricken lunatic.”

Is there anyone who will not feel the deep emotion of the words on his last page?

“Let us seek the beauty of life, and God’s truth, somehow, remembering the boys who died too soon, and all the falsity and hatred of these past five years. . . . We have seen too much blood. We want to wipe it out of our eyes and souls. Let us have Peace.”

It is the cry of the suffering World.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON
(CAPTAIN).

HEROES OLD AND YOUNG.*

Some dozen years ago there was a vogue of the man of forty in the playhouse, and I remember a wit thus accounting for the new fashion in heroes: “Why, don’t you understand? All our more popular playwrights and actors are getting middle-aged.” It was smart of him, but when I recall that Thackeray and his contemporaries devoted themselves to the young man and young love long after passing middle age, I suspect the choice of forty as an age that could still be heroic or romantic was rather more a defiant extension of the range of art than a sign that the artist had reached the “forties” himself. To-day we pride ourselves on being more catholic-minded than our Victorian grandparents. If youth, we flatter our times by thinking, insists on having its fair share of the *beaux rôles*, it is not so greedy as to edge its elders wholly off the scene; the young no less than the old can put up with heroes of all ages. At any rate, in two recently issued novels with which I propose to deal, one hero is fifty to the other’s twenty-six or eight, and it is not the younger man who has the more compelling personality.

The hero of fifty figures in “The House of Baltazar” and, like so many of Mr. Locke’s characters, he is a quixote. With brilliant prospects before him at Cambridge, John Baltazar threw up his career and disappeared into China for eighteen years to avoid compromising a Newnham girl in whose sympathy he had found consolation for the tantrums of a wife of ungovernable temper. No bad start this in chivalry even for “a fool of genius.” When we meet him on his return from the East, disgust with England, after one week’s sampling of London, prompts him to go a step farther in oddity. He buries himself hermit-like in a moorland village so successfully that, for two whole years while the European war is raging, not a whisper of its prevalence reaches his ears. Newspapers, correspondence, village gossip, are all kept at arm’s length, largely owing to the extravagant fidelity of his Chinese servant-pupil, Quong Ho, and it needs a bomb from a Zeppelin to awaken him to realities. Then with an energy that warrants the description of him as a “human dynamo,” he flings himself into war-work only to sacrifice office and power, when both are in his reach, to rescue from scandal a son of whose very existence he was unaware when he came home. It is characteristic of the novelist’s love of coincidence that Baltazar makes his son’s acquaintance and comes upon his old sweetheart simultaneously, Marcelle Baring being discovered nursing the crippled young soldier when, with name disguised, the father pays his visit of reconnaissance. Now here obviously we have Mr. Locke offering us a fairy tale with a war atmosphere, and English war politics do not lend themselves well to fairy tale treatment. So perhaps it happens that the boy-soldier, the nurse—so thin-blooded that not until the very end of the story can she make up her mind to marry her former lover, Baltazar—and Lady Edna, the cabinet minister’s wife who brings young Godfrey to the verge of dishonour, all seem somewhat lacking in life, especially in the presence of the hero. For Baltazar, fantastic creation though he may be, abounds in vitality and imparts to the story a sort of whirlwind pace; and only less happy is the study of Quong Ho, who so amusingly apes and therefore parodies his master’s formality of speech. It is in treating of them that the scholarly charm of Mr. Locke’s style is most engagingly persuasive.

To turn from the scenes of Baltazar’s quixotry to the tale which the old bachelor “Uncle Lionel” tells is like plunging into a bath of ice-cold water, for in this book we have modern youth pictured with a fearless realism and made to look very far from “pleasant.” Baltazar, in his worst moods and with all his expletives, had the capacity for self-discipline; for years he cut alcohol out of his life. Michael, Mr. Mais’s irritating young hero, has not mastered the rudiments of such an art. The only excuse that can

* “The House of Baltazar.” By W. J. Locke. 7s. net. (Bodley Head.)—“Uncle Lionel.” By S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

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be offered for him, indeed, is that his wife, Patricia, is even more ill-tempered, more selfish, more exacting. Both are prepared to discuss freely with friends their domestic privacies, and their cat-and-dog quarrels make a sensitive reader want to stop his ears, so ruthlessly and vulgarly personal are they, so void are they of restraint, of pity, of any spark of tenderness. And actions match speech. It is the promiscuity of the love affairs of Mr. Mais's young people that appals. Yet no one who has mixed much with the new generation of the middle class would care to challenge the fidelity of his observation. His Michaels, his Patricias, his Tobys, his Helènes, his Joans, his Radstocks are to be met with every day, and by comparison such a ray of sunshine as his little dancer, Phyllis, seems to have strayed out of fairyland. It is possible that the schoolmaster-novelist has exaggerated the defect of the virtues of independence and candour and adventurousness in the youth of to-day; but his book reads like only too true an indictment of the class to which its survey is confined, and he has certainly fastened on one of the most disquieting features of our time—the fact that youthful impatience is most mischievously active amid the delicate relations of sex. Thus Michael is a portent and his creator is a new force to be reckoned with in fiction.

F. G. BETTANY.

LANCASHIRE DRAMA.*

In the course of a somewhat lengthy but extremely interesting preface to "Three Lancashire Plays," Mr. Harold Brighthouse expresses his views upon matters relating to contemporary drama under three principal heads—the reading of plays, the repertory theatre, and, finally, the Lancashire school of drama, of which he and the late Stanley Houghton have shown themselves to be the most noteworthy exponents. Mr. Brighthouse desires to see a revival of the play-reading habit, pointing out that in another age than ours play-books were a favourite, if not the only, form of light reading, while the novel, now almost universally preferred, is the development of the last century. "Play-reading," he says, "obeys the law that as a man sows so shall he reap; a little trouble, rapidly eased by practice, leads one to a great deal of pleasure." There is much to be said in support of this view, and, since Mr. Shaw set the fashion of supplying very full descriptions of his characters and their environment, there have been created possibilities for the printed play which one could wish to see more eagerly seized upon by the reading public. Mr. Brighthouse has many illuminating things to say about the repertory theatre and its uses, and, since he began his dramatic career as a repertory dramatist of the Manchester school, his views command attention. The repertory play was held to be synonymous with the uncommercial play, but this has been proved to be a fallacy. In evidence of which one has but to indicate the astonishing success of Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," Mr. Brighthouse's own "Hobson's Choice"—which won golden opinions in the United States before it was staged in England—and Mr. John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," which filled a London theatre for months, after an obscure provincial production. "Repertory has golden possibilities," says Mr. Brighthouse. And he is quite right. The repertory system has not yet received the credit which is its due. And from seeds let fall on stony ground there may yet be a rich harvest. The repertory theatres of Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester have revealed evidence of much latent dramatic vigour. Coming to the consideration of the Manchester school of drama it is to be noted that, unlike the Abbey Theatre school, which had a national appeal, the former was merely a by-product. Miss Horniman's efforts were devoted to bigger things than the mere fostering of a local school of drama. The

two most distinguished Lancashire dialect writers, Edwin Waugh and Ben Brierley, have passed away, and though, since their day, there have been spasmodic attempts to exploit the dialect of the county, as a literary medium it has ceased to count. None of Houghton's or Mr. Brighthouse's plays are written in dialect, and though a local idiom crops up now and again there is nothing in any of their plays but what should be perfectly intelligible to a dweller in Camden Town.

"Dramatically correct dialect is literally incorrect," says Mr. Brighthouse; "it is highly selected dialogue which indicates, but does not obscure, and the true dialect dramatist is not the man who exactly imitates the speech of a district, but he who most skilfully adapts its rhythms and picks out its most salient words. Synge invented an Irish dialect which is false in detail and infinitely true in broad effect, and 'the Manchester school,' faced with the same difficulty, has solved it in the same way."

Now the distinguishing feature about these Lancashire plays is that though the author spares his readers the obstacles of the dialect, he gives them in full compensation the sturdy characteristics and hard-bitten spirit of these northern industrialists. And his types are as true to nature and their environment as were the characters of the Elizabethan and Restoration stage.

From the foregoing observations it will be seen that a provincial origin is no necessary obstacle to a popular success upon the stage. To take the three plays in the present volume in detail one imagines that in "The Game" Mr. Brighthouse has attempted a double purpose. His principal idea—as a business dramatist—we may suppose, was to catch his public by a play woven around the sport of football, and, whether or not he has failed in this endeavour, there can be no doubt that, incidentally, he has achieved a literary success in the portrayal of some of his principal characters. The footballer himself is the least satisfactory of the group. "The finest centre forward in England," with a taste for Browning and Pater is difficult to accept. Moreover he is such a weak-kneed and abject figure in the hands of his mother that he evokes neither sympathy nor admiration. But Mrs. Wetherell, the mother, is a woman of such sturdy character that her personality dominates the play, and by the reader she will be relegated to the gallery of stage characters that matter. The play provides in addition an effective satire upon the athletic girl with her craze for sport in the person of Elsie Whitworth, who, in defiance of all opposition, proposes to marry the footballer, but, discovering his flabbiness in time, emerges from the ordeal with disillusion, but with increased worldly wisdom. "The Northerners," one remembers, was produced by Mr. Iden Payne at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, some years ago, with Miss Mona Limerick as Ruth Butterworth. Brilliant as was much of the work of this actress, the part of the weaver's daughter who married her master's son was not quite within the scope of her art, and perhaps the play suffered thereby. The scene of the drama is laid in a Lancashire town in the eighteenth century, and concerns itself with the fierce opposition shown by the operative classes to the introduction of machinery in cotton-mills. It is a strong and effective piece of stagecraft, and ends upon an inevitable note of tragedy. The third play in the volume, "Zack," described as "a character comedy," was first produced by Mr. Iden Payne at the Empire Theatre, Syracuse, New York State. There is a certain Dickensian flavour about "Zack," or Zachariah Munning, a gentle and gracious character, down-trodden and snubbed by his relatives and neighbours, until he is carried off in triumph by a discerning girl who discovers his true qualities, and turns the tables upon the scoffers and self-seekers. It is all delightful comedy, and makes most attractive reading.

Mr. Brighthouse's plots are well conceived. His comedy dialogue is crisp and witty. He knows his Lancashire characters better, perhaps, than they know themselves. In holding up the mirror to nature, if a severe critic, he is not without the saving grace of kindness.

* "Three Lancashire Plays." By Harold Brighthouse. 6s. net. (Samuel French.)

MR. BERESFORD'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. Beresford's intellectual conscientiousness is at times a real disadvantage. He is so fair that he is unjust. His judgments are so true to the facts that they are false to life. In this new novel he has one great success—the drawing of young Stephen Kirkwood from his adolescence to the date of his engagement to Margaret. But the title of the story and many internal signs seem to show that Mr. Beresford's real preoccupation was with Mrs. Kirkwood—the imperfect mother, and here he fails. He has attempted a task of great difficulty. Mrs. Kirkwood is over forty, has been married twenty years, and has three children. She lives in a cathedral city, suspiciously admired, and she falls violently in love with Threlfall, the cathedral organist, a man younger than she. The problem is neither new nor particularly attractive. Mr. Beresford deliberately makes it less attractive by giving Cecilia Kirkwood a devoted husband, an affectionate and sympathetic son of seventeen, and two good if rather tiresome daughters. At any time passion is a difficult theme for the artist—it has in it a certain necessary selfishness, a kind of fiery egotism which scorches alien interest. In the case of a married woman of forty-one, with plenty of home interests, it seems rather an indecency. Yet a great artist could redeem it: he could show the flame burning up all dross; he could give us a Cecilia making her love-affair a thing of beauty and terror to her daughters, to her son, even to her poor, spiritless husband. This Mr. Beresford does not attempt. He admits Cecilia's selfishness, and tries to present her problem purely reasonably. He explains and excuses when what is needed is prophecy. Cecilia goes off with Threlfall, leaving Kirkwood to sink into a half-senile mental decay, Stephen to the bruised indignation of spurned boyish love, and the daughters to more carefully conventional disapprobation.

That he himself is dissatisfied with the handling of his problem seems likely from the fact that he abandons Cecilia for Stephen. Of Stephen's life as a builder, his success, and his romance Mr. Beresford makes a thing of real beauty and sincerity: but with the introduction of Cecilia insincerity creeps in again. Threlfall of course loses his job as organist, but gets a reputation and financial success as a writer of light operas: Cecilia, at the age of forty-odd, gets work on the stage as a story-teller, and hopes for regular acting. Once more Mr. Beresford makes the worst of it by showing Threlfall as unworthy and unfaithful; and we even find him philandering with Stephen's old love, Margaret Weatherley. Cecilia turns to Stephen, and has for a moment the temptation of trying to keep him and Margaret apart. In a finely-written scene Mr. Beresford gives us his effort at an explanation of the violent sympathy or antipathy which exists between some parents and their children; but I feel here, too, he is too explanatory. The little bit of Freudian psycho-analysis, when Stephen has recalled to his conscious memory the laughter of his mother at an infantile distress, does not really help the reader to a fuller understanding either of Stephen or his mother. The truth is that passion, if it is not written of lyrically or in the comic vein, must be written of passionately: neither Lear nor Romeo are conceivable as purely reasonable beings. It will be fatal to the very essence of imaginative art if our artists begin to believe that there is no mystery which cannot be explained: in this book Mr. Beresford is so anxious to render Cecilia intelligible that he has only succeeded in making her rather intolerable, until, it is true, the last sentence on the last page when he repents and ends on an older, more traditional note. Stephen looks for Cecilia to tell her of his happiness and Margaret's:

"As he left the room he heard somewhere deep down in the house, the distant slamming of a door.

"Cecilia was not in either of the nurseries, and the drawing-room was quite empty. But in the hall he found Butler, who told him that Mrs. Threlfall had gone out a few minutes before. She had not said where she was going, nor when she would be likely to return."

R. E. R.

* "An Imperfect Mother." By J. D. Beresford. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

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"The children of England take pleasure in breaking
What the German children take pleasure in making "

With all due deference to Mr. Ward Muir's preface, they had not "a high sense of honour": there were limits to the confession they would make. Again, like primitive man, they boasted a "callous hide of indifference," to other people's feelings, "not far from brutality." Like primitive man they were individualists, rendering few services, and those not from love or duty, but just for the fun of it.

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W. A. F.

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It is very pleasant to read of his home life although, perhaps, no stronger impression is left on the reader's mind than that made by Sir George Trevelyan in his "Early Life of Charles James Fox." His hurried marriage with Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, —for it was a runaway match—was not repented of at leisure, though for some time after it earned for the young couple the wrathful indignation of the lady's parents, and the Duchess in her heart never really forgave her son-in-law. His political life affects one very differently. His conduct of the Pay Office, the charge of which he held for many years, cannot but be reprobated although Lord Ilchester, without condoning, tries to excuse it.

The balance of the money which Fox drew, in advance, as Paymaster-General for the payment of His Majesty's Forces was invested by him and the interest placed to his private account. Such action was in accordance with the custom of the times and not considered illegal, and it is from the fact that it was the usual thing that Lord Ilchester draws the conclusion that it was excusable, in spite of the admission that Fox's predecessors in the office—Pelham and Pitt—acted otherwise. In this connection Sir George Trevelyan, in the before-quoted work, notes:

"The extent of Lord Holland's gains may be estimated by a comparison between his financial position when he took the Pay Office and when he quitted it. In the will which he made in middle life he left eight thousand pounds, and eleven hundred a year to his wife. At his death in 1774 he left Lady Holland two thousand a year, Holland House, and Government securities to the amount, it is said, of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. To Stephen Fox he had already given between four and five thousand a year in land. To Charles he bequeathed the property in Kent, and nine hundred a year; to his son Henry, an estate in the North, and five hundred a year; while the young men got amongst them fifty thousand pounds in money, and a sinecure valued at twenty-three hundred a year. It must be remembered that Lord Holland had already paid for the eldest at least a couple of hundred thousand pounds in debts."

The inability to resist such a temptation to accumulate an immense fortune at the expense of the country, must convince any right-minded person of the absence of the most rudimentary idea of patriotism in the mind of a servant of the State, especially when the crippling of the nation's resources during and after the Seven Years' War is borne in mind. Disinterestedness certainly formed no part of Fox's public character.

For several years before he died Fox was deserted by his "venal friends." Culpable as we hold him to have been, we cannot help pitying him on reading Rigby's abominable behaviour to his old friend which, when remembered, embittered Fox's closing years, for blame-worthy though he was, fidelity to those to whom he was attached was a marked feature in his character.

Lord Ilchester, having had access to a large quantity of unpublished material, has written an intensely interesting and valuable biography of a statesman who lived in a stirring period of our history and who, had he not been deficient in patriotism and disinterestedness, might have risen to great heights and left behind him an honoured and revered name.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THINGS SCOTTISH.*

Mr. Hill's story of the Kirk, pleasantly written, is a quite conventional contribution to the subject. Not that it is old-fashioned, and it is by no means insipid. On the contrary the work is one of the best of its kind, and it appears opportunely, for there was room for just such a

* "The Story of the Scottish Church from the Earliest Times." By Ninian Hill. 7s. 6d. (MacLehose).—"A History of the Church in Scotland." By Alex. R. MacEwen, D.D. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"Sidelights on Scottish History." By Michael Barrett, O.S.B. 6s. 6d. (Sands).—"Scotland of the Scots." By G. R. Blake. 7s. 6d. (Pitman).—"Sidelights on the History, Industries and Social Life of Scotland." By Louis A. Barbé. 10s. 6d. (Blackie.)

plain, popular account of an institution which, in the words of Professor Flint, "has done more than any other to make Scotland what it is." Mr. Hill repeats the legend of Columba's interview with Brude, the gates of whose castle were closed against the saint, but on "his making the sign of the Cross they instantly flew open, and Brude received him graciously." Whereupon the king "yielded and was baptised," and the "death-knell of Paganism in Scotland was sounded." The old tradition completely disposed of by the historical critic! Mr. Hill's account of the Reformation period and his narrative of the Covenant are all that can be desired. It is a pity nothing is said about the projected Union of Scottish Presbyterianism. Some reference to an event eagerly hoped for would have rounded off this simple but discriminating study, and it would have imparted a touch of prophetic ideality to an interesting closing chapter descriptive of the General Assembly To-Day.

Professor MacEwen's demise three years since was a calamitous loss to Scottish ecclesiastical scholarship. Many were anticipating the triumphant completion of his fine work of which this is the second, though, alas, the sadly emaciated volume! The first comprised 487 pages: that now issued is a mere fragment of 178 pages, carrying on the narrative for but fourteen years—from 1546 to 1560. Fortunately it embraces part of a period characterised by Dr. MacEwen himself as "the most important in the history of the Scottish Church and the Scottish nation," namely that which saw the beginning of the Reformation movement, and hailed the advent and increasing ascendancy of John Knox. To Knox, as Carlyle used to say, his country must ever owe its biggest debt. The best evidence of Knox's surpassing personality was his superlative work of church-making which still abides and flourishes. Knox died in 1572, a date beyond that with which Dr. MacEwen's history ends. There is thus no final analytical appreciation of one who was often difficult to understand, simple-minded, yet sometimes unfathomable as ocean depths; sympathetic and austere; a man of the world, and a man of God, in some ways the most dauntless Christian warrior of his time and the most consummate statesman of any time.

Father Barrett's papers collected from various journals of his own persuasion, are, as one might expect, strongly (though not ultra) Roman Catholic. Interesting matter is contained in them all. The best are those which treat of Edinburgh and Glasgow before the Reformation. "Lust of power and greed of gain," says Mr. Barrett, were the true causes which imposed a "newly-invented creed" upon the people of Scotland, and thrust from them a Church that had been "set up by divine authority." "Such human elements might for a time command success, but God is stronger than man, and in the end He always conquers." Yet of Glasgow, the good Father bemoans earlier in his book: "It is scarcely probable that Glasgow will ever again become wholly Catholic."

Compilations which pilot their readers (tourist-like) through the multiplex ramifications of a nation's life and literature, and character and scenery, are usually disappointing. Mr. Blake's work is an exception. Is the writer an Englishman, however, for he speaks of the Ettrick Shepherd as *Alexander Hogg*, of the painter Martin Hardie as Harvie (repeated in the index), of Andrew Millar, the printer, as Mollar? He avers that the "Established Church relies principally on State support," ignorant of the fact that the total amount supplied annually from the national exchequer is a paltry £17,000. Does he know that the number of parishes in Scotland is 1,456? It may be well also to remind him that the teinds are not the property of the State. All the same this is an excellent and entertaining book—a sort of statistical account in pemmican, well arranged and well digested spite of some palpable blemishes. Outlander or no, the compiler exhibits an intimate knowledge of Scotland and the Scots. He is at home in everything pertaining to northern art, industry, science, education, and literature—so much at home that one is tempted to suspect a Glaswegian authorship after all! Certain tokens almost indicate

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this—the conspicuous place bestowed on the “second city,” several of the illustrations, as well as the writer’s praise lavished (deservedly) on the Glasgow School of Painting. At all events this comprehensive and informative review of the best that Scotland has been and is, will receive a true and loving welcome at home and abroad. By the way, was Andrew Lang a collaborateur in fiction with Mr. Eden Phillpotts? Mr. Blake probably meant Mr. A. E. W. Mason, who was joint-author of “Parson Kelly.” But Sir Rider Haggard was a co-author with Lang also—in “The World’s Desire.” So Phillpotts is another error to be rectified.

A score of capable short essays comprise Mr. Barbé’s latest contribution to Scottish story. In him the “auld alliance” is happily perpetuated and personified. No Frenchman of recent times has done more to elucidate the adamant links which connect his own bright land with the grey land beyond the Cheviots. Apart from three or four papers which carry us across the Channel, the major portion of this book the writer himself describes as “an attempt to throw a little light on the more obscure figures and incidents in Scottish history, as well as on some of the less familiar aspects of Scottish life in olden days.” That he has succeeded in his purpose with considerable skill and success is unmistakable. It is a most readable volume.

W. S. CROCKETT.

Novel Notes.

THE PROPHETIC MARRIAGE. 7s 6d. net. (Cassell.)

This is the strongest, most confident piece of work Mr. Warwick Deeping has yet given us. It is confident because he has beaten his music out: he is sure of his ground: he has reached the heights, and nothing comes between him and the sun. If he has lost a little of his blind faith in the nobility of man, he rejoices more than ever in the nobility of some men. That joy brings humour in its train, and the finest characters in a book full of fine characters have each their humorous side. They would not be men if they hadn’t. Julian Burgetrode, “the long, gaunt, iron-muscle Viking,” is full of humour beneath his fierce exterior, Meredithian humour. His reflections on society are full of it. What is nationalisation but government of officials. “And who is your official? Just old Mr. Peasgood Nonsuch”—there speaks Mr. Deeping the gardener—“a rather dull and phlegmatic old gentleman.” Burgetrode’s friendship with Tod will satisfy those who complain that friendship plays too small a part in English fiction. And it is a perfectly natural friendship, for Tod is just one of those clean, healthy English boys that Mr. E. F. Benson loves to portray. In him Mr. Deeping has expressed his own deep love of the healthy outdoor life. His love of nature, too, comes out more strongly and beautifully than ever. It is embodied in the person of Tom Lavender, that lovable naturalist “who owned things by losing them, not wanting to put them in his pocket.” The book begins with an idyll, the idyllic love of Tod’s parents: it ends with an idyll. There are shadows, but sunlight streams through them and through the book from beginning to end.

THE WORLD SHUT OUT. By Norval Richardson. 7s. net. (Nash.)

Mr. Norval Richardson’s Italian people and scenery have the quiet charm so often associated with the English—and American—presentation of their country in fiction. It is a sleepy little world to which he introduces us—a world which is seldom visited by the disturbing dream of everyday life. To the estate which his grandmother has left him comes Galbraith, a marriageable American, there to find happiness and a soul-mate in the person of the grandchild whose inheritance he has usurped. But if neither plot nor treatment are particularly original, the story makes pleasant reading in the manner of its treatment and the delicate and fragrant atmosphere with which the author contrives to invest his pages. A reading of “The World Shut Out” will do something to atone for the Italian holidays so many people have missed during the last five years.

WELL-TO-DO ARTHUR. By W. Pett Ridge. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

As in “The Bustling Hours,” here again Mr. Pett Ridge is a faithful chronicler of the war as it was fought on the home front. He takes young Arthur Lidlington for his pivotal man, or boy, and presently has a whole North London community revolving round him. There is Arthur’s soldier-father coming home on leave to be made a hero of and to die; there is his mother smartly running a florist’s shop and taking in theatrical lodgers; there is the girl he is more or less in love with, and her father; there are his mother’s superior relatives; the boys and men who work with him at the munition factory, and his old and new master there, and a host of others, sharply and shrewdly depicted, and you come to see what the war meant to them all, in what ways it reacted on their characters, and more especially its effect on the development of Arthur, who earned more money at munition making than he knew what to do with. The humour and genial satire of the book are delightful. It presents something of the everyday comedy and tragedy of the years that are just behind us with that minuteness of observation and quiet, realistic power that have made Mr. Pett Ridge one of the most truthful as well as one of the most entertaining latter-day social historians of lower and middle-class London.

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“Prestige” is an engrossing story with a skilfully handled plot. The characters are no pen-and-ink creations, but real people whose fortunes we follow with increasing interest as their histories unfold. The story centres round a group of people connected with Golding’s Building—the head-quarters and publishing house of numerous periodicals, papers, magazines, etc., owned by Sir James Golding. Yet this is not a journalistic tale; it is more a study in temperaments, artistic and business, with a strong love interest running throughout. Some advice on book reviewing (as done in Golding’s Building) is given to a young man on his first day in the building: “. . . If I can’t praise the author, I praise the people in the book, and if I can’t abuse him I abuse them instead. You can’t go very far wrong if you take it like that. . . . The great thing, Mr. Walcot says, is to keep above your author, whether you praise him or slate him. Keep him down all the time, or your readers will think he’s too much for you. Mr. Walcot says you can ‘crab’ anyone from Shakespeare to Creswell by quoting a sentence or half a sentence with an exclamation mark of your own.” In unfolding his plot Mr. Lloyd knows to a nicety just how much to leave to the reader’s imagination. “Prestige” is an excellent piece of work, quite out of the ordinary run of novels.

ALL THE KING’S MEN. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. P. Drury. 7s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

It is symptomatic of our present preoccupations that, of the eleven short stories and two poems that go to the making of this book, there is a considerable amount of matter concerning the occult. The first yarn, “The Drum Triumphant,” concerns one of the Grand Fleet ships that helped to shepherd the surrendered German fleet to our shores. “What impressed me most,” declared the Commander who told the story, “was the uncanny stillness of the stunt”; and then suddenly, on this particular ship, came the incessant beating of a phantom drum! There was no escaping it, and no explaining it—except by an acceptance of the legend of Drake’s Drum. Unfortunately, these yarns of the occult do not give us the expected weird thrill. The breezy style of the author is not suited to this kind of thing and, although readable throughout, he is much more successful in his humorous yarns, such as “The Squirrels” and “An Error in Diagnosis.” These are both quite good and, we are only sorry that we are not treated to more of the amusing experiences and comments of the hero of “The Squirrels,” one Mr. Pagett, ex-Private of the Royal Marines.

The Bookman's Table.

THE WOMEN'S VICTORY—AND AFTER: PERSONAL REMINISCENCES. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

All men and women who interested themselves in the long fight for votes for women have been waiting for this book. It is a continuation of the little volume Mrs. Fawcett published in 1911 under the title of "Women's Suffrage: a Short History of a Great Movement," and brings the story of that movement up to the date of its victory when "the Royal Assent was given to the Representation of the People's Act, which for the first time placed women on the register of parliamentary voters." Mr. Asquith's solid opposition to the enfranchisement of women, accounts of deputations, references to well-known anti-suffragists who have now definitely placed themselves on the side of popular opinion, a concise report of the plodding work done by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Society, the failures and disappointments that were slowly but surely leading to the goal—these make up an intensely interesting book, illustrated with five cartoons from *Punch* which indicate the growth of the movement before and during the war. Not only suffragists but all lovers of progress owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Fawcett and those who fought with her so untiringly for the cause. Even of her worst enemies she writes without malice, and though herself always a non-militant, she is ready to praise the militant suffragettes for their devotion and courage. So completely has the general position of women altered since those dim, pre-war days that the obstacles women had to face, the insults they had to suffer in the struggle for emancipation, even so recently as 1914, seem almost incredible. We have indeed entered upon a new era.

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[April 16.]

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ESSENTIALS IN ART.

By OSVALD SIRÉN, Professor of History of Art at Stockholm. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Professor Osvald Sirén, in other and larger books, has proved himself a diligent and careful student. This volume, particularly the earlier section, is intended for the general reader. Any book on art or religion written honestly by an intelligent man is sure to be in many respects suggestive and fruitful, though no book on either subject will fully satisfy a thoughtful reader, because both subjects have something of the infinite which will escape the bounds of any rigid definition. The opening essays in this volume are written for those who desire to understand how and why they should enjoy works of art, but they will be found useful also to the student and the artist. The essays on Donatello and Parri Spinello can only be fully understood by those who have studied or are about to study the works of these two artists, but they contain useful hints as to how the study of any artist or school of art may be profitably undertaken. Professor Sirén maintains that every work of art must obey certain laws of form and rhythm. The Chinese and other Eastern nations lay the greatest stress on these laws and are apt to overlook the subject matter, while we of the West demand a subject which will appeal to the intellect and arouse some deep emotion, and do not sufficiently remember that there is something in art apart from the intellect, and that some emotions may have no direct concern with ethics. The modern art lover who follows too exclusively present-day theories and criticism will be surprised and possibly a little scornful of Professor Sirén for devoting so much space to the connection between art and religion. But all must admit that art and religion have always played a large part in human life, and will see that our author has a genuine understanding and a broad and sympathetic outlook on both subjects. His own standpoint lies somewhere between that of Mr. Clive Bell who does not ignore spiritual ecstasy, though he maintains that art is something *sui generis*, and that of Mr. Clutton Brock who rather over-emphasises the ethical aspects of art. Professor Sirén has given us an able and interesting book on an intensely interesting subject.

CAMBRIDGE READINGS IN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Edited by EDWARD BULLOUGH. 8s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This is an anthology of passages from Italian writers in verse and prose, chosen so as to present a picture of Italian thought in the nineteenth century. Mr. Bullough has not given much prominence to the best known writers of this epoch, but prefers rather to give extracts from the work of the authors who are little if at all known in this country, though prized and loved in their own. The nineteenth century was one of supreme importance to Italy, witnessing the rise of the unified country and nation, with a re-emergence of "a united democratic spirit which is the direct heritage of the conception of Roman citizenship that created in the twelfth century in Lombardy, Tuscany and Venetia the first self-governing republics of Europe." In language and literature Italy derives direct from the true Roman tradition and remains definitely classical in culture, having been less permanently affected than any other European country by the Romantic movement. Mr.

Bullough has divided his anthology into five sections, and so grouped the excerpts, of which most readers will find the verse more interesting than the prose. A very casual turning of the pages shows that the selections are made with excellent judgment, and if it were for nothing else than the poems of Pascoli and Roccatagliata-Ceccardi the book would be worth its modest price. A bibliography and biographical notes add greatly to its value.

SOME MEMORIES OF A SCOTTISH PHOTOGRAPHER.

7s. 6d. (Elhott.)

Nichol Elliot, a Border Scot in Canada, gave up his excellent post and prospects to come over to this country in 1915 and join the forces. He was well over forty but passed himself off as a much younger man. He enlisted in the Artists Rifles, got his commission, and gave his



From *Essentials in Art*
(John Lane.)

DONATELLO'S WORKSHOP.
ODYSSEUS AND ATHENA.

(Courtyard of the Palazzo Medici, Florence.)



From *Cambridge Readings in Italian Literature*
(Cambridge Press).



VIGNETTES.



From *Diary of a Liaison Officer in Italy, 1918* **WAR IN THE MOUNTAINS.**
(Williams & Norgate).

life with the greater part of his regiment in the terrific affair near Nieuport, in July, 1917, when the 1st Northamp-tons refused to surrender though hopelessly cut off, and were virtually cut to pieces by the enemy. That his beautiful work may not be wholly lost, this volume con-taining photogravures of twenty-three of his exhibition pictures has been published by his widow. Every picture is a masterpiece, and is accompanied by charming and acceptable verses by Mrs. Elliot. The collection is a truly delightful one.

THE AUSTRALIAN VICTORIES IN FRANCE IN 1918.

By **LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN MONASH.** 24s. net.
(Hutchinson.)

The military achievements of the Australian troops in France are so well known and occupy so high a place among the factors which led to the final victory that there is no need to discuss them here. But the further question of the personal relations of the Australian troops with the authorities and with the natives of the country in which their operations took place is one of such delicacy that no one has hitherto dared to deal with it. General Sir John Monash is in a privileged position in this respect. He was in command of the troops, succeeding General Birdwood just before the last operations on the Somme, and he therefore can write on such subjects with first-hand knowledge and authority. The military history contained in this book, however, is of first-rate importance, and it may be regarded as a valuable contribution to the history of the war during the most important period of all. The style is straightforward, and it is not obscured by the technicalities which mar so many similar books. A number of maps and photographs elucidate the text.

THE DIARY OF A LIAISON OFFICER IN ITALY IN 1918.

By **CYRIL H. GOLDSMID, O.B.E.** With 8 Illustrations and Map. 7s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)

Among the many campaigns in which the British Army took part during the war, that in Italy was unquestionably only second in importance to the struggle upon the front in France and Belgium. Owing probably to the smallness of our forces in that field—though they played a leading part in the final victory—comparatively little is known in this country of the peculiar difficulties which the Italians had to contend against. There is room, in fact, for a large number of volumes on this subject, and Mr. Goldsmid's diary, which does not profess to be in any way exhaustive, should find an eager public among the many students of military tactics and history whom the last years have created. The author writes brightly, concisely and informingly, and the value of his work is enhanced by an excellent map.



From *The Australian Victories in France*
(Hutchinson).

**DUG-OUTS AT FROISSY BEACON
BEING "MOPPED UP" DURING BATTLE.**

THROUGH
DESERTS AND
OASES OF
CENTRAL ASIA.

By MISS ELLA SYKES,
F.R.G.S., and BRIGADIER-
GENERAL SIR PERCY
SYKES, K.C.I.E., C.B.
21s. net. (Macmillan.)

Within recent times few books have appeared to enlighten the stay-at-home Britisher on the subject of Chinese Turkestan and the Pamirs, those interesting regions in the heart of Asia where Marco Polo travelled, and where the three empires of Great Britain, Russia and China meet. A special welcome then should be accorded to the volume of travels, "Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia," which General Sir Percy Sykes and his sister, Miss Ella Sykes, have just published. The credentials of these two writers for bringing out a book on Central Asia are so distinguished—the General has known these or the adjacent countries for the last thirty years—that an interesting and valuable work was bound to be expected from this collaboration; and it is but the barest justice to state that such a work has resulted from it. The book is composed of two parts. The first part, which describes the nine months' journey, comes from the graphic and vivacious pen of Miss Sykes; while for the second, which gives an account of the geography, history and customs of Chinese Turkestan, General Sykes is responsible. The illustrations and maps are a valuable feature of the volume, which should be in the hands of all interested in British policy in the Middle East.



From *The Half Hearted*,
By John Buchan
(Hodder & Stoughton)

REDUCED REPRODUCTION OF
WRAPPER DESIGN IN COLOUR.

THE PHILOSOPHY
OF SPEECH.

By GEORGE WILLIS.
7s. 6d. net. (Allen &
Unwin.)

Here is a most entertaining, provoking and challenging treatise on the nature, philosophy and first beginnings of human speech, the relation of word to idea and expression, the development of thought, the value of language in study, on reform in spelling, on philology, on grammar, in short, on everything to do with the origin and handling of words. It is not to be expected that the reader will agree with all that Mr. Willis says, asserts, suggests or propounds . . . there is much that is conjecture, though very intelligent and logical conjecture indeed. It is not easy to accept the Greek o-ou, an egg, as coming from the imitation by the lips of the shape of an egg—he seems to forget the digamma—or the Greek glukū (sweet) as "originally the noise of some one licking his palate, and because honey and sweet things are sticky 'gluten' = glue." Perhaps! and perhaps shaking the head in sign of refusal is derived from the efforts of a child fed to satiety to remove its mouth from the range of the loaded spoon, but we need to consider it a little further before accepting it just as Mr. Willis presents it. On the other side of the world the "no" sign is nodding, which hardly squares with Mr. Willis. Outside these rather Borrovian derivations the book makes you think and overhaul your ideas—one of the best qualities any book can have.



From *Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia*
(Macmillan).

A KASHGAR SCHOOL



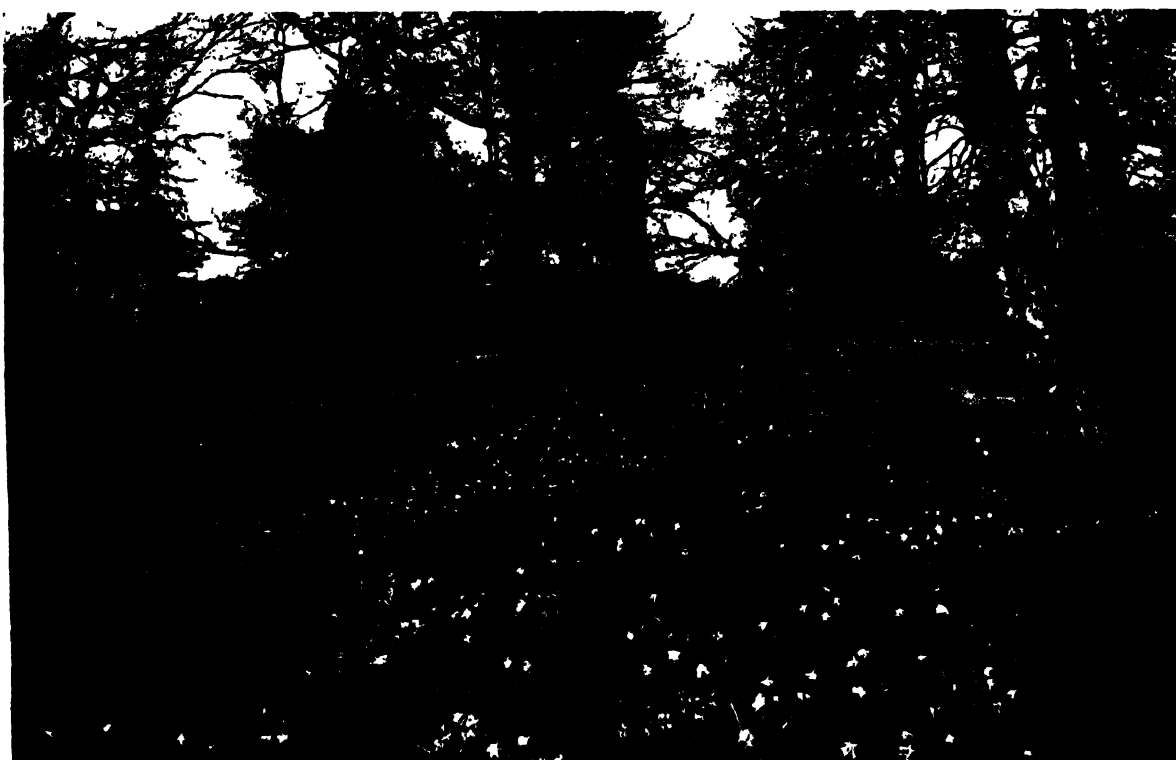
From *Practical Amateur Gardening*,
By H. H. Thomas
(Cassell).

A GLIMPSE INTO AN
OLD-WORLD GARDEN.

BRITISH WILD FLOWERS: THEIR HAUNTS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

By WILLIAM GRAVESON. 10s. 6d. net. (Swarthmore Press.)

This is the second edition of what is in every respect a most delightful book. Its twenty-eight chapters describe a series of country rambles throughout the flowering year from March to September, from snowdrop and aconites to ivy, the last flower of the year to come into bloom. Most of these rambles took place in 1914, so that there is an added definiteness in the information given that helps to link it



From *British Wild Flowers: Their Haunts and Associations*
(Swarthmore Press).

DAFFODILS AMONG THE GRASS.

up with our own particular memories. Mr. Graveson never walks abroad without well opened eyes. His index gives 602 flowers, with a note of names common and proper, where they are commonly found, their colour, their month, etc., and there are fifty plates of great delicacy and accuracy, giving portraits of 150 different species.

NATIONALISATION OF THE MINES.

By FRANK HODGES. 4s. 6d. net.
(Leonard Parsons.)

This is an excellent handbook on an all-important subject, and we only hope that some representative of the coal owners will now present us with their side of the case in the same able and unimpassioned manner. Mr. Hodges opens his case with an attack on private ownership. It is, he claims, wasteful of the product. It is computed that 3,500,000,000 tons of coal are left in the ground in "barriers"—that is, buried for ever—in neutral zones because of the owners' fear of rival companies encroaching on each other's preserves. There are, further, immense quantities left in the ground by companies which exploit the easy seams and leave the rest, and so on. It is wasteful of human life and energy. Every six hours one miner is killed and one hundred and twenty are injured. Its methods of distribution are susceptible of considerable improvement—but of that we were all aware. And the remedy, according to Mr. Hodges, is State ownership, the entire industry to be worked as a single undertaking. The suggested method of administration and control is in the direction of "Guildism." The country would be divided into districts, each represented by a Council elected by all the workers in the industry, technicians as well as manual workers, and at the head of all would be the Mining Council of twenty members, ten nominated by the Crown and ten by the mine workers themselves. It is a scheme deserving of special study and, as already stated, the owners owe us a statement of their alternatives, for no one believes that matters can continue to drift on in their present direction.

MOUNTAIN MEMORIES:

A PILGRIMAGE OF ROMANCE.

By SIR MARTIN
CONWAY. 21s
net. (Cassell)

When on the 19th August, 1901, Sir Martin Conway finished his mountaineering by taking his daughter for her first climb up the Zennatt Breithorn -- the same climb with which, as a school-boy, he started his mountain career on the 9th September, 1872, he had all but thirty years of wandering and climbing everywhere on the face of the globe to his credit. The Alps, Tyrol, the Engadine, the Far East, Kashmir, the Himalayas-Ladakh, Spitzbergen, the Andes, almost everywhere where great mountains are, he has been and conquered them. And now he has written this book of memories, which is certain to be a book of devotion for mountaineers for it is written out of the love and passion for beauty, the yearning for the far-off splendour that took the shape of love of mountains with him as with many another. Romance is of the heart and does not depend on miles or altitude or triumphs over the untamed, and Sir Martin has mellowed all his toils and voyages and triumphs into the very essence of adventuring. It is very much a book of himself, and so will go straight to



Photo Spencer
From *Mountain Memories*
(Cassell)

THE SCHRECKHORN.

the heart of all who like him have felt the spell of the heights, have felt it in the deep heart's core, but have never, perhaps, formulated it as is done in these exquisite pages.

GOLF ARCHITECTURE: ECONOMY IN COURSE CON- STRUCTION AND GREEN- KEEPING.

By DR. A. MAC-
KENZIE. With an
Introduction by
H. S. COLT. 16
Plates and 6 Dia-
grams. 2s. 6d.
net. (Simpkin,
Marshall.)

Dr. Mackenzie has theories upon the making of golf links, to which he gives vent in a most readable and vivacious manner in this practical little volume, which can be warmly recommended to all lovers of golf. The connection between the royal and ancient pastime and war—which would seem remote to the average person—is amusingly brought out in the following passage:

"In golf architecture and camouflage a knowledge of psychology is of enormous value. It enables one to judge what is likely to give pleasurable excitement to the golfer, and confidence and improvement in *moral* to the soldier. The writer feels most strongly that his experience in the Great War in visualising and surveying miles of sites for fortifications in this country and abroad, in map-reading, in the interpretation of aerial photographs, in drainage and labour-saving problems, and particularly



From *Golf Architecture*
(Simpkin, Marshall).

THE 140 YARD SHORT HOLE AT
SITWELL PARK,

a fiercely contested green that has become universally popular.



From *Cleomenes*,
By Maris Warrington
(Jarrolds).

COVER DESIGN
Drawn by
Charles Norman.

in the mental training of strategic camouflage and devising traps and surprises for the enemy, was by no means wasted, even from a golf-course point of view. The only man he has seen successful in initiating rapidly into the mysteries of golf-course architecture was not a golfer but an artist, and one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of experts on camouflage."

A MATING IN THE WILDS.

By OTTWELL
BINNS. 6s.
(Ward, Lock.)

This is a cheerful and

commendably healthy story, in which both hero and heroine go back some considerable way to the beginnings of mankind—to the Neolithic Period, for choice. The result is picturesque and delightful reading. Mr. Binns tells his tale in a simple, direct style, which conveys an impression of truthfulness and actuality. It somewhat suggests the primeval stories of Rex Beach and Jack London, but is less—well—er—brutal, less insistently muscular. Stane and his mate, Helen Yardely—who proves her worth in a very concrete way—are admirable in conception and execution. The former, self-condemned to exile for a crime which he did not commit, is restored to civilisation by the latter who believes, in the face of strong circumstantial evidence, that he is innocent. The villain is less a scoundrel than a weakling, who always seeks the easier way to find it the more difficult. The very effort he makes to part the lovers brings them together as nothing else could have done, and the story ends happily on a high level of self-sacrifice and endurance.

ATTAINMENT, AND OTHER POEMS.

By JEAN HYACINTH HILDYARD. 1s. net. (Norwich: Goose & Son)

In this little posthumous volume are gathered the verses of a young girl who died last year at the age of four-and-twenty. Like so

many of our patriotic women-folk, she gave herself wholeheartedly to the service of her country through the long agony of the war, and the thoughts and emotions that the war stirred in her find utterance in a few of her poems. The lines dated on Armistice Day, "Who Giveth Us the Victory," must have been among the last she wrote, and breathe a thankfulness that was that day in the hearts of all:

"Lord God, the nations cluster round Thy Throne,
Blood-stained and battle-worn and scarred with fire,
And lay the horrors that the years have known
Down at Thy feet in one great funeral pyre.

"We saw Thy fiery pillar through the night,
A flaming beacon, followed where it led
Through the Red Sea of blood, and now—the light,
And the Egyptians on the sea-shore—dead. . . ."

But most of her verses take the quieter, happier things of life for their themes. There is charm and grace of fancy and feeling in the song,

"Red roses flaming through the dusk,"

in "A Clerk in Springtime," "Youth," and "The Ruined Abbey," and the poems that touch on religion and the mysteries of death and eternity are fired with a real earnestness and ecstasy. They reflect a thoughtful and beautiful personality, and were well worth preserving, not only for their promise but for what they are.

DIGGER DIALECTS.

By W. H. DOWNING, late 57th Batt. A.I.F. (Melbourne: Lothian Book Co.)

An exhaustive collection of slang phrases used by the Australian soldiers on active service. Some of them are not only picturesque but useful additions to the language.



A MATING IN THE WILDS.

Reproduction of wrapper design from Mr. Ottwell Binns' new novel (Ward, Lock.)

THE HIDDEN
SPLENDOUR.

By HIBBART GILSON. Illustrations and Designs by EDWARD DOCKER. 3s. 6d. net. (Cambridge: Heffer.)

Feeling that "rhyme is apt to tyrannise over thought," and aiming to achieve at once the brevity of expression that is imposed by verse and the greater freedom that prose allows, Mr. Hibbart Gilson has evolved an irregularly metrical and rhymeless stanza of his own. You may think that what he has to say is not so portentous that it could not have been said as easily in orthodox and more harmonious verses, but he is right in his contention that "the finest style an author can possess is the one most suited to his individual mode of thinking," and that he put his thoughts into the form that he found best adapted to their utterance is an ample justification of his medium. They are the glowing thoughts of youth on love and beauty, truth and dreams, the secrets of nature, and the blind gropings of the human heart after knowledge of self and of the worlds seen and unseen. He preaches no new philosophy, but believes that for happiness

"We only need have faith
In one another's good";
that
"Beauty holds her own reward
For those who serve her well";
he has the mystic's sense of man's oneness with the universal soul of things, and links up a love of earth



From The Hidden Splendour (Cambridge: Heffer).

NATURE.

with the loftiest spiritual impulses. The poems are fresher in manner than in matter, and their matter is more pleasing than their manner, but they have an individual note and a simple sincerity that are in themselves no small merit.

STRINGS.

By CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD 7s net. (Westall.)

There is not very much plot in this romantic story of a maker of violins and his adopted son, Perenza. Perenza is also a pupil in violin-making, and a virtuoso on the instrument as well. He makes love to an English woman in order to get hold of a unique Stradivarius, being utterly selfish and glorying in cruelty for his art's sake. He seems to steal all his master's violins, to abandon the woman he had used and generally to misbehave in a totally unreal and impossible fashion. Finally he turns up in England and takes almost demoniac possession of his unclaimed son who is on the point of marriage to an English girl. It is not at all clear what happens, but the reader is chaotically left with an impression that Perenza's fiddle is strung with the entrails or nerves of the woman he had abandoned, and that he presents his son with a similar fiddle concocted from the body of his bride, and a bow strung with her hair. The book is not a piece of fiction at all, simply journalism about violins. The characters have no relation to life or reality, and the tale ends in a rhapsody of lurid nonsense.



From Big Timber,
By Rex and W. Sinclair's new novel
(Hodder & Stoughton).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

THE BOOKMAN
SPRING 1920

LETTERS OF
OSWIN
CREIGHTON, C.F
1883-1918.

Edited by His Mother, LOUISE
CREIGHTON. 14s net. (Long
mans)

Oswin Creighton was the son of Dr. Creighton, the well-known historian and Bishop of London. As a schoolboy he was determined to enter the Church, and never wavered in that determination. At twenty-two he went for a year to Smyrna as assistant master to a boys' school, returning in 1906 to London and taking orders, his first curacy establishing him in Notting Dale where he worked for three years, then going to Western Canada as a member of the Archbishops' Mission, arriving at Edmonton in autumn, 1910. When war broke out in 1914 he came home in October and in November was made Chaplain to the Forces, and went in March, 1915,



From Letters of Oswin Creighton
(Longmans)

THE CHURCH AT MIRROR
AND THE CABOOSE, 1913



From Dumbartonshire,
Cambridge County Handbook Series
(Cambridge Press).

THE HIGHLANDMANS ROAD,
NEAR HELENSBURGH.

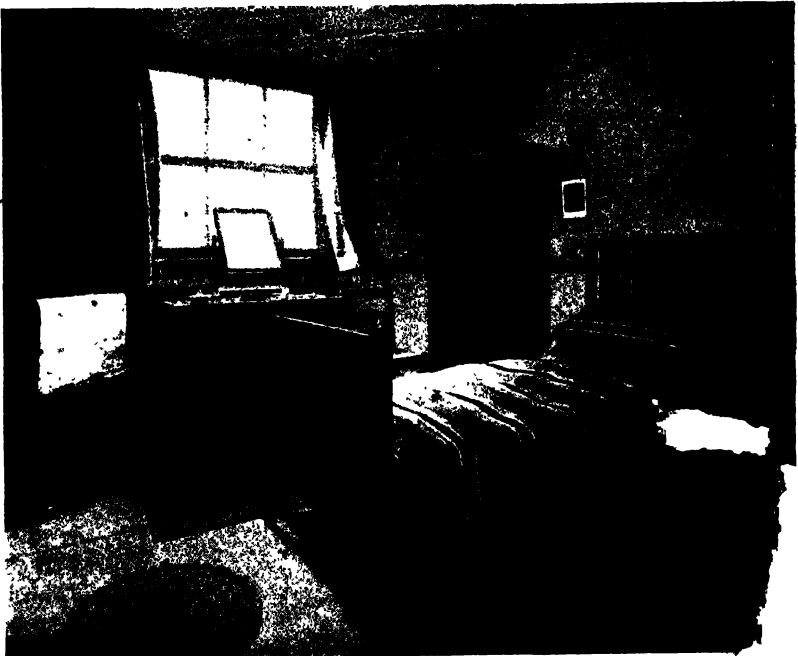
to Alexandria, and was attached to the Gallipoli Expedition with the 29th Division. His experiences there have been published in his volume, "With the 29th Division in Gallipoli," and were manifold and developing. After Gallipoli England, after England France from November, 1916, till April, 1918, when a shell found him and ended his career. The letters given in this book disclose the weaknesses as well as the essential nobleness of a high-spirited, ardent, striving personality, and show the unfolding of his character and intellect and ecclesiastical beliefs. The world is impoverished by the loss of such men.

THE WORKING
WOMAN'S HOUSE.

By A. D. SANDERSON FURNISS and MARION
PHILLIPS. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. net. (Swarth-
more Press.)

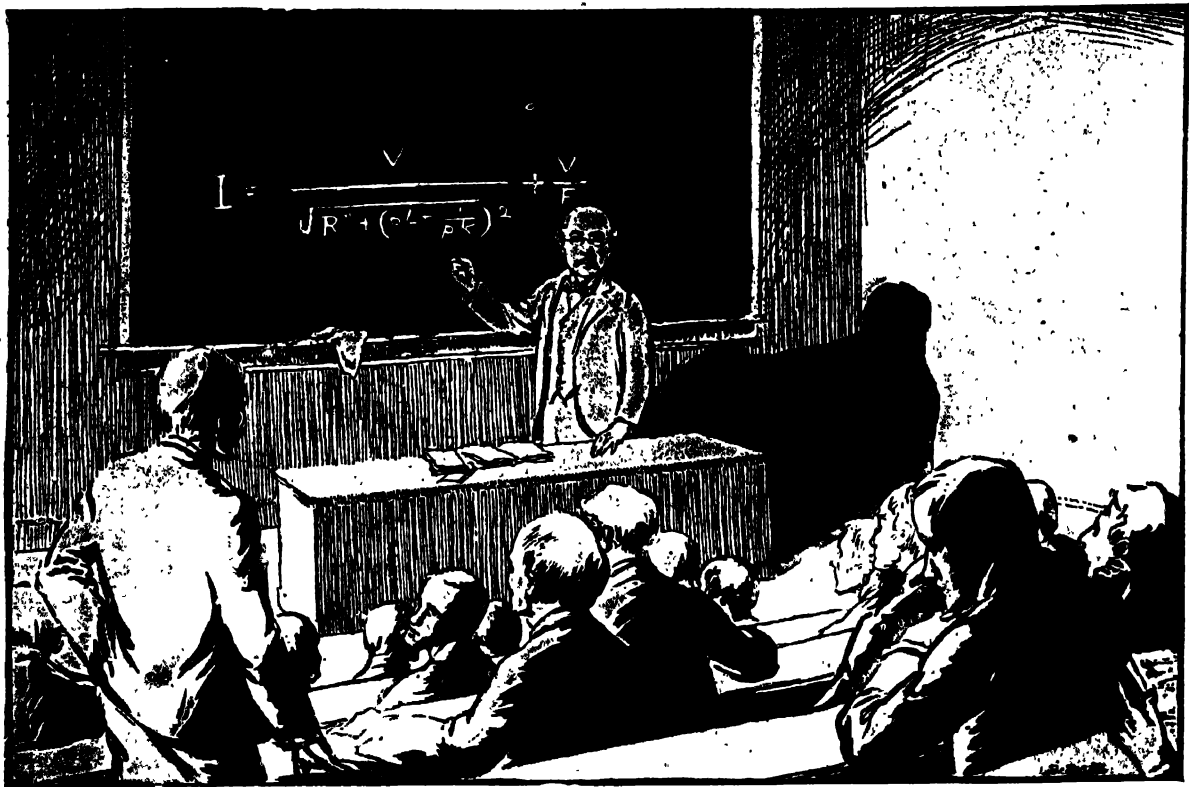
There is at the present moment a veritable famine in houses, especially small houses for

people of moderate means. Large numbers must be built as speedily as possible. Hence there is a splendid opportunity for discovering the best and most convenient type of house, and that desired by women who have to live in them and run them for their families. Inquiries have been conducted among working women as to what kind of house they really want, and what improvements will embody their long experience of house-running. The results of these inquiries are brought together and amplified in this most valuable little book, along with plans of houses meant to meet the requirements indicated, and many most useful hints and descriptions of labour-saving methods of construction and furnishing. At the present moment many people are vitally and urgently interested in the whole question, and this book admirably sums up the most important elements and details therein.



From A Working Woman's House
(Swarthmore Press).

A BEDROOM WITH DA
HEAL FURNITURE.



From Silvanus Phillips Thompson
(Fisher Unwin).

CARICATURE PORTRAIT OF SILVANUS P. THOMPSON
LECTURING AT FINSBURY COLLEGE.

**SILVANUS
PHILLIPS
THOMPSON,
D.Sc., LL.D.,
F.R.S.: HIS
LIFE AND
LETTERS.**

By J. S. THOMPSON and H. G. THOMPSON, B.Sc.
21s. net. (Unwin)

In a quiet but very effective way Professor Thompson had a considerable influence on the scientific development of that most developing epoch, the later Victorian and the Edwardian periods. Born in 1851, a Quaker by birth, education and practice, he took to science, and by the time he was thirty years of age had already made his mark among the most promising and inventive. His researches into electricity, his interest in telephony and wireless telegraphy, his work on the phenomena connected with radium, set him prominently in the front ranks of scientists,



From Lord Grey of the Reform Bill
(Longmans).

SIR F. BURDETT, COBBETT, ALTHORP.
STANLEY (STANDING).

On the first day of the Reformed Parliament, 1833, Cobbett seated himself on the Ministerial Bench to the surprise of some of its occupants. From H.B. "Political Sketches." (See p. 23.)

while his broad general culture and interest in every department of life and progress made him a personality of commanding power. He became Principal of the Technical College, Finsbury, in 1885, in his thirty-fourth year, and remained there for thirty-one years, until his death in 1916. His work there was of the soundest, and the great number of pupils that passed through the institution gained enormously from his enthusiasm and wise, discerning help. Besides the great standard work on "Dynamo-Electric Machinery," and innumerable scientific treatises of great lucidity and power, Professor Thompson wrote the "Life of Faraday" and "Life of Kelvin," two examples of the very best kind of biography. The present record of his career deserves to be very widely read.



From *Omniana*
(Jarrolds).

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

OMNIANA: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN IRISH OCTOGENARIAN.

By J. F. FULLER. (Jarrolds.)

This is an uncommonly attractive book. It is long since we have read any reminiscences of such charm and interest. Old age in the case of this author has done nothing but improve the flavour of his writings. Like a generous wine, his thoughts have improved with keeping. It is difficult actually to describe the book itself as it follows no settled plan, but deals with whatever subject comes uppermost in the author's mind. He permits himself rambling excursions into a vast amount of subjects, including genealogy and theology. In both these cases the interest is personal: he is intensely interested in his pedigree (which, as a fact, is a very fine one, the author being able to show the *seize quartiers*), so we have a long discursion into the subject of bogus pedigrees in which, but for the author's charm of style, we should take but little interest. His theological interest comes from Thomas Fuller, who was an ancestor of his, and about whom he writes with great enthusiasm and appreciation. Now both these subjects are in themselves dull and heavy: imagine then the charm of a writer who can render them pleasant reading. *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*. The book is full of anecdotes; none of which seem to be chestnuts.

SPORT IN ART:

From the XV. to the XVIII. Century.

By WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN. 15s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall)

This is a reissue at little more than one-third the original price of a very sumptuous and monumental volume that appeared first in 1914 in a comparatively limited edition. A large handsome quarto in format it gives a splendid selection from the available pictorial material—from manuscripts, printed books and engravings—showing the development and phases of hunting, shooting, falconry and fishing during four hundred years. In the text is a description, of the sports referred to, including many

fascinating details of life and manners, while the illustrations—most beautifully reproduced—follow chronological order and are chosen with reference to the text. We are grateful to the author for his having chosen for reproduction not the well-known pictures and engravings so much as the lesser known which are to be found in private collections, thus gratifying the student and affording a welcome guide for the collector, who will find the excellent appendix, giving details of the chief artists who have made sport their subject and their works, of the utmost help. The book is most fascinating, and remarkably cheap at fifteen shillings.

THE COMPLETE OPERA BOOK.

By GUSTAV KOBBE. Illustrated. (Putnams.)

Mr. Kobbé was one of the foremost musical critics of America, and in this volume of 850 pages he brings together notes, biographical and musical, on eighty-two operatic composers and some one hundred and eighty operas. There are well-founded judgments on the composers and their value in the musical world, and the stories of the operas are given in brief form, yet very complete, and illustrated by means of some four hundred quotations of leading airs and themes given in musical notation. There are also notes of the chief modern performances, mainly in America, of the most famous singers in various rôles, and we have also a round hundred illustrations giving portraits of singers in their parts and of scenes from the operas. As a handbook for modern opera it is most valuable, for Mr. Kobbé devotes a considerable amount of space to the most recent works that have found a home on the stage; and as a work of reference it is sound and full of accurate and well arranged information.



From *The Complete Opera Book*,
by Gustav Kobbé
(Putnams).

MARY GARDEN AS SAPPHO.

A SHORT LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

By C. SHERIDAN JONES.
3s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

Washington was a very great man in his own day and is still, as he deserves to be, a great figure in the memory and legend of the United States of America. It is no less natural that over on this side of the Atlantic he is of less heroic looming—although we recognise or accept him as one of the world's heroes. Few care much or know overmuch of the details of his life and work—and yet they truly belong to English history. For, as Mr. Jones points out, Washington was essentially an Englishman, and before the Norman Conquest his ancestors lived on the banks of the Tees, and his virtues and qualities were wholly those that marked the English breed. Accordingly, it is a worthy piece of work happily carried out by Mr. Jones to give a brief, swift narrative of Washington's life and career for English readers. From boyhood—when there was no axe and cherry tree of any authenticity—to the days when he was the public surveyor of the county at sixteen, and young manhood when he was fond of shooting and fond of the ladies, and was noted for his great strength—he could throw a stone farther than any man in Virginia—on to his service against the French, against the Indians, through the times of wrangle with England culminating in war, war that England could have decided at once if she had troubled, war that only Washington carried on his shoulders, and up to the time of his statesmanship and governance of the young nation, Mr. Jones traces his history with admirable clearness, ease and proportion. The book is very much to be commended both for scope and manner.

SASHA.

By A. KUPRIN. 7s. net.
(Stanley Paul.)

It is difficult to place Kuprin, if one has to judge him by the volume of short stories which, under the general title of



From *A Short Life of Washington* (Rider).

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From a portrait by Rembrandt-Peale, painted Sept., 1795, in the possession of W. B. Coleman, Esq.



From *A Lord Mayor's Diary, 1906-7*, SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR, BART.
by Sir William Treloar, which Mr. John Murray is publishing.

'Sasha,' Mr. Douglas Ashby has translated, and Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd has 'introduced.' In 'The Murderer' he describes sympathetically a Russian landowner who does to death a kitten under the influence of blood-mania; and he makes one's gorge rise against an author who can treat such a sadic orgy as a story to be recollected and to be told afresh. One thinks of the implacable description of Russian antinomianism which Mr. Conrad presents in 'Under Western Eyes'; and one turns with disgust from a novelist who describes with such detachment the cruelties of a race which seems content and ready to sin 'that grace may abound.' In 'Sasha,' the tale of a Jewish fiddler who is the great attraction of an underground beer-garden, Kuprin discovers the 'soul of goodness in things evil' in a fashion that reminds one of the De Maupassant of 'Boule de Suif' and 'Maison Tellier'; and the result is a really great short story told with a large

measure of the Olympian aloofness and consequent divine charity so characteristic of the great French master. Smacking of De Maupassant's manner, too, are three or four records of musings over old love affairs which can be consulted in this volume; while the pictures of Ukrainian and of Russian scenery which are presented are suffused with that tender melancholy which draws one so irresistibly to the stories of Turgenev and of Tchekhov. But the abiding impression which one gets from these latest sketches of Muscovite life is the old impression of savagery: 'Scratch a Russian; and you find a Tartar.'

MY CHESS CAREER.

By J. R. CAPABLANCA.
7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

Capablanca is only thirty-one, but he is undoubtedly one of the greatest masters of chess the world has ever known. Born in Havana in 1888, he was less than five years old when he saw his father play chess with a friend, and three days after played



MISS ELIZABETH SOUTHWART.

Author of "The Story of Jenny," which has won the first prize in Mr. Erskine Macdonald's competition for the best novel of contemporary life.

a game with his father and beat him. A few days after the best players in the chess club found it impossible to give him a Queen! Surely this was something like a prodigy. Doctors advised against his continuing to play, but at eleven years of age he started again, and within three months he won a series of games against all the first class players, with the single exception of Corzo, the champion. Very soon he defeated Corzo in a set match, and at eighteen was the equal at least of the best players in the Manhattan Chess Club of New York. At twenty he defeated Marshall, in 1911 he won first prize at San Sebastian, in 1914 he was second with 13 points to Lasker with 13½ in the great St. Petersburg tournament. The rise and phenomenal development of his powers are well shown in this account, and exceedingly interesting are his descriptions of actual games played with all the masters, and his comments and annotations on the moves. For erudite and interested chess students this book is indispensable and will be a great joy.

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY.

By IVOR J. C. BROWN, B.A. 6s net.
(Cobden-Sanderson)

ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY.

By MAJOR C. H. DOUGLAS. net.
(Cecil Palmer.)

To numerous unthinking reformers democracy is a solvent for all social ills; whilst to many other equally well-intentioned and equally ignorant people it means simply pandering to the criminal instincts of a selfish mob. It might be a sop or a bludgeon. The fact is, of course that it is one of those blessed words that have been so misused that they have almost ceased to mean anything

at all. Take our so-called democracies of the modern world. In most countries there is little real interest in government; there is a general abysmal ignorance of civic affairs and an acquiescence in the actions of an active minority which may or may not be truly public spirited. Here, then, is room for serious consideration of this word which should be as vital as civic life itself, but which has come to mean so much that it has almost ceased to mean anything at all. The confusion, says Mr. Ivor Brown, is not far to seek. It lies in "the acceptance of acquiescence and will as identical things." If we give the word its real value we must, unfortunately, admit that there are very few democrats in the world, and, as we cannot have democracies without democrats, there are still fewer democracies. In a truly democratic country popular opinion must be articulate and not merely tolerant; the governed must pass from acquiescence to volition. But democracy is not merely a question of politics and civics. The substance behind what is too often merely the sham-fight and shadow-play of politics is economics, and in this field is a new and growing demand for real democracy. Indeed, it might be said that in many countries there is already the machinery of political democracy, waiting for the people to develop a will to use it; but economic democracy is an almost new demand. Unfortunately, Major Douglas has not the facile pen of Mr. Ivor Brown, so that we fear that his contribution will neither reach nor appeal to as wide a public as it deserves. His chief points are these: Production is a purely scientific question; we could to-day produce infinitely more than we do if we were concerned only with needs and not with profits. The great problem is more equitable distribution, and to bring this about we have to tackle the question of economic democracy, controlling in the public interest price, and the credit from which all industrial, commercial, indeed social activities spring.



From My Chess Career
(Bell).

J. R. CAPABLANCA.

FLEET STREET AND DOWNING STREET.

By KENNEDY JONES. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

There are several sides to the history of journalism, and Mr. Kennedy Jones tells of those sides on which he worked for so long and with such conspicuous success, and, in spite of or because of his very practical outlook, he makes an extraordinarily fascinating story of it—one that will open the eyes of the public to some of the tricks of the trade and one that aspiring journalists should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, for divers reasons. No full history of journalism is attempted; nobody but Mr. J. B. Williams has attempted that great undertaking, and his admirable volume stops short long before it reaches



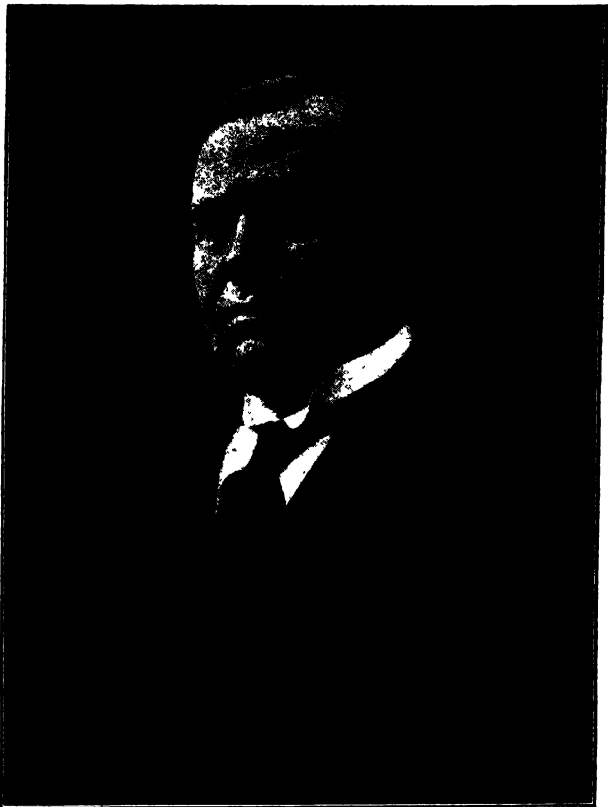
MISS GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES,
whose new novel, "A Very Bad Woman," has just been published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

our own times. Mr. Kennedy Jones supplies a concise and useful summary of the rise and development of the daily newspaper, and then takes up the tale where Mr. Williams leaves off, but rightly devotes himself, in the main, to an inside account of the coming and amazing growth in popularity and influence of the Northcliffe press, in the planting and cultivation of which he played a considerable part. He is frankly cynical; he gives away secrets of the prison house; he thinks the Press now has less influence than ever before, and some of the things he reveals about it will not help to restore its power. But Mr. Kennedy Jones's frankness concerning the methods and ideals of modern journalism add much to the educative value of an uncommonly able and uncommonly interesting book.

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By PHILIP and FAY INCHFAWN. 3s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

Gladys and Freda and Tommy, to say nothing of John James, the gollywog, have already made a host of friends among young readers, and here we meet them again, setting off to search for the blue diamond that has been lost out of Father Neptune's crown. Their adventures in Fish Town are both comical and exciting; they follow up one clue after another and become involved at last in a thrilling war, but the explanation of the mystery is surprising, and well in harmony with the rest of the book. When it is added that there are a number of drawings by Mr. Thomas Maybank, this "story of magic at the bottom of the ocean" will be recognised as one to put into the hands of any imaginative boy or girl with a sense of fun; a gift that is certain to please.

KOSSOVO: HEROIC SONGS OF THE SERBS.

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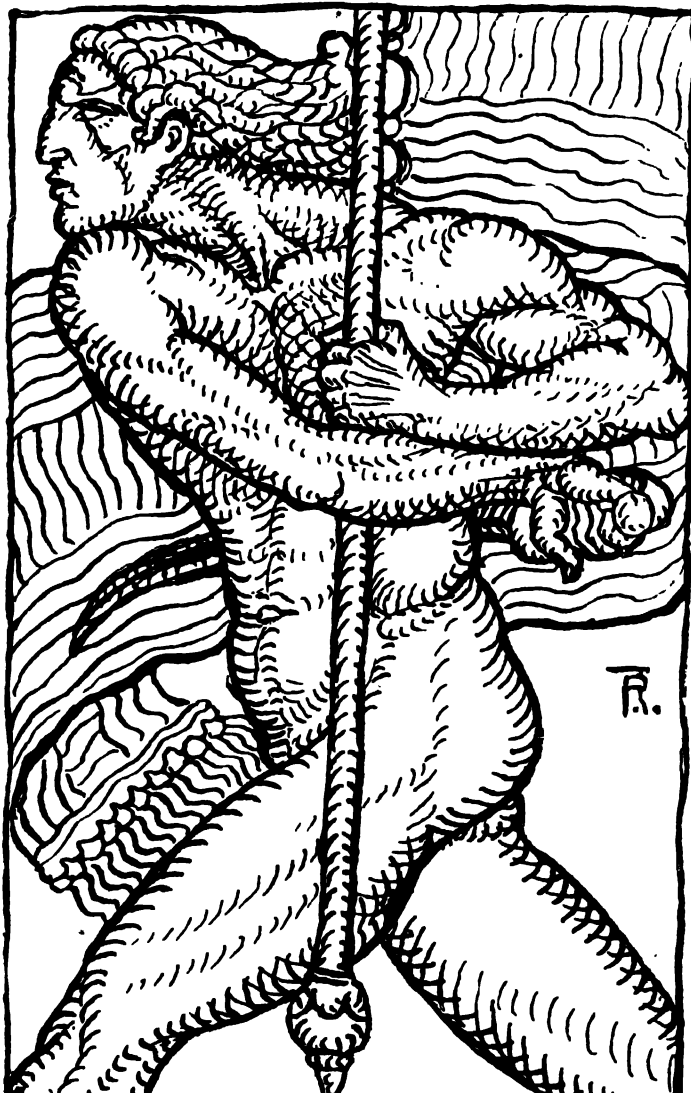
Serbian folk-songs must meet with a sympathetic reception in this country where, in spite of our other changes in outlook, we have not yet lost our sympathy with that gallant nation. In this small volume the Serbian text is given faced with a translation by Helen Rootham. The songs enshrine something of the soul and national ideals of the Serbs, and the translation preserves a rugged simplicity, a certain crudity of thought and utterance that are doubtless characteristic of the original. The

presence of the Serbian text gives the book a philological interest which should add greatly to its value. There is an introduction by Maurice Baring, and a very interesting historical preface by Janko Lavrin. There is also a drawing of Boshko Jugovitch by a Serbian artist, Toma Rosandic, a curious, bizarre piece of work, primitive in style, and remarkable more for its quaintness than for its artistic merit.

GLADSTONE BAGS AND MARMARLADE.

By L. DE GIBERNE SIEVEKING. Illustrated by ALEC MACDONALD. (Cecil Palmer.)

For rollicking fun and high spirits it would be difficult to beat this book, the second of its kind, which Mr. Sieveking and Mr. Macdonald have just put out. It is sheer nonsense from start to finish, and you want to be in the mood for nonsense when you read it. If you are, then you will find yourself laughing heartily, for it is wholesome nonsense, combining absurd verses with parodies, and including "The nightmare of a man in the street, after glancing through a few very modern publications." There is something young and irresponsible about the whole thing, and the illustrations are not the least succulent part of the entertainment. The author and artist must have enjoyed producing the book with all the enthusiasm of a couple of schoolboys, and the reader who approaches it in the same spirit will most decidedly share the joke.



From *Kossovo*
(Oxford: Blackwell).

BOSHKO JUGOVITCH.
Drawn by Toma Rosandic.

OUT AND AWAY.

Edited by CHARLES ROBINSON and HAROLD F. B. WHEELER. 2s. 6d. net. (Sphinx Publishing Co.)

This is the most attractive and variedly interesting of the three quarterly issues of *Out and Away* that have now made their appearance. It has a full and distinguished list of literary and artistic contributors, and all the stories and articles, in harmony with its title, have a breath of the open air about them. The many illustrations in colour and black-and-white are the best work, in widely differing styles, of some of our best artists. The drawing we reproduce is one of Alfred Leete's illustrations to a delightfully whimsical, farcical, topical parody of Boswell's "Tour with Dr. Johnson to the Hebrides," by L. E. Filmore.



From *Out and Away*
(Sphinx Publishing Co.).

DR. JOHNSON IN THE HEBRIDES.
Drawn by Alfred Leete.

THE HOUSE OF ARNOTT AND SOME OF ITS BRANCHES.

By JAMES ARNOTT, M.D. 42s.
(William Brown.)

Colonel Arnott, M.D., late of the Indian Medical Service, has devoted his leisure to useful purpose in compiling a history of his house. This is one of the best family histories we have seen. It is carefully written, handsomely printed, and beautifully illustrated. The *fons et origo* of the sept seems to have been Kinross-shire, where Arnott Tower, a venerable ruin, is still a notable landmark. At least a dozen branches of the family spread throughout Lowland Scotland, not a few of whose members filled reputable positions, and rendered admirable service in the pursuit of literature, in the profession of arms, and as doctors and divines. An eminent cadet was Hugo of Balcormo, author of a "History of Edinburgh" (1779) and of a collection of celebrated criminal trials. Dr. David



From *Staff Tales*
(Constable).

PRATT'S TOURS OF THE FRONT.
Drawn by H. M. Bateman.

STAFF TALES.

By CAPTAIN W. P. LIPSCOMB, M.C.
Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN.
7s. 6d. net.
(Constable)

If it is true that the taste for humour and the taste for short stories have revived, then a large and grateful public should by now be reading "Staff Tales." There is not an ounce of malice in them; their satire touches the spot, but does it genially. They are just the best of good fun, handling the brass-hats without reverence, pulling the distinguished legs of our war experts, and, among other things, telling an outrageous but delightfully farcical story of a conscientious objector that is so quaintly whimsical in idea and so bubbling with the undiluted spirit of laughter that the fiercest "conchy" might himself read it with full enjoyment. Captain Lipscomb is a new humorist, and a real one. This is his first book, and the publishers and the public may be relied upon to see to it that it is not his last. There is no need to praise the illustrations; it is enough to say they are by Mr. H. M. Bateman, and in his happiest, most joyously irresponsible vein.



THE SURPRISING COOMSDAY DREAM.

One of David Low's twelve illustrations in "Old Seed on New Ground," by the Rev. Canon Adderley which Messrs. Putnam's are publishing shortly.

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1920

was minister of the High Kirk of Edinburgh, poet, painter and sculptor to boot. Dr. Archibald attended Napoleon in his last illness, and Napoleon died with his hand in that of the good Scots physician. Bonaparte found him to be a true friend, "a man of honour and a gentleman." He left Arnott a legacy of 12,000 francs and a silver snuff-box on which—having sat up in bed and bracing himself for what was almost a last effort—he cut the initial letter of his name, N. A most interesting chapter in a volume from which the local annalist may dig with advantage, deals with the Arnotts of Kirkconnel Hall. To this branch the distinguished compiler belongs. Kirkconnel, one of the beauty-spots of Dumfriesshire, is indissolubly associated with the exquisite Border ballad, "Fair Helen," regarded by many as the gem of Scott's "Minstrelsy." Altogether this is a human document which reflects infinite credit on its author, and it fills an exceedingly worthy niche in Scottish domestic literature.

THE KAISER'S INVESTMENTS.

By JOSEPH HOCKING. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Joseph Hocking always tells a capital story, and "The Kaiser's Investments" is no exception to his golden rule of interesting those who enjoy really good workmanship and easy engaging writing. The late war affords endless opportunities for the translating of unexpected facts into expected fiction, and Mr. Hocking has taken every advantage of this thankfully-received help to authors in search of life's sensations. From the beginning the reader is gripped by the mystery of the lost papers and the brisk relation of their recovery is thrillingly dramatic



From Ambrose Lavendale,
Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's new novel
(Hodder & Stoughton).

WRAPPER DESIGN
(reduced reproduction).

with no great suggestion of the impossible. Particularly clever is the scheming of Sophia Trecarrel; and the dexterous way in which she tricks the enemy will baffle the reader quite as skilfully as it baffled the over-confident villains. The story can be heartily recommended to all who desire an hour or so of quiet enjoyment with occasional stirring moments. Of its class nothing could be better.

THE CISTERCIANS IN YORKSHIRE.

By J. S. FLETCHER. 17s. 6d. net. (S.P.C.K.)

The Rule of St. Benedict established monasticism early in the sixth century on the basis of a common life, by no means the first experiment in development from the life of the anchorite, but a more practical illustration of the marriage between work and prayer. When ease and wealth and power undermined the obedience, there arose in the tenth century the Cluniac Order, under a rectified Benedictine Rule. But the Cluny story was that of the earlier foundation, and another reform intervened at the end of the eleventh century, being that of the Carthusians—a reversion in part to a pre-Benedictine condition, and its seat at Chartreuse is immortal in monastic history. All these foundations have their great story; all contributed their quota to the great work of finding the world in God, by losing that world which is without a part in Him. But the greatest of all reforms was that which developed the Cistercian out of the Rule of St. Benedict, and Mr. Fletcher's book is the story of this movement in the place of its chief English home, from 1130—and the first settlement in the dales—to the final suppression under Henry VIII., in 1539—a chequered chronicle of over four hundred years. There is no praise too high for the matter and manner of Mr. Fletcher's book. He has given us a living picture, unrolling a great pageant. Those who have never read a monastic history may read this as if it were the matter of romance, as such indeed it is, when romance is understood as that spirit or genius which holds up a glass of vision on the records of things as they are. It is also in the telling the book of a great morality and a great spiritual lesson—a story of doom unfolded.



From The Kaiser's Investments
(Ward, Lock).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

THE ANONYMOUS POET OF POLAND.

By MONICA M. GARDNER. 12s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The national poet of Poland is Adam Mickiewicz, and the anonymous poet is Zygmunt Krasinsky, both being Polish designations. The one is described here as the "chief and magnificent spokesman" of a "great romantic revival"; the other as "an eternal idealist," a mystic—though not perhaps in our fullest and highest sense. He was inspired by "faith in the personality of God" and in the life of the soul; he had love as the root of his system, but insisted always on morality and duty as holding the keys of victory for the individual soul, as well as for every national life—above all for his crucified Poland. Miss Gardner has given us previously a study of "the national poet": of her capability and craftsmanship there is no need to speak. We have another example of both in the present volume, which is full of living interest, and a very



COVER DESIGN
Drawn by Charles Norman.

From *A Prince of Intrigue*,
By May Wynne
(Jarrolds).

needful contribution to our knowledge of Polish literature. She says that the very name of Krasinsky is unknown in this country, and this is nearly true: the greater is therefore the pity that she has only a derisive foot-note for the one attempt to present a reflection in English verse of "The Undivine Comedy." It was made by the Earl of Lytton—Owen Meredith—in "Orval, or the Fool of Time." It was a paraphrase only and Miss Gardner calls it feeble, but it was the first work which took off the cloud of unknowing from the anonymous poet, and for this reason—as also because it is by no means so bad as the unfortunate foot-note paints it—"Orval" has, and will retain, a place in the mind of the present reviewer. The designation conferred upon Mickiewicz is his own and no other's; it explains itself. Krasinsky is national too, but after another, which is also his own manner: he is the voice of the agony of Poland, but his designation is a part of the cloud about him. It means that his father was not on the national side, for he "stood well" with the Tsar, and not only by personal influence prevented his son joining in the Polish cause—e.g. in the rising of 1830—but bequeathed to him a detested name. Nothing therefore of



From *The Guardian*,
By Isabel M. Peacocke
(Ward, Lock).

WRAPPER DESIGN.



From *The River's End*,
Oliver Curwood's New Romance
(Hodder & Stoughton).

REDUCED REPRODUCTION
OF WRAPPER DESIGN.

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1920

Krasinsky's appeared except anonymously: Siberia was looming on the one side and patriotic hostility on the other. The great works of Krasinsky are: (1) "The Undivine Comedy": it is a poem written in prose, "the finest that ever came from Krasinsky's pen." (2) "Iridion," another prose drama, the scene of which is Rome, when the empire drew to its dissolution. (3) The lyrics that make up "Dawn," a "rapturous idealisation of his nation." There are also "Psalms of the Future," "Psalms of Faith, Hope and Love," and the last poem of all, "Resurrections." The greatest of all is "The Undivine Comedy"—that pageant of universal revolution, ending in universal desolation and chaos. Krasinsky was born in 1812 and died in 1859, both events taking place in Paris.

LIFE IN OLD CAMBRIDGE: ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

By E. M. MONCKTON JONES. Preface by GILBERT CHESTERTON. 3s. net. (Cambridge: Heffer.)

Miss Monckton Jones, in her choice and manner of using historical material, has shown herself a follower of the late Professor Maitland, and she herself would not desire any higher praise. "The Cambridge Borough Charters," edited by Professor Maitland and Mary Bateson, and the appendix to Professor Maitland's lectures, "Township and Borough," show how much can be learnt of the social history of England by studying a particular town, and how important a part Cambridge has played in the past as the capital of East Anglia, which has a very significant place in the history of our island. Miss Monckton Jones has compiled her book from well-known sources, but it is the compilation of a scholar set forth in a most attractive style. The book is written as a school book for the elementary schools of Cambridge, and the author has continuously kept in mind the child for whom it is written, having made free use of attractive anecdote, because she holds that "a knowledge of the factors and the actors which have made up the life of the past is the best means of arousing that community sentiment on which can be



The Tower of S. Benet's Church, Cambridge.

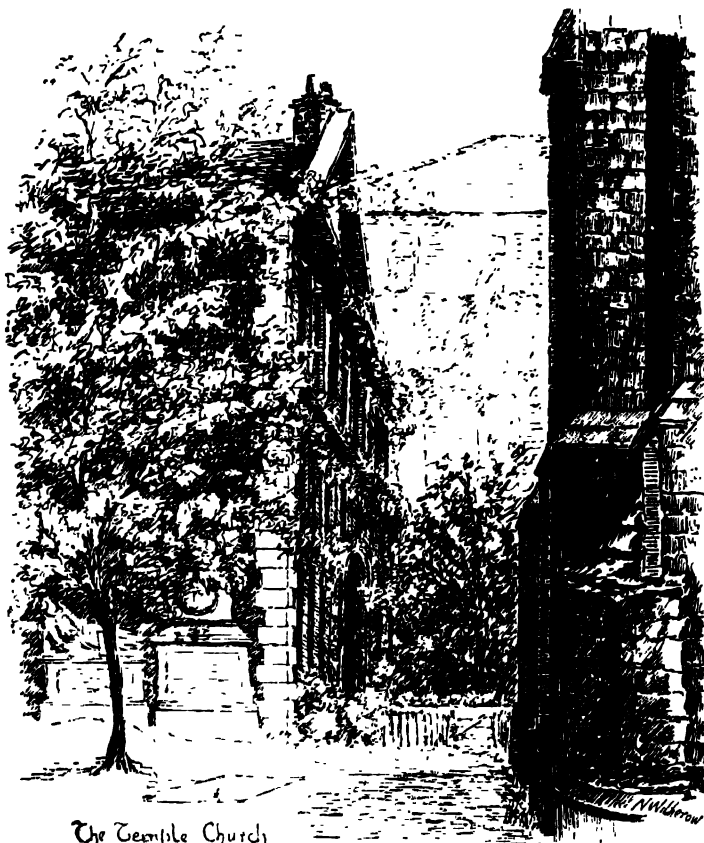
From *Life in Old Cambridge*
(Cambridge: Heffer).

based the co-operation of good citizens in the future." The book will interest older readers because, as Mr. G. Chesterton says, it is an example of one thing studied in a universal spirit, and in it history is made alive and not, as in too many antiquarian local histories, buried in a mass of insignificant detail.

WITH THE DIE-HARDS IN SIBERIA.

By COLONEL JOHN WARD. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

On the vexed question of Bolshevism Colonel Ward can write with first-hand authority. He has seen the effect of it, and his opinion does not show any sign of bias. To say that he unhesitatingly condemns it is only a natural tribute to his intelligence. He has also some very hard things to say about the hesitating and uncertain attitude of the Allies, to which he attributes, in fact, the whole chaos in Russia. At the present moment, when interest is turning to Russia once more, this book should be read with the greatest interest. It was written originally in the form of a diary, and is still kept in that form. Many important Russian personalities appear in the pages, which exhibit a degree of outspokenness that is rarely found and cannot, under the circumstances, be called indiscreet. The chapter which deals with the Japanese policy and its results is one which deserves the most careful perusal, and the general conclusions are so logical that we must accept them, however unpleasant they may be. The book is from its very nature and form more personal than most books of a similar nature, but we are tired of generalities and personal experience is what we require for understanding, if we ever can, the Russian problem.



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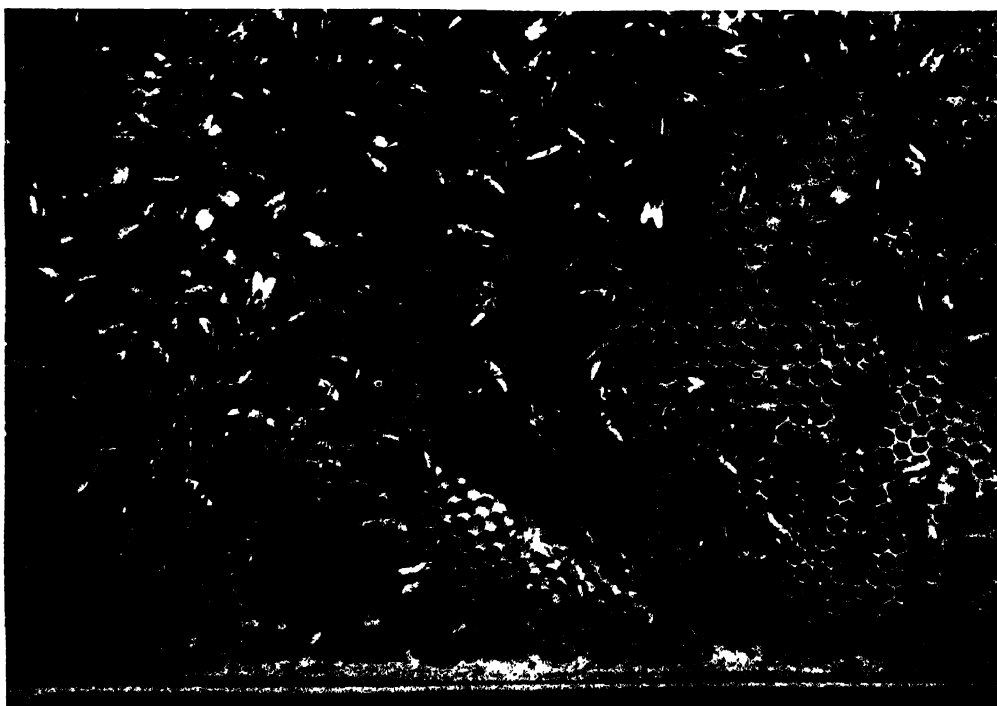
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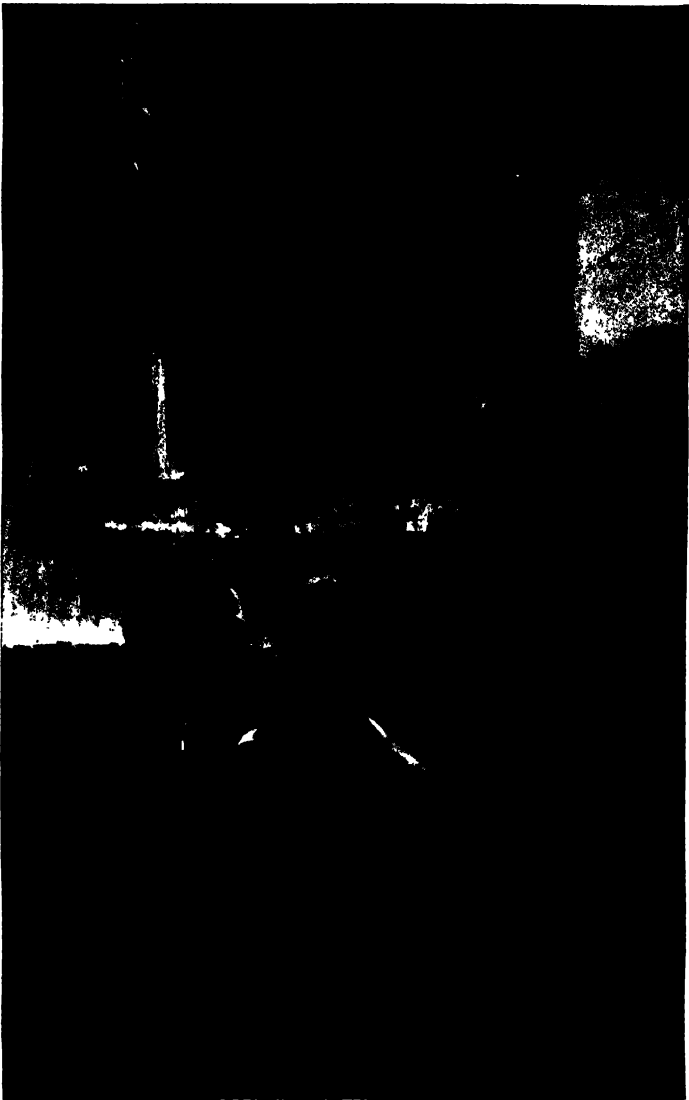
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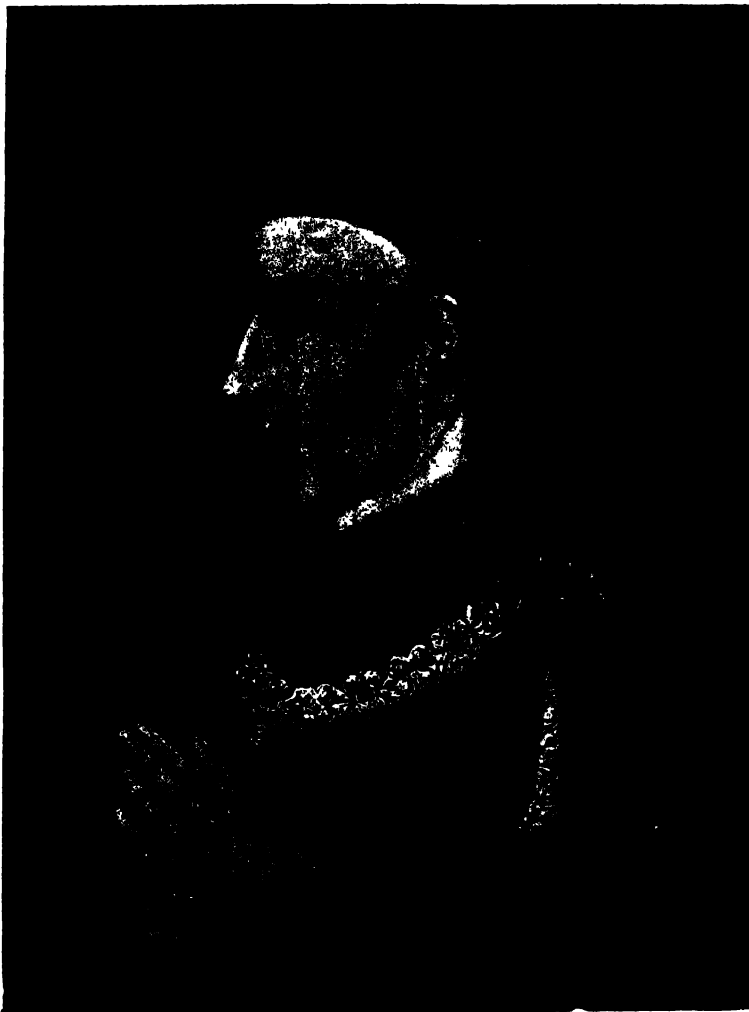
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

Full particulars of the Competition will be sent on application, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to The Editor,

THE BOOKMAN,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square,
London, E.C.4.

News Notes.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. THE BOOKMAN

250 GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITION.

The increasing cost of book-production is, in these days, raising very serious difficulties for the author as well as for the publisher—especially for the author who is unknown. Articles and letters have recently appeared in the newspapers reiterating that it is becoming almost impossible for the beginner to get any chance at all, for, until the enterprise is less costly and speculative, most publishers prefer to limit their lists to the works of novelists of established reputation, and are unwilling to take the risk of publishing a first novel.

It has always been part of THE BOOKMAN'S programme to look out for new talent and encourage young authors of promise and, in the adverse circumstances that face them at present, we have decided to offer

A Prize of 250 Guineas for the best First Novel.

For the purposes of this Competition a "first" novel is defined as one by a writer who has never before had a work of fiction (other than a volume of short stories) published in book form.

Mr. W. H. D. Rouse, of Cambridge, writes: "Miss K. Tynan in her notice of the late Mr. Bullen expresses a regret that he wrote no poetry. He did. One or two small volumes were privately printed for friends. Shortly before his death he was persuaded to make a collection of his verse, and this, I believe, is likely to be published."

"The Faith of a Quaker," by J. W. Graham, Principal of Dalton Hall in the University of Manchester, will be published shortly by the Cambridge Press. It is not merely an introduction to the position of Quakerism, but a statement of mystical religion in general.

Mr. Heath Robinson's "Fly Papers" (2s. net, Duckworth) are the most outrageously and joyously impossible things in the way of humorous drawings that even he has ever perpetrated. The experiments of pioneer flying men are irreverently burlesqued; and aeroplanes and Zeppelins are shown adapted to war and peace purposes with a wealth of grotesque detail that is amazingly and amusingly ingenious. No nightmares could be more extravagant, and if nightmares were always as absurdly laughable we should all be glad to have them.

"Moods and Lyrics" is the title of a book of verses by Lloyd Maunsell (whose work is well known to magazine readers) which Messrs. Duckworth are publishing.

Messrs. Constable have added to their cheap edition of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays "Pygmalion" (1s. 6d. net); "Overruled" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" (1s. 6d. net); "Getting Married" and "Androcles and the Lion" (2s. net each).

Lord Grey of Falloden has written a short book on "Recreation," which Messrs. Constable are about to publish. The same firm has just published "Beauty and Bands," a new novel by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

"Denys the Dreamer," a new novel of Irish life by Katharine Tynan, will be published immediately by Messrs. Collins.

"Behind the Scenes at German Head-quarters," a book of sensational disclosures which Messrs. Hurst & Blackett announce, is written by M. Henri Domelier, who acted as secretary to the Municipal Commission which served as intermediary between the townsfolk of Charleville and the German Authorities, his position giving him exceptional advantages to study the behaviour of the Kaiser and his immediate entourage.

"The Limits of Unbelief," by the Rev. Eric Robertson, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Nisbet. Mr. Robertson offers a presentation of the case for the doubter that should appeal to the many who, though they are repelled by what they imagine to be orthodox religion, cannot live without a creed.

Browning's "The Ring and the Book" has been added by Messrs. Nelson to their "Edinburgh Library of Non-Fiction Books" (2s. 6d. net).

Major Hesketh Pritchard, who was responsible for the sniping system that was adopted in France, has given his experiences, and described the tricks and camouflages practised to outwit the enemy, in "Sniping in France," which Messrs. Hutchinson are about to publish.

If Mr. Teignmouth Shore does not achieve the impossible and add something to our knowledge of Shakespeare in "Shakespeare's Self" (5s. net, Philip Allan), he furnishes a concise account of all that is discoverable of the life of the great dramatist, a record of contemporary references to the man and his work, and an interesting and sometimes provocative criticism of the plays, with a plausible theory of his own as to the person to whom some of the sonnets were addressed.

Messrs. John Long have just published "Sonnicca," a new novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the distinguished Spanish novelist, whose "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is now in its three hundredth thousand.



Photo by Will Cadby.

Mr. Arnold Lunn.

Author of "The Harrovians" and "Loose Ends"
Mr. Lunn's latest book, "Cross-Country Skiing," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.
From a photograph taken at Murren

Racing is not more popular among us than football, and it is curious that no novelist has until now set himself to do for the football world what Nat Gould and others have done with such enormous success for the turf and the hunting field. Not too soon, Mr. Sydney Horler, a new writer and a young one, has risen to supply the want. His stories of league matches, of goal-keeping and half-back heroes and pavilion heroines are rapidly winning a popularity with magazine readers that augurs well for their success between covers, when his first book, which is now under way, makes its appearance.

In "Old Crosses and Lychgates," which Messrs. Batsford are publishing, Mr. Aymer Vallance has for the first time classified, according to their design, the various types of such crosses and gates that have been erected in England. The book will

contain numerous illustrations from photographs and drawings.

"The Remnant," by Professor Rufus M. Jones, is the eighth volume in the admirable "Christian Revolution" series which the Swarthmore Press is publishing. The books represent an honest attempt on the part of a group of the younger men to face the facts of the situation to-day and arrive at a restatement of the meaning of life and religion, their faith being that "only the religious solution is adequate to the world's need, and that only upon the principles for which Jesus of Nazareth stands in history can that world be fashioned to heart's



*Photo by Hills & Saunders,
Oxford.*

Mr. Harold Thomson.

desire." Volumes on "Man and his Buildings," "Justice and Love," "Christ and Caesar" and "God in Nature" are in preparation.

Mr. W. Harold Thomson, whose new novel, "The Bishop's Masquerade," Messrs. Leonard Parsons are publishing this month, comes from Callander, in West Perthshire, and has crowded a good deal of miscellaneous experience into the thirty-three years of his life. He once went to sea as a cadet on H.M.S. *Worcester*, and, when about twenty, visited Australia and New Zealand, and other places on the other side of the world. But he had started writing stories when he was seven, and before he attained his majority had



*Photo by Morna
Southsea*

Mr. George Young.

whose brilliant book, "The New Germany" (Constable), is reviewed in this Number

published two full-length books which he is trying to forget and hopes nobody else remembers. Eleven years ago he came to London and set about trying to make a living with his pen, and something of his journalistic doings of those days went to the making of what he counts as his first novel, "The Right Divine," which was published by Chapman & Hall in 1916. Meanwhile, he was contributing short stories, sketches and articles to a large number of well-known monthlies, weeklies and dailies here and in America; and for five years he was Fiction



Mr. Shaw Desmond,

whose new novel, "Passion," Messrs. Duckworth have just published.

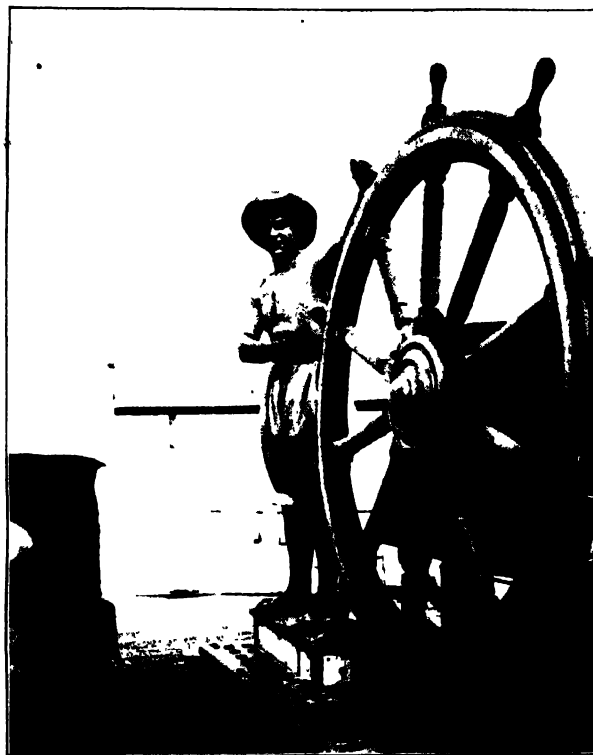
Editor of the Amalgamated Press. Nowadays, divided between a love of London and a love of the open air and country life, he is settled down in a pleasant Buckinghamshire hamlet from which he makes frequent excursions up to town. His new novel relates the romantic adventures of a handsome prelate, the Right Reverend Hugh Moseley Raeburn, D.D., Bishop of Stanbury, who was for a time forced by circumstances to live like an ordinary working man in a lonely, wild island of the Outer Hebrides and proved to have nothing more than the ordinary virtues and failings of the average human being. So far, though he has done all the other things an industrious author ought to do, Mr. Thomson has not arrived on the film or the stage, but he has designs on the latter that seem to be on the threshold of realisation.

The publishers of *Out and Away* are Messrs. G. Heath Robinson and J. Birch. Through a misunderstanding the magazine was, in our April Supplement, said to be published by The Sphinx Publishing Co.



Mr. William Johnston,

Author of "The House of Whispers" and "Limpy" (Jarrolds),
on holiday in Southern California.



Mr. W. Hope Hodgson,

whose posthumous book of verse, "The Calling of the Sea" (Selwyn & Blount), is reviewed in this Number. "The Boats of the Glen Carrig," "The House on the Borderland," and the other Hope Hodgson novels and books of short stories are being issued by Messrs. Holden & Hardingham in a cheap, uniform edition of eight volumes

Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing shortly a study of Baudelaire, by Arthur Symons; and the late Professor F. W. Moorman's "Tales of the Ridings," the latter with a memoir and portrait of the author.

A new Number of "The Chapbook" (1s. 6d. net, Poetry Bookshop) contains "Three Critical Essays on Modern English Poetry," by T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley and F. S. Flint. Neither modern poets nor modern critics are spared, and there is truth in what is written about both. Mr. Eliot and Mr. Huxley, poets themselves, blame reviewers for giving the poets too much praise; Mr. Huxley insisting that "the chief need of poetry at the present time is a dose of astringent criticism of the kind once administered by the Scotch reviewers." Most poets have always thought that about the poetry written by their contemporaries, but Mr. Huxley, in asking for the lash, seems to make no reservations. Mr. Flint, in his essay, gives an independent exhibition of how the lash should be used, with Mr. J. C. Squire for his victim; and the young poet may get useful hints from some of his maxims. "All writing which conforms to the sentiments of a group," he says, "is vicious in principle. It is bad art. It is not art at all. A group can have no artistic personality; and an idea expressing a common sentiment is an algebraical symbol." That needed saying in these days, when our young poets show such a marked tendency to form themselves into groups and schools,

undeterred by any chastening recollection of the fact that, as Spencer says,

"Sheep flock together; eagles fly alone."

A volume of verse by Dolf Wyllarde, "The Magdalene, and Other Poems," will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

The new novels that Messrs. Ward, Lock are publishing this spring include "Stayward's Vin-dication," by Harold Bindloss; "The Herepath Property," by J. S. Fletcher; and "Jack o' Judgment," by Edgar Wallace.

The Cambridge Press announces for immediate publication Mr. Arthur Tilley's "Cambridge Readings in French Literature," which will be on a plan similar to that of Mr. George Sampson's "Readings in English Literature."

The photographs on our cover of Mr. Maurice Hewlett and Mr. J. D. Beresford are by Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

The index to Volume LVII. of THE BOOKMAN will be given with our next Number.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

FORREST REID.

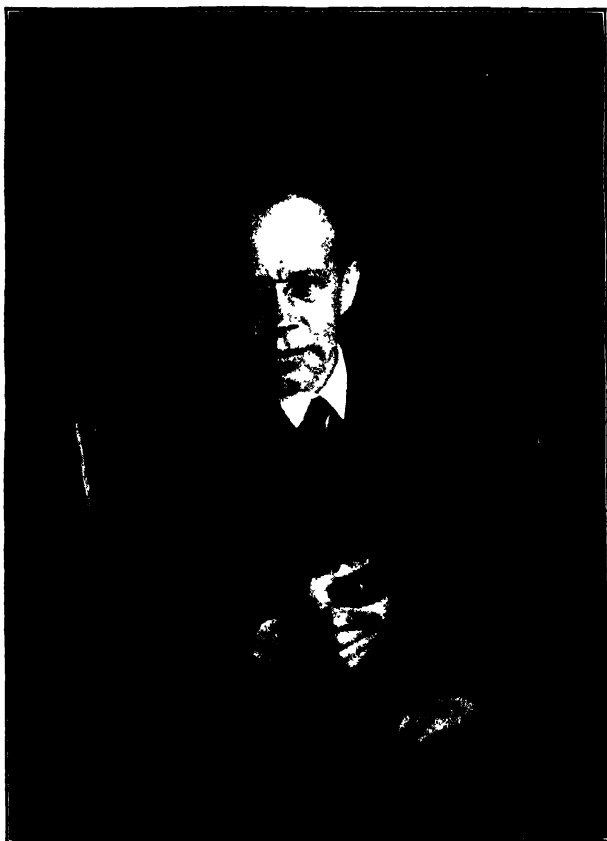
MR. GEORGE MOORE in his last book poured contempt upon the actual names of popular novelists in Great Britain (where, however, he lives in preference to Moore Hall in the politically insalubrious county of Mayo). Scott and Trollope suggest to him dull, commonplace respectability, and the sound of Thackeray and Dickens merely convey the clatter of the pantry. But, as a critic of cognomen, Mr. Moore would no doubt admit that his brilliant compatriot, Forrest Reid, possesses the appropriate name to suggest exactly the kind of books he writes. I know for a fact several people who think Forrest Reid an assumed name--an alliterative and picturesque pun, so to speak, conveying an image of the reeds by a forest pool. It is a justifiable supposition, for Mr. Reid's romances have ever a sylvan background of forest and mountain; a pool or stream is an essential adjunct to some important incident in all his stories; through every one of them murmurs "the wind among the reeds." In short, Pan is Forrest Reid's presiding deity. But his names are his own—from birth and baptism.

He is a member of a well-known family in the north of Ireland, the son of Robert Reid, a merchant of Belfast. Two of his uncles were Dr. Seaton Reid, Materia Medica Professor at Queen's University, Belfast, and Sir Edward Reid, a former Mayor of Derry. An avuncular relative

of an earlier generation was Dr. James Seaton Reid, Professor of Ecclesiastical and Civil History at Glasgow University and Presbyterian minister of Carrickfergus. The name of Forrest came through the marriage of a Reid with a member of that family.

Mr. Forrest Reid's mother was a Parr of Shropshire; but he was born in Belfast, and educated there at the Royal Academical Institution—a school which is described in two of his books, "Following Darkness" and "The Pirates of the Spring." His experiences as an apprentice in the tea trade of Belfast are reflected in "At the Door of the Gate." Mr. Reid completed his education at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree. Since then he has lived almost entirely in County Down and Belfast. His has not been an adventurous or romantic career apparently, though these are the qualities which permeate his books. If an inspiring cause for his literary work be sought, it might be found in the beautiful scenery and the wild sea coast of his native province. Particularly has he been influenced by the Mourne Mountains, the very spirit of which he has grasped and interpreted.

I have said Pan is Mr. Reid's god. But his Pan is not the altogether malignant Pan of Mr. Arthur Machen, for instance. He is a more gracious and youthful deity, Pan as a boy, but nevertheless equally fatal to those



Mr. Forrest Reid.

mortals who meet him face to face. If Mr. Reid needs a goddess, it is the Moon, and she often plays a baleful part in the lives of his creations. Youth is the *motif* of his romances. The protagonist of his story is generally a slim brown boy, with dark eyes and coarse black hair, suggestive of a faun. Sometimes his characters reach the wan land of the occult and the supernatural, the realms of fantasy; and all those who cross the dividing line from normal life find tragedy and death beyond.

It will be seen that Mr Reid's art is mystic and peculiar. He has the Celtic realisation of the unseen world as near at hand, and the Greek belief in inevitable fate. Consequently his stories can never be popular successes in the usual sense, for they do not end happily to the sound of wedding bells as per the usual formula. But, contradictory as it may seem, they are concerned alike with the grim realities, the beauty and sadness of life, and that lone dreamland of mystery and terror beyond the veil.

His earliest work, "The Kingdom of Twilight," was published as No. 9 of Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library in 1904. It dealt incidentally with moon-influence. It was read and much appreciated by Henry James, who wrote a kindly letter to the young author. This led to the dedication of Mr. Reid's next book, "The Garden God" (1905), to Henry James. But the author now considers both these books hopelessly jejune and immature, and he does not include them in the list of his published works. The adjectives mentioned are not those I should apply to the books in question: to "The Garden God," at any rate, rather should I venture to suggest "precious," or what used to be termed "fin de siècle."

"The Bracknells" (1911) is the work which Mr. Reid regards as the foundation stone of his literary career. It is a remarkable study of an abnormal boy, a moon-worshipper, who is obsessed and haunted by the malignant influences of an old house, his home, reputed in earlier times to have been the scene of a murder. Just as in the case of the boy in Henry James's finest supernatural story, "The Turn of the Screw," Denis Bracknel is killed by the forces of evil that have reached him from another plane. Individual opinion may object to the manner in which the final tragedy occurs; but the whole story is bathed in that sense of terror and impending doom which Sheridan Le Fanu could so portentously convey, and compels admiration.

"Following Darkness" (1912) was an even greater achievement, for it was the first of those minute dissections of a boy's psychology which have since become so frequent and successful. It pre-dated by a year Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street," which is generally taken to be the pioneer of this class of book. There were also, of course, earlier "revelations" of public-school life than Mr. Alec Waugh's "The Loom of Youth." "Jaspar Tristram," by A. W. Clarke, and "The Puppet's Dallying," by Louis Marlow, both dealing with Radley, respectively appeared as far back as 1899 and 1905. "Following Darkness" was to a certain extent autobiographic, for the author drew the mentality of Peter Waring from himself, changing or altering all externals of course, except the dominating background of the Mourne Mountains, the seascape of County Down, and some incidents in Belfast.

In "The Gentle Lover" (1913) Mr. Reid struck an entirely new note, and this book is the exception to the general rule of his stories. It is not overshadowed by tragic fate, the whole aim being to produce an atmosphere from which all harshness, cruelty and ugliness should be excluded. "At the Door of the Gate" (1915) is a kind of compromise in style. It is rich in humour, but ends in a mist of tragedy. The terrible struggle and murder on the grey sea cliffs of Antrim is an unforgettable picture of stark realism. But in "the vision" which comes to the murderer, wherein he finds God, I confess I do not follow the author; it is the one instance where his intention and meaning, actual or symbolical, eludes me.

In 1915, also, Mr. Reid published his critical and very able study of his fellow countryman, W. B. Yeats, with whom of course he has much in common, both in mental outlook and mystical literary expression. Three years later he collected his short stories and some other pieces in a volume entitled "A Garden by the Sea." In this, "The Accomplice" and "An Ulster Farm" are grim little masterpieces; "Kenneth" is extremely funny; "A Boy and His Dog" full of pathos; whilst "An Ending" is a remarkable presentation of the Spirit of Bruges by means of a character, morbidly sensitive, within whose mind the ancient and picturesquely crumbling city is mirrored as in one of its own canals.

Mr. Reid reached the most typical expression of his art in "The Spring Song" (1916). It is impossible to give an idea of this uncommon book in a few words. It is not a novel: it is a picture of the Spirit of Youth as personified by a party of jolly boys and girls on holiday in, perchance, the Ballinderry district of County Antrim. But one of the boys is a dreamer; he hears the Pipes of Pan—the Spring Song. He also comes under the influence of a man, a homicidal maniac, who suggests terrible things to his acutely sensitive mind. Then ensue supernatural experiences, in one of which the boy is saved by his faithful dog; but in the end Death again claims its toll from one who, in pursuit of Pan, had parted the curtain of the unknown. It is a fantastic tale and, as the author has said, it belongs to the land where memories end and dreams begin.

In his latest book, "The Pirates of the Spring," Mr. Reid has reintroduced two of the characters from "The Spring Song"; but it is in much lighter vein. There is no tragedy and nothing occult. It is a very subtle and sympathetic study of boyhood as represented by several contrasted types, and displays an extraordinary insight into the psychology of youthful friendships, affections, jealousies, and that spirit which generates adventures. The author's aim is to bring out the deeper and spiritual qualities that often lay hidden beneath a commonplace and unemotional exterior. Thus by means of their experiences his four principal characters progress and change—each in his own way, though the movement may be hidden, comes to life in a finer spiritual sense. It is a clever piece of analysis, but one ventures to hope that in his next book Mr. Forrest Reid will return to that plane of supernatural romance which is peculiarly his own, for he has dared to gaze through "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas."

S. M. ELLIS.

THE READER.

PAUL DESCHANEL: POLITICIAN, ORATOR, MAN OF LETTERS.

BY FRANK A. HEDGCOCK.

PUBLIC opinion had for some time been so insistent prepared by the French press for the apparently inevitable election to the Presidency of M. Clemenceau, that when M. Deschanel stepped on to the vacant pedestal it was difficult not to appraise him in terms of difference from the expected figure. And certainly the contrast is sufficiently striking. Instead of the short, sturdy form of the Father of Victory, built for walking the trenches, dressed in heavy boots and cloth cap, behold a slim and elegant gentleman in impeccable frock coat and silk hat, ready for a morning stroll down the Champs-Élysées or the Avenue du Bois. The lapidatory, Dantonian phrase of the Breaker of Governments has changed to the well-turned period of the skilled debater, leaving no rankling wound behind. If the one man seemed made for war and struggle, the other appears no less well prepared for peace and reconciliation. And if so, then France has chosen well.

But M. Deschanel does not deserve to be measured solely in negative terms. As a politician, orator and writer he has positive qualities of his own. France will again have as President a member of her famous Academy. Heredity, indeed, marked M. Deschanel for a literary career, and a great poet heralded his birth. His father, Emile Deschanel, an excellent writer and distinguished professor, exiled to Brussels by Napoleon III., married one of his pupils there; and some months later his friend, Victor Hugo, writing to him from Jersey, concluded his letter of congratulation with the cry, "Quick, quick, that promised little Deschanel!" The young Paul duly appeared and was the joy and consolation of his exiled father.

"A child's glance," Emile wrote in one of his books, "cures all our troubles. All the sadness of our heart is scattered by his look, like snow melting in the sunlight."

For his only son he not only dreamed but prepared a future which should achieve those highest prizes which fate had denied himself. And if one wishes to know with what gratitude M. Deschanel repays that affection, one

must read the opening sentence of his "Discours de réception" at the Academy in 1890, in which he lays at his father's feet the palms he then received.

By that date his reputation was already made. After an excellent schooling, completed by travel in Germany, Italy, Spain, England and the United States, he had

served his apprenticeship to politics as secretary to Jules Simon, had contributed to all the well-known French reviews, had been elected deputy in 1885, and had become one of the leaders of the moderate Republicans. At the Palais Bourbon his intellectual qualities and his polished yet living oratory made him an outstanding figure, while his human characteristics won him a large number of friends and brought him successively the vice-presidency and presidency of the Chamber. The ingredients of his character can be well seen in his collected speeches and essays. A sincere love of his country is a dominant note, a desire to see all parties united in making her truly free and great. After showing, in an essay on "L'Esprit de la Révolution,"* how the Girondins and Montagnards, by refus-

ing to sacrifice any tittle of their party principles, had played into the hands of the tyrant Robespierre, and so prepared the way for a greater tyrant still, he cries:

"May the misfortunes of France at length teach her to govern herself and to keep her political liberty, which the Revolution, creator of civil and of industrial liberty, had been powerless to assure her!"

And in another place he writes:

"Let us not wait for some crisis before we sign an Edict of Nantes between parties!"

Coupled with this patriotism is a true republican's hatred of autocracy, whether of one man, one party or one assembly. In face of the egotistical, unscrupulous Bonaparte, he places the noble, generous Hoche, inspired by "the sentiment of right, the love of justice, and an ardent generosity of soul." But, though a



Photo by Henri Manuel.

M. Paul Deschanel,
President of France.

* "Paroles françaises," 1911.

broad-minded republican, he is no socialist; like Gambetta, he does not trust "in the Utopias of those who believe that a panacea or a formula can make the world happy." Gradual changes in the law, founded on a fuller sense of brotherhood, will more surely attain the goal, and he points, as often, to England as an example:

"Thanks to her well-tried institutions and to her political genius, England carries out one by one and without excitement those reforms that have become necessary; whatever conquests public opinion has won, she consecrates them by her laws which, accordingly, remain in close relation with the spirit of her life; in a word, she proceeds by transition and advances by regular stages."*

Did space permit, it would be easy to prove his political perspicacity. His striking essay on "Frederick II. and Bismarck" (1886) deserves to be re-read at the present moment. The young politician there clearly analyses all the factors of the European situation and announces the coming struggle between Germans, Austrians and Turks against Latins and Slavs:

"The contest is inevitable," he cries, "and when it comes France will find the chance—the last perhaps!—of once more regaining that full independence which she has not now, which she never can have as long as a part of her frontier lies open. . . . It remains for France to play between Russia and England that skilful rôle which Frederick II., menaced by Austria, knew how to play between England and France . . . for in this great problem which France must resolve or perish: to unite Latins and Slavs against Germans—England will be the factor on which the solution will depend; she will hold the key of the problem."†

M. Deschanel's latest and most important work is his study of Gambetta, published last year in France, and recently translated into English.‡ It is fitting that, at the apogee of his career, he should pay this tribute to one in whom he has always found a source of inspiration. Returning as a lad of fourteen to a betrayed and martyred fatherland, it was the heroic organiser of the "Défense à outrance" who arrested his regard and excited his admiration. Later, it was beneath Gambetta's banner that he made his first attempt to enter the political field. It is, then, with

* Essay on Gladstone: "Orateurs et Hommes d'État," 1888.

† "Orateurs et Hommes d'État."

‡ "Gambetta." 15s. net. (Heinemann)

loving care, aided by a most competent knowledge, that he follows the great tribune's too brief career, and shows him leaving the little grocer's shop at Cahors to come and conquer Paris; as the young republican lawyer, daring, in the *affaire Delescluze*, to arraign the government of Napoleon III. for its crimes against liberty; as the Minister of the Interior and of War leaving encircled Paris to improvise and energise the national resistance in the provinces; then, after 1870, as the skilful politician, patiently evolving a republican constitution from an Assembly which really desired to restore the monarchy; later, in the epic struggle with MacMahon, telling the President, "Il faudra ou se soumettre ou se démettre," confirming the republican victory and setting a resuscitated France firmly on her feet—no wonder Bismarck feared him! And then, his ministry; and, so soon after, the early death that robbed France of one of her most devoted sons:

"To such men as he," declares M. Deschanel, "we must pay that supreme homage which Tacitus recommended in the case of great citizens—the homage, not of praise, but of faithful imitation."

It is interesting to note how M. Deschanel insists on those qualities of Gambetta's which are in harmony with his own character: the desire for unity, the wish to secure the co-operation of all Frenchmen in the task of reconstruction, the anxiety that France should not waste her strength in internal struggles but take a broad view of her position in Europe and the world, the hope of a cordial understanding with England. Such is his homage to his master.

The author's style, too, is, as always, a revelation of character: the calm, objective manner in which either national or party quarrels are explained; the high impartiality with which friends and foes are judged; the scrupulous moderation which sacrifices nothing to effect and refuses to paint in high colours from fear of exaggeration. The book is an expression of calm thought, of judgment well weighed on evidence carefully studied and digested. As one leaves it, one feels that France has made a wise choice: M. Deschanel will be, at home, a president of reconciliation and reconstruction, and abroad, a sagacious chief willing to work faithfully with all nations of good will.

MAURICE HEWLETT: AN APPRECIATION.

BY ANTHONY CLYNE.

IT is perhaps significant that Mr. Hewlett lives in a house of picturesque charm in a hollow of the hills of Wiltshire; significant because on one side lies the quaint village street and on the other a garden of deep delight. His dwelling is symbolic of his books, which have the gay fragrance of flowery gardens and yet are concerned with the common life of men and women. The scenery around this ideal home for an author of such a temperament is some of the most peacefully beautiful to be discovered in England. The folds of the hills rise around, and in the valley nestles the village. Great pleasure does Mr. Hewlett derive from his garden, small, perhaps, but perfectly planned.

All the year he superintends it with great care, setting it out with that combination of mingled formal order with natural irregularity which is the supreme charm of a properly-tended garden. And it repays his thought, for it is one of the finest joys in life to visit that quiet, dreamy Wiltshire garden in the happy promise of spring or the gorgeous fragrance of summer time.

Mr. Hewlett's father was of like temperament to his son—a poet, fond of beautiful things, and a student of mediæval life. It was doubtless with thought of his father that he gave the name of Prosper le Gai to the hero of the romance which brought him fame, "The Forest Lovers." For his father was Henry Gay Hewlett,

a descendant on his mother's side from a Huguenot family of Gays long resident in Norfolk. His father was a very keen student of literature, especially of the literature of the Middle Ages, a delicate and discriminating critic, apt in tasting the flavour of a book, and, in truth, a poet, with a poet's sensibility. Here we can discern very clearly the influence of heredity and environment. For what atmosphere more congenial to his genius can be imagined than that in which young Maurice, the eldest son, grew up? What father could the future author of "Richard Yea and Nay" and "The Queen's Quair" have more fitting than this lover of old time and widely-read bookman?

As a boy, Mr. Hewlett browsed among many volumes, drinking deep draughts of the mighty drollery, the sane humour, the true nobility of immortal Cervantes. For it was "The Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha," he tells us in reminiscence, which he loved to read, in an English translation, of course. It was entirely fitting, for the spirit of that great, deep, humorous, true book of wandering adventures, in which the luckless Spanish soldier set out to ridicule the outworn and absurd conventions of chivalry, but ended by writing a romance of charm enshrining the character of a real and noble gentleman—the spirit of that book runs through a great deal of Mr. Hewlett's work. It is the spirit of true chivalry setting forth in quest of adventure, the spirit to which the world appears a wonderful place still, its roads that wander over hill and dale inviting one to follow them in search of new experience, its romance peeping out in strange quarters, its events still opportunities for spacious thoughts, high resolves and fine actions.

Other authors, he remembers, delighted him in those early years—not the authors that fascinate the usual boy, but the romantic adventures of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," the heroic stories of the Old Testament. That the son of one who loved and understood the Middle Ages, in years before it was a popular study and a fashion to praise those times, should have had opened before him that priceless book, in which all that was vital and exalted in mediævalism finds expression in glorious prose, is to be expected. Here again the spirit of the book entered into his nature, for "The Forest Lovers" is written by a modern Malory. Love is treated by Hewlett as by Malory with an indescribable serious sweetness, a kind of debonair gravity, refreshing indeed after the sentimentality or too insistent passion of other writers. And the chivalry in Mr. Hewlett's books is a purified version of that of the "Morte," with the same graceful virtue showing itself in high-spirited manhood.

Later, when a youth, he discovered the charm of the crudite, melancholy "Urn Burial," the solemn eloquence of "Religio Medici." Sir Thomas Browne's quaint pedantry, mingled with ingenious and novel speculation, usually appeals to one, when the mind is mature. But Maurice, without the unpleasant solemnity of precocious youth, had a mind of such a temper as soon ripens, and his development has proceeded along natural lines, with no disturbing revolution. At this time, too, came Shakespeare and Dante, whom he read continually, but

the lyrical poets, strangely enough, did not attract him. Later, when the magic realms of English poetry enticed, it was Shelley and Keats—not that he admired the most—but that he chose for special affection. Mr. Hewlett has been an excellent French scholar from an early age. His genius is akin to much of what is typical of French literature, and by the *littérateurs* of that country his works have been appreciated as much as those of any living English writer. His type of romance is precisely that which the French can enjoy.

Mr. Hewlett was educated privately and acquired a very sound knowledge of the classics. It was intended that he should become a lawyer, and he was, indeed, called to the Bar, becoming, some five years afterwards,

Keeper of the Land Revenue Records and Enrolments, an office which he held until 1900. He married in 1888, and his wife is herself famous in another sphere than Mr. Hewlett. She was associated very largely with the development of aviation in this country before the war, being the first Englishwoman to become a qualified pilot by obtaining the Royal Aero Club's certificate in 1911. Their son, it will be remembered, achieved renown during the war by his exploits as an airman.

A serious illness befell Mr. Hewlett early in his legal career, and in order to regain his health he spent some time in Italy. This gave the initial impulse to his literary powers, for the picturesque life, the lovely scenery, the treasures of art and architecture, the romantic history of that land brought happy inspiration. If provided just the atmosphere in which his gifts moved most freely. After his return he published, in 1895, "Earthwork out of Tuscany"—not, as one must admit, a book for the general reader, but decidedly one for the reader who cares for the expression of the romantic elements of Italian life in a subtly wrought and delicate style. It was above all a book of promise, promise abundantly fulfilled. It appeals, as indeed does "The Masque of Dead Florentines," which appeared in the same year, "Songs and Meditations," a volume of poetry issued in 1897, and "Pan and the Young Shepherd"

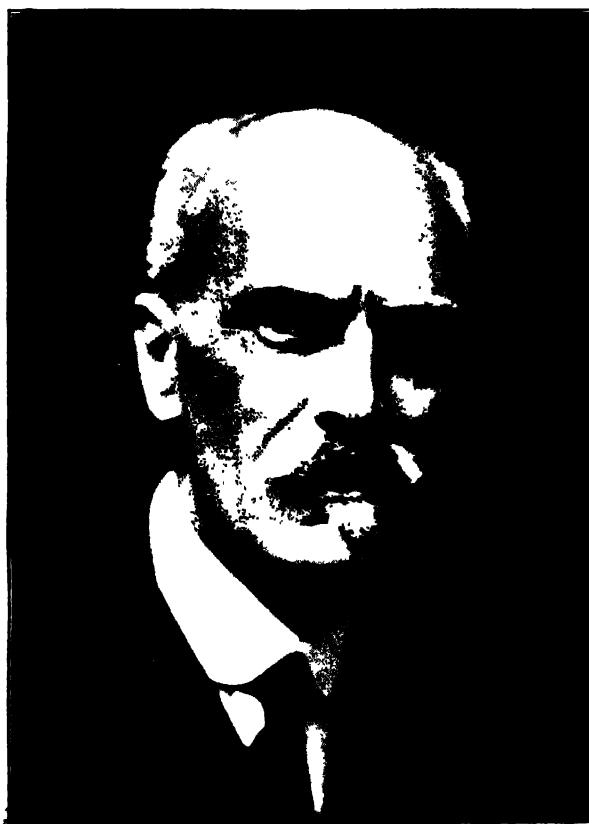


Photo by E. O. Hoppé

Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

in 1898, not so much to the public, as to a special class whose tastes are of more than usual sensitiveness to that kind of delicate, dreamy romance in faultless words which they display. Such critics knew him as a writer of such quality that his career was to be watched with interest, but had these been all his works, he would not have reached a large audience.

Then in 1898 came that bewitching book, "The Forest Lovers," which brought him at once to a position amongst the first of living writers. "My story," he wrote in the introductory words, "will take you into times and spaces alike rude and uncivil. Blood will be spilled, virgins suffer distresses; the horn will sound through woodland glades; dogs, wolves, deer, and men, Beauty and the Beasts will tumble each other, seeking life or death with their proper tools. There should be mad work, not devoid of entertainment." No words could convey the spirit of the book better than his own. It is an innovation in English literature, while yet deriving much of its inspiration from that vein of true poetic sentiment and romance which runs through all our literature. That is its prime achievement: that, while altogether English and in line with our past romances, it introduces a fragrance of sentiment, a delicacy and exquisiteness, a delicious atmosphere akin to the airy romances of mediæval France. There is the happy, sweet innocence of youth, as though it were the spring-time of the world; there is splendour of heroism and desperate deeds. Woven of vivid incidents, with sensuous yet spiritual charm, it is a book sure of a place for ever in our literature.

"The Forest Lovers" appealed to a much wider public than his previous books, and for too many readers his name is associated with this book only, whereas it was but the first of several of at least equal power. Gaining considerable popularity on its appearance and acknowledged by the *Academy*, then a journal whose criticism was of great weight, as one of the three greatest literary works of the year, the others being Joseph Conrad's "Tales of Unrest" and Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," some of the critics did not then recognise its excellence. Mr. Hewlett's early works did not gain the commendation they deserved from contemporary critics, owing partly to the delicacy of their spirit, but still more to the eclecticism of their style. Until we come to "The Forest Lovers," indeed, there is reason to suspect that the precious distinction of style was achieved at some cost to vigour and warmth. The artistic care, the conscientious polish is too apparent; and one finds oneself wishing that he might relax, even at the expense of grace, in some momentary incoherence of passion or harshness of strength. But though the note of passion is not lacking in his books, it is of a sublimated sort, and not always does it succeed in reaching us through the garment of beautiful words in which he clothes it.

The atmosphere of Mr. Hewlett's books is not, strictly speaking, the atmosphere of real life. In the case of a great novelist we do not demand that it should be. He is allowed to create his own world. What we ask is whether that world is homogeneous and coherent, whether the characters have an essential humanity and, in relation to the novelist's world, a reality. With Mr. Hewlett this is so. And his world, a world of imagination, and on ultimate analysis the same world

whether the scene be England or Italy, the period be now or long ago, is a very satisfactory world to dwell in for a space.

Mr. Hewlett is not an author of one subject. His is a real versatility, so different from the spurious versatility which it has become almost fashionable for modern writers to affect, which is a versatility, at the best, of intellectual ingenuity rather than intellectual scope. From "The Forest Lovers" to "The Light Heart," just published, there is a wide range of books, all pleasing both to the public and the critics. He returned, in 1899, to Italy for his scene with "Little Novels of Italy," a collection of five stories, which have all those qualities of delicate romance we have spoken of and an unforced, gentle humour, an unexaggerated pathos, at times a fascinating mystery, and all the time a real humanity. One of the stories, "The Madonna of the Peach Tree," is surely one of the finest short stories of the century, a perfect gem of literary art. All through them is a very sure mastery not only of historical details, but of the atmosphere of the times, an historical sense subservient to the imagination.

Which of Mr. Hewlett's books is the greatest is hard to determine, and depends, more than such a choice does in the case of most writers, on the reader's individual interests. For the majority "The Forest Lovers" continues to hold that position. Among literary critics "Richard Yea and Nay" is sure of a large body of admirers. Then there is "The Stooping Lady," "Half-way House," "Open Country" and "The Spanish Jade." But greater than these last, according to the probable verdict of time, is "The Queen's Quair." It is an attempt not only to relate the story of Mary Queen of Scots, but to analyse her character, so strangely mingled, and trace her psychological life. As an historical novel it is one of the truest that have ever been written. As a revelation of the deeply passionate, darkly suffering heart of a woman, it gets as near to a comprehension of peculiarly feminine character as probably a masculine intellect can ever do. It is not a scientific dissection of the corpse, as it were, of the Queen, as she appears in history, but a penetrative vision of her palpitating, loving, sorrowing soul, living again for us in his pages.

Mr. Hewlett's early poetry, as we have said, appealed to a public within the public. There is no swift onrush of music, no fire of passion, no weight of thought. But there is a delicately wrought version of the romance of Italy, the Renaissance and Pagan mythology, of which the outstanding qualities are artistic restraint, sensitive appreciation of the splendour and fascination of these things. In "A Masque of Dead Florentines" a procession of the great Florentines passes before the reader—Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch and the others—impressive in its polished majesty of style, but lacking that indefinable spell over the imagination which is the property of transcendental poetry. So it is with "Songs and Meditations" and with "Artemision: Idylls and Songs," which though published in 1909 contains poems written more than ten years before. In "The Agonists" (1911) and "Helen Redeemed" (1913) another note is audible. As well as increased mastery of form, the substance of the poems shows a more vital passion, a deeper thought. One suspects

occasionally in reading the earlier poems that the passionate episodes have been deftly inserted to add attraction. In the later ones there is spontaneity and inevitableness. Different in many respects as the two poets are, there is a similarity between Maurice Hewlett and Robert Browning. Not only was Italy, the Renaissance, and the classical mythology the inspiration of much of the work of both of them, but the supreme problem of the living poet's philosophy is the conflict and reconciliation of Love, Knowledge and Power.

Mr. Hewlett's latest volume of verse, "Flowers in the Grass,"* which Constables have just published, is a collection of ballads of the men and women, the lovers and the warriors, the ancient towns and grassy meadows of his beloved Wiltshire. He sings the stern mating of the invading Kelt with the dark-haired Iberian long ago and the courtship and dalliance of to-day, and the folded downs and brown hills that will outlast the one as they have outlasted the other. The poet links the love and labour of to-day with that of long ago. The men that now are dust wrought their husbandry, though their spades were shaven flints, under the same privilege of sun and shower as the Wiltshire men to-day:

"Harvest came and harvest moon
As they visit me and you
Wife and child, and rest at noon
Nothing better yet in view"

5s. net (Constable)

He has also published this year "The Light Heart,"† an addition to the five northern sagas, which he has pieced together from ancient MSS. and retold in his vivid, graceful manner, reconstructing, as it were, these poems of the old Northmen for the reader of to-day. It is an "heroic, naked story" of a poet who dared everything for love, not romantic in the usual sense, but with the glamour of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago."

Mr. Hewlett's versatility is equal only to his modesty. He will not be lionised, not be gossiped about. He evades with great success those personal paragraphs that sprinkle our Press. It is the reticence, the seclusion of an artist, who avoids all distraction from the pursuit of a life of high thought and noble expression in literature. He is not a familiar figure in the life of literary London. Few know his finely chiselled face, his quiet eyes deep set in the shadow of his broad brows, his crisp moustache and imperial that give an air of foreign blood to him, his unconcealed, reticent, mobile lips.

Though he is nearing sixty, he is not a spent force. Various as have been the essays of his genius, from "The Forest Lovers" to "Open Country," that prose poem of natural beauty and the life of out-of-doors, there yet remain great possibilities. In that cloistered loveliness of his Wiltshire garden his imagination may fashion yet another book of delicate romance.

2 6s. net (Chapman & Hall)

J. D. BERESFORD.

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

I.

IN his essay on H. G. Wells Mr. Beresford insists that Mr. Wells is "a great writer" and gives as the chief reason that "He has not been content to record his observations of the world as he has seen it, to elaborate this or that analysis of human motive, or to relate the history of a few selected lives. He has done all this, but he has done infinitely more by pointing out the possible road of our endeavour. Through all his work moves the urgency of one who would create something more than a mere work of art to amuse the multitude or afford satisfaction to the critic." These last fifteen words give the key to the tendencies of Mr. Beresford's admirable talent. He is almost alone, in a world of writers overoccupied with technique and æsthetic appeal, in his passionate desire to produce something other than "a mere work of art." Unlike Mr. Wells, he shows

nowhere any real capacity to be anything but an artist, and the tragedy is that he should think any work can be loftier than artistic work. To feel less, and yet to be meant for an artist only, as I feel sure Mr. Beresford

is, is a pitiable condition, for it is bound to result in a species of discontent which will adversely affect the work which is accomplished. I have no desire here to go over the old problem of whether art can be diverted from morality, whether art is self-sufficient: it must be enough to say that the practice of all the greatest artists shows that the moral purpose of a work of art is always implicit, that art cannot serve morality, because art *is* morality—there is no morality without truth, and except in truth there is no beauty. To speak of a "mere work of art" is to show a blankness to the position of art in the world surprising in one who has such good claims, as has Mr. Beresford, to be regarded as one of the most considerable of our younger novelists.

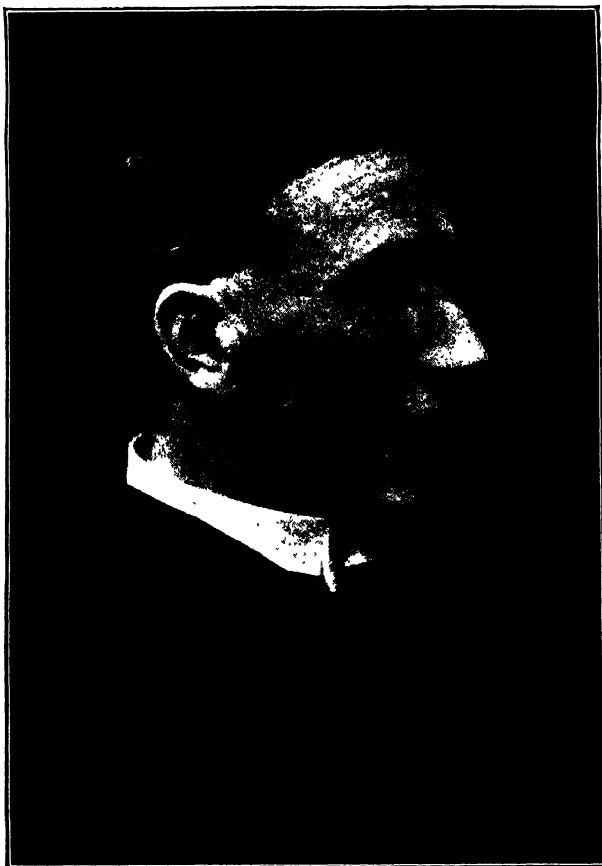


Photo by E. O. Hoppe

J. D. Beresford.

When Mr. Beresford began writing, the English novel was in a more lively state than it had been since the early nineties. And the renaissance was a more æsthetic one than that of the Yellow Book period. Even now there are not many English novelists whose works have the sense of form which we expect from a French novel; but in the hands of such writers as Charles Marriott, E. M. Forster, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, and Mrs. Wharton, the novel was beginning to deserve æsthetic criticism. To the æsthetic group I still believe Mr. Beresford naturally belongs. Could I have controlled his reading, I'd have allowed him nothing but French fiction, a few Russians, George Moore, Peacock and Marriott. Unfortunately Mr. Beresford was reading by himself, and he read H. G. Wells. The influence of Wells is noticeable in certain early fantasies of Mr. Beresford's—in his first book, "The Hampdenshire Wonder," and even more in "Goslings," published in 1913. "Goslings" could not have been written without Wells, any more than could Stephen Reynolds's "The Holy Mountain." Indeed, with a little alteration, a twitched eyebrow, a turn to the lip, and a slightly less respectful turn of the head, Gosling and his family would be a caricature of one of Wells's early romances. It has, however, far more faults than its master's books. Mr. Beresford is not suited to the logical, stern, scientific method of Wells. He knows too well that the truths of the laboratory are the falsehoods of the market-place; and his picture of a world of women is unredeemed by any attractive or personal psychology. The book might be written about marmosets or mandrills. In strange contrast with it is the work by which Mr. Beresford won his assured position. I am not a devotee of the sequence novel. Even "Jean Christophe" has long moments of weariness; and Nexö's infinitely superior "Delse the Conqueror" becomes too much of a treatise and too little of a novel. This fault no one can charge against "Jacob Stahl" and its successors. It is minutely, unrelentingly, cruelly personal. There are times when the indeterminate, terribly real struggle between Jacob and Betsy makes one want to scream. In no book that I have read is the positive character of indecision so faithfully rendered. Jacob is a real triumph of portraiture, and if Betsy is not quite so successful, it is because Mr. Beresford never really understands her early belief, her passionate and pathetic attachment to Aunt Mary's creed. He fails here, just as he fails in his picture of Cecil Barlon—who would have been more credible had he been even more unpleasant—because he has a temperamental incapacity to understand supernatural motives. Religion is prejudice with a difference; and by ignoring that difference, Mr. Beresford makes it impossible for himself to analyse certain of his own characters. In some ways, it is true, his portrait of Barlon is clever. He catches admirably that even, impersonal enthusiasm of the priest who, like the doctor, regards all his friends as cases, and has no time for relationships which are merely emotional. The three books—"Jacob Stahl," "A Candidate for Truth" and "The Invisible Event"—are full of minor characters carefully presented. There are failures. I never feel that Lady Dangerton's behaviour is like life,

and there is a distinct touch of "false Wells" in the social complexities which she introduces into the story. Jacob, after all, is no Kipps, and there was no reason why he should be embarrassed at luncheon "by different kinds of wine and a separate glass for each," except that Mr. Wells has made insistence on minor details of etiquette rather a fashion. Eric Stahl, Jacob's brother, is, on the other hand, one of Mr. Beresford's greatest successes; he is a tribute to that essential honesty of outlook, that determination to give people their due, whether he like them or not, which is so characteristic of Mr. Beresford. And he can succeed with Eric and Doris because he does, after all, really understand their attitude to life, indeed at times may be a little envious of it, while of Barlon's prevailing motive he is impatient and sceptical.

III.

In addition to the Stahl trilogy Mr. Beresford has to his credit seven novels and a book of "Impressions," beside the study of Mr. Wells and the essay, with Kenneth Richmond, called "W. E. Ford." Of the novels the most ambitious is "God's Counterpoint," the most effective perhaps "The House in Demetrius Road," the most likeable and human "Housemates." "The House in Demetrius Road" is an essay on drunkenness, mainly in its private, social aspect. It is not so good a book as it should be. The interest is largely the factitious interest which any disagreeable subject will give a competent novel; and I feel that continually Mr. Beresford uses the demon alcohol much as he might be used in a pantomime, to provide the novelist with easy situations for hard questions. Neither "The Mountains of the Moon" nor "These Lynnekers" are particularly striking. Mr. Beresford does not handle family complications with the skill which alone makes them tolerable in fiction. By far the best chapters in "These Lynnekers" are those dealing with Smith the money-lender; indeed, in that part of the book, as in certain chapters of "Housemates," Mr. Beresford betrays a capacity for good melodrama, for vehement action which I wish he would indulge more frequently. It was George Moore who years ago urged Henry James to put more action into his stories, to have a murder, or an elopement, or an assault, and Mr. James responded by producing those astonishingly active novels of his middle period. I feel the advice is needed by many younger novelists. After all, if you are to have no action why not write essays? A novel without action is far less desirable than a play without any—a judgment which may seem perverse until you consider that any drama acquires a certain degree of objectivity merely by being produced. There is plenty of action in the light tale, "The Jervaise Comedy": this farce of social relations is a little out of Mr. Beresford's usual run. It is the sort of comedy which would have appealed to a Restoration dramatist; and Mr. Beresford treats it with an insistence on its social aspects which is rather depressing. Here again I feel the influence of Mr. Wells has been distinctly inimical. In "Nineteen Impressions" we get, perhaps, the most essential Beresford. There are traces, still, of literary influence: for instance, that powerful sketch, "The Criminal," is like a story by Anatole France written by John

Galsworthy; but in this book of collected short stories Mr. Beresford has allowed himself a freedom that elsewhere appears only spasmodically. His fantasy is generally rigid: he takes a fantastic idea, and works it out with strict logic; it is fantasy of the brain, not of the imagination. Here, once or twice, he chooses his fantasies' ways; they are instinct with that touch of oddness, that sense of difference which is the real mark of imaginative literature. And it is by this book that his style can best be judged. Mr. Beresford is an author whose style always improves when his subject or his method suit him or each other. No one who has read it can forget that piquant little allegory, "Lost in the Fog." The man has just finished his story of the battle between the Teutons and the Royces:

"For a few minutes we lapsed into silence. Outside the fog seemed to have lifted a little. Through the window I could see the silhouette of a gaunt, bare tree, rough and stark against the milky whiteness that hid the awful distances of Benden. My imagination tried to pierce the shroud of vapour, and picture the horror of hate and murder beyond. Was the mist out there flowing with the horrid richness of blood? Was it possible that one might walk thro' the veil of cloud and stumble suddenly over Something that lay dark and soft across the roadway, in a broad pool astoundingly red in this lost, white world? . . . And then the vision leapt and vanished. I heard the sound of a whistle and the remote drumming and throbbing of a distant train. I jumped to my feet. 'It's barely an hour late, after all,' I said. My companion took no notice. He was gazing with a fixed, cold stare into the dead heart of the fire. 'I suppose I can't help in any way?' I stammered awkwardly. 'You're lucky to be out of it. You keep out of it,' he said. 'You've got your train to catch. . . . And now I wonder if that man's story can possibly have been true? Is it conceivable that out there in the little unknown village—for ever lost to men in a world of white mist—men are fighting and *killing* each other? Surely it cannot be true?'"

All the sketches in this book are written with economy and a sense of immediate effect which Mr. Beresford rather misses in some of his larger works. It is, however, conspicuous in "Housemates." In this novel Mr. Beresford succeeds in describing and conveying a sense of communal atmosphere which is a peculiar help to his people. He had tried the same story, to a smaller extent, in "The House in Demetrius Road"; but in "Housemates" we really get the effect of persons being moulded by their contact with each other in one particular place. The house of the drunkard might have been in any road, and the story would not have suffered; but in "Housemates" the house in Keppel Street has a character which it would lose if the story were transferred, say, to Lloyd Square or Granville Street. And after the murder of Rose Whiting the house acquires a definite note which should make it live with the more famous houses in fiction.

IV.

It is impossible to ignore the influence of Freud's theories on Mr. Beresford. A great deal of nonsense has been written about psycho-analysis. In essentials the theories of Freud do not differ from those familiar to students of casuistry, or rather of a theology of penitence. The Christian doctrine of sin contains in germs all that is valuable in the modern idea of suppressed desire; and Catholic confessors have long been



Cover Design

from "An Imperfect Mother," by J. D. Beresford (Collins).

practising the science which is now, well or badly, being preached by psycho-analysts. The dangers of this theory to an artist are obvious. He will be tempted to deal with cases rather than with individuals; he will allow his interest in the case to overcome what is his business, the presentation of character. It is not the business of Sophocles to illustrate an Oedipus-complex, any more than it is the business of a dramatist to prove the law of heredity; his work may confirm the one and may illustrate the other—but the more he is consciously concerned with the theories, the worse his work will be. In "God's Counterpoint" and even more in "An Imperfect Mother," Mr. Beresford falls into this danger. Both books, especially the earlier one, are full of careful characterisation, of genuine insight, and of determined vision; but the whole thing is too neat. In his preface to "Impressions" Mr. Beresford says that "an explanation is the most depressing thing in the world"—yet each of these novels has an air of explaining a secret. He tells us too much about his characters; we feel as if we had never met Philip Maning, but only a patient friend of his who would talk about him. That is the chief fault in a talent which is exceptional for its honesty and directness. By now it may have become second nature to Mr. Beresford; but I am not sure. I cannot help feeling that, if he will forget Freud and Mr. Wells, and not be ashamed of "amusing the multitude," as Shakespeare did, or even "affording satisfaction to the critic," as Flaubert or Turgenev did, he may yet produce "a mere work of art" which will outlive any efforts to improve and instruct an obstinate race which will always prefer the truths of the imaginative world to those of the school-room or the lecture hall.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. MAY, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best anecdote in not more than a hundred words illustrating the intelligence of a dog or a cat.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green, N.13, for the following:

HERITAGE.

There is a laughter sadder far than the soft rain of silver tears,
The lilt of long-forgotten songs that drifts adown the vanished years
Is sweeter than the melody we fashion from a day's delight,
And the soft hush of kiss on kiss remembered through a summer's night.

There is a silence full of dreams and laden with the scent of flowers,
When, for a moment, we may know a rapture that was never ours,
Clasp hands our living hands hold not and, where no mortal feet may tread,
Walk, by the immemorial sea, the dream-dust cities of the dead.

There is a longing never stilled, though joy bend low on rosy wing,
Our arms are never wholly filled, no matter what the years may bring.
For old loves waken, old griefs weep that in our bodies once drew breath,
And all the ages keep with us the eternal carnival of death.

We also select for printing:

A HILL.

Heaving its bosom to the skies,
Where an eternal quiet lies,

Like a god sleeping, calm and still
Age-worn and wind-swept stands this hill.

There is no splendour, but it knows:
The worship of the evening's close,

And dreaming of the Summer's noon,
The silver fruitage of the moon,

And holy rapture of the dawn
Reaping the joy of night withdrawn.

How sweet and clean and fresh it is
With wind and rain of centuries,

Keeping with star and cloud and tree
Beauty's unfathomed mystery.

(William A. G. Kemp, 23, Manor Cottages,
Northwood, Middlesex.)

THE GRAVE OF ARTEMIS.

I wandered, when the year waxed full and old,
Among the woods, where, withered brown and gold,
The leaves lay ankle-deep; and in a space
Filled with sweet scents, a little faery place,
I found a grave grown green and black with age,
Half hid with riot of withered foliage.
And bending low, I brushed it clean and fair,
And saw these words some hand had written there:

"Behold, with tears and sighs I am brought low,
Who once was Artemis, filled full of woe
And with desire to die, now that my name
Is lost to men, even as a windy flame
That is blown out by the strong breath of grief.
Time was, between the sowing and the sheaf,
When the woods rang with echoes of the chase
And men grew mad with love to see my face
Flash by them, and the glory of my hair
Blown athwart cheek and heaving breast, torn bare
By briars and sharp-toothed thorns. And now I lie
In this forgotten pit, my fame laid by
With what was once my body, out of mind
And memory of the world I leave behind."

And even as the last word met my gaze
A white mist rose and hid within its haze
Stone, leaf and tree, and when the wind blew wan
The brown bare space of soil, the grave was gone.
But one unseen pressed on my lips a kiss.
And who shall say it was not Artemis?

(John Dronsfield, 23, Sedgley Avenue,
Prestwich, Lancashire.)

TO ROSALYS.

You woke me with a kiss. Upon a day
 When sun and song came flooding through the hills
 And valleys, and the cowslip-wreathen way
 Was soft beneath the foot: the daffodils
 Nodding their golden heads with dews agleam
 Beneath the pine-trees slumbered in a flood;
 I lingered with you by the singing stream,
 Youth in my heart and summer in my blood.

Though now the woodland's all a-hush with snow,
 No blue bell floats, the linnet's tale is told,
 And Spring changed into Winter long ago,
 And you are gone away, and I am old,
 I thank the god of sunlit ways for this —
 Upon a day you woke me with a kiss

(C. F. Miles-Cadman, C.F., Ecurie, near Arras,
 France.)

We also specially commend the lyrics by A. Le Poidevin (Guernsey), Eileen Cartrae (London, S.W.), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Joyce Frideswide Powell (Liverpool), H. Banks (Leamington Spa), M. K. Boothby (Newby), Rachael Bates (Great Crosby), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), A. M. Greer (British Troops in France), Lorna Keeling Colard (Wincanton), Faith Hearn (Florence), Margaret Fletcher (Clayford), Nancy Pollock (Glasgow), J. I. Ormsby (Gunnelsbury), A. Lightwood Smith (Forest Hill), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate



**"A Stable, where a Mother mild
 Knelt on the straw before a little child
 Within a manger cradled."**

A drawing by T. Noyes Lewis from "The Monarch of the Fenland," a volume of thoughtful, religious verse, by Francis Arthur Judd (Faith Press).

Hill), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), Peter Paul (Belfast), W. J. M. (Cowdenbeath), Hilda C. Brighthouse (Eccles), Una Malleson (London, W.), L. Yarde Bunyard (Allington), William C. Pocock (Bristol), Rachel Swete Macnamara (New Milton), A. D. Moorhouse (Birmingham), Malcolm Hemphrey (Farnborough), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Doris Fowles (Hucclecote), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, E.), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Phyllis Eric Noble (London, E.), A. I. Perman (Merthyr Tydfil), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Edith Nixon (Upper Tooting), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Alan Bland (Gloucester), E. R. Noble (London, E.), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.O.W.), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Kathleen Agutter (Kensington), Cecil Thomas (Quetta, India), Evelyn Davey (Lowestoft), Ivan Adair (Dublin), E. A. S. (Dalston), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), Margaret Gladys Allen (Keighley), Marjorie Redding (Edinburgh).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. Monk, of Pendrea, Truro, Cornwall, for the following:

THE MAN WITH THE RUBBER SOLES.
 BY SIR ALEXANDER BANNERMAN (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 "The rest is Silence"
 SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v. 2.

We also select for printing

A WOMAN NAMED SMITH
 BY M. C. OEMLER (Heinemann)
 "How many may you be?"
 WORDSWORTH, *We are Seven*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road,
 Eastbourne.)

THE COMPASSIONATE ROGUE
 BY GEORGE GOODCHILD (Jarrolds)
 "I kissed thee, ere I killed thee."
 SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, Act V., Sc. 2.

(M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent,
 Sheffield.)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MIDDLE CLASSES.
 BY R. DIMSDALE STOCKER (Cecil Palmer)

(1) "On the whole we are not intelligent."
 W. S. GILBERT, *Princess Ida*.
 (Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

(2) "Letting I dare not wait upon I would"
 SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, I. 7.

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.)

AERIAL TRANSPORT BY G. HOLT THOMAS.
 (Hodder & Stoughton)

"The cow jumped over the moon"
Nursery Rhyme.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind Institution,
 S. David's Hill, Exeter.)

RANK AND RICHES BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL
 (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The first were nothing, had I still the last."
 BYRON, *Epistle to Augusta*.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane,
 Swanley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best six maxims for a young author about to write his first book is awarded to Miss C. Fell Smith, of Five Corners, Felstead, Essex, for the following

1. Don't write it unless it is pressing hard to be expressed, and must be written.

2. Think out the construction—whether novel, essays, or other form—thoroughly and logically before you write a word. Look up all your details.

3. Make up your mind to go through it when written, to strike out half the adjectives and more than half the capital letters; and to

4. Boil down and condense what is left. Throw two sentences into one, punctuate, and scan the grammar.

5. Cut out entirely any passage you fancy fine (remember your judgment is still unformed).

6. Be ready, if it is rejected by every publisher, to put it aside for six months and write another as soon as it is shaped in your mind.

From the large number of maxims received we select for special commendation those sent by the following twelve competitors: "Diogenes" (Highgate), E. Messenger (London, S.E.), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), Gwladys Phillips (Porthcawl), Mrs. M. Luckham (Poole), H. A. C. Legge (Alresford), Adrian Heard (Parkstone), Vincent Hamson (Luton), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), Norman Webb (Cardiff), Grace G. Webb (Southam), W. H. Hindle (Barrow-in-Furness).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

MAUREEN. BY PATRICK MACGILL.
(Jenkins.)

Out of this long, leisurely study of peasant life in a remote corner of Donegal, with its—to us—unfamiliar speech and way of living, there gradually rises what one feels to be a dispassionately true picture of the two Irelands—the primitive, credulous old Ireland of April moods, and the new Ireland, bitter and fermenting. The author's attitude, however, is that of the poet, not the politician, and it is on the portrait of Maureen herself that he dwells most lovingly. There is a sombre note throughout the book, which fittingly leads up to the final tragedy.

We also select for printing:

COLLECTED PLAYS AND POEMS.

BY CALE YOUNG RICE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To too many minds America is associated with all that is practical and "hustling," with modern slang terms and extravagances of phrase. The poems of Cale Young Rice

will do much to dissipate that idea, and to bring to the fore the great ideals which can always be embodied so exquisitely in poetry, and which are at the back of the minds of all fine Americans. Great poetry first proves itself in great and beautiful song. Mr. Rice is a great poet therefore, because his first and last expressions are perfections of lyrical beauty.

(A. E. Gowers, 12, Broad Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.)

THE PROPHETIC MARRIAGE.

BY WARWICK DEEPING. (Cassell.)

Warwick Deeping's books possess the peculiarly attractive quality of the "open-air." His sane, healthy view of life permeates every page of this—probably his best novel—and comes as a tonic after much that is morbid in present-day fiction. Here, with a set purpose, he traces in his easy fashion and with keen humour, the ups and downs of a marriage which, we feel, is destined to end as it began, in happiness, for, in common with those who live close to Nature—absorbing her beauty and learning her secrets, he is an idealist, with a firm belief in man—in ultimate good.

(Lucy G. Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent by: J. Scott Braemar (Cheltenham), Beryl M. May (Farnham), George Leys (Sydenham), M. M. H. B. (Tessin), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Mabel Austen (London, S.E.), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Eve Casey (London, W.C.), Peter Watson (London, S.W.), J. V. Hart (London, S.W.), Vivien Ford (Bristol), A. Grace (roll (Sheffield), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), George Swaine (Halifax), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey, I.O.M.), Margaret Wakefield (Bury St. Edmunds), Rowena Blinco (New York),

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Miss G. M. Northcott, of 14, Belsize Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.

LETTERS IN CRITICISM.*

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

IT may seem perverse to say of a writer whose tales are collected in thirty-three volumes that he was a critic rather than a novelist, but that, or something like it, is the conclusion to which one reader of Henry James has come. James was spectator rather than participator. He looked on at life with unabated curiosity, and found people and feelings as fascinating as he found old furniture, old houses and old countries. He came from another continent, and he was ever a tourist, an interested but passionless pilgrim, travelling, observing, recording; but sharing, it seemed, very little in the life he saw. He was a bachelor of art—the art, like the artist himself, being childless and celibate. Life to Henry James was a larger edition of Balzac, and he enjoyed them both in the same kind of way.

To prove from the stories that their author was fundamentally a critic is not for the moment our business; but at least we can insist that these two big volumes of "Letters," together not far short of a thousand pages, reveal a critic in almost every utterance. These are "Letters in Criticism," and the criticism is excellent of its kind. Henry James was specially responsive to beauty of form. His derided and often infuriating prose—at its best a medium of unique delicacy and

distinction—was the product of an artist's ambition to get into words not merely the outlines, but the faintest shadowy pencillings of mind and character. He did not conspicuously shun the *maudum atque insolens verbum*, but he did not conspicuously seek it. His sense of idiosyncrasy in words—of words, that is, as things with a touchy temperament of their own—was extraordinarily keen, and so (strange as this may seem to the maddened reader) was his feeling for the shape of a sentence. He was voluble, but never verbose, the master, never the slave (as Browning often is) of his own exuberance. He took the current speech as he found it, and was neither archaist nor neologist. Among the twining curves of his sentences a simple common word will sometimes gleam with the exotic tinct of something long-sought and far-fetched.

On the subject of form he was, as we have indicated, a fanatic, and his example is of special value to an age that, perhaps of necessity, has found a virtue in floppiness. Thus he writes to Hugh Walpole:

"When you ask me if I don't feel Dostoevsky's 'mad jumble, that flings things down in a heap,' nearer truth and beauty than the picking and composing that you instance in Stevenson, I reply with emphasis that I feel nothing of the sort, and that the older I grow and the more I go the more sacred to me do picking and composing

* "The Letters of Henry James." Selected and Edited by Percy Lubbock. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Macmillan.)

become—though I naturally don't limit myself to Stevenson's *kind* of the same. Don't let any one persuade you—there are plenty of ignorant and fatuous duffers to try to do it—that strenuous selection and comparison are not the very essence of art, and that Form is not substance to that degree that there is absolutely no substance without it. Form alone *takes*, and holds and preserves, substance—saves it from the welter of helpless verbiage that we swim in as in a sea of tasteless tepid pudding, and that makes one ashamed of an art capable of such degradations."

There is simply nothing to be said against this. A consideration of the literature that has survived the pressure of time triumphantly proves that form—sometimes even mere form—means duration and lack of it oblivion. H. G. Wells crossed swords with Henry James on this question and came off distinctly second best in score and deportment.

Such a man would naturally be fascinated by the grace and gaiety of Stevenson. He chides that tropic wanderer for what seemed a wilful refusal to abandon his ocean flights:

"I hugged the soft illusion," he writes, "that by the time anything else would reach you, you would already have started for England. Thus fondest of hopes of all of us has been shattered in a manner to which history furnishes a parallel only in the behaviour of its most famous coquettes and courtesans. You are indeed the male Cleopatra or buccaneering Pompadour of the Deep—the wandering Wanton of the Pacific. You swim into our ken with every provocation and prospect—and we have only time to open our arms to receive you when your immortal back is turned to us in the act of still more provoking flight."

He assures Stevenson that since he left there hadn't been a decent sentence turned in English. He tried to be interested in Walter Pater, whose laborious attempts to write English with the respect due to a learned language, were, in theory, estimable. But he was baffled by finding no man beneath the sentences:

"How curiously negative and faintly grey he, after all telling, remains! I think he has had—will have had—the most exquisite literary fortune, i.e. to have taken it out all, wholly, exclusively, with the pen (the style, the *genius*), and absolutely not at all with the person. He is the mask without the face, and there isn't in his total superficialities a tiny point of vantage for the newspaper to flap his wings on. . . . Well, faint, pale, embarrassed, exquisite Pater! He reminds me, in the disturbed midnight of our actual literature, of one of those lucent match-boxes which you place, on going to bed, near the candle, to show you, in the darkness, where you can strike a light; he shines in the uneasy gloom—vaguely, and has a phosphorescence, not a flame."

A passage about Kipling is worth quoting, not merely for its view of "the great little Rudyard," as he calls him, but for its confession of personal literary interest. The letter, it may be observed, is dated in 1897, when many aspects of the later Kipling were unrevealed:

"His 'Ballad' future may still be big. But my view of his prose future has much shrunk in the light of one's increasingly observing how little of life he can make use of. Almost nothing civilised save steam and patriotism—and the latter only in verse, where I *hate* it so, especially mixed up with God and goodness, that that half spoils my enjoyment of his great talent. Almost nothing of the complicated soul or of the female form or of any question of the *shades*—which latter constitute, to my sense, the real formative literary discipline. . . . He has come steadily from the less simple in subject to the more simple—from the Anglo-Indians to the natives, from the natives to the Tommies, from the Tommies to the quadrupeds, from the quadrupeds to the fish, and from the fish to the engines and screws. . . ."

Let us conclude with a passage which, written over thirty years ago, represents the cause for which Henry James always stood and to which he testified in personal act during the war. At first he was critical of the English Philistine, and complained to Stevenson at Vailima of a club in which there were too many members "of the type of Sir Theodore Martin. Happy islanders, with no Sir Theodore Martin." But he came to recognise, especially after his travels through much of Europe, that England was the hope of the world, and

that its blood-brother across the Atlantic was one with it:

"I am deadly weary of the whole international state of mind [he means the *laboriously* international state of mind]—so that I *ache*, at times, with fatigue at the way it is constantly forced upon me as a sort of virtue or obligation. I can't look at the English-American world, or feel about them, any more, save as a big Anglo-Saxon total, destined to such an amount of melting together that an insistence on their differences becomes more and more idle and pedantic; and that melting together will come the faster the more one takes it for granted and treats the life of the two countries as continuous or more or less convertible, or at any rate as simply different chapters of the same general subject."

In July, 1915, Henry James became a British citizen. He died at the end of the same year and was deprived of seeing the entry of America into the war.

With "A Small Boy and Others" and the "Notes of a Son and Brother" these volumes of "Letters" form a body of literature almost unique in its revelation of a fascinating personal and family life.



Henry James.

From "Roderick Hudson." Collected Edition of the Novels and Tales of Henry James. Vol. I. (Macmillan.)

New Books.

THE ART OF ZOFFANY.*

Whether Horace Walpole still keeps a diary we do not know. If he does, and should he be cognisant of what is happening on our globe, he has surely recorded the appearance of this extremely interesting life of a painter whose work he often praised, and sometimes scoffed at, when they were both alive. He declared that Zoffany's stage group of Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in "The Farmer's Return" was better than Hogarth. The scene from the adaptation of Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," with Garrick as Abel Drugger, he pronounced most excellent, as indeed it is. No one looking at the plate need disbelieve the story that Garrick's stare of stupidity in the character lost him the affection of a young lady who had fallen in love with the actor when he was Charmont in Otway's tragedy. But Zoffany's talent, Walpole wrote on another occasion, was to draw scenes in comedy, where he beat the Flemings. When he was serious, according to the same critic, he made wretched pictures. The group now in Windsor Castle of George III. and Queen Charlotte with their children only excited Walpole's ridicule. The portrait group, however, of Royal Academicians in the life school, the artist among them, struck him as first rate, and thus judgment is fully endorsed by Dr. Williamson. Nor was the diarist more sparing of eulogy when the marvellously clever view of a renowned picture *salon* at Florence was brought to this country. An astounding piece of work with a vast deal of merit was Walpole's verdict.

But that Zoffany excelled in the portrayal of theatrical scenes can admit of no question. The pictures which have found an appropriate home in the Garrick Club—several are reproduced in this lavishly illustrated volume—prove it beyond controversy. One of the best has already been mentioned. A scene from Isaac Bickerstaff's "Love in a Village"—a play founded, it was said, upon rural unacquaintance with the depravity of a metropolis—is another example. Lord Ogleby's ardent protestations to Fanny Stirling in "The Clandestine Marriage," Thomas King as the enamoured lord and Mrs. Baddeley as the young lady, is perhaps, Dr. Williamson thinks, the *chef d'œuvre* of all Zoffany's theatrical pictures. There is also a small full length, belonging to the Hon. Evan Charteris, of King as Lord Ogleby, standing alone and vowing, one may suppose, that he will not be left among your Heidelburgs and Devilburgs. The portrait of Miss Farren as Hermione in "The Winter's Tale" was given to an ancestor of its present owner, Sir Douglas Seton Stewart, to console the gentleman for his failure to win the hand of the future Countess of Derby.

Notable canvasses were painted by Zoffany during a visit to the continent, where he stayed from 1772 to 1779. He went to Florence with a commission from George III. for a picture of the Tribuna in the Uffizi Gallery, a famed sanctuary of what Byron called triumphal art. It was better, Horace Walpole remarked, than going to draw naked savages and be scalped with that wild man, Banks; an allusion, of course, to the proposal that Sir Joseph Banks and Zoffany should accompany Captain Cook on his voyage round the world. The picture painted by command is now among the gems of the collection at Windsor Castle. It is the finest example in existence, Dr. Williamson considers, of the artist's special facility; and a photogravure plate goes far to prove that this appreciation is no more than just. Three walls of the *salon* are shown hung with masterpieces, which include Raphael's Madonna del Cardinello and his Madonna della Sedia, the latter brought from the Palazzo Pitti in order that Zoffany might introduce it into his picture; Andrea del Sarto's Madonna with SS. John and Francis; Corregio's

Madonna praying over her sleeping infant; and more than a score of other masterpieces. The Venus de Medici on her pedestal is being admired by two of the distinguished connoisseurs who throng the room; while Sir Horace Mann, Walpole's friend, and the Earl of Winchelsea are gazing at Titian's Venus, removed from the wall for their closer inspection. Earl Cowper is one of the little group examining the Madonna by Raphael now at Pangshanger, Zoffany had bought this picture and, doubtless as an advertisement, had adroitly found a place for it in his composition.

Another episode in Zoffany's artistic career was a journey to the East. To anyone who may wish to learn more about the manners and customs of the English in India during the latter part of the eighteenth century, his Oriental pictures, and what we are told about them in his biography, will be a revelation. He landed in Calcutta a year or two before Warren Hastings came home to face the music played *con furore* by Burke and his friends. One canvas exhibits the first Governor-General and his beautiful wife standing under a tree at Garlen-Reach, with an *ayah* holding the lady's hat; a delightful group, Dr. Williamson says. In another we have Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice, and his family. Indian musicians are strumming a tune in the background, and one of the children pretends to be a nautch girl. The amiable gentleman smiling at his little boy's antics would scarcely be recognised as the wicked judge who, Macaulay averred, had put a man unjustly to death to serve a political purpose; still less as the irate old ruffian who, in a caricature by Isaac Cruikshank, administers corporal punishment to a governess. But of the pictures which were the richest fruit of Zoffany's sojourn in India that of Colonel Mordaunt's cock match at Lucknow is most widely known, through Earlom's mezzotint of an oil painting in the Marquis of Tweeddale's possession. This, however, is not the earliest and finest version yet discovered, of which, by permission of Mr. Richard Strachey, its owner, a striking reproduction is given, together with much curious information about the people who are watching the cock fight. Not painted in India but illustrating an event with which John Company was concerned, is a portrait group belonging to the late Sir Hubert Parry. It shows Admiral Cornish, his flag captain the brave Kempenfelt of Cowper's poem, and Thomas Parry, Sir Hubert's ancestor, in the cabin of H.M.S. *Norfolk*. The picture was begun before the Admiral started on the expedition to Manila, but finished some time after the capture of the island. Of Sir William Draper, who commanded the land forces, one may read in the "Letters of Junius," though there is one story about him which will not be found there. When the squadron reached Manila the Spanish Governor, hoping to get time to remove valuable property from the place, addressed a verbose letter in Latin to Draper. The General fell into the trap, and was such a long while polishing his reply, also in Latin, that the ruse proved successful. Cartloads of what should have been the spoils of war were carried away. Cornish was furious and vowed that, if any son of his ever tried to learn Latin, he would flog the skin off the boy's back.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

ENGLISH AND NORWEGIAN.*

Comparisons being odious, none shall be made odiously between the two novels to be reviewed here, which are coupled because they deal with one problem—the disposal of ill-gotten riches. They deal with more than that, and for this reason, among others, they claim to be separately judged.

* "John Zoffany, R.A.: His Life and Works—1735-1810" By Lady Victoria Manners and Dr. G. C. Williamson. £7 7s. net. (John Lane.)

* "Miser's Money." By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Our Kingdom." By Johan Bojer. Translated by Jessie Muir. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

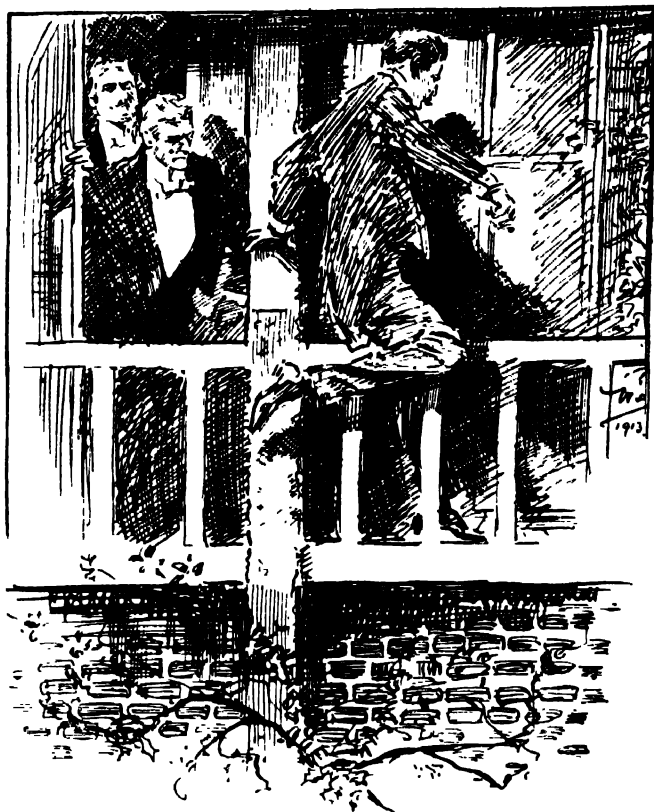
The story told by Johan Bojer in "Our Kingdom" deals very nakedly with modern philosophies, in a setting of Norwegian life. Erik Evje is the son of a rapacious father, and, after going through his college education and those philosophies in Kristiania, he comes home to attempt some reparation of his father's wrongdoing. He attempts it, however, not from an impulse of justice, but because he has himself been guilty of a seduction and other weaknesses, and needs to compound with his conscience. That need, and not the ethics of possession by inheritance, is the author's subject. He is concerned to point a rather uncommon moral, namely, that when men try to do good in order to satisfy a sense of their own shortcomings, they should be very careful not to be selfish about it. Erik gives land to half a dozen of his tenants, and they build farms on it; then hears that it is a quagmire sure to be swept away by floods one day, and has not the courage to insist on its abandonment. They are sacrificed so that he may keep his ideal. Rein, a government engineer, who warns him, and who has no ideal but that of scientific truth, is powerless to do more, but states the moral. "He remembered a friend who lost his wife in a fire, and in despair he became a missionary, and finally travelled along the high-roads followed by a singing, weeping crowd. It was a comfort to him to communicate his funereal state of mind to old and young; and when he succeeded in converting the happiness of a newly-married pair into the same despair that he felt, he raised his eyes to heaven and felt that he had entered into an alliance with God."

Bojer's own journey through the quagmire lands of current economics and philosophy seems to have left him indifferent to most things but individual love and courage. He says in this book, at all events, "Love truly, and, above all, have the courage of your good instincts. That is enough." There is the Norwegian direct simplicity in his story-telling, and in the style and quality, well preserved by the translator; and one is curious to know how he stands in his own land, where there is the sharpest contrast between town and country, and old ideas are being as much disturbed as elsewhere. He would appear to be engaged in establishing a few foundations.

Mr. Phillpotts is as thoroughly English as Mr. Bojer is Norwegian. In "Miser's Money" he works out his moral ideas with an immense complexity of practical detail, guided by the English sense of humour. He resembles that colleague only in being an individualist, and in seeing that, "when somebody's doing what they believe to be their duty, you generally find somebody else is smarting and suffering." This being the case, the moral problem in regard to money is always to find the fair compromise between "straightness" and "sanity." Barry Mortimer, working for a miserly uncle who leaves him everything on conditions, is shown freeing himself from these conditions with the help of an idealist wife, and yet preserving a businesslike sense of duty. The story is set in Mr. Phillpotts's own country, and is rich, as usual, in native character. There is less to smile at than he has often given us, but as much to think about as ever. Nobody excels him in the art of making plain people discuss the big problems of life naturally, or in making us perfectly acquainted with such people; and, on the whole, "Miser's Money" is one of the happiest novels he has written. For Barry, upon finding the fair compromise in question, becomes a benefactor exempt from Mr. Bojer's censure, and contents us delightfully by accommodating the needs of all his immediate kinsfolk. How he does it, and how he first accommodates himself to his wife's ideals, makes a singularly entertaining story; the miser's legacy is like a series of sailor's knots tying up a man who has undertaken to do "the rope trick."

Thus it may be said that one book states a moral peril, and the other shows it avoided. If they are simple and complex respectively, that is the necessary difference between elementary and advanced teaching, as well as the difference between two civilisations.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.



"I saw Lesty swing himself across."

— "The Dream Detective" (Jarrold.) Reviewed on page 62

MRS. WARREN'S DAUGHTER.*

For his first novel, "The Gay Dombey's," Sir Harry went to Dickens as a source of some of his characters, and to Mr. Wells for his preface. This time he has written his preface himself, while for heroine and motive he has gone to G. B. S. It is as an advocate of social reforms that we make the acquaintance of Mrs. Warren's daughter here, and we must all admire Sir Harry's boldness in his choice of subject if we sometimes demur to his judgment. But his story is essentially a book of the period. Mrs. Warren in the play (it was G. K. C. who said it) is as old as the Old Testament, but no one can say that her daughter here is not as new and fresh as the last edition of a smart evening paper.

It is not Vivie's fault that after striving desperately amid the thicket of present-day conditions for four hundred pages she surrenders in spite of herself and her career and opinions to marriage and a happy ending. In the interval she tries most forms of rampant modernism, including scepticism, freedom of speech, militant feminism and sex antagonism, even to the inconsistent length of personating a dead cousin and the adoption of male attire. The worst collapse of her ambitions is the failure of her business partnership with a sympathetic chum, for Honoria gets married and the highly feminist lady-clerks succumb in succession. The office boy (a curious cuckoo in such a nest) proves the only consistent member of the group, for after growing up in a chronic adoration of Vivie, he goes to the war and loses his life for her sake. But the centre of interest in Brussels—and the occupation scenes are admirably done—is Mrs. Warren, who violates all Vivie's ethics and ideas and remains the unalterable factor in the book. She withstands protest with protest, morality with a worldly animalism, and it is the war that affords a solution as it has so often done—in novels. Sir Michael Rossiter, the savant, loses his wife in a London air raid, and a crisp epilogue sets all right.

* "Mrs. Warren's Daughter." By Sir Harry H. Johnston. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto.)

THE PRIME MINISTER.*

To talk of romance as if it were all a thing of the past becomes the idlest nonsense in face of such a story as this of "The Prime Minister." For here you have romance rising again out of the commonplaces and practical workings of nineteenth and twentieth century life and clothing itself in all its ancient glamour. No transformation that followed on a touch from any magic wand could be much greater than that of the small Welsh boy, hampered by poverty (relying for encouragement and opportunities of education on a beneficent uncle, a bootmaker-preacher, who served as substitute for a fairy godmother), into the greatest commoner in the kingdom; of the obscure little cottage in the Welsh mountains into the historic, world-famous house in Downing Street. It was impossible that such a story should be other than intensely interesting and Mr. Spender is peculiarly qualified to tell it, for he has enjoyed long and intimate acquaintance with his subject. He supplements a graphic narration of the changing, often stirring incidents of Mr. Lloyd George's career, from those humble beginnings, through the fiery upheavals and vicissitudes of his political life to his present-day triumphs and difficulties, with a shrewd, analytical character study—perhaps the cleverest, most illuminating study of this baffling, fascinating personality that has yet been written.

A THACKERAY COLLECTION.†

Fresh evidence of the extent to which American "collectors" have specialised in Thackeray is afforded by a privately printed volume in which are presented particulars of the Thackeray portraits, manuscripts and books included in the collection of Mr. Henry Sayre Van Duzer of New York. The late Mr. Pierpont Morgan was possessor of some fine Thackeray MSS.—he lent those of "Vanity Fair" and some other of the works to the Thackeray Centenary Exhibition at Charterhouse in 1911; the late Major Lambert of Philadelphia made perhaps the greatest collection of Thackerayana in America—distributed by auction in over 1,300 lots in 1914; and there are other collections that might be named. Mr. Van Duzer has for a quarter of a century had what he describes as the pleasant pastime of collecting Thackeray first editions, and in describing the contents of the resultant library has sought to make his volume, something more than a mere catalogue, a bibliography "of the First Editions and the First Publications of Thackeray's writings in book form and in the magazines, newspapers and periodicals of England and the United States." It is thus but a limited bibliography, and one the alphabetical arrangement of which does not seem the happiest, although the added chronological index is helpful. A reversal of the system would have appeared a better one, as showing at a glance not only the succession, the time-relation, of the author's writings, but also as emphasising the number of *trouvailles*, and separate printing of Thackeray bibelots from 1864 up to the present.

It is interesting to have it newly stressed that two or three of Thackeray's works appeared "pirated" in book form in America some years before the author gave them separate publication here. Notably "The Yellowplush Correspondence," Philadelphia, 1838 (London, 1841), and "Major Gahagan," 1839. Although these books were pirated, the piracy is interesting as showing early appreciation of the work of a writer who had yet to prove his greatness. It is, by the way,

* "The Prime Minister." By Harold Spender 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "A Thackeray Library." First Editions and First Publications, Portraits, Water Colors, Etchings, Drawings and Manuscripts, Collected by Henry Sayre Van Duzer. (Privately printed: New York.)

also of interest to note that all the zeal (and dollars) of assiduous collectors in America have so far failed to discover an existing copy of that early edition of "Major Gahagan," the only reference to which is in Thackeray's introduction to his "Comic Tales and Sketches" in 1841. Another fact to be gathered from this handsome volume is that Thackeray as early as 1839 appears to have been alive to the importance of "simultaneous publication" on both sides of the Atlantic, for his "Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon" appeared in the part of *Heads of the People* for October, 1839, and in *The Corsair* of New York on September 28th of the same year. The bibliographers who have assumed that *The Corsair* had "lifted" it from the other publication appear to be demonstrably wrong.

Mr. Van Duzer gives also details of letters, portraits and other Thackeray items, including eleven albums of Thackerayana, in his library. His volume is illustrated by a number of facsimiles of MSS. and title pages and by several portraits, including one by Lord Leighton, about 1861, which does not seem a happy likeness, a reproduction of a coloured miniature dated 1857, and—by far the most characteristic—a daguerreotype taken during his visit to America in 1852-3. These illustrations will help to give the book a great value among all Thackerayans, though its bibliographical value is limited to that of "first appearances." It is, by the way, a pity that the existing list of Thackeray's contributions to *Punch* should have been used without checking, as it means that the misprint of "Brabazure" is given a new lease of life, and that the one or two omissions in Mr. Spielmann's invaluable work are not made good, e.g. but one item is credited to Thackeray in Vol. V. of *Punch*, yet his "spectacle" signed drawings appear on pp. 20, 184, 207 and 254. WALTER JERROLD.



Native Type.

From "My Reminiscences of East Africa," by General von Lettow-Vorbeck (Hurst & Blackett), reviewed in this Number.

MOMENTS OF GENIUS.*

"Things fall out unexpectedly, but they so fall out because they were inevitable" is the key-note of this book. Colonel Lynch hopes we may find in it "something of the stimulation which comes from contact with spirits that have dared and toiled"; and this is likely to happen, for informing it throughout is the bold and free spirit of its creator, a spirit now able to utter the mellow axiom that "the larger the view of all life, the more do we find the harmony that rounds at length from activities diverse and natures incomplete." "Moments of Genius" is a study of human types. The men—Colonel Lynch hardly writes of women, for as he says, "What man can understand the soul of a woman?"—the men are pictured at some poignant and important moment of their careers. The author has endeavoured to restate in these pictures the fact that the Now, the Present, includes both have been and to be. He takes the Now as the centre of his discourse and throws a single high light on these great figures of the past. We are given Milton in his blind old age; Keats on whom approaching death has inflicted "the inward smart that forces his thought to the quick vivid touch of truth"; Napoleon after the battle of Lodi; Henrik Abel leaving Paris for his home in the north and sustained by the thought, "My work will live; that which I have created will endure," though he knows "the shroud will soon encompass" the mortal part of him. So close a thinker as Colonel Lynch would naturally fit his title to his theme, and as a consequence, "Moments" is a correct description of these studies of the brave, outstanding dead.

A CIVIL SERVICE COMEDY.†

In his later books Mr. Frederick Watson seems to have broken with the passion for romance which inspired "Shallows" and the glamorous Jacobite stories with which he first made his reputation, and to have developed into a social satirist with a humour as quaint as it is mordant. He has settled down to shoot folly as it flies, and hits as much as he aims at with the nicest dexterity. In his last novel, "The Humphries Touch," he whipped the comedy up into broad farce; and he does the same (he has to) in "Pandora's Young Men" when he is faithfully representing the Government departments that have arisen and the public officials that have been let loose upon us in the days since the war ended and we are supposed to have been at peace.

On the whole, however, the presiding genius of the book is the spirit of high comedy, and it works as deftly, as shrewdly in character and in comment as in incident. Lady Pennington, Pandora's mother, "a stout woman with a mind like a permanent pageant," taking counsel with her brother-in-law, Richard Pennington, a reticent, equable, dignified Government official of the old school, confesses that Pandora has come home from doing war work so wrought upon by her experiences, that

"When I am alone I feel I have given birth not to Pandora but to a national movement. . . . The war has not changed Pandora. It has only developed ten other Pandoras. The devils, you know, in the Bible. Pandora is devoted to me. She has given up all her recent work for me. She has made me lease this house, buy this horrible furniture, breed ducks. She found Blinkhorn in some out-of-the-way depot in France and managed to have him demobilised as a pivotal man. Blinkhorn *pivotal*. . . . Before the war I knew where I was. I wrote a little and—well, as I say, I knew where I was. But now! Pandora is struggling to get back to me, to shield me, and to do things. With Blinkhorn. But run after them I won't. I may be an ancient Druid, but I'll stick to my woad."

Half the comedy of the book arises from the inevitable clashing of the eager modern spirit that has emerged from the war with these ancient Druids who are bent on sticking to their woad. Blinkhorn is a glorious addition to our gallery of famous butlers. James Fullerton, overshadowed by the splendid reputation of his late grand-

* "Moments of Genius." By Arthur Lynch. 10s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

† "Pandora's Young Men." By Frederick Watson. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

father, the Bishop, is an excellent specimen of his pleasant, easygoing, not very competent class, and no less excellent in a widely different way is the obstinate, very aged grandmamma who is never seen by the reader, but exercises such a cramping and depressing influence over the lives of James and his mother. There is humour and genial satire, too, in the fashioning of James's unstable, idealistic Uncle John who blossoms into the head of the new Ministry of Recreation, with James and Pandora for secretaries.

James is resolute only in his determination to marry Pandora. He follows her through her erratic courses, unconvinced by her rejections of him, and treating her various engagements as temporary aberrations, in which he is justified by the regularity with which she breaks them, and this pursuit of Pandora has for environment and scenery the important underworld of politics inhabited by the multitudinous ministers, secretaries, clerks, permanent and temporary officials who are concerned in working those Reconstruction Departments that are trying to make a good new world for us out of the ruins of the old one. The times call aloud for a satirist, and Mr. Watson has answered the call and given us in "Pandora's Young Men" the wittiest, most amusing story of the new era that has yet been written.

HOPE HODGSON'S POEMS.*

It is strange that such an essentially seafaring people as the English, who have produced so many great poets, have produced so few who have written great poetry of the sea, and that most even of those few have been landsmen. However beautifully the landsman may write about it, there is usually something lacking from his verse, for it needs a sailor who has known the sea long and intimately in all its moods to interpret it aright. There are finer things in Swinburne's and Tennyson's sea pictures than any you will find in Falconer's rather wooden "Shipwreck," but Falconer was a sailor, and his "Shipwreck" has survived for a century and a half because he had heard the voice of the storm when the black night and the tumultuous waves were all about him; he had been wrecked and had seen his comrades swept overboard and struggling till they were ruthlessly drawn down into the endless waste of waters; and he has put his personal experiences into his verse, what he actually saw and heard and thought and suffered, with a simple realism that makes it alive and vivid in spite of its crudities.

That realistic truthfulness is the outstanding quality in Hope Hodgson's poems. He died, a soldier, on the fields of France; and for some ten years before the war he had lived by his pen and won a considerable reputation as a novelist; but for eight years before that he had followed the sea and gave his heart to it, and its influence is over all the best of his work. Most of his novels and short stories drew their inspiration from it, but the eeriness, the mystery, the cruelty and terror of it appealed to him more potently than did its quieter, happier aspects. He was keenly susceptible to its wonder and its beauty, but for him the wonder and the beauty often had a suggestion of something sinister underlying them. It is so in his tales, and it is so in these poems. This consistency is the natural result of his sincerity, and it is the note of sincerity that gives his poems much of their forcefulness. His passion for the sea was no pose but a real and deep emotion, as spontaneous as the verse he wrote about it. There is a bizarre imaginative power in such a blend of fantasy and realism as "The Place of Storms"; his descriptive pieces, such as "Storm," "The Ship," "Down the Long Coasts," are etched effectively in vigorous black-and-white. He reached a higher level in his prose, but he was a true poet as he is a true novelist of the sea.

There is an excellent frontispiece portrait, and an Introduction in which Mr. St. John Adcock gives some personal recollections and a character sketch of the author.

* "The Calling of the Sea." By W. Hope Hodgson. Introduction by A. St. John Adcock. 2s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

MEN, MANNERS AND MORALS.*

Mr. Bland, having produced no inconsiderable amount of excellent literary work on China, has, attracted by the most magnetic continent of to-day, plunged across the Pacific and devoted himself to the affairs of South America. It was time, he hints, for, with the exception of such notable authors as Cunninghame Graham and W. H. Hudson, he deplures the stodgy and commercial influence that the Latin continent appears to him to have exercised on those writers who have attempted to describe it. He maintains with no little reason that:

"Despite the crowded state of our bookshelves, there may be justification and room for a book that shall endeavour to speak of men and things in South America from the human, rather than the commercial, point of view. For the great host of travellers who shall hereafter make their way, either for business or edification, to the land of the Surplus Loaf, it is surely advisable that every ship's library should contain at least one book about these lands, that a man may read without being reminded of his investments."

In his quest, therefore, of the philosophy pure and simple of the Latin continent, Mr. Bland sets out upon his crusade with colours bravely flying. And in his venture he attains to no small measure of success. Indeed, had the literary level of his start been maintained throughout the volume, he would undoubtedly have had reason to congratulate himself on filling part of that vacuum—or rather gap—which perhaps is not quite so wide as he imagines, in view of the fact that he omits any mention of such authors as Bates, Hinchliff, and, above all, Mansfield, who have painted in such glowing colours the life and scenes of a land in which romance refuses absolutely to be excluded even from its commercial moments.

Mr. Bland is prolific in happy turns of speech, and, when in the epigrammatic mood, is entertaining to a degree. Thus his description of a Chaco police *Comisario* "in command of fourteen sword-bearing siesta experts" must charm a wide smile to the mouths of those acquainted with local conditions. This is only one of many similar little gems. But—there is no blinking the fact!—as the volume proceeds it tends to gain in weight and lose in sparkle. Can it be that the influence that the author so strongly deprecates has ended by affecting his own pen?

On the whole the author's judgments are unusually sound for one who has spent so short a time in the southern continent—he modestly abjures all claims to expert status—and if his misspellings of Spanish and Portuguese words be numerous, they may well be forgiven in the face of the undoubted merits of the volume. The hypercritical might cavil at the comprehensiveness of the book's title, which covers an apparently rapid trip through some of the chief towns of Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, a voyage up the river to Asuncion in Paraguay, and a most graphically described stay at an estancia in the Banda Oriental. But all these are minor matters, and do not mar the attractiveness of a well-written book.

W. H. KOEBEL.

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.†

"Lord Kitchener created the means of winning the war. . . . The pity is that the man to whom the Empire owes so much of the work and its results did not live to see the victory. Perhaps it would have come sooner if he had been with us to the end."

In these words Field-Marshal Earl Haig (in a preface to Sir George Arthur's "Life of Lord Kitchener") expresses the view of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. "He lived for his country," says the Marquis of Salisbury (in another foreword): "he saved his country: he died in her service. His countrymen will not forget."

What manner of man was it whose memory can call forth tributes such as these? For the first time the

* "Men, Manners, and Morals in South America." By J. O. P. Bland 12s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

† "Life of Lord Kitchener." By Sir George Arthur £2 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

curtain has been lifted; the Kitchener of tradition, dour, severe, almost terrible, vanishes, and we find in his place a genial, modest and sensitive man, charming to his friends and magnanimous to his foes.

Sir George Arthur fears that this eagerly-awaited book should have been "entrusted to a biographer of experience." He may rest content. Those who remember "George Arthur" in the War Office felt no uneasiness when they learned that his was to be the pen to draw the portrait of the man to whom the Empire owes so much; they expected much, and they have not been disappointed. An enormous mass of what must have been somewhat chaotic information has been considered, classified and put into excellent prose. Throughout the three volumes there is no jarring note, no "I," no introduction of controversy as fruitless as it would be unworthy the biographer of a man who himself had "never learnt the art of controversy" (Salisbury). So fascinating are these volumes from the national point of view that one is tempted, in writing of them, to forget their main object. After all, the deeds of Kitchener the soldier, the economist, the statesman are not yet forgotten even in a time of great men and short memories. But it is of Kitchener the man that we want to hear.

The son of Colonel Kitchener, Horatio Herbert Kitchener was born on June 24th, 1850, near Listowel, in Ireland, where his father had bought a small property. Neither "K." nor his three brothers went to school—there being no school, in fact, near. Colonel Kitchener had ideas before his time on education, and the lad's tutor was instructed to aim at fostering mental alertness rather than the knocking of set "lessons" into their skulls. Neither by the army coach to whom the budding soldier afterwards went, nor later on at Woolwich was K. considered clever or "promising." At the "Shop," indeed, they looked on him as "quite an ordinary youth," though with "plenty of common sense." He was never unpopular, but he made (indeed, throughout his life) few really intimate friends; but those he did admit to his friendship valued the privilege as few men's friendships are valued.

Curiously enough, K. received his baptism of fire as a volunteer in the French Army during the struggle with Prussia. He had been ill and, on leave from Woolwich, he spent the Christmas of 1870 at Dinan with his father, who had settled there some time after his wife's death—the first cloud on the lad's life. K., while ballooning with a French officer, contracted pneumonia, which nearly terminated his military career. On his return to England the Duke of Cambridge (then Commander-in-Chief) scolded him severely and officially for his soldiering, threatened to refuse him a commission, and then murmured, "I am bound to say that in your place I should have done the same thing!"

The impenitent ex-cadet (who contended that he was not at the time amenable to British discipline) received his commission in the Corps of Royal Engineers in April, 1871, but neither at Chatham or Aldershot did barrack life appeal much to him. While at Aldershot, K. threw himself heartily into the military religious movement. As the biographer says (in a later page): "His life was based on religion in the primary sense of the word—the binding himself up with God. . . . Christianity was to him not an attitude but an atmosphere."

In 1874 the young soldier filled, by permission, a vacancy in Lieut. Conder's party engaged on a survey for the Palestine Exploration Fund, and began to accumulate that extraordinarily minute knowledge of the East and its peoples which was to be of incalculable value to the Empire when in later years he was to have a hand in the administration of Egypt.

He visited Egypt during the crisis of 1882, and the following year found him (at Sir Evelyn Wood's request) second in command of the then one and only regiment of Egyptian cavalry. Garrison life, with its clubs, dances and amusements did not attract him. It was said of him that with the status of a subaltern he had the mind of a statesman. It was not very long before the Mahdi

commenced those operations which were to bring about the tragedy of Gordon and the eventual stabilisation of British rule in Egypt, and here K.'s knowledge of the native not less than of the land was of priceless service. Gradually he was entrusted with more and more responsible duties, and in his negotiations with sheikhs was allowed to disburse considerable sums. Lord Cromer wrote of him that:

"He did not think that extravagance was the necessary handmaid of efficiency. . . whilst making adequate provision for all essential and necessary expenditure, suppressed with a firm hand any tendency towards waste and extravagance."

When, later, he became the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, it was this administrative capacity that enabled him to bring his force to a standard of efficiency it had never previously attained.

One is forced by lack of space to pass to the days when the "burghers of South Africa employed their Mauser rifles so effectively against our arms. Here the soldier and the administrator gave place, after Lord Roberts's return to England, to the statesman. The story of his negotiations with the Boer leaders reveals a far-sightedness worthy of the man who realised that the war commenced in 1914 was to be an affair of years instead of months. One personal touch on this period—Ian Hamilton wrote of him that though he was

"Impassive as a rock in appearance, he was really a bundle of sensitive and highly strung nerves kept under control 999 hours out of 1,000 by an iron will."

After the strain of South Africa, K. might justly have contemplated a period of rest, but another portion of the Empire claimed him. He had made no secret of his desire for the Indian command, and (now raised to the peerage) went joyfully out to undertake, perhaps, the biggest task he had yet essayed. For there were "wheels within wheels" that called for the most careful lubrication if they were to revolve smoothly. It is enough to say that once again clear, un-common sense triumphed over red tape; the position of English and native troops alike was improved and abuses and grievances were done away. the condition of India as a whole was benefited by a single man's wisdom. Again one personal touch, illustrating K.'s quiet humour: Realising (like all great commanders) the vital importance of good Staff work, he proposed to (and did subsequently) found a Staff College at Quetta for those officers who could not afford to come home for a couple of years to Camberley. One of the War Office objections was that it might create a separate school of thought. K. replied that "the Army has no military school of thought."

And the final picture? Can we yet visualise this great man who, by the magic of his name and fame called into being vast new armies, trained and equipped them and sent them into battle animated by the heroic spirit of his own great heart? Read the letters that passed between Earl Kitchener, Lord French, Sir Ian Hamilton—a dozen other of his commanders. Lord (then Sir John) French writes in October, 1914:

" . . . I know perfectly well that I have your confidence, and that the same mutual understanding exists between us now as always."

And again:

"Thank God you are there, and I mean it."

Yet Sir John was later to lend his aid to an agitation against the man to whom he had written these words—an agitation killed by the love and faith of the country for a statesman of whom the Labour leaders said: "He is a straight man."

But Sir George Arthur indulges in no bitterness; let us follow his example. K. cared nothing for public opinion; he thought only of his duty—which to him meant the highest interests of his country and a tireless and understanding care for the millions of soldiers entrusted to his charge.

Of the last days there is little to be said:

"By an error of judgment an unswept channel was chosen for the passage of the cruiser [*Hampshire*], and Kitchener—the secret of whose journey had been betrayed—was to fall into

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the machinations of England's enemies, and to die swiftly at their hands. . . . He . . . was seen standing on deck. . . . Nothing is known of what then happened. . . . One thing is certain—that the brave eyes, which had faced so many difficult and dangerous passages in life, looked steadily into the face of death. . . ."

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON (Captain).

SHAKESPEARE AND THE LILLIPUTIANS.*

The Baconians will have to look to their laurels, for Mr. Looney introduces another Richmond into the field, and sets out with rapturous enthusiasm and a good deal of perverted ingenuity to prove that the works of Shakespeare were written neither by him nor by Bacon, but by Shakespeare's aristocratic contemporary, the Elizabethan minor lyrist, Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. That the Englishman dearly loves a lord is proverbial, and Mr. Looney confesses that before he discovered the real author he decided from internal evidence that the man who wrote the plays must, among other things, have been "a man with feudal connections; a member of the higher aristocracy." In the same way, if we knew nothing of Shelley we might decide that "The Masque of Anarchy" was written by a discontented, low-born rascal who was envious of his betters. The author of the plays must have been an aristocrat, Mr. Looney declares, because he writes of aristocrats as if he were intimate with them, and "it is rather his ordinary citizens that are automata walking woodenly on to the stage to speak for their class." Well, Launcelot Gobbo is not so bad; nor is Dogberry; nor are Bottom and his friends; nor are the companions of Falstaff; and there are others. But it is significant that in making out a preliminary list of the qualities he would expect to find in the real author of Shakespeare, Mr. Looney does not include a sense of humour.

What first led Mr. Looney to believe that Shakespeare did not do his own work was a close study of "The Merchant of Venice." He was convinced that the man who wrote that knew Venice. Well, "The Merchant of Venice" was founded on the Italian tale of "Il Pecorone," the writer of which was presumably an Italian and did know Venice. Most unimaginative men are unable to credit others with more imagination than they have themselves. But the person who wrote Shakespeare's plays was quite evidently an imaginative man, and he would easily and naturally realise places and people he read about and recreate them in his own work. Defoe never saw the island on which he placed Robinson Crusoe, but he realised it as vividly as if he had himself been shipwrecked there. The fatal error in all Mr. Looney's argument is that he makes no allowance whatever for genius. Just as he feels that the man who wrote the plays must have been a real aristocrat, so the Baconians think that, because he shows such knowledge of law, he must have been a lawyer. It is not the legal terms that are used in them, nor the acquaintance they may seem to show with the ways of aristocrats that makes these dramas great literature; they are great by reason of the philosophy of life, the large acquaintance with general humanity and, above all, the poetry that is in them, and these things are not taught in any school, nor to be gathered from other men's books.

Coming to the poetry, Mr. Looney quotes some very average verse by De Vere with references in it to hawks and hawking, and with comparisons of a woman's face with roses and lilies, and so forth, and, apparently unaware that all this sort of thing was part of the conventional stock-in-trade of the poets of the time, he discovers similar references and comparisons in the plays and seriously offers this as evidence. To be consistent, if he read various passages in Young, such as:

"Man wants but little nor that little long,"

and compared them with:

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

* "Shakespeare Identified." By J. Thomas Looney. 21s. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

and other passages in Goldsmith, he must come to the conclusion that Goldsmith wrote the "Night Thoughts," or Young wrote all Goldsmith. It is true Young died nine years before the other, but De Vere died twelve before Shakespeare, and the plays that did not make their appearance till after his death are a stumbling-block which Mr. Looney's specious explanations will not carry him over.

To evade other difficulties Mr. Looney says Ben Jonson was in the secret, as the Baconians say he was in their secret, and quite falsely describes Ben's lines under the Shakespeare portrait as "facetious"; but carefully avoids that fine eulogy of Shakespeare in which Ben calls him a man who had small Latin and less Greek, and fixes his identity by hailing him as "Sweet Swan of Avon." Mr. Looney believes Shakespeare was a drunken boor, and yet ascribes his bad, unsteady signatures to ignorance. In one place he suggests that the Stratford man, whom, having no case, he insistently belittles and abuses, could neither read nor write, but fails to explain how, in that event, his brother actors and contemporary dramatists, some of whom envied and disliked him, never expressed surprise that such a man contrived to write so many dramas. Before he pursues his subject further, Mr. Looney might do well to look up those discoveries of Professor Wallace which nullify some of his statements; he might also do well to remember that Shakespeare's mother was a superior and intelligent woman, even if his father was a butcher, and he should prove to us, as a fundamental necessity of his own position, that Shakespeare was not educated at Stratford Grammar School. Incidentally, it might help him to understand some things if he considered the case of that son of a job master, Keats, who, with small Latin and less Greek, managed to give us "Hyperion" and "Lamia," not by visiting Greece and Italy, but merely by reading Froissart. I sometimes wonder whether Shakespeare foresaw the coming of such critics as the Baconians and Mr. Looney when he wrote:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

A. ST. J. A.

THE PRESS IN WAR TIME.*

Said the late Sir Edward Cook, the author of this essay, to an American journalist who wished to interview him on the work of the Press Bureau:

"Do not give us any flowers: it would really be a terrible blow if you did. The enterprising newspaper or news-agency and an efficient censorship are natural enemies; and if the day should ever come when the newspapers, British or neutral, conspired to praise the Press Bureau, it would be a catastrophe for one or other of us: it would mean either that the journalists had lost their go, or that our Censors had been neglecting their duty."

In spite of this, there was one man whose praises of the Press Bureau fill us with some pride. In the aftermath of war and in the inevitable discussions of the sins of omission and commission during the period of hostilities, we turn with comfort to the utterances and writings of our former enemies. The Press Bureau, laughed at, kicked, abused—the butt of every newspaper man in England, is referred to by Count Bernstorff in a private letter in these terms:

"In its efficiency and imaginative powers the Press Bureau has never had its equal in the history of the world."

Propaganda—the mysterious activities which the British Government conducted under this name—were not known (nor were they intended to be known), with the inevitable result that it was consistently jeered at throughout its career until it fell into the hands of newspaper owners when criticism naturally diminished. Not until Ludendorff published his memoirs, where he extolled British propaganda to the skies (and ascribed all its success to the wrong man), did we ever admit that our work in this direction was anything but sadly misapplied energy. And

* "The Press in War Time." By Sir Edward Cook. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

probably as the years roll on, any young journalists who lived in contact with the Press Bureau and entertained their friends with half-told tales of its enormities and follies, will prattle in the autumn of their lives of the really efficient way in which things were done at the Press Bureau during the great war, and relate with pride the story of the cunning and skill of the Censor in holding back the news of the sinking of the *Audacious* for four solid years.

There is no doubt that the strain of conducting the Press Bureau killed Sir Edward Cook, and any one who spent any time during the war in that director's room in the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall, will recall the ceaseless tinkling of the telephone, the scurrying in and out of messengers all day long, the long-winded callers with lists of silly grievances as long as your arm, the conferences—all this in addition to a mountain of routine work. And all the time criticism, usually misinformed. "I used to smile and say nothing," says Sir Edward, somewhere. Such wisdom and patience is not given to all of us.

Historians of the war will be grateful that Sir Edward was spared to write this account of the Press Bureau. It certainly needed doing and no one, of course, could have done it so well as the late director. The author does not set out to prove that he was right and all his critics wrong, and that the Press Bureau was a model of its kind. As a very able journalist he knew that he was treading perhaps the most thorny path of all officials in the war in restraining the freedom of the Press. We were not always proud of our Press, but knowing the great human fight behind it, we were proud of its freedom.

I believe that Mr. Kennedy Jones in his new book on "The Press and Downing Street" gives it as his opinion that the influence of the Press is declining. It is a curious paradox that in the time of the great war when, with all its loopholes and voluntarism, a very powerful governmental censorship obtained, the Press of the country seemed to wield a power greater than ever in its history—so great, indeed, as to be alarming.

It should be added that Mr. J. A. Spender's delicate and sympathetic obituary article on his old friend and colleague is reprinted from *The Westminster Gazette* at the end of the volume.

IVOR NICHOLSON.

STUDIES IN PITY.*

The one thing you never miss in any book or play of Mr. Galsworthy's is Mr. Galsworthy's personality; and the oddest feature of the situation is that this pervading personality is so much greater than any of its actual manifestations. Read through a large number of Mr. Galsworthy's books, and you form a mental picture of a great gentleman, with a high, noble, austere mind, full of mental and moral courage, instinctively receptive of character, rich in wisdom, sympathy and an almost tragic pity, yet nowhere depressing the balance unfairly or relying upon the onion-tears of debased sentiment. When, however, with this picture in your mind you turn to reconsider the books, you find them surprisingly less than you expected. The fact is that though Mr. Galsworthy can be roughly sampled in a single work he cannot be judged by less than all. You must take him in bulk to get his real value.

The present volume of short stories and sketches illustrates our meaning. It might be called great from a small man; but it seems slight from a great man. Most of the pieces are back eddies of the war—the tragic and poignant trivialities of a mighty epic that rings with great names and deeds. See for an example of this how the sinking of the *Lusitania* affects the life of a cheerful little English-woman married to an entirely insignificant, innocuous little German. Among the "Stories of Peace" the one called "Buttercup Night" lives most clearly in the memory. Those who know Mr. Galsworthy will guess what a beautiful

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thing his art can make of the nursing of a sick horse—the subject of this story; and those who do not yet know that he is one of the greatest living masters of descriptive prose may be advised to give their best attention to the manner and way of the same pages. Here is literary art of the highest order. The stories may be crumbs; but they are from a rich man's table.

G. S.

A FOUR IN HAND.*

Of these books the worst shall be first and the others in order till we end on the high note of Mr. Douglas Goldring's passion and idealism.

Not that there is much to be said for the other three. They are workmanlike stories, carefully written and of their kind interesting. "The House in Queen Anne Square" is a story of mysterious happenings, related for the most part by lawyers—one result being that it is full of sidelights on Scottish judicial procedure. "A Man's Honour" takes us to Ceylon and gives us a carefully observed picture of that country—antedated; while "Roast Beef Medium" is a "cheerful by request" book from the States which sets your teeth on edge with sentences such as, "The Fresh Young Kid speared a piece of liver and looked sorrowfully up into the adoring eyes of the waitress who was hovering over him. 'Got any nice hot biscuits to-night, girle?' he inquired."

In spite of such sentences, in spite of its frank sentimentality, "Roast Beef Medium" is a pleasant, homely book, a more human book than either "The House in Queen Anne Square" or "A Man's Honour." Of these the former makes no pretensions to psychology or any sort of art. The characters are pasteboard and tinsel, the person most alive being old Pittenweem, an amusing caricature of a judge. Nevertheless the plot, which deals with fraud, murder, dope-fiends, forgery and all the rest of it, is intricate and close-woven, while the writing is adequate to the subject.

Nor is "A Man's Honour" much of an improvement—in the matter of character drawing—on "The House in Queen Anne Square." It is, however, better written, much of the background being excellent, and if only the people had been as convincing as the pictures of the palace and temples at Kandy, Miss Methley would have given us a fine book. In Val, however, we have the impossible sort of heroine, who believes a silly, hysterical sister before her husband, and when she discovers her mistake, rushes out to Ceylon and insists on following him up country in the middle of a native war. To balance this lady we have for "the Commander-in-Chief of His Britannic Majesty's Forces in Ceylon" a man who allows her to be present at conferences between himself and his officers, and who, when he meets her on her way to Kandy, feebly excuses himself from ordering her to return with him, to Colombo and safety, by saying, "I'm too ill to have much will of my own, I'm afraid." On the other hand Charles Carland, the hero, though very slightly sketched, is almost a possible character, as also are some of his brother officers.

"Roast Beef Medium" is a less pretentious book than "A Man's Honour," being the story of a female commercial traveller. She is thirty-six. She has divorced her husband, is devoted to her son, and is a smart, competent person. "Emma McChesney's favourite occupation was selling T. A. Buck's Featherloom Petticoats, and her favourite pastime was studying men and women. The two things went well together."

The adventures of Emma McChesney "on the road," the men who want to marry her (i.e. every man with whom she comes in contact!) the people she befriends or

* "The House in Queen Anne Square" By W. D. Lyell 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood).—"A Man's Honour." By V. Methley. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett).—"Roast Beef Medium." By E. Ferber. 6s. net. (Methuen).—"The Black Curtain." By Douglas Goldring. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

scolds, her amorous employer, T. A. Buck, is all jolly amusing stuff, facile, if you like, but certainly to be read.

Of a different order from these three books is "The Black Curtain." Here is a novel to be taken seriously, and in giving it such consideration we are not being capricious but, on the contrary, are paying it a compliment.

The cover of the book presents us with a picture of a man armed to the teeth fighting a naked, defenceless woman; and the problem presented by the writer is the relations of the new, the enfranchised woman, with man. Accepting love, the freed creature refuses marriage and, by so doing, refuses the satisfaction of her deepest urge. Restlessness is the natural result, and Anne Drummond leaves home to rush into the arena of public life. When, after a lapse of time, she meets her old lover, the fundamental urge induces her to accept the condition she has formerly disdained. She is now half politician, half woman, and being wholeheartedly neither falls a victim to outrageous chance. Her tragedy, which includes his, is the tragedy of the transition period. The State has not yet learnt that the value of woman lies in her productivity, a different productivity to that of man and of more fundamental importance. It sees valuable lives going to waste and waits . . . perhaps to have its affairs put in order by that new woman Mr. Douglas Goldring draws with such a sure hand.

Anne Drummond is a creation, a warm, simple, wholly enchanting woman, and as soon as she makes her appearance the interest of the book deepens. One is inclined to ask Mr. Goldring, in all sincerity, why he begins so slowly. "The Black Curtain" was the first of his books we had read, and for the first few chapters we thought it would be the last. It was as the Garden of Eden before Eve came. A good place enough, no doubt, but lacking the human interest. With Chapter VI and Anne Drummond, however—nay, with the last paragraph of Chapter V—came the realisation that Mr. Goldring knew "the proper study of mankind" to be woman, and that he was prepared to do his duty as a teller of stories and thrill us with a tale of passionate love.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

THE HOLY SHEKEL.*

It requires some elements of acquaintance with the literary history of Jewry in Spain and Southern France during the Middle Ages to realise the importance and interest of this publication, in which the "Shekel Hakodesh" is not only rendered into English for the first time, but for the first time also into any European language, while the Hebrew text is attached to the volume, and this has never been printed previously. Dr. Hermann Gollancz, who is the well-known Goldsmid Professor of Hebrew at University College, discusses in his introduction certain problems which belong to the critical understanding of the work, its sources and place in Jewish literature of the period, but on these it is impossible to touch. It is enough for our purpose that in its metrical form and under its distinctive title of "The Holy Shekel," the work is referable to Joseph Kimchi of Narbonne, who belongs to the period between A.D. 1105 and 1170, and is said by the historian Graetz to have introduced the Jewish culture of Spain into Southern France. It is a book of morals and of maxims, and there is a consensus of opinion as to "the great value of its contents." There are five copies extant, two of which are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and it is from these that the text has been edited and the translation made. The "Yesod Hayirah" or "Foundation of Religious Fear," being the second work in the volume, is of unknown authorship and is reprinted here, with the Hebrew original, from the first English translation of 1915, also made by Dr. Gollancz. Perhaps only a son of Israel can appreciate in a plenary sense the manner and spirit of the apophthegms in both collections. On the part

* "Shekel Hakodesh," to which is added "Yesod Harirah." With an English Translation and Notes by Hermann Gollancz, M.A., D.Lit. 21s. net. (Oxford University Press.)

of a modern and Christian, the voice of inward dissent intervenes naturally at times—as, for example, at the estimate of womanhood—but those occasions are few. That which abides is, I think, the sense of being at a great distance away from the prevailing line of thought, and also of experience—much farther than one feels from the sayings of Solomon, from “Ecclesiasticus” or the “Book of Wisdom.” But there are times also when one is drawn through the whole distance, for not far from our own at its best and truest is the heart of him who counsels: “When thine enemy cometh to make peace with thee, implore thou God on his behalf.” Indeed the two collections, after this same manner, are an Imitation of God and His justice, of God, His mercy and loving kindness, though he who for such reason might compare them with that “Imitation” which is of Christ, would find—I know not what great contrasts. It remains to say that “The Holy Shkel” and the “Foundation of Religious Fear” are precious memorials of Israel in their place and time. Not only his co-religionists owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Gollancz for making them thus available, but those others—many or few—who, on one count and another, are attracted by the mediæval Jewish academies in Spain and Provence. We who are outside Israel know something of Iber Ha Gebirol, Maimonides, Nachmanides, Judah Halevi and other kindred masters of intellectual thought. We know something also—how little—of the old “Midrashim,” and we remember that to a Spanish Jew of the thirteenth century we are indebted for the publication, and perhaps the final codification, of that great book of the Greater Exile which is called “Sephher Ha Zohar.”

A. E. WAITE

COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH.*

Coleridge's “Biographia Literaria or Biographical Sketches of My Literary Life and Opinions” first appeared in 1817. No further edition was published during the poet's life-time, and the second one was not issued until thirty years after the original issue. This is the first edited and annotated edition, and was begun by Coleridge's nephew and son-in-law (Henry Nelson Coleridge) and after the death of the latter was continued and completed by his widow, Sara Coleridge. A third based upon that of 1817 was printed in 1866 in Bohn's Standard Library, and has been issued frequently. In 1905 Mr Arthur Symonds edited for Messrs. Dent's Everyman's Library a reprint based on the text of the edition of 1847, but it did not contain any notes. In his introduction the editor described it truthfully as “the greatest book of criticism in English, and one of the most annoying books in any language.” Two years later Mr. J. Shawcross edited the work for the Oxford University Press in a scholarly edition, the text of which is that of the first issue with all its typographical errors. It was, nevertheless, a valuable reprint on account of its lengthy introduction and annotations. Now comes the present work edited for the sister-university of Cambridge.

It differs from all the others in that only its most valuable portion is printed, namely, that in which Coleridge deals with Wordsworth's famous Preface and a criticism of his poems. It is based on the text of 1847, in which the unmistakable misprints are corrected. Coleridge himself in a letter to Thomas Poole shortly after the first appearance of the book “entreated his acceptance of a corrected copy of my ‘Sibylline Leaves’ and ‘Literary Life’ . . . so wildly have they been printed that a corrected copy is of some value to those to whom the works themselves are of any.”

* “Coleridge: Biographia Literaria—Chapters I—IV., XIV—XXII.; Wordsworth: Prefaces and Essays on Poetry, 1800–1815.” Edited by George Sampson, with an Introductory Essay by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 10s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

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Mr. George Sampson's method of editing undoubtedly makes the work more interesting for it leaves out all the parts not directly concerned in Coleridge's criticism of the "Preface and Poems of Wordsworth." It not only gives it unity but makes of it a work of art differing from the "immethodical miscellany" that Coleridge offered to the reading public. The headings of the chapters that have been deleted are given in one of the appendices, as are also the omitted portions which, though when read in their proper place they interfere with the progress of the narration, are yet in themselves of considerable interest, biographical or other. For example, it would have balked us of much enjoyment to miss the amusing "*Spy-Nozy*" who, so Coleridge tells us, was sent from London by the Government as a spy on the movements and actions of both himself and Wordsworth. Doubt has been thrown on this incident but there is undoubted documentary evidence to prove its truth, as was shown by a writer in one of the monthlies a few years ago.

The famous Preface to Wordsworth's two volume edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" in 1800 is reproduced in its latest form, as well as the one to the edition of the poems in 1815 with the Essay, supplementary to that Preface.

The Introduction, beautifully and sympathetically written by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, adds a charm to this delightful edition of a work which will, in its present form, we hope increase the number of its admirers. Sir Arthur is of opinion, and probably rightly so, that what killed Coleridge as a poet was neither opium nor indolence but his entire absorption after his return from Germany in 1799 in abstruse metaphysical studies.

Mr. Sampson's notes are excellent and extremely helpful to an understanding of the text. Although intended only as an introduction to the complete work this edition may possibly entirely supersede the latter. It certainly ought to be, and probably will be, introduced into English literature classes as a standard textbook. In his note (p. 248) to Coleridge's remarks on Milton (p. 37) Mr. Sampson states that "Coleridge is probably referring to a passage in 'The Second Defence of the People of England'." We venture to suggest as an alternative "An Apology against a Pamphlet entitled 'A Modest Confutation of the Animadversions upon the Remonstrants' Defence of Smectymnuus, 1642.'" Coleridge is defending Southey and his remarks are as follows:

"To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habits, but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanour, which in his *early manhood*, and *first* controversial writings [the italics are mine], Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove."

The "Apology" was written when Milton was in his thirty-third year, and is among the earliest of his controversial writings; "The Second Defence" many years later. Moreover, in the former work Milton defends himself against the charge of frequenting "The bordelloes," declaring in so many words that from his youth up his outward acts had been as clean as his thoughts were pure. The passage, which extends to several pages, ends:

"Thus large I have purposely been, that if I have been justly taxed with this crime, it may come upon me, after all this my confession, with a tenfold shame: but if I have hitherto deserved no such opprobrious word or suspicion, I may hereby engage myself now openly to the faithful observation of what I have professed."

Almost all the quotations in the text the editor has traced to their source. One trifling citation appears to have escaped his scrutiny. On page 29 Coleridge refers to sundry petty periodicals "or weekly or diurnal." This probably is from Gay's pamphlet, "The Present State of W.t." 1711, in which he gives "the histories and characters of all our periodical papers, whether monthly, weekly or diurnal."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

RECENT VERSE.

W. B. Yeats said once of A. E. that he encouraged people to write poetry, or attempt it, because it was good for their souls: and doubtless A. E., who is nothing if not a spiritual teacher, is more concerned with souls than bodies. The desire of people to express themselves in verse is not on the wane; but as a reviewer I seem to see now that the great simplicity and sincerity of emotion caused by the war is over; that the quality of the verse is appreciably poorer. If every man and every woman has one poem locked up in their hearts, a great number of people must have given vent to their poem during the war. There is a large volume of distinguished poetry and verse being written and published at present, but there is also a certain amount of quite undistinguished verse, so that a reviewer who loves the noble pleasure of praising better than the casting of ridicule on the efforts of some good people after expression, may find himself or herself in a difficulty.

Of the bundle of books before me I pick out three as being worthy of consideration. The first is "Songs of the Dead,"¹ by Margaret Napier, which has, I suggest, a somewhat extravagant Introduction by Edward Garnett. It is an interesting book behind which one imagines a strange and lonely temperament. The free verse snatches are quite without artifice. They read to me like translations from the Chinese, or some other strange language and people. There is nothing that seems to me very profound in the imaginings of what the dead woman feels in the darkness. There have been so many beautiful and terrible things written about the grave from Chaucer's.

"Now with his Love—now in the cold grave,
Alone, withouten any compaigne"

which has the very desolation of death in it, to the joyous imaginings of the Christian mystics to whom the grave was the robing chamber for heaven. This is, I think, the best of Miss Napier's poems, for it has more substance than the others:

"To-day it was cold in the dark
From the willow rain dripped on my grave,
It made me dream of that day
In September when you came,
And in the little blue room
We talked of the rain drifting across the window
In misty tears
At my feet lay open a book
You picked it up and laughed
As you scanned the ponderous page
My mind was so frail
I had to anchor it to the great thoughts
Of the great dead—dead hundreds of years
As I have been days.
There was a silence,
And as sunrise reflected I had watched
That morning crimson my bedroom wall
My pale, tired mood lifted,
Our eyes met,
Love was born."

I do not find, as is claimed for this book, that "A dead woman speaks to us from the tomb."

"Puck's Garden"² has both melody and charm. The touch of glamour that I miss in the other volumes of this bundle is here. There is grace and lucidity and a delicate feeling for words and music in this pretty book. A couple of the lyrics might find their way into the anthologies. Indeed, "Tranquillity" is poetry not verse. One might have come upon it in Matthew Arnold's poems, with which it has a distinct affinity:

"All in a quiet garden
Her soul, a rose, doth rest,
Where rains beat not, nor harden
The snows upon her breast."

"There grasses grow and lilies,
All flowers rich and rare;
The fragrant air as still is
As a nun's breath in prayer."

¹ "Songs of the Dead." By Margaret Napier. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

² "Puck's Garden." By N. C. Raad. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

"The love her life had brought her
Lies gathered at her feet,
With sounds of running water,
Peaceful and pure and sweet."

One sees the derivation of the poem, but Mr. Raad is more than a disciple.

The third volume I would commend to those who love simple poetry is "Ulster Songs and Ballads"³ by my countryman, Padraic Gregory. They are concerned with tragic and peaceful things, with sorrow and joy and devotion to God and love of country. There is the spirit of the ballad in this book, and a certain rugged strength, with fervour and sincerity.

Of the remaining four books in my bundle there is not much to say. "Fragments,"⁴ by A. E. Green, may be commended for its spirit. An Ulsterman and a Unionist he has yet understanding and a certain sympathy for that other Ulsterman, Roger Casement. One divines behind this book an attractive personality, kind, honest and simple. The essentials of poetry are in the heart of the writer.

"Roundels and Rhymes,"⁵ by Anita Moor, makes a similar personal appeal. Indeed there is a good deal of the stuff of poetry in the engaging book, if little of artistry.

There is nothing to be said of the remaining versifiers except that in all probability the writing was good for their souls if only because it kept them out of mischief.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.*

"Harvest," this latest or last of a lengthy series of novels from the pen of Mrs. Humphry Ward, must not be taken as a fair example of her work. It bears plain evidence of a weary hand and a driven mind. It contains slips which this author could not have passed had the ultimate, inevitable, overwhelming influence not intervened and put the last full-stop to work which, with all its limitations, was invariably written with scrupulous care, a noble purpose and a sensitive literary conscience. Such slips, for instance, as those connected with the name of the married sister of the somewhat grotesque villain in "Harvest" would have been impossible to the author, say, of "Sir George Tressady." Early in the book the lady is Marianne Tilney, her maiden surname having been Delane. Later, when she makes her one unsympathetic entrance, the Tilney has become Winton; but the Marianne remains until p. 177 when it changes abruptly to Edith and Edie. This sort of carelessness—absolutely excusable through the fact that, while the book was being written and the proofs were passing through the press, the final darkness was gathering about the fearless mind and those ever-industrious energies—was not characteristic of Mrs. Ward, and so renders this novel the reverse of a fair example of her offerings to Fiction.

Indeed, the theme used in "Harvest" was not suited to her powers and personality. It needed more sombre colours and a greater variety than filled her palette, with a force, relentless, which she did not possess, and a largeness, a spaciousness of treatment beyond her compass. In the human essentials it is a theme in many ways parallel to that of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and calls for the forthright dark reality, the tragical irony and bitter humour, the relentless determination to inevitable climax, used with masterly power by Mr. Hardy. Mrs. Ward has made of it a bald and ordinary story, in which there are undue concessions to coincidence. It is rather amazing that so ingenious and scrupulous a writer should have stretched the long arm so crookedly and amazingly. But it is unnecessary to go the whole length of description or criticism, because the book is not representative of a lady

* "Ulster Songs and Ballads" By Padraic Gregory. 2s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Talbot Press.)

³ "Fragments." By A. E. Green. 4s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Talbot Press.)

⁴ "Roundels and Rhymes." By Anita Moor. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

⁵ "Harvest." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

whose work, abilities and social service have deserved the widest gratitude; but it is the reviewer's duty to try and tell the truth, and the truth is that in pretty well all respects this book is a disappointment. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true!

The occasion, however, cannot pass without some general tribute to Mrs. Ward's powers, position, influence, character and triumph in the world of letters. These aspects of fortune, separately and together, in her case have been outstanding. Since 1888, when "Robert Elsmere" set the dining-tables and even the pulpits a-roar and made its author a figure of artistic and intellectual prominence, the talk of society, the admired of statesmen, there has been a flowing stream of novels from her generous pen; good or indifferent have they been, but all assured of a widespread and thoughtful appreciation. Her powers of work, social and literary, were inordinate; and whatever the rapidity with which a book was written it had no slovenliness of expression, no sign of haste. Her themes, too, were generally worth the working out, and her sustained and intimate knowledge of political life, the cloistral atmosphere of the colleges, with the more cushioned of social and intellectual existences gave her ample scope for the portrayal of the wealthier aspects of Victorian circumstance and the close study of such characters as suited her particular atmosphere. Her view of the world was unquestionably limited; she saw little more than would appear to cultured eyes gazing through a study window, so that while she could represent with abounding interest the thoughts and environment of squires, dons, parliamentarians, Tory and Whig, in short, the rich and the consciously reined, who do their duties generally well in that state of life to which a considerate Providence hath called them, her pictures and judgment of the folk of other spheres were not presented with anything like the same convincing quality of insight and knowledge. This was not due to lack of sympathy or to want of effort, for no writer according to her or his lights was more earnestly painstaking. She endeavoured to find the truth, and wherever she missed or misread, it was due solely to her inability to get really free from the bounds of her environment. Often, to take an easy example, she put slang into the mouths of her creatures; but it was never the right slang, not the slang that just those people would have spoken—slang was not her language, and so with many things else. She lost much through her want of humour. In "Harvest" she makes an effort to provide the genial essence, the result is disastrous. For no reason but to provide the smiles which humour brings, and this humour does not bring, she afflicts a peasant-woman, Mrs. Halsey, with a chronic abscess—a comic abscess—on the neck. It had periodical swellings and subsidences, it was called "she," was wrapped lovingly in red flannel; the evening dressing of it was described as "putting her to bed"—and so on. This sort of laboured effort could only be distressing. Had Mrs. Ward possessed any of that faculty for humour which gave Mrs. Poyser to the world, how different would this bulky series of novels have proved! For, in the race of fiction which began with "Milly and Olly," forty years ago, unto this last, there was a fine seriousness, an ambition to do well on a high plane—indeed, an ambitiousness and seriousness that vitally needed the touch of sweet laughter, the humour that is an essential accompaniment to the noblest fount of tears, to justify the effort. It was personal limitation also, and no lack of effort or intention, that made her young men and her maidens generally bloodless, lay figures fulfilling the required movements by literary rule; yet were they limitations which, while causing shortcomings in this respect or in that, were also the means of bringing out her best work and the rich qualities of her mind. For it would be unjust as well as ungenerous to suggest that the disadvantages of her work outweighed the good. Judged by this present, leaving posterity to measure the dust or the appreciation that will be her due, we have reason enough to be grateful to the industry and high-mindedness of Mrs. Ward. "Robert Elsmere,"

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"David Grieve," "Marcella" and "Sir George Tressady" were noble books which truly represented phases of Victorian circumstance, social, intellectual, spiritual. The later work, wherein she took actual life stories and adapted them for fiction purposes, such as "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Fenwick's Career," "Lady Rose's Daughter," were not so successful; but all—all were written with an exaltation of aim and an artistic finish, that should be a model and rebuke to the novelists most trumpeted among the coteries to-day, who express their own vulgar emotions through slovenly prose and call it Art.

One other quality of Mrs. Ward's splendid endeavour must not be forgotten—her patriotism, disclosed not only in hard, earnest and invaluable service during the war, through which she expressed the facts and ideals of British sacrifice and duty as against the brutal materialism of Prussia, but also in her work for the children, by means of the play-schools and other kindred efforts, thereby helping to build a better, cleaner, healthier nation—and that is the noblest, truest patriotism. It was a loss to England, as well as to the multitudinous readers of her fiction, when Mrs. Ward died. C. E. LAWRENCE.

Novel Notes.

WHITEWASH. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 8s. 6d. net (Cassell.)

"Whitewash" is a study of village life, in which the new democracy clashes victoriously with the benevolent despotism of a conservative squirearchy. We have here the landed widow, who, with the best will in the world, cannot bring herself to regard either her land or her tenants in any other light but that of family possessions, to be administered purely from the point of view of the honour and interests of the landowner. Her village, with its picturesque thatch and glowing flower-beds, delights the eye; but its insanitary conditions and lack of drainage, together with the malign influence of an unscrupulous bailiff, combine to raise a storm which shatters the peace of the village. In the end, the cause of the villagers prevails, largely because it is assisted by the delightful daughter of the widow and by an enterprising and up-to-date young doctor who are bound together first of all in working for the true welfare of the pauperised people, and afterwards, as was inevitable, in more permanent bonds. The action of local politics and love is dramatically developed, and, indeed, one is left with the impression that Mr. Vachell has kept one mental eye on the pages, and the other on the boards. The book might have gained a little had this apparently dual purpose been less noticeable; although this feature itself detracts in a very minor degree from a well conceived and most ably rendered story.

SIDE ISSUES. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. 6s. net (Leonard Parsons.)

These stories and sketches of the war and of demobilisation days are written by an officer of the old Army who is in keenest sympathy with the civilian many who volunteered for the New Army in the faith that they were taking up arms to fight a way into a new world where war should be no more. A deep sense of the obsolete barbarity of all militarism with its petty insistences on discipline, its natural inclination to conquest and tyranny, and of the wiser, more modern ideal of common brotherhood run through all the stories; is implicit in "Angele, Goddess of Kindness," a little drama of exquisite charm and pathos; and in the others finds expression both in action and dialogue. Sometimes this expression is edged with resentment and bitterness, as in "A Lost Soul," "Noblesse Oblige" and "Equality of Sacrifice", always it is arresting and effective from the evident sincerity of feeling which underlies it. Well and graphically told, the stories are interesting for their own sakes, and doubly interesting for their vivid insight into the mind and spirit of those of the younger generation who have learned the truth of war and are not afraid to say in unmistakable terms what they think of it and of its prophets.

ADMIRAL TEACH. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is an arch-adept in the rollicking sea story. His hero here is a frank pirate, who adopts all the methods of the old buccaneers, with the added advantages at his beck and call of the latest improvements in the science of war. The great-great-grandson of the famous "Blackbeard" of buccaneer fame, he adopts his ancestor's methods. Incident in these pages sprouts as closely as ears in a cornfield. Neither Teach nor his lady love—the girl whom he has captured, and whose hatred little by little turns to a love which she refuses to admit even to herself—appear to be bothered in the least with ordinary germs of mortality which infest most of us. On several occasions Mary Arcliffe escapes from the pirate vessel in circumstances which would chill to the marrow any insurance company concerned. But there is always the kindly intervention of a derelict, or a tropical islet, or something of the kind, and—fortunately for the reader Mary continues to the end. So does Teach, though in the last page but one we had thought him gone. A six-inch shell burst beneath the bridge on which he stood, and Mary saw "the burly white-shirted Teach whirling away into space." Mary, on board the Brazilian cruiser which had done this mischief, was in despair. But a few hours later a note written on a banana skin fell into her lap—a message of love from Teach. Which gives an indirect promise of some further adventures on the part of these two strenuous and interesting folk.

THE DREAM DETECTIVE. By Sax Rohmer. 7s. net. (Jarrolds.)

The "dream detective" is Morris Klaw, an old curio, etc., dealer in a broken down, waterlogged hovel in Wapping, who has strange psychic powers of collecting the ætheric impressions left behind in any place where crime has been committed or violent or dramatic action taken place. He and his very lovely daughter Iris solve many curious problems, nine of which are recounted in this book. The best of the tales is probably the story of the disappearance of a magnificent diamond from a room in which it was under the care of half a dozen men who had been warned that its theft was probable. That presents a mystery which baffles the reader and which he is as anxious to unravel as the baffled detectives and other folk of the story. The problems in the other stories are worked out with all the skill for which Mr. Rohmer has now established a reputation, and if they seem to be put together backwards rather than worked out from the puzzling situation as a starting point, that is the common failing which the modern highly expert detective story can hardly hope to escape. Of their kind they are very well done indeed.

YOUNG HEARTS. By J. E. Buckrose. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The author has long ago proved her capacity for writing simply and charmingly of modern country life and for presenting its underlying comedy. In this story she again "makes good," and her readers will be glad to make the acquaintance of Mr. Thompson who, on being unjustly excluded from the public life of Wressle, retired to the country village of Muckleby, where he resolved to devote his superabundant energies to the general amelioration of rural life. Mr. Thompson had the defects of his versatility and his omniscience, but he went on trying to do his best to brighten the lives of his amused neighbours. He revived the Christmas of the Olden Time, the Harvest Home, and other venerable institutions, and he even brought down a conjurer from London and started a snail-farm. In the meantime his daughters, Maud and Helen, went their romantic ways, the former eloping with the young squire and the other marrying a pupil-farmer who proved to be a landowner. The ingredients are all simple enough, but Mrs. Buckrose has undeniably a cunning hand and can lend the charm of novelty and entertainment to the most familiar matter of to-day.

The Bookman's Table.

THE NEW GERMANY. By George Young. 8s. net. (Constable.)

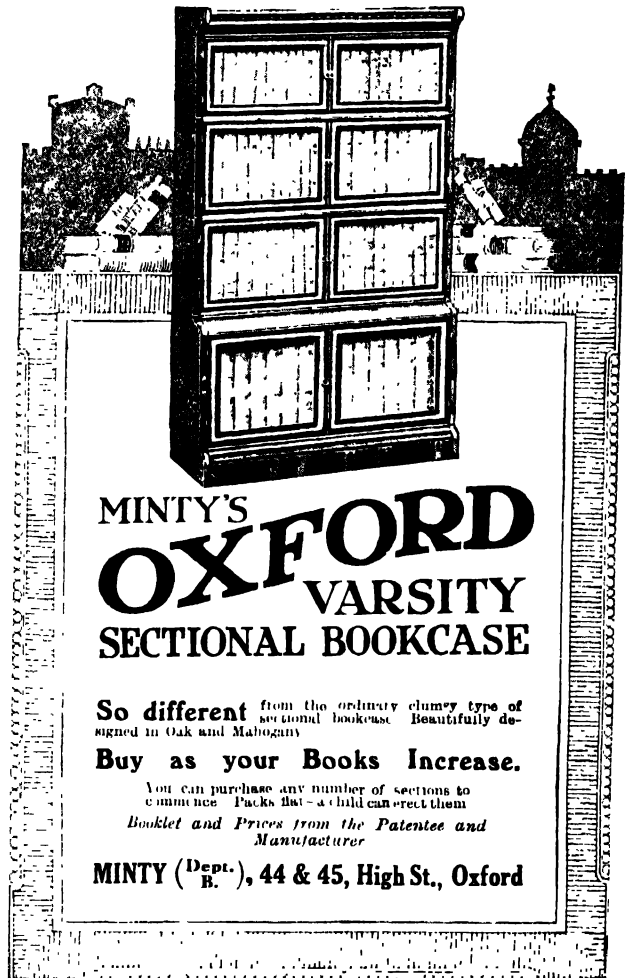
Perhaps no time could have been better chosen for the appearance of this interesting book than the present, when the fate of Germany hangs once again in the balance. Mr. George Young was an eye-witness of many of the striking scenes which marked the conflicts between the various bodies of the revolutionaries and the monarchist and junker attempts, under whatever party colours these were made. His sympathies with the revolutionaries are frankly expressed, and, indeed, he takes the view that the post-war policy of the Allies has had the effect of strengthening the sordid cause of the discredited monarchy. All this of course is controversial matter, and many of his theories will undoubtedly meet with opposition, but in any case his analysis of the various complicated situations is extremely able. One of Mr. Young's aims is to dispel the idea that the German nation is still obsessed by militarism. He sees Germany as a completely stricken country, drifting with the apathy of despair farther and farther from a normal condition of society and affairs, and he maintains that the safety of Europe can only be secured by a moral and material assistance of its people back into the path of security and reason—a feat which their shattered condition does not enable them to perform of their own initiative. Whatever may be thought of such matters, there is no doubt that the author's personal experiences and political views make up an unusually interesting volume, though it contains chapter—such as that on "Ruin and Reconstruction"—which appeal to specialists in political economy rather than to the public at large.

THE WHEEL: A DRAMATIC TRILOGY. By Laurence Housman. 5s. net. (Seligwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Laurence Housman takes for the theme of his new dramatic trilogy the well-known legend of Admetus and Alcestris. First we are shown Apollo's excursion into the underworld to rescue Admetus, according to the promise given him that he should have deliverance from death if his father, mother or wife would die for him. The sudden appearance of the God of Light into the grim halls of Hades is rendered with great vigour and force, and the song of the Shades, after Apollo has vanished, taking Admetus with him and leaving the darkness ten times darker than it was before, is full of spontaneous and natural pathos. The second Act or Play describes the sacrifice of Alcestris; her descent into the underworld in fulfilment of the pledge that one should die for her husband; and her subsequent rescue wrought by Heracles. Lastly, we see her returned to earth. Her lord awaits her, and the nuptial feast that is to celebrate her restoration to life stands ready. But Alcestris, having found life bitter and death sweet, has lost all love save love for Death himself. No joy or animation can be awakened in her, and finally, beside the bridal bed, she falls, lifeless for ever, into her husband's arms. Thus revolves the Wheel of Fate. It is an old story; but Mr. Housman has, in his irregular rhymed verse, succeeded in investing it with new power and beauty. "The Wheel," it is true, does not touch the greatest heights and depths; and it does not afford the author so much scope for originality as the series of Franciscan plays which he is now contributing to the periodical press. But it sustains an admirable level of feeling, imagination and workmanship, and breathes throughout that spirit of dignity for which we naturally look in any new treatment of one of the great themes of ancient drama.

MY REMINISCENCES OF EAST AFRICA. By General von Lettow-Vorbeck. 2fs. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

However unwilling we may be, we are bound in the nature of things to depart in some respects from our former rigid aspect of the Germans as colonists. General von Lettow-Vorbeck's book must do a great deal to influence us in this way. In the first place there are no crimes against him to be recorded: on the contrary we have much evidence of his chivalry and kind treatment. His qualities as an administrator and colonial statesman are such as would



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do credit to any member of the British Empire. His conduct of the guerrilla war which he was forced to wage, although not meriting the extravagant praise that has been lavished on it in some quarters, was very masterly. But it must be recollected that the guerrilla leader has always the advantage and he has in addition, as a rule, the sympathy of the spectator who allows his sporting instinct to get the better of his judgment. Not the least attractive part of this book is the series of drawings made by von Lettow-Vorbeck's adjutant, which deal with native types in a remarkable way. It is not certain to what extent the lay reader is interested in military history, so that we must look to the topographical and incidental features of the book for our real interest.

THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE BALKANS. By Leland Buxton. 4s. 6d. net. (Nisbet)

The remarkable thing about this little book is the spirit of conciliation. Too many publicists in this country have identified themselves with one particular Balkan people to such an extent that they look at the neighbouring peoples with very Balkan, jaundiced eyes. We do not agree with all Mr. Buxton's proposals, whose object it is to bring together—as they surely will be brought together—the Serbs and the Bulgars. An autonomous Macedonia under foreign supervision would not only be a temporary arrangement, but would give rise to the usual tedious and ferocious intrigues. If the administrator be one or the other of the two countries, and if she carry it on in such a liberal fashion that the other country is disarmed thereby, that appears the better plan. Bulgarian priests and teachers have now, in large numbers, been confirmed in their offices by the Serbs; and it really seems that Serbia, with her new western orientation (if such a phrase is permissible), and fused with Croats and Slovenes, will succeed in attracting to herself the other Jugoslavs—the Bulgars. One must hope that more books will be written that are animated with Mr. Buxton's views and with those of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M.P., who contributes an interesting introduction.

A LORD MAYOR'S DIARY. By Sir William P. Treloar, Bart. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Added to this volume is the diary kept by Lord Mayor Perry in 1739; doubtless an addendum of interest to antiquarians concerned with the earlier life and municipal ceremonies of the City; but of secondary importance to us, as compared with the record of his year of office kept by Lord Mayor Treloar. The book has certainly a curious appeal; a deep human interest as well; for besides detailing the functions and banquetings, the distributions of prizes, and the rest of the useful or pleasant privileges, glittering and circumstantial, practised by an active Lord Mayor, it shows the beginning of the wonderful work for crippled tuberculous children instituted by Sir William at Alton, and within the last months extended to a seaside branch at Hayling Island. Here is the man away from the robes of office; and a very true and gentle, lovable being he proves. It is a stimulating thought that the activity which will keep the name of Treloar alive, will not be any particular hospitality or ceremony at Guildhall or the Mansion House; even though it be the civic welcome to the Kings of Norway and Denmark, the reception of the Colonial Premiers, the opening of the Old Bailey by Edward the Seventh, or the memorable visit paid to Germany by this Lord Mayor and several representatives of the City Corporation—striking as these events doubtless were to those who took part in them; but the helpful practical love shown by Sir William Treloar and his wife to the little, poor children who were born to suffering. With hampers at first, and then with healing—and wonderful powers of healing they have proved—he set out to do these little people good; and so has won for himself an abiding name and the acceptable love of many. This is a volume of delightful reading; because its author has many activities, a wide interest in affairs, a practical patriotism, a healthy unconventionality, and a very excellent sense of humour.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE BOOKMAN

250 GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITION.

The increasing cost of book-production is, in these days, raising very serious difficulties for the author as well as for the publisher—especially for the author who is unknown. Articles and letters have recently appeared in the newspapers reiterating that it is becoming almost impossible for the beginner to get any chance at all, for, until the enterprise is less costly and speculative, most publishers prefer to limit their lists to the works of novelists of established reputation, and are unwilling to take the risk of publishing a first novel.

It has always been part of THE BOOKMAN'S programme to look out for new talent and encourage young authors of promise and, in the adverse circumstances that face them at present, we have decided to offer

A Prize of 250 Guineas for the best First Novel.

For the purposes of this Competition a "first" novel is defined as one by a writer who has never before had

a work of fiction (other than a volume of short stories) published in book form.

Full particulars of the Competition will be sent on application, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to The Editor,

THE BOOKMAN,
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London, E.C.4.

Latter-day American literature loses its most outstanding figure by the death of William Dean Howells in his eighty-third year. Beginning his career as a printer before he was in his teens, Mr. Howells became successively or simultaneously a journalist, U.S.A. Consul at Venice, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and author of a long list of novels and books of essays and some plays. Perhaps the finest, most delicately artistic of his many novels is "The Undiscovered Country," yet for their quiet charm of narrative and skill in characterisation one would almost rank with this "A Foregone Conclusion," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and possibly "The World of Chance." In one of his occasional poems he named Mark Twain as his master, but he was as far from having Mark Twain's breadth of humour as Mark was from having his grace of style. A realist of the Trollope school, it is no ingenuity of plot but their truthful, intimate interpretation of average American life and character that will give the best of his stories a high and enduring place in the literature of his country.

The charming drawings of Wessex illustrating our article on Thomas Hardy are by Mr. Leonard Patten, of 38, Hallswelle Road, Golder's Green, N.W.4. Like Mr. Hardy himself, Mr. Patten is a Wessex man and, to say nothing of his work in other directions, has made a number of delicately beautiful sketches of Wessex scenes that are intimately associated with Mr. Hardy and his work. A series of twelve of these have been published by Mr. Patten as post cards at 2d. each; and his painting of Bridport, Dorset (Hardy's "Port Breedy"), reproduced in photogravure and issued at a guinea, has met with high appreciation from the public as well as from the art critics. The post card sketches deserve to be far more widely known; they are, as one critic wrote, "beautiful, intimate, lovable little studies," and one shares his feeling that "a Wessex book illustrated profusely with gems of the same artistic value and human interest would be a sheer delight."

Miss May Sinclair's new novel, "The Romantic," a study of the effect of war scenes on the neurotic, is to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Collins. The Macmillan Company are issuing it in America.

Messrs. Dent have added to their Wayfarer's Library a new edition of Mr. Clement Shorter's "Life of George Borrow," which contains some new letters from Borrow to his wife, that have been found since the first appearance of this book, together with other hitherto unprinted documents.

Mr. Arthur B. Maurice, whose "Paris of the Novelists" (Chapman & Hall) is reviewed in this Number, was formerly editor of the *American Bookman*. He is at present in London, representing the American publishing house of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.



Mr. Augustine Birrell.

whose biography of Frederick Locker-Lampson Messrs. Constable are publishing this month.

From a photograph taken in the garden behind Mr. Birrell's London house.

At a recent congregation held at the Senate House, Cambridge, with the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. P. Giles, presiding, it was unanimously agreed to confer the title of Orator Emeritus on Sir John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D., on his retirement from the office of Orator of the University after forty-three years of distinguished service, and to confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Law *Honoris Causa*. It was also resolved that the degree of Master of Arts *Honoris Causa* should be conferred upon Mr. George Sampson for his services to education and particularly to the teaching of English literature. Mr. George Sampson has long been one of THE BOOKMAN'S most valued contributors, and it gives us a special pleasure to be able to congratulate him very warmly on the receipt of an honour he has so well deserved.

Messrs. Hutchinson have in the press "The Judge," a new novel by Miss Rebecca West.

Mr. Frederick Niven sailed last month, by the *Scandinavian* to Montreal, on his way to revisit the scenes of his "The Lady of the Crossing," recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. He is realising the wish expressed in the last pages of that novel, where, speaking of Kootenay, he

wrote: "I would go back to that enchanting land and see the folks again. . . . It will be in the spring, if possible, when in the cleared spaces under the evergreen pines the white foam of fruit breaks on the trees." Mr. Niven is accompanied by his wife, and expects to be away for at least six months. His next novel, which Messrs. Collins will publish in the autumn, is not of Western America but, like his "Ellen Adair" and "Justice of the Peace," a story of Scottish life.



G. Vale Owen.

The Rev. G. Vale Owen.

The spirit messages received by the Rev. G. Vale Owen will be published shortly by Mr. Thornton Butterworth in four volumes, under the general title of "The Life Beyond the Veil." Selections from these messages have been appearing serially, but the complete series is now brought together in a connected narrative, with a foreword by Sir A. Conan Doyle. Each volume is complete in itself, and the two first, "The Lowlands of Heaven" and "The Highlands of Heaven," will be published in June and July.

Miss Mary Openshaw (Mrs. E. A. Binstead) whose "Laughter Street, London," has just been published by Messrs. Collins, is journalist as well as novelist. She is keenly interested in the problems of the time, especially in regard to the future of women. As honorary secretary of the Society of Women Journalists, and as one of them herself,

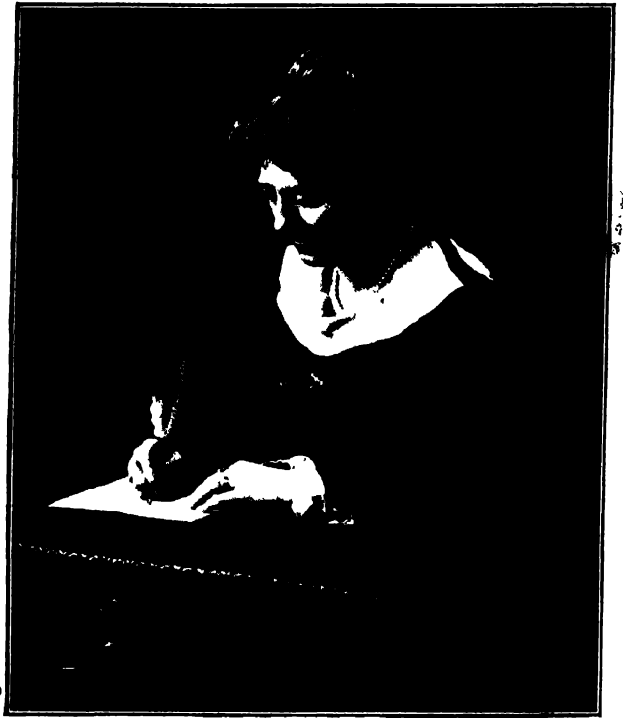


Photo by Russell, London.

"Mary Openshaw"
(Mrs. Binstead).

Mrs. Binstead has a wide and intimate acquaintance with journalistic life, and uses it to good purpose in "Laughter Street, London," many of the story's scenes being laid in Fleet Street.

The humours of speeding up and increased production problems are characteristically handled in prose and picture by Mr. W. Heath Robinson in "Get On With It," which Messrs. G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch are publishing next week.



Photo by Bertram Park.

Lady Dorothy Mills,

whose clever novel of the gayer underside of London during the war, "The Laughter of Fools" has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.



Photo by Dorothy Hill, 1920

Mrs. Mary Webb.

"The House in Dormer Forest," a new novel by Mrs. Mary Webb, will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson in England, and by the Doran Company in America.

The Rector of Rusper, the Rev. Edward Fitzgerald Synnott, has related his own story in "Five Years' Hell in a Country Parish," which Messrs. Stanley Paul will publish this month.

"The Strangeness of Noel Carton," a new novel by William Caine, will be published immediately by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

Mr. Douglas Goldings' "Reputations," a book of outspoken and frequently heterodox criticism of present-day authors, will be published forthwith by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

The Oxford Press has published as pictorial post cards (1s. net the packet) a series of fifteen prints and drawings by William Blake. They are excellently reproduced and include some of his designs for his "Songs of Innocence and Experience," illustrations of Dante and Milton and other characteristic examples of his work.

A new book of verse by Mr. St. John Adcock, "Toð MacMammon Sees His Soul, and Other

Satires for the New Democracy," will be published shortly by the Swarthmore Press.

Miss René Juta, whose novel "The Tavern" is reviewed in this Number, is the daughter of Sir Henry Juta, Judge of the Supreme Court of South Africa, and at one time closely associated with Cecil Rhodes.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Miss Annette Bryce-Wilson is one of the very youngest of new authors. She is still only fourteen, and her little book of verse and prose, "A Girl's Garland" (2s. 6d. net; Stanley Paul), comes out under the happiest auspices, with an introduction by Clement Shorter and illustrations by Edwin Morrow.

Subjects as widely different as President Wilson and Lord Northcliffe, Lloyd George and Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and Marshal Foch, Winston Churchill and Sir James Barrie have succumbed to the wiles of Mr. Isaac P. Marcossou, and in "Adventures in Interviewing" (10s. net, John Lane) he has a good deal that is interesting, amusing, revealing to say about them and about a large variety of other British, American and Continental celebrities. A thoroughly entertaining book.

Time cannot wither nor custom stale the wit and wisdom of Mr. Dooley. He was never wittier nor wiser than in his latest, "Mr. Dooley on Making a Will, and Other Necessary Evils" (7s. 6d. net, Heinemann). He is pungently satirical on "Famous Men," on "Heroes and History," on "Going to See the Doctor," "On St. Patrick's Day," and everywhere, as in his thoughts "On Old

**Miss René Juta,**

whose novel, "The Tavern" (Heinemann), is reviewed in this Number.
From a photograph taken in the garden of Miss Juta's villa at Sicily.

Age" or "On Golf," there is a genial humour and mellow philosophy that are as sound and stimulating as they are quaintly his own.

"Through the Upcast Shaft," by Huw Menai (2s. net; Hodder & Stoughton), is a charming little book of verse by a young Welsh miner. "I claim for him his right," says Mr. Ellis Lloyd in a preface, "to a recognised place among the younger British poets of to-day. . . . The poems as a whole bear the unmistakable stamp of genius."

Now when the world has been shattered into bits and we are faced with the necessity of remoulding it, Mr. William Paine's "A New Aristocracy of Comradeship" (4s. 6d. net; Leonard Parsons) has a special timeliness and significance. The one glorious fact about the war, says Mr. Paine, is that a new aristocracy of comradeship "came suddenly into life in the Army." Men of all grades of society met there on equal terms, and he sees no hope for the future unless we can carry this sane, gracious spirit of comradeship into civilian life and make love of our fellows "the sure foundation of a new system of economics." There is a sympathetic survey of the old ideal of aristocracy, and a carefully thought out exposition of how the new ideal may be attained. Emphatically a book to read.

The anonymous author of "The Taint in Politics" (7s. 6d. net; Grant Richards) has written a very able study of the evolution of parliamentary corruption, and shows that political life nearly everywhere is and always has been more or less tainted. His details of the grossly corrupt state of English politics before the introduction

of the great Reform Bill should be considered by those who think that Parliament has degenerated since Labour members were elected into it. Touching lightly on earlier times, the book offers an ample and illuminating chronicle of our political progress from the days of Walpole to our own generation.

"One After Another," by Stacy Aumonier (7s. 6d. net; Hutchinson), is too good a novel to be dismissed in a few lines. It is a brilliantly realistic story of a middle-class London family. The father, a lovable man of a rigidly narrow morality, keeps a public-house, and his son and daughter, naturally touched with snobbery in a world of snobs, suffer under the shame of that association. The daughter develops a genius for music and after a dazzling but brief career lapses from conventional respectability and ends in disaster. The son, more staid and commonplace, turns his hand to divers things and, more by luck than cleverness, becomes not merely a highly respectable but a prosperous citizen, and for a second time marries happily. An essentially modern story, dealing with certain moral problems that are agitating many minds nowadays: an interesting story of very human people, and one that is leavened with a delightful sense of humour.

There are some charming things in Miss Claudine Currey's "Love of London" (11s. 6d. net; Elkin Mathews)—graceful and fanciful lyrics all of London scenes and sounds, and mainly of that glamorous part of London that lies within the walls of the Temple. The poems have atmosphere and so much of quiet beauty in thought and feeling that one wishes the little book were larger.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS G. V. McFADDEN.

THERE are a few authors who can paraphrase the Caesarian boast and say, "I came, I was seen and I conquered"; but the majority have not done things so easily, and Miss McFadden had to tread the way of the majority, even though her first published book, "The Honest Lawyer," was an immediate success. Her difficulty was to get started. Before she went to Mr. John Lane, she offered "The Honest Lawyer" to another publisher who sombrely informed her that no first novel had any chance until the war was over. Before that she had written also "His Grace of Grub Street," and it had been going through divers vicissitudes. The original MS. was lost by a literary agent. She then rewrote the story as a four-act drama, and the manager to whom it was

submitted promptly becoming bankrupt, it had to be retrieved, not without delays, from the Official Receiver.

Then she rewrote it again, this time again as a novel, and in due course it appeared as her second book.

"I had a hard fight," she confessed to me, "and many heartbreaking disappointments before I could get a book accepted, and until then nobody raised a finger to help me." It will not surprise any who knew the late Frederic Chapman—Mr. Lane's reader—that Miss McFadden should add that some of the greatest encouragement she ever received came to her from him. In her prentice days, she had not the advantage of knowing literary people; there are no literary traditions in her family, but she says that undoubtedly she owes a great



Miss G. V. McFadden.

deal to her father's training of her early instincts. Her life has always moved on very quiet, uneventful lines. She is a native of Southampton, but comes of West Country stock, and has lived for many years at Bournemouth, within easy reach of her favourite county of Dorset—a district to which she was the more irresistibly drawn by her admiration of Mr. Hardy's Wessex novels. She was, she says, almost brought up on these, and though you may think you trace their influence occasionally in her style and in her handling of rustic character, she has not been subdued to his realistic methods and sombre outlook on life, but is an avowed romanticist, and so far her romances are all of the past. Her first two books go back to the eighteenth century, and her third, "The Preventive Man," to the early years of the nineteenth.

"I can scarcely remember a time," Miss McFadden tells me, "when I was not scribbling stories of some sort." And as soon as her taste began to develop it took a strong bias towards the romantic side of fiction—stories of highwaymen and historical adventure attracted her greatly from the first, and when, in very early days, she began to write, it was upon such themes and with such setting as these. Modern life, social problems, commonplace, everyday affairs and psychical manifestations do not appeal to her as subjects for her novels; nor does she take any interest in the neurotic type of fiction that has been enjoying something of a vogue in recent years.

Miss McFadden has the inestimable story-teller's gift of awakening the reader's interest from the outset. In the first chapter of "The Honest Lawyer" you have the young lawyer, Ridley, on the verge of ruin through a bank failure; in the second he receives an anonymous letter of sympathy which makes him an astounding offer of marriage—"seldom, since Adam first wooed Eve, had such a strange love-letter ever been penned." It is from a girl he has never seen, and one who is considerably his social superior. He puts her conduct down to some silly sentimentality, and in his usual downright fashion snubs her from the start. When, in spite of the snub, she keeps her appointment and meets him, he wounds her pride and humiliates her by his scornful rejection of her proposal. She is angry with him and with herself, and retaliates later by doing him an ill turn; thus the antagonism between them intensifies until he learns all the truth that lies behind her amazing letter; then his sympathies are captured, he is moved to pity and admiration of her courage, and devotes himself so unreservedly to championing her cause that he ruins himself in her service. The construction of the book is admirable, there are no premature disclosures, and with one deft revelation after another the reader is surprised into believing in what had at first seemed sheer improbable romance. The whole story grows naturally out of the characters of these two—the straightforward, strong-willed, level-headed young lawyer, and the proud, courageous, almost equally strong-willed Queeride Chidecock; they seem so irreconcilably antipathetic but on close acquaintance have so much of finer quality in common that once

they arrive at an understanding of each other the rest becomes inevitable.

With "His Grace of Grub Street" we are still in the eighteenth century, but the country town and the Wessex landscapes are exchanged for London and the motley life of its picturesque streets. Certain dwellers in the original Grub Street, men broken in fortune though not always in spirit, are pictured vividly and sympathetically, and one of them, Anthony Thorburn, "hack writer to the booksellers in Fleet Street and Shoe Lane," a brilliant author, a gallant, high-spirited fellow who shares what he has with his brother scribblers and wears poverty like a robe of honour, makes the central figure in a stirring tale of love and intrigue and strange adventure that is no romance of the cut-and-dry sword and cloak variety, but the real thing.

"The Preventive Man" has its scenes on the Wessex coast among farmers and sea-going folk who are largely given to the business of smuggling, and the action of the story revolves round the preventive officer, Clithero, who by a bold expedient contrives to settle down in a suspected household for the double purpose of tracing his brother, who had mysteriously disappeared in that district, and unravelling the secrets of those who are engaged in the running of contraband. The girl, Horatia, belongs to a humbler class and has none of the pride and fascinating independence of Miss McFadden's two other heroines, and the love interest throughout is subordinate to the mystery and peril of the enterprise to which Clithero commits himself. The characters here, as in the other books, are admirably drawn; Miss McFadden's men and women are always intensely human, and the course of the narrative seems to be influenced as much by their natural humanity as by any prearranged scheme.

Miss McFadden knows her period intimately and without elaborate descriptions gets local colour and the atmosphere and the manner and customs of the time into her pages. As a rule she founds her story on some true incident, but complains that her critics do not seem able to differentiate between the fact and the fiction—which is really as it should be, and is a testimony to the strength of imagination with which she makes her fiction seem as real as her facts. She is not a quick worker. Several months go to the making of one of her books, and she does not work for many hours a day. The scheme for "The Honest Lawyer" was germinating in her mind for over a year before the novel was written. Her plan is to take two or three striking ideas and to blend and fit them together, letting the whole lie in her thoughts for the better part of a year before she sits down and begins to write. Thus she has the plan of her story fairly well blocked out before she starts on the actual work.

At present Miss McFadden is engaged on a short novel which will form a sort of companion to her last book. Mr. Lane has three more books of hers in preparation; two of them purely Dorset stories, the issue turning in each case upon a point of law and subject to the exigencies of the times; and the first of these is to be published this autumn.

THE READER.

THOMAS HARDY.

BY HAROLD CHILD.

ON the 2nd of this month of June Mr. Thomas Hardy will be eighty years old. Nearly half a century has passed since he published, anonymously, his first novel, "Desperate Remedies" (1871) in the good old three-volume days; nearly a quarter of a century since he published his last, "The Well-Beloved" (1897). In that last

quarter of a century the storms have died down. We must search old newspapers and reviews for the savage attacks on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and on "Jude the Obscure" which, as he has told us, cured him of his interest in novel writing. As novelist Mr. Hardy now enjoys what might almost be called a posthumous fame. He has left the novels as they stood, not tinkering at them as Meredith tinkered at his—"a middle-aged stranger," in Mr. Max Beerbohm's phrase, altering the original author's work; and he has seen them emerge from the dusty struggle against odds into the serenity of secure acceptance. His best novels are already classics. And day by day he lives to see the growth of what, perhaps, he values yet more than his fame as novelist, and that

is his fame as poet. He has told the world that he "had to drop verse for prose," about 1868. When he was "cured of his interest in novel writing," he began to publish his poetry. He has worked at poetry for more than half of his long literary life; and he has lived to see "The Dynasts" established as a masterpiece, his lyric poems making their way steadily into the esteem that is their due. What Goethe used to call "the Demons" have a way of using inimical circumstance to bring out the powers of a great man. If Mr. Hardy had not "had to drop poetry," we might never have had "The Woodlanders," "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and

"The Return of the Native." If he had not been "cured of his interest in novel writing," we might have lacked "The Dynasts" and the volumes of lyrical poetry. The Demons now and then made things mighty uncomfortable for Mr. Hardy; but they were not concerned with his feelings. Their task was to

get the last ounce out of him as novelist and as poet; and who can doubt that they have succeeded?

They seem to have begun preparing for this great literary artist a long time back. On the father's side there was much music, many Hardys with music in their souls, though they gave it forth not on the concert platform but in the home and in those church choirs and orchestras which their descendant has preserved, with reverent humour, in his prose and verse. On the mother's side there was literature. Nowadays we are inclined to think of literature as belonging to towns and lecture-halls and libraries, and to forget that, not only in bookish Scotland, but in rural England as well, there was a good deal of reading done in quiet homes—of that best of English literature, the Bible, and

next of whatever else was good. Mr. Hardy's mother's family had been small landowners in Dorset for centuries. They had been implicated in the Monmouth rebellion—their house entered by King James's soldiers after Sedgmoor, the daughters escaping by a back staircase into the orchard, and a relative brought before Judge Jeffreys for being "absent from home att the tyme of the Rebellion." This yeoman stock, with its tradition and its quiet dignity, can be rich in new shoots of power. When we come to that ancestor of Mr. Hardy who founded the *West Briton* newspaper; to his maternal grandmother, with her wide reading in the essayists

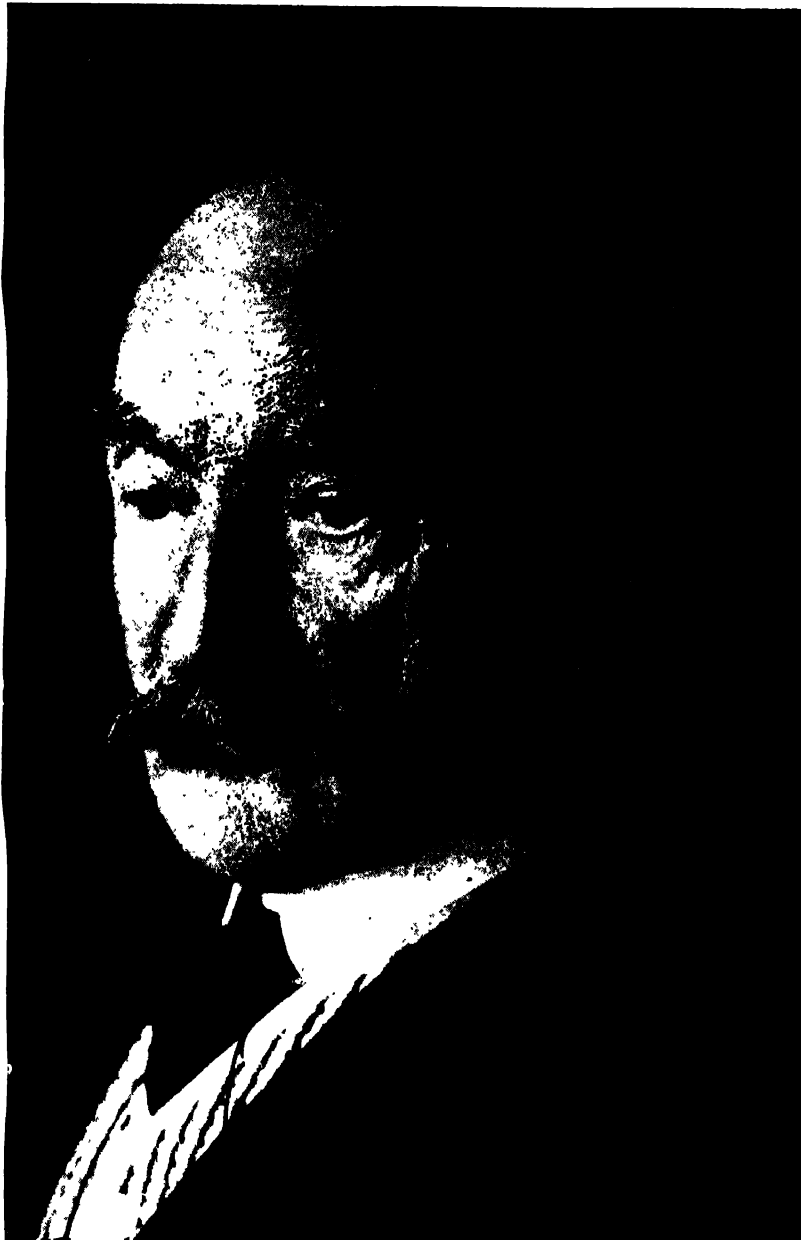


Photo by L. O. Huppa

Thomas Hardy, O.M.

and her choice little library; to his mother's sister, who wrote verses all her life and was wonderfully quick at off-hand rhyming; to his mother herself, who, like his father, was great at telling a story and full of family traditions and memories of the Napoleonic wars, we see something of the preparation for his genius.

Having planted him firmly in Dorset the Demons proceeded to uproot him. Suggesting that his proper art was architecture, they put him to study it under John Hicks, an ecclesiastical architect in Dorchester, and then sent him off to London to become Prize-man of the R.S.B.A., and to work at Gothic architecture under Sir Arthur Blomfield. In London, with periods in Paris, he was to spend half his mature life, thereby gaining that knowledge of the world which enabled him to see his Dorset folk in true perspective. In the sixties, the craze for restoring churches was at its height: a craze unwelcome to a mind which always revered, without idealising, the past; and the young student in architecture spent much time making drawings of old ecclesiastical buildings, sitting in churches and

churchyards for hours on end alone. Many have noticed how large a part churches and churchyards play in Mr. Hardy's work; many have discerned something "architectural" in the grand and thorough planning of his novels. It may not be fanciful to see in this drawing of old buildings another characteristic of his literature—that exact, acute attention to the fact with which he not only observes birds, trees, Egdon Heath or the winter sky, but follows "the road to a true philosophy of life" by "humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena." Architecture, however, was not all that he studied in those years of preparation. From seventeen to twenty he "read Latin and Greek with a fellow-pupil." How much could that fellow-pupil or a friend, a Fellow of a college at Cambridge, who early recognised the signs of genius, have told us about the strange mind that even then must have been searching out its way? Very little, probably; for they were in contact with a very lonely and a very shy mind, a mind which to the last has looked itself in dramatic forms. Over and over again Mr. Hardy has warned his readers that they must not ascribe to him any set of opinions that he may use in a novel, nor even the emotion expressed in this or that lyric poem. What he thinks and feels can only be learned by studying his work as a whole. Yet there are still people who take "Jude the Obscure" to be autobiographical.

At the end of those three years of Latin and Greek

began that practice of poetry which Mr. Hardy "had to drop" when he was twenty-eight. He was thirty-one when he published his first novel. What turned him to fiction there is nothing to show. Very likely the Demons, with "The Return of the Native" and "Tess" and "Jude" in their eye, told him that there was more money in fiction than in poetry. Mr. Hardy himself has been known to hint at "pot-boiling." Did he catch glimpses, on far uplands of the future, of august but shadowy figures—the great novels that he would one day write; or foresee the new world of thought and feeling which he, the artist, was to create—for other people to philosophise about

The inner development and the visions of any young artist excite an eager curiosity; but in this case, as in many others, we know little of what went on inside. As with most young artists, Mr. Hardy's first interest seems to have lain in technique. In "Desperate Remedies" he was "feeling his way to a method." He has always been feeling his way. He has never dropped into a formula. The method of each novel, the music of every poem, have been to the



The Birthplace of Thomas Hardy,

in the village of Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester.

From a drawing by Leonard Patten.

author an experiment, no matter how complete the critic may discern the mastery of form to be. With the same caution and originality he has felt his way toward that idea or philosophy of life which, not definitely stated in any novel or poem, emerges from the work as a whole. Even the choice of "Wessex" for the setting of his stories was a deliberate artistic experiment. He wanted to give unity of place to his conceptions. That, as one might say, was all *he* knew about it.

The Demons knew a little more. They sent him home to the country that he knew and loved, because there, not in this or that metropolis nor in places where he was a stranger, he could realise most clearly the connection and the contrast between man and nature, between the desires and ambitions of man and the order of the world, which are an essential part of his matter as novelist and poet.

In twenty-six years of novel writing he achieved enough for the fame of one man. But the Demons had not done with him. There was more to be got out of him yet; and therefore they made novel writing bitter in his mouth just when, as we may imagine, he himself felt that, to some extent in "Tess" and still more in "Jude," he had found the right way of saying what his maturity wanted to say. He took up poetry again—if he could be said to take up what, in private, he had never laid down. Two volumes of lyric poems were

published; and then, when the author was sixty-four, the first part of "The Dynasts." How that huge experiment puzzled us all! How difficult we found it (and how sadly most of us failed) to put out of our heads

the familiar notions of what a play was and what an epic was! In four years the whole of it was laid before us, and we could see it fairly as a whole and in all its variety. There were moments when the long row of the novels, to say nothing of those strange poems, so unlike any other poet's poems, seemed but a preparation for this great "epic-drama." Mr. Hardy had at last found the method

by which he could express in one artistic whole all the component parts of his mind: his clear-sighted reverence for the past; his close knowledge of the Napoleon period; his minute observation of nature; his wide observation of history; his joy in the Biblical talk of rustics, his love of the plain and hearty humours of homely folk, be they kings or dukes or peasants; his sense of the littleness of man and his sense of the greatness of man; his broodings on the governance of the world; his passionate pity for the men and the women who struggle and desire and suffer. All the grandeur of his work and all its exactness of detail may be seen at their best in "The Dynasts." Each scene has its own life, and the whole is masterly moulded into unity. It holds all his sense of tragedy and all his sense of fun. It shows his grim determination not to speak smooth things which he does not believe to be true, and the shrinking sensitiveness which must cry out at others' pain.

Doing homage to a great man on his birthday, one is not disposed to criticise his work, nor even to analyse or estimate it. Yet some of the warmest admirers of the new music of his rhythms, the magnificence of his

descriptions, the dignity of his composition, this or that element in his prose or poetry, can still maintain that Mr. Hardy is "pessimistic" or even "cruel." It is one thing to accept the views of social law or of life's ordering which emerge from his dramatic presentations; it is another to shut the eyes to a chief quality in the mind that

shaped those views. And future, freer times may not improbably come to see in Hardy first of all a great pitifulness. It is significant that he has written and worked on behalf of ill-used humbler fellow-creatures, like song-birds and performing animals, though we must not make too much of that because many a lover of birds and animals has been a sentimentalist, and sentimentalists can be very cruel to human beings. No one has ever accused Mr. Hardy of being a sentimentalist. Yet to read the later novels, and especially the lyric

poems, is to know that the mind which created them is a mind extraordinarily sensitive to the beauty that is in human nature and to the pain which each life must suffer in its brief passage across the scene. Mr. Hardy is, perhaps, the most sensitive and the most pitiful of all the great English writers. He

softens by showing us the sufferings of our fellow-men; he braces by the courage with which he fronts what, for him, is the truth; he uplifts by revealing the grandeur and the beauty in plain men and women.



The scene of the principal incidents in "The Hand of Ethelberta"
From a drawing by Leonard Patten.

"Knollsea"
(Swanage).



From a drawing by Leonard Patten.

"Casterbridge"
(Dorchester).

PHILIP MASSINGER.

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

ENTHUSIASM, not boisterous or provocative, is, to all but bad-blooded persons, a rather attractive thing, even when they do not quite share it. And it will not attract them less when the object has usually been regarded rather in their fashion than in that of the enthusiasts.

It is certainly the case that Massinger's portion of the very large allowance of praise, and of real partiality, bestowed for the last century and more on "Elizabethan" dramatists, has not been a Benjamin's one. Mr. Swinburne indeed (who was to these dramatists rather what Miss Snevellicci's papa was to the feminine sex, in that he "loved them *all*," except perhaps Shirley) was something of an exception. And Canon Cruickshank (he is canon as well as professor, and it is the prettier title) more than once summons Mr. Swinburne to his aid. Also—in that curious and slightly smile-provoking process of cutting up the plays and re-allotting the pieces, which has had its ups and downs, but is now "booming" again—Massinger has benefited largely. Indeed—if one were minded to preach a sermon of caution against this process—the way in which a single statement, almost unsupported, of Sir Aston Cokayne's has been worked out and upon and over till it has been gravely proposed to reissue "*Beaumont and Fletcher*" as "*Beaumont, Fletcher and Massinger*" in exactly nine compartments of distribution—might serve as a capital text. Everybody acknowledges the excellence of "*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*" and the hardly inferior quality of "*The City Madam*" in a kind of comedy which is mainly serious and sometimes almost or quite tragic. Nobody can, without disabling his own taste and judgment, affect to despise such still more serious and sometimes intensely tragic pieces as "*The Roman Actor*," "*The Fatal Dowry*," "*The Duke of Milan*," "*The Bondman*," "*The Picture*" and others. "*The Virgin Martyr*" is one of the *apices* of the whole great range under Shakespeare, for its contrasted heights and depths. But then hardly any two people agree on the question, what part, and how much of the better part of "*The Virgin Martyr*" actually is Massinger's, and the height of poetry just referred to is exactly what is missing in everything that we really know to be his own. He gives constant opportunity for admiration, but very little for transport. It is admitted, even by those who say most for him, that he is almost the first in the sense of time, if he is also the first in the sense of merit, in definitely "second generation" character—in following and echo and imitation among his kind. One sees in him an undoubtedly competent worker, a man superior in scholarship, manners and breeding to most of his fellows; a stately and harmonious versifier; a master of rhetoric. But one misses in him what poor James Thomson the Second called "The poet's heart—the burning, passionate heart."

Canon Cruickshank does not agree with this view. He has set himself a double task:—to treat Massinger with

the attention to detail which modern scholarship requires and to form a just estimate of him as an author. One is at least conciliated by the combination of the two objects, for it is unfortunately certain that not a few of those who would claim to represent modern scholarship in regard to detail, have taken very little trouble about forming, in any literary sense, an estimate of their authors: and one is perhaps afraid that unkind critics of those critics might even add that in some cases they have shown very little ability to do any such thing. As for the "details" there is importance, undeniable in quality if not great in bulk, in the apparently early or contemporary MS. emendations of certain plays found in the quartos given by Mr. J. A. Symonds to Mr. Gosse and examined by Mr. Swinburne. They must of course be registered and considered in any future edition of Massinger. In fact all the appendices, numbering a full score, deserve careful consideration, though both here and in the text Canon Cruickshank makes far too much of R. Boyle (one of the veriest "harricators" that ever contributed to the *Transactions of a Society*), though his metrical suggestions in App. VI suggest that he is not quite a past master in prosody. The proposal to scan

"There's no contending against destiny,"

a fine enough line while untouched, as

"There's no contending against a destiny"

with a supposed "suppressed syllable" before the last word, is slightly agonising to any ear which has accustomed itself to English rhythm, and feels that that rhythm is not compounded of jolts and hiccups.

But most of the Appendices, and the body of the book, are occupied with much better things, and if we note a few points of disagreement, it is merely to show that a general recommendation of it is not a cloak for omission to read it carefully. One may boggle a little (taking "seem" to mean "seems from iteration") at the statement, "It would seem that, like Trafalgar, the defeat of the Armada had no significance for its own generation." Both facts are very disputable: and even were they not so, they would simply prove that at the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth Englishmen paid more attention to doing, than to talking about things done. If anybody regrets this the beginning of the eighteenth, not to mention anything more recent, is there for his consolation. The amount of bad poetry called forth by the War of the Spanish Succession, if not unparalleled, is undeniable. There is surely something a little premature in accepting the harrications above referred to as "the scientific study of English." O Science! what crimes—or at least follies—are committed in thy name! To say that "Charles Lamb and Hazlitt were against Massinger because they disliked his able Tory editor" is rather a confusion. Hazlitt might have done the thing for the reason. But Lamb, though he was angry with Gifford for altering his own article, had few or no political prejudices; and if he had, would never have allowed

* "Philip Massinger." By A. H. Cruickshank, Professor of Greek in the University of Durham. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

them to influence his spontaneous and autocratic literary enthusiasms. Besides, Gifford edited Ford, as well as Massinger, and everybody knows what Lamb thought of Ford. If by a phrase on p. 44, Canon Cruickshank means that he, when he reads Thackeray "*feels like* an awkward menial watching the doings of the titled and great," one would venture to advise him never to read Thackeray. The feeling must be very unpleasant, and the author certainly never meant to produce it. Did Fielding "lose his faith in human nature"? or did he not rather *know* human nature, good and bad? When Sir Leslie Stephen said (he is quoted with approval here) that "we only make one quotation" from Scott's novels, the habit of the editorial "we" must have singularly corrupted that generally excellent critic. He should have been content to speak for himself. Others make hundreds. Do "critics unanimously assign" the worst parts of "The Virgin Martyr" to Dekker? and do "we" feel that Dorothea should have attended to her poor herself? Perhaps the twentieth century does this last: but there have been a good many centuries before the twentieth and, without speaking profanely, there possibly may be some after it; while it has plenty of time, even within its own limits, to outgrow the whimsies of its novitiate.

It should however have been observed that most of the points to which objections have been taken are of the nature of *obiter dicta*: and might be cut out of the book altogether without damaging its general value. That value remains considerable. It undoubtedly was

time for Massinger to be taken in hand from some other point of view than that of the mere distributor of things taken from somebody else. And whether one thinks that Canon Cruickshank himself has paid too much attention to these distributors, or not, it cannot be denied that he has made a pretty fight for his man on good æsthetic lines. His admission, "comparatively early," that Massinger is not in the front rank of genius at once separates him from the stark enthusiasts typified by the gentleman who said that Lamartine was a piano; Victor Hugo a great man; but Dupont a poet. The contrast of Fletcher and Massinger at p. 107 is very sound and makes up for any too great acceptance of the Cokayne-Boyle business. And when at the bottom of p. 162 we find him saying, "Let us rather read and enjoy our composite plays without meticulous analysis," one feels inclined to echo the originally awkward, but here most apposite remark of Mr. Benjamin Allen on a famous occasion. "You're very right, Sir! You're a very intelligent man! Bob, this is a very knowing fellow!" taking "Bob" for the general reader and apologising to the Canon-Professor for the familiarity of the phrasing. Incidentally, too, there are remarks of value, such as one on the misfortune, not of course here noticed for the first time, but by no means a critical commonplace, which some words experience, in acquiring familiar and even ridiculous associations which they did not originally possess and which spoil them for poetry in the eyes and ears of later generations.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. JUNE, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE. *Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best suggestion, in not more than two hundred words, for an inexpensive holiday for a poor bookman.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

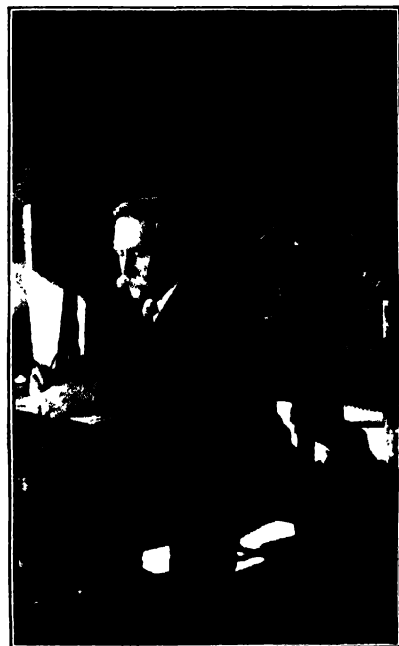
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

- I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Esther

Raworth, of 42, Leadenhall Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, and H. Banks, of 12, Tavistock Street, Leamington Sp., for the following:

THE NIXIE

'Twas meadow-sweet
and meadow-sweet a- I went
down with
lagging feet
In the dewy
dumpsy light
across the
fields of
barley,
A yellow moon hung
in the sky above
the river rip-
pling by
Thro' banks
of plummy
meadow-
sweet down
the dale to
Darlev.



Mr. F. E. Green,
whose new book, "History of the English
Agricultural Labourer (1870-1900)," Messrs.
P. S. King & Son are publishing.

The river-pool was black and deep, and still as sleep, and
calm as sleep,
And silvery-pale beneath the moon stood all the shocks
of barley;
And where the willows kissed the stream I saw a nixie's
body gleam
As white as milk, as smooth as silk, down the dale to
Darley!

She crouched among the water-weeds and played a little
pipe of reeds
And shook a little lonely tune across the fields of barley;
Her slanting eyes were green and cold, her tangled locks
like saffron-gold
All starred with blue forget-me-nots, down the dale to
Darley.

She snared me with her music sweet as I went down with
lagging feet
In the dewy dimpsy light across the fields of barley . . .
By all the pagan gods above! how can I meet my light-
o'-love
Who waits for me so patiently down in sleepy Darley?

ESTHER RAWORTH.

AFTERMATH

There was no darkness till you died, there was no shadow
on the ground
Of those dark wings that folded you and hid you from
my straining sight.
Nor any silence in the world, nor any lost familiar sound,
Till earth was muted down by Death's dark, cold, irrevocable Night.

To-day, dim argosies of clouds drift to some sunset-laden
port,
And little poignant chanties rise from off those dusk-
encircled ships.
I wonder if they touch your quay, and bring to you rich
cargoes, fraught
With Memories for your loneliness, and tender kisses for
your lips

I wonder if you wake with me, when Dawn's great, crimson
wings are spread
Across the Night's grey aftermath, and feel the friendly
sun's caress,
And if you reach out lonely hands from that calm fore-
shore of the dead
And only gather to your heart unutterable emptiness?

H. BANKS.

We also select for printing

GIPSY LOVE.

Wild roses, blossom in sunlit hours,
Live on for love of you when sunsets fade;
And one by one steal forth the silent stars
To gaze at you, a laughing gipsy maid. . . .

To you the blackbird sings his joyous psalms,
Naught caring for my sore heart's clamorous pain;
Parched are my lips and empty are my arms—
It is your love, the gift I seek in vain!

I wish that every flower would fade and die,
And the shrill song of birds grow faint and cease,
And all the bright stars fall from the dark sky
Into the brooding ocean's marmurous peace.

Then, with my heart's love shining in my eyes,
To you I would come singing thro' the gloom—
O if you gave me love, drowned stars would rise
From the deep sea, and withered roses bloom!

(Mary C. Mair, "Howcroft," Sandy Lane, Guildford.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics
by Phyllis M. Carver (Birmingham), M. E. Morris
(Torquay), John Dronsfield (Prestwich), Alice W. Lin-
ford (London, N.), G. Laurence Groom (Palmer's

Drive, N.), Nancy Pollock (Glasgow), Helen Mitcham
(Limchouse), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), "Basanos"
(Harlesden), Percy Allott (London, W.C.), Cecil Thomas
(Quetta), F. Kathleen Fellows (Birmingham), J. A.
Bellchambers (Highgate), Ivan Adair (Dublin), S. R.
Noyes (Parys, South Africa), George Churchill (Aber-
lady), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), E. R. Faraday
(Orleton), M. B. (Calne), Doris Westwood (Sutton
Coldfield), Faith Hearn (Florence), M. G. Allen (Keigh-
ley), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Norman Don-
nelly (Windermere), Herbert E. Britton (Birmingham),
A. Nicholls (Leamington), Aline Blake (Edinburgh),
Robert Cogger (Dartford), L. Yarde Bunyard (Allington),
Dorothy M. Barter Snow (West Malling), Bhalchandra
Narayan Gokhale (Bombay), R. H. Jones (Birmingham),
Elsie E. Hollingworth (Rotherham), Victor Allan
(Leeds), George Fletcher (Jarrow-on-Tyne), R. Scott
Frayne (Altrincham), Florence M. Ward (Birmingham),
Minna W. Browning (Cheltenham), Joyce Frideswide
Powell (Liverpool), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter),
D. M. Holt (Southport), A. Violet Gandy (Bath), Olive
Robinson (Gainsborough), R. A. Finn (Surbiton),
F. M. Billingham (London, W.), Kathleen Blyth (West
Hartlepool), Maurice H. Shearme (Bude), Una Malleson
(London, W.), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Kathleen Ida
Noble (London, E.), E. J. Macdonald (Oxford), Geoffrey
H. Wells (Cardiff), N. B. (Perth, West Australia), Ruth
Bevan (Bude), Margaret McEvoy (Cricklewood).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best
quotation is awarded to E. F. Watling, of
University College, Oxford, for the following:

SIDE ISSUES. BY JEFFERY E. JEFFERY.
(Leonard Parsons.)

"The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!
Have nothing to do with the case"

W. S. GIFFER, *The Mikado*.

We also select for printing

MISER'S MONEY. BY EDEN PHILLIPS (Heinemann)

"I know a bank"

SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, 2.

(Margaret Hill, "Charminster," Highfield Lane,
Southampton.)

BERNARD TREVES'S BOOTS BY LAURENCE CLARKE.
(Hodder & Stoughton)

"Made a horrible creakin'"

F. FLAR, *Book of Nonsense*.

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

PRISONERS OF THE RED DESERT.

BY CAPTAIN GWATKIN-WILLIAMS, C.M.G., R.N.
(Thornton Butterworth)

"They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand"

LEWIS CARROLL, *The Walrus and the Carpenter*.

(P. M. Howard, 2, Brunswick Road, Kingston Hill,
Surrey.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best
anecdote in not more than a hundred words
illustrating the intelligence of a dog or cat is
awarded to R. E. Bruce, c/o Mrs. Hounsfield,
13, Queensmead Road, Bromley, Kent, for the
following:

INTELLIGENCE OF A DOG.

Some years ago I had a Skye terrier, who, owing no
doubt to his short legs, hated climbing the steps to the
top of a tram. One day, my hands being too full to carry
him up, I told him to go home and watched him trotting
off in a homeward direction. What was my surprise on
coming down the narrow tram stairs half an hour later,
to find him emerge from under the seat *inside* the tram,
where he had successfully concealed himself from the lynx-
eyed conductor. He followed me with a nonchalant air.

These anecdotes are, on the whole, disappointing,
and some of the best are disqualified for going far beyond

the specified length. We select for special commendation the twelve by Norman Smith (Pontefract), Mrs. Neville Cubitt (London, W.), G. Gwyn (Bruges), E. M. M. Phillips (Leicester), M. G. Turner (Windsor), H. Dalton Vasey (London, E.), Vivie Chalker (Hurst), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), A. Kotlar (Woolwich), T. W. R. Hunt (Bury St. Edmunds), J. W. Hacon (Victoria Park), R. K. Mundy (Bournemouth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Winifred M. Davies, of 148, King Street, Brynmawr, for the following:

NIGHT AND DAY. BY VIRGINIA WOOLF.
(Duckworth.)

This is an unusual book, dealing with the inner life and feelings of a group of people rather than with the outside things that happen to them. Unlike most modern novels, it has a heroine who is essentially unemotional: she revolts from the idea of incessant preoccupation with feelings, and works at mathematics as a sort of safety-valve. Yet, far from being dull and unattractive, she has a certain quiet charm which is irresistible. In the end she realises that her true mate is an eager, strong-fibred, thoroughly manly young person, rather than the somewhat eccentric and naively egotistical dilettante, her former fiancé.

We also select for printing:

LEGEND. BY CLEMENCE DANE. (Heinemann)

"Dead!" Madala Grey was dead, and the relentless analysis of her mind and soul by a group of literary friends forms the slender substance of "Legend." The author has breathed life into her characters, and during the few hours' conversation they are so vivid and natural that it is as though you, and not Jenny Summer, were listening

to them in the foggy lamplight. As they talk they unconsciously reveal the loveliness of Madala Grey, passionate and very human to the man she loved, but to them and to Kent Renan, "a sort of star, a symbol, a legend."

(E. M. Liddell, Shirenewton Hall, Chepstow.)

THE LIGHT HEART. BY MAURICE HEWLETT.
(Chapman & Hall.)

"The Light Heart" is another saga retold. The author informs us it is really two stories mingled, a fact we could not have discerned for ourselves, so skilfully is the blending of the tales effected. We have the life of the poet Thormod; his love affairs; his great friendship, and the avenging of that friend's death; the transfer of his allegiance from his dead friend to King Olaf of Norway; and, finally, his own death in battle. The book reminds us of some pencil study by an old master, so lightly and yet in such telling strokes it is sketched.

(Annie P. Pearson, 50, Savile Park Road, Halifax.)

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews by Harold Downs (Bath), Gladys M. G. Leigh (Birmingham), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Harold Pridham (Portsmouth), E. C. B. (Dewsbury), H. Bellis (Longridge), Beatrice Mainwaring (Whitmore), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), B. Webb (Birmingham), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), D. Whittingham (Westcliff), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), A. M. Count (King's Lynn), M. L. Eagles (Leeds), Rev. H. Cotton Smith (Grimsby), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), G. Ralton Barnard (York).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, of Rowlands Castle, Hants.

THE BLIND SIDE OF DICKENS.

BY W. KENT.

WALTER BAGEHOT, in his illuminating essay on Milton, divides human character into two great categories, the ascetic and the sensuous. The man of the ascetic type, of which Milton is his great example, is unstirred by the incidents of his time, tends to isolate himself from his fellows, and desires to be alone with the eternal. The principle of the sensuous character, he says, "is its sensibility to outward stimulus; it is . . . open to the influences of whatever it sees or meets with." Bagehot's only pattern of the latter class is David, but he might have found one far more modern. Following the alliterative lead, Dickens might certainly have relieved David's isolation.

In this characteristic of Dickens is the key to an understanding of his love of London. For the great "show" places, to which probably he made intermittent visits, he cared little. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey do not figure in his books, though there are two oblique and noteworthy allusions to Abbey lore which may be worth mentioning. One of the figures which Little Nell has to show in Jarley's waxworks is a maid of honour of Queen Elizabeth, who died through pricking her finger whilst sewing on a Sunday. There can still be seen in the Abbey the tomb of Lady Elizabeth Russell who at one time (owing to the peculiar attitude of the figure on the monument) was said to have met with her death through taking similar liberties with the fourth commandment. This story was related to Sir Roger De Coverley, and I imagine some verger

stamped it on the tablet of Dickens's memory. Again, the Abbey archives, I am told, refer to a mediæval abbot who took a Mr. Winkle to visit Pickwick Manor and gave a Mr. Samuel Weller a licence for a public house at Croydon! This certainly sounds more like knowledge than coincidence! For this flotsam and jetsam of antiquarian explorers Dickens had a keen eye when it floated his way, but his eye for history only corresponds to the eye of the flesh. In "A Tale of Two Cities" none of the great historical figures of the French Revolution are so much as alluded to, and "The Fortunes of Nigel" furnishes a far more vivid picture of London in Stuart times than "Barnaby Rudge" of London in the eighteenth century. The old Houses of Parliament, which figure prominently in the latter book, remained until Dickens was a young man, but he gives us no idea of their structure. London was alive to him when it was born into his experience; of its pre-existence he was oblivious.

Dickens's reference in "Little Dorrit" to Bleeding Heart Yard, which can still be found by those traversing Charles Street, Hatton Garden, provides a happy illustration of his attitude to the past. Of the derivation of the name, he says:

"The more practical of its inmates abided by the tradition of a murder; the gentler and more imaginative inhabitants, including the whole of the tender sex, were loyal to the legend of a young lady of former times closely imprisoned in her chamber by a cruel father for remaining

true to her own true love, and refusing to marry the suitor he chose for her. The legend related how that the young lady used to be seen up at her window behind the bars murmuring a love-lorn song of which the burden was 'Bleeding Heart, Bleeding Heart, bleeding away.' . . . Neither party would listen to the antiquaries who delivered learned lectures in the neighbourhood, showing the bleeding heart to have been the heraldic cognisance of the old family to whom the property had once belonged. And considering that the hour-glass they turned from year to year was filled with the earthiest and coarsest sand, the Bleeding Heart Yarders had reason enough for objecting to be despoiled of the one little grain of poetry that sparkled in it."

Dickens was evidently quite willing to use the antiquarians and historians to point a moral or adorn a tale, but they must be ministers of romance or—the devil take them as, according to the "Ingoldsby Legends," he took Lady Hatton from her residence in the neighbourhood of Bleeding Heart Yard! In the passage I have quoted they fulfil the first function, in several instances the second. Of the latter, Bill Stump's mark (possibly suggested by Jonathan Oldbuck) is one example, and the case of Dennis, the hangman in "Barnaby Rudge," another. It has been discovered in recent years that a hangman of this name was actually condemned to death for complicity in the "No Popery" riots, and one can imagine how, lighting on this in his reading, Dickens quickly seized the fact as possessing great possibilities of a fine situation for his novel. The real Dennis, who was accused of firing a house in Little Turnstile, a narrow alley which still connects Lincoln's Inn Fields with Holborn, pleaded that he had acted under compulsion and was reprieved. However he lost his job, no sinecure in those days, and a few years later a rhymster wrote of him that:

"He contracts for ropes
And lives in hopes
Of being reinstated."

In "Barnaby Rudge" we are not permitted to witness the execution of Dennis, but we are certainly given to understand that it actually took place. In 1769 a Mr. William Sikes was condemned to death for housebreaking and eventually reprieved. There is negative evidence that Dickens did not burrow into antiquities. In referring to that quiet haven of refuge in Westminster known as Smith Square, where Jenny Wren in fiction and W. T. Stead in fact resided, he alludes to the church in the centre as "generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic on its back, with its legs in the air," but says nothing of the tradition, related by almost all topographers, that it was so built because Queen Anne, kicking over her footstool, exclaimed, "Build me a church like that!" It is difficult to believe that Dickens could have turned a blind eye to such a charming myth!

Primarily a humanist, and not an antiquarian, ancient streets and buildings interested him more as the haunts of humanity than as some of the hieroglyphics of history. Moreover, the fascination which the grotesque in human form had for Dickens, had its counterpart in architecture. Thus it came about that while he appears to have been indifferent to the City's venerable piles of Gothic and classical architecture, he was skilful in describing some obscure thoroughfare like Bleeding Heart Yard, or some

tottering old house like Mrs. Clennam's, the site of which has never, I believe, been traced. Dickens left London's monuments to others; he made it his business to report upon its alleys, which men more learned in historical lore have overlooked through indifference or disdain, and he did so, in Bagehot's excellent phrase, like a special correspondent for posterity. Through Dickens and through Dickens alone we know of those sordid and derelict districts, where a century ago men struggled to keep their little holding of life, such as Tom All Alone's (the last traces of which were removed for the construction of Kingsway and Aldwych), the purlieu of Clerkenwell, wherein the probable situation of Fagin's den can still be identified, and Jacob's Island. The last place has been somewhat neglected by Dickens topographers. If any reader still shares Sir Peter Laurie's doubts as to its existence he can satisfy himself by taking a tram from London Bridge to Dockhead. The island can still be circumnavigated, only the eye of faith must supply water where pavement now is. Bermondsey Wall, approached from Dockhead by Mill Street, appears to represent its south coast. The careful explorer will find not only "Oliver Twist Court" and Jacob Street, as reminiscent of the novel, but a house which far exceeds its age. It stands at the corner of Bermondsey Wall and George Row, and behind a high wooden fencing which acts as screen against the gaze of all but the ardent seeker, an elaborately carved porch, bearing the date 1700, is concealed. The position of this house favours the view that it was the one in which Sikes took refuge. It has high chimney stacks, around which one can easily imagine him throwing his rope. Indeed, one of the tenants informed me that a nephew of the novelist, Henry Charles Dickens, whom he met in the capacity of revising barrister, had informed him that this was the identical house described in "Oliver Twist."

The London of which Dickens wrote, it should always be observed, was the London of his youth. The impression printed upon his mind in his early years was never effaced. He wrote from memory rather than investigation. Thus we find that although railway trains were introduced to the London public at about the same time as Dickens, only in "Dombey and Son" and "Edwin Drood" do they intrude. "Great Expectations" and "Little Dorrit" bear internal evidence of dates a generation earlier than the year of publication. In the former we read of Pip (like Pepys and countless others) experiencing difficulties in "shooting" old London Bridge; in the latter young John Chivery obligingly assists with his imaginary epitaphs which record his demise in 1827.

So, humanist rather than historian, studying the hives of men rather than the records of history, it is appropriate that the memorials of Dickens should be in the by-ways rather than the highways of London. His grave is in Westminster Abbey, but there is no monument there. St. Paul's Cathedral knows him not. Southwark Cathedral has charming windows dedicated to Bunyan, Johnson and Goldsmith, though none of them was so closely associated with the neighbourhood as Dickens, of whom it has no memorial. But in the detached portion of the graveyard of St. George's Church, known as "Little Dorrit's playground," may

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still be seen, duly inscribed, a wall of the old Marshalsea Prison, and from an adjacent turning (Layton's Buildings) there is visible the turret wherein hung the bell which warned Clennam that he must leave the prison. Not far away can be found Quilp Street and Clenham Street (the latter, alas, misspelt!) and in Lant Street a very respectable looking house is labelled "Mr. Dicken's." The inscription, I fear, is as misplaced as the apostrophe! The house, a large and double-fronted one, was undoubtedly there when, as a boy, Dickens occupied an attic in the street, and probably dates from the eighteenth century when Mrs. Hardcastle, of Goldsmith's comedy, thought that she could not have "a manner" without seeing the Borough and "such places where the nobility chiefly resort," amongst whom was Johnson's friend Thrale, sometimes known as "The Southwark Macaroni." But evidence is against the inscription as indeed its composer was not unwilling to admit when he was good enough to show me the interior of his house. In Parliament Street, however, we have a veracious memorial, generally not looked for and therefore unobserved. Over the Red Lion Public House is a medallion of Dickens to commemorate the fact that

in the predecessor of the present building, as a ten-year-old, he asked for a glass of the very best ale, as recorded in "David Copperfield." In Blackfriars Road there is still "a golden dog licking a golden pot" outside the ironmonger's shop which was a landmark for Dickens on his way to and from the blacking factory at Hungerford Stairs. In the gateway of the Prudential Offices in Holborn we find a bust by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald to remind us that in Furnival's Inn, which stood on the site, Dickens wrote "Pickwick Papers," while on Snow Hill there are outside the premises of Messrs. Ormiston & Glass, and within a few yards of the site of the old "Saracen's Head" which Squeers patronised, panels representing scenes from "Nicholas Nickleby."

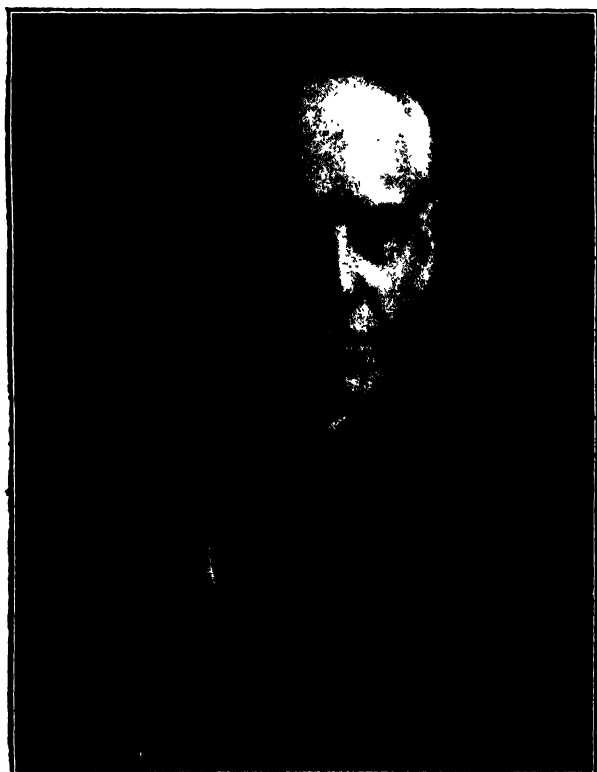
While there are thus a few memorials for those who are not Dickensians, for the initiated, Dickens, dead just fifty years, speaks everywhere in London streets. To follow his life from its early struggles to the triumph of his later years would require us to traverse every quarter of London. Such a pilgrimage would furnish more knowledge of the haunts of struggling men than materials for national history, and this is precisely what Dickens would have desired.

New Books.

JOHN GALSWORTHY AS PLAYWRIGHT.*

The present volume of Mr. Galsworthy's plays comes with special appropriateness at a time when one of them has scored a popular success. A popular success, as generally understood, that is, a long and lucrative run, has not usually attended his stage works; some of them have been too good, some of them not quite good enough. If we had in London anything resembling the municipal or state theatres of countries where intelligence is not despised as bad form, such plays as "Justice," "Strife" and "The Silver Box" would never be out of the repertory.

* "Plays - Fourth Series" By John Galsworthy 7s. net. (Duckworth)



Mr. John Galsworthy.

None of the three plays in the present volume is equal to any of those just named. One of them, indeed, is radically weak. "A Bit o' Love" might be called a study in cruelty. From the girl in the Confirmation class who thrusts a captured skylark into a cage like a wooden mousetrap, to the drunken yokels who combine to hoot an unhappy curate out of his village because he has forgiven his sinful wife, we get humanity presented in the dreadful and veracious aspect that has made the Dean of St. Paul's (a brave, unflinching critic of life) declare that, if intelligent animals tried to invent a fiend, they would make him in the likeness of man.

All this part of the play is excellently done; but it is no more than incidental detail. For the vital dramatic activity we have to accept two grand passions, the first, that of the curate for his wife, whom we see for a few minutes only, the second, that of the wife for a doctor, whom we do not see at all. Upon these postulated and unevincenced passions the tragedy depends, and fails because it so depends. How can the audience be moved by an emotion that it does not witness? The effect of our unconvincedness is to make the suffering priest perilously like the soulful curate of sentimental melodrama, and his final departure for nowhere in particular by the light of the moon, determined to go on until he loves everything, a little like pure moonshine.

"The Foundations," called "an extravagant play," is an exploitation of the "class-war" for the purposes of comedy. The seriousness of purpose is of course clearly discernible, and indeed actually served, by legitimate fun. The bomb in the foundations is still a parable, even when the bomb is, metaphorically, exploded. Mr. Galsworthy's determination to keep the sweated old seamstress and her son, the Bolshevik plumber, on the plane of Dickensian humour is a sound impulse of his admirable art. As pathetic, sentimentalised figures they would have been revolting; as figures of unconscious humour they go straight to our hearts. The old lady, in particular, is a darling. To pass from the first play, with its moonlit glamour of scented land and calling birds at Ascension-tide to the second with its London slums and the bright, perky impudence of the little Cockney plumber is to recognise how complete is Mr. Galsworthy's command of his instrument.

"The Skin Game" is a popular play of the moment, and needs no elaborate discussion. Its weak spot is the character of Chloe. No one wants the beastly old profiteer to win his game of destruction; but no one wants him beaten at the cost of an innocent woman's life—innocent, that is, as far as the duel between new men and old acres is concerned. And this weakness is the more weak because the sacrificed Chloe is presented as a repentant Magdalen who has turned from her past and found respectability in the bosom of a profiteer's family. I suggest that these New Magdalens can never be convincing on the stage. A marriage ceremony really doesn't make "an honest woman" of anybody outside a Melville melodrama. Chloe's "past" happened, not because she "took the wrong turning," but because she was that kind of woman; and we find her transformation into the fervently domestic kind incredible. We cannot believe in a miraculous conversion we are merely told about. If we believe in Chloe's sentimental present, we cannot believe in her mercenary past, and if we are convinced by her promiscuous past we cannot believe in her decorous present. The objection is purely artistic; it has nothing to do with morality. Indeed, it would be a nice point to decide which half of Chloe's life was the less "moral" in the deepest sense. The point, for our purpose, is just this, that there are women who are by nature wantons, and women who are by nature wives; and that to tell us one of the first has changed into one of the second is to strain artistic probability. I suggest to Mr. Galsworthy, with all the deference of a sincere admirer, that the weak element in certain of his plays is precisely his tendency to drop, at crucial moments, from the noble and austere heights of true drama to the lower levels of staginess.

In presenting the main struggle of this drama Mr. Galsworthy is scrupulously fair. He makes the profiteer detestable; but he makes the alleged "lady," with her serene belief in the beautiful superiority of her own class, strike a blow that is foul to detestation. It happens, by chance, that two plays in this volume exhibit the female tyrant of the country-side, the first the rector's wife, the last the squire's wife. In the larger as in the smaller social animosities *chercher la femme* is usually to find the active principle.

The volume, as we have indicated, has its faltering moments; but it never fails to show Mr. Galsworthy's distinction of style, his sense of character, and his nobility of outlook. There are few writers of to-day more worthy of admiration.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

TWO WOMEN NOVELISTS.*

The peculiar attempt at "reality" which is being made by Miss Dorothy Richardson and consists in trying to recreate the stream of consciousness which flows on, moment by moment, in one person, has gained a special reputation for being original. It is done by using very vivid sense impressions and by living entirely within the perceptions of one person. "Sareel" is not original in this sense because it is told by a narrator who is almost as interested in Sareel's mistress and in her husband as in Sareel herself. Nor are the impressions conveyed mainly by the senses. For this seventeen-year-old girl of the workhouse and the farm, the victim of a harsh old woman's hatred and the object of two deeply chivalrous loves, is as alive to the spiritual associations of beauty and peace as any poet could be. She is utterly simple, but what she feels of the spirit of the moor is not merely derived from the senses, it comes from intuitions that are the very stuff and fibre of the character itself. "Sareel" is beautiful and simple: the whole spirit of the tale, from the true dialect and the scent of peat in the air, up to the appeal of the tors under star and sun is as fresh and

* "Sareel." By Edith Dart. 7s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)—"Beauty and Bands." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

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pure as the actual wind of the moor itself. There is no jarring note in the book, although the two men who are the chief actors in it are not as individual as Sareel herself, nor do they seem to belong so truly to the scene. But no one whose heartstrings were not intertwined with the West Country and its types of girlhood could have written this story, and no one who was not an artist could have painted so simply such a truthful tale. "Sareel" is beautiful in its style, in its English, and above all in its instincts. Anyone who can take pleasure in delicate workmanship and homely, pleasant scenes and atmosphere will enjoy it thoroughly.

By the side of it the novel called "Beauty and Bands" is simply a shock, so pretentious is the style that once gained a reputation for "Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler" (the Hon. Mrs. Felton) as a wit. This ornate English now seems out of date, as in fact does the plot by which a heartless and very dull young woman is turned into a good and even duller wife. Mrs. Felton religiously observes all the conventions: the wandering wife, just when things promised to get more lively, simply has to return to the marriage fold even if trains have to be wrecked and other girls, less important to the story, burnt to a cinder. It is all unreal, although the subsidiary women characters are often quite skilfully hit off. One recognises many of them, especially Mrs. Windybank, who always comforts her friends when in sorrow by the things they like best to eat. The independent spinster, too, would be good fun if her foibles had not been so heavily insisted on. For Mrs. Felton's women, when they are catty, are very, very horrid, and when they are good are beyond all bearing. But the book is sure to be much admired since it does actually reproduce the atmosphere of family life as it appears to many people, namely as a rich blend of conventional piety, verbal brilliance and respectable sentimentality. The whole is built up out of the traditions that have made the English novel in the past.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

CLIVE.*

The author of this important and extremely interesting work is the Curator of the Madras Record Office, and as such has been able to make use of the documents placed under his charge. It is on these that the volume is principally based. In addition he has had access to other papers preserved in the India Office, Admiralty, War Office and elsewhere. His object has been not to write a personal history of the "two great though essentially different men whose names are placed upon the title page," but, as he explains, "rather to sketch the history of the ideas and conditions which under their impulse resulted in the establishment of the English Company as the principal power in India, and to trace out the obligations of the English to the French." "These obligations," he goes on, "have commonly been minimised by the historians of the first, and exaggerated by the historians of the second nation." The work is divided into two parts, named very appropriately "The French Effort" and "The English Achievement," and to effect the latter realisation Clive adopted to some extent the ideas of Dupleix and Bussy where these seemed to be worthy of imitation, improving on them in those directions in which the Frenchmen had seen less clearly. Clive's work was not perfect; very much more required to be done, but he laid the foundations firmly and accomplished so much that needed "neither to be undone nor to be repeated."

Those who take up this book without a previous grounding in Indian history may find here and there some difficulty in following the subject. It is therefore meant more particularly for students and by these it will be heartily welcomed and appreciated, and it is very probable that Mr. Dodwell's views will be accepted by most of them as consonant with the truth. Some of the names of the native princes and others are printed differently from

those usually given, but the author's method is in all probability the correct one. We venture to correct two slips. In one of the notes on p. 32 where it is stated, we believe wrongly, that Chanda Sahib was the brother-in-law of Nawab Dhost Ali Khan. He was the brother-in-law of Safdar-Ali-Khan and the son-in-law of Dhost Ali. Again (p. 143), contrary to what is there stated, Mir Kasim was the son-in-law of Mir Jafar. The statements on pp. 195 and 218 confirm this, its confirmation be required.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S "LEDA."

Mr. Aldous Huxley's volume of poems has been awaited with much interest since the publication of "Leda" in the autumn number of *Coterie*. It may be said at once that the pleasurable anticipation is justified, for it is not often that a poet's first book contains matter so memorable and rare. "Leda" is even a more distinguished piece of work than the same writer's "Limbo," recently published, and his true medium seems to be poetry rather than prose. The two books taken together exhibit a notable range of culture and interests. A modern of the latest hour, Mr. Huxley is yet free of the wonder worlds of Greece and of the Renaissance. He is not afraid also to use the word Beauty, and—greatly daring—even to dwell upon that forbidden idea. I trust he may escape stoning at the hands of his youthful contemporaries. Mr. Huxley, however, is understood to prefer stones to roses, and I am encouraged by this Spartan attitude to write frankly, for, while esteeming his poetry very greatly as I do, my admiration is yet a little this side of idolatry.

Mr. Huxley's "Leda" is not a large book, but like all young poets he has included too much. He is an imperfect artist, because he has not learned what to omit. Poets are more frequently damned on their bad verses than beatified by their good. Mr. Huxley has made the mistake of overloading his pages with much that is trivial and even amiably impertinent. His book suffers, in common with many other books by contemporary writers, in being too frequently a record of moods rather than emotions; whilst whole poems are so painfully and self-consciously clever as to bear but the most distant relationship to poetry. There is also another word to be said, and with it I finish the ungracious business of fault finding. Mr. Huxley is a young man, and his verses, excusably enough, are the verses of his years. I would suggest, however, that he shows us a little too much of the human animal in heat; and that even more there is a steady flow of unlovely and displeasing images and phrases, which a fastidious taste must regard without enthusiasm. Poetry we are told should be simple, sensuous and passionate. Sensuous and passionate Mr. Huxley's poetry undoubtedly is, but simplicity is not always so much to his mind or after his heart.

Purged of its less desirable elements, Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Leda" represents a very remarkable achievement. It consists of a sequence of poems in prose; a handful of lyrics; and a long narrative in rhymed couplets—the triumphant "Leda," which furnishes the title of the volume. The prose poems derive from across the Channel, for the form is appreciated more by our French neighbours than by ourselves. Oscar Wilde experimented in the medium with notable results, and there seems no reason why a people so susceptible to rich and imaginative prose as the British should not welcome the method. In any event Mr. Huxley's sequence is very personal to the writer, and very characteristic of his emotion and his thought.

The handful of lyrics included in "Leda" contains something that may be debatable in matter, but little that is negligible in form. A devastating cleverness may interfere with a perfect enjoyment of certain amongst them, but two at least—"The Birth of God" and "A Sunset"—are so beautiful in conception, and so free and untrammelled in movement, as to be worthy of a permanent place in the treasure house of a literature even so rich as our own. It would be a delight to quote from

* "Dupleix and Clive: The Beginning of Empire." By Henry Dodwell, M.A. (Oxon), F.R.Hist.S. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

* "Leda." By Aldous Huxley. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

them, for here is verse original and modern, yet obedient to the laws of its art, and informed with a loveliness which is welcome indeed after so much slipshod writing that masquerades as poetry. Two lyrics, or three, are not many in a volume, but like Mercutio's death wound they are enough, they serve, when so piercing as these.

And yet there remains "Leda"! I have read this narrative once and again, and almost I hesitate to say what I think of its qualities. As a piece of story telling the poem is flawless, and the tale is conducted with a surprising vigour when one considers how enervating is its subject. Technically its verse is of the highest excellence—the breaking of the line, and the use of double or triple rhymes to afford relief and to avoid monotony being worthy of warm commendation. The various and contrasted episodes are a sheer joy the picture of Leda playing with her maidens; of Jove looking from the casement of Olympus down upon the world; of the impassioned swan shaking out his wing feathers to form a white pavilion about the destined lover, being of an extreme beauty. And what fitting reader can forget the poignant emotion of its highly-wrought close.

A poem such as "Leda" warrants the brightest anticipations of its author's future, provided he does not squander his gift in merely clever exercises in verse.

LUCINE MASON.

BERTA RUCKS NEW NOVEL.*

It does not follow that the unsuccessful novelist is a finer artist than the successful one. He may sometimes be a finer artist in the handling of words, but that is not the whole of the novelist's business, nor the chief part of it. If he cannot invent a good story and tell it with such cunning that his readers are entertained by it, he may be a very superior writer indeed, but will never be more than a very inferior novelist.

The secret of Berta Ruck's popularity—if there is any secret about it—is that she has that essential gift of the novelist: she can invent a story worth telling, and tell it in such fashion that the world at large finds it worth reading. She does not write of men and women as unemotionally as an entomologist might of his collection of beetles, but with a quick, sympathetic understanding, and often reveals more of human character in a few lines of light description or airy dialogue than the more pretentious can in as many pages of solemn psychological analysis.

"Sweethearts Unmet," her latest book, is a story of to-day and of everyday people. It has sentiment, a shrewd philosophy of life and a spontaneous, glancing humour, but I think its chief charm lies in its vivid human sympathy, especially with the young for whom each morning still opens a new door into romance. I can't give a bricier, better idea of it than you get in this extract from the "author's note" at the end of the first chapter:

"All over the world there are living to-day girls without sweethearts, young men who do not know the right girl. You who are reading this—don't you see every day some of these solitary girls—these boys with the trench-mud still staining the old Burberry?—Don't you notice their wistful faces in the street, the tram or bus? Do you wonder what stories are behind them? That is why I am taking this one girl out of the lonely thousands, just one pretty, everyday, 'nice' young girl such as you'd see sitting opposite to you in the tube. Let me tell you of her innocent and secret longing for love. She hardly recognises it as the feeling all girls must have, she asks herself, 'Or am I the only one?' That's why I take this lad, typical of a crowd of the demobilised young fighters that you see about nowadays. This one was born to make that girl happy; her mate. He is equally lonely. . . . This boy will tell you how things happened to him; this girl shall explain what went on in her own life at that moment."

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F. HEATH.

THE DIAL OF PRINCES.*

Don Antonio of Guevara wrote the "Relox de Principes," otherwise "Libro del Emperado Marco Aurelio," and published it at Valladolid in 1529, a pirated edition having appeared at Seville in 1528, under the title of "Libro Aureo." It was alleged to have been translated from a Greek work found by Guevara at Florence; but as it happened that the illustrious Bishop of Guadix did not know Greek, his invention was taxed further by the assumption of Latin and Castilian translations—presumably also in manuscript. There were of course no such renderings, and there was no such treatise by Marcus Aurelius in Greek or any other language. In an excellent and, indeed, valuable introduction, Mr. Colville says that no scholar "appears ever to have believed" in the existence of such a work. It would be impossible on the part of scholarship, for it might be difficult to imagine a production more remote from the classical spirit or one that betrays itself more fully on every page. The "Libro Aureo" is described as unfinished by its author, and the second or authentic text is at least arranged differently. In one or other of the versions Mr. Colville tells us that it was translated into all tongues, even Armenian, and that it was constantly in the printer's hands for a hundred years. The first English translation was that of the "Golden Book," rendered from the French by Lord Berners and published in 1534. The "Relox," or "Diall of Princes"—also from the French—was translated by Thomas North, the first three parts appearing in 1557 and the fourth in 1568. Mr. Colville says truly that the "Diall" is "unconscionably long": as such it is unlikely to be reprinted, or to find readers if it were. What has been done therefore in the present

* "The Diall of Princes" Edited by K. N. Colville, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

edition is to select passages representing about a tenth of the whole, the result of which is, however, a substantial volume. It is the first of a new series entitled "The Scholar's Library," which makes here a good beginning as "reprints of the less accessible English classics," and there are tempting announcements as to future issues. North was a great translator: perhaps the chief title of Guevara to our consideration at this day on this side of the world is that he was put into such English in the sixteenth century—the rendering ranking as literature. And yet it would be untrue to say that we suffer Guevara—his reflections, counsels and anecdotes—because of Thomas North. There is something to be said for the Castilian, some curious interest in his matter, something also in the individual manner, which has not evaporated in its transition from Spanish to French and from French to English. Mr. Colville's edition is a book for the lover of our literature and for a scholar's library.

A. E. WAITE.

THE ANCIENT ENTRENCHMENTS AND CAMPS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.*

This pictorial record of the ancient earthworks of Gloucestershire is a welcome addition to the scanty literature of the subject. To the best of our knowledge the separate volumes by modern writers relating to it may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Mr. A. Hadrian Allcroft's monumental work on the "Earthwork of England," Dr. J. P. Williams-Freeman's "Introduction to Field Archaeology as Illustrated by Hampshire," which is practically a guide-book to the earthworks of Hampshire, and Mr. Heywood Sumner's two monographs on "The Ancient Earthworks of Cranborne Chase" and "The Ancient Earthworks of the New Forest." Mr. Burrow's book completes the quintet. Each author differs slightly in his aims and methods, Mr. Burrow being specially anxious to attract those who have not hitherto paid any attention to such dull objects as earthworks. To this end, instead of plans of the camps, he gives us a series of drawings, excellent and usually giving a very good idea of the surroundings of the camp, but to the student of the subject not altogether compensating for the absence of plans. The view of Dyrham Camp, for instance, hardly gives an idea of the position of this camp, which deserves much more study in connection with the battle of Deorham in A.D. 577 than it has hitherto had.

We think also that the student would prefer a classification of the camps according to some recognised plan, e.g. the scheme proposed by the Congress of Archaeological Societies' Committee on Ancient Earthworks and Fortified Enclosures, with an alphabetical list of the works, to the purely alphabetical arrangement adopted by Mr. Burrow. Mr. Burrow himself suggests in the concluding section of his book (p. 165) a division into classes which to a certain extent corresponds with the Committee's scheme. But it seems a pity to multiply schemes and a decided mistake to suggest, as Mr. Burrow does, a separate class for "Roman Camps," seeing how few camps can definitely be classed as Roman, and how great the tendency in the past has been to dub every earthwork a "Roman camp."

But for the ordinary individual, who at present only regards an earthwork as a sort of show place, if he regards it at all, and for the would-be archaeologist to whom Mr. Burrow makes a special appeal, the methods of this book leave little to be desired. A useful introduction gives a brief sketch of the archaeology of the subject, and the book winds up with hints on "The Exploration of Camps and Earthworks," which will be helpful to a novice.

In the Introduction and a separate section on "The Malvern Fortresses," the author deals with the camps from a strategical point of view, an aspect usually neglected, and the part they may have played at different periods. Plans of Cirencester and Gloucester, showing the lines of

* "The Ancient Entrenchments and Camps of Gloucestershire." By E. J. Burrow. 7s. (Privately printed.)

the Roman walls, and a ground-plan and restoration of the Roman villa at Chedworth are interesting features, and a section on burial mounds gives drawings of long-barrows, etc. The tumulus at Avening, near Stroud, with the "Tingwall, or Tingle Stone," should, from its name, be Norse.

"Knowle" Hill Camp, above Weston-super-Mare (p. 18), is evidently a misprint for Worle Hill, and the River Churn that runs outside the eastern ramparts at Cirencester, figures in the text (p. 58) as "Colne."

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

PARIS IN FICTION.*

Few cities have, I imagine, possessed so great a lure for the novelist, or inspired so many works of fiction as Paris. The number of authors who have placed the scenes of their stories in Paris is legion, and very many of them are mentioned more or less in detail in the pages of Mr. Maurice's entertaining volume. His pages prove that he has been an industrious pilgrim to the literary shrines of Paris past and present, and he is certainly a pleasant guide. There are omissions of course. Indeed, there were bound to be. They are principally those of works of modern and still living writers, and in a few cases one wonders why the name of a writer who has scarcely done more than mention Paris in his novels is referred to, while another writer, who has laid the scenes of several novels in Paris, is overlooked.

On the whole, however, the wonder is that Mr. Maurice, within the compass of a volume of moderate size, has been able to include so many novelists and refer so interestingly to their works.

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No novelist has loved Paris as did this great French master of the modern novel, and his love for the city of his adoption made of it a living thing beside which the references or scenes of all other writers, indeed, seem comparatively colourless and detached. Mr. Maurice's book is on a grand scale, although of moderate dimensions, and he is therefore compelled to compress Balzac's Paris into less than twenty pages. But inadequate as one feels the space is it is only fair to Mr. Maurice to say that he makes excellent use of it, and whether tracking down the characters of Baron Huet and Valérie Marnette of "La Cousine Bette," or the old curiosity shop, in the Rue de Beaume, which figures in "Le Peau de Chagrin," he is equally happy.

Naturally the Latin Quarter, which has enmeshed in its fascinating and romantic purveys novelists from Murger with his masterpiece, "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," down to Leonard Merrick with his "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," figures largely in this book. And no quarter of Paris has been so well represented in fiction.

The second part of Mr. Maurice's book deals with Rural France, and in it one finds the author on the track of Flaubert, Daudet, Fehx, Gras, de Maupassant and other less considerable writers. But here, with the exception of the Tartarin chapter, he is very sketchy, and the effect upon the reader is not at all clear.

There are several errors in the Paris topography, for example the vanished Rue des Cinq Diamants became, we think, the southern portion of the Rue Quincampoix, and not the Rue Aubrey le Boucher as Mr. Maurice seems to believe. It would repay Mr. Maurice to read Mr. Orlo Williams's book, "Vie de Bohème," with a view to the correction of several errors in his remarks upon Henri

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DIAGNOSIS.*

The novel is treading to-day a most forlorn and woeful path. It is produced upon paper like Joseph's coat, but costing precious monies—it is reluctant in matter but steadily buoyant in price. It is more and more confined to public favourites with established and impregnable supporters, and the publishers whose favourites have not stood the course murmur together and are sorely vexed. There is so much to be taken into account. How much will the public pay for how little? How little will the author pocket for how much? And outside these agitated circles, faced with such crises, the public moves heavily about, eating immensely where there is no food, drinking with contentment where (so one is told) there is no wine, sitting in taxis at 50 per cent.—indifferent, neither actually tragic nor absolutely comic but very certain of one thing—it is not out to be bored, nor depressed, nor instructed. It believes in recreation outside working hours, and it clings to that out-of-date preposterous notion that the object of the novel should be to amuse, to excite, to charm, to beguile in brief, the emotions of ordinary men. And more and more the public is satisfied that novelists and publishers are convinced the novel must not tell a story at all but is really a handbook to the study of mental obsessions, or the agricultural wage, or spiritualism, or divorce, or something else that ought to mean so much more to so many people than it actually does. This attitude is to be regretted of course, but who has not experienced upon occasions symptoms of an alarm and foreboding, so often terribly substantiated, during the first chapter of a story dealing faithfully—too faithfully—with the tragic inconsequence, the utter aimless waste of some introspective and only fairly sane young man or woman?

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who, and here the publishers hurry to our rescue, "spent the best years of his life philandering and worse, casting away his work and his true love," and so on. Well, that might introduce the tragedy of a genius or the good story with a lesson, but in either case it is the author's responsibility to intrigue the reader. To be quite frank the philanderings of Armand are never more than *piano*. The pulse remains normal, and beneath an absolute indifference regarding the young man's affairs, one is aware of a consuming instinct that it does not much matter whether Armand spoils his poems or not. He, like the sinister and apparently ugly Marie-Thérèse, is a little tedious and third rate. But the book emphatically is not. Miss Patterson can write. Having, under a sense of chivalry, decided to do her best for Armand she has not shirked. But he is not worthy of her. She must, one feels, be relieved to send him back into his natural obscurity.

Something of the same regretful wail might with justice be raised against "Salt"—in itself an ominous enough title. Here again as in "Passion" is the introspective misfit jarred by the sharp edges of this crude and imperfect world, and representing "a type of American youth, which is, I believe, to all unfortunately familiar." The book is a challenge—it is written as a challenge to certain aspects in American schools of education, and here again sincerity is the key-note. Mr. Norris is in deadly earnest. He is out to destroy the evil he has so personally experienced and so deeply deplores. But his narrative is too obviously based on raw facts. They stand up like sky-scrapers. And unhappily, fiction, if it is to prove of real or even passing influence, must colour its analysis with imagination and humour. It is the naked sense of purpose which gives to books like "Passion" and "Salt" their rather disturbing sense of driving motive, like the unseen but clearly audible vibration of a screw.

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ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

THE FUNCTION OF MINORITIES.*

"Except the blind forces of Nature," says Sir Henry Maine, "nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in origin." Not even the idea of the "Remnant," according to Professor Jones. His examples are chosen from Isaiah to the Quakers, but he starts by noticing Plato's remark that "there is only a very small remnant of those who follow wisdom and who have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession it is." There is a touch of patrician self-satisfaction about an estimate like this, as he admits. But the ideal "remnant," in Christianity, is the small group of those who see beyond the conventional horizon, and yet are modest. Dr. Jones classifies them as more or less radical. Some break off from the organisation, in order to start sects in which the new light can be cherished. Others prefer to work in and for the parent body to which they belong. But, in either case, he holds, "the formation of a 'remnant,' of one or the other of these types, seems to be historically the most approved method of securing an advancement of the truth."

The idea, if defined carefully, is sound and fruitful. What we have in this book is a series of historical illustrations or experiments along the line of minority-activity, which are meant to elucidate the function of such movements.

Dr. Jones naturally safeguards himself against a one-sided position. He recognises the value of institutions, the claim of transmitted and embodied truth, the obligations that make an individual hesitate before breaking with any organisation. But he does not so clearly indicate that a rebellious minority is apt to work for evil, even in its aspiration for good. The setting up of a rival organisation, for example, sharpens the two opposite truths unduly. Each party, the conservative and the liberal, is driven beyond the original limits of its contention, and tempted to make claims which are unwise and illegitimate. Dr. Jones, for example, selects the Donatists as a protest against compromise in the Church. But the unfortunate result of the Donatist controversy was to produce a theory in their opponents which worked out in practice to the detriment of Christianity, and the pugnacious, narrow Donatists perished like a brook in the hot sands, as indeed they deserved to do. Dr. Jones has written a stimulating, popular manual. But his historical illustrations are sometimes more curious than convincing, and the philosophy of the subject needs a larger statement than it receives in these popular pages. The minorities who remain inside the organisation are usually more effective than the separatists. But even they are exposed to party-spirit, Pharisaism, and mental restriction. The cross-bench spirit has its place in religion, but it does not govern; it is serviceable only as there is a larger vision to embrace it. This little book is a plea for minorities in religion. But those who read it with most sympathy will be the first to recall Turgot's protest against any truth, however vital, being turned into the nucleus of a party.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "The Remnant." By Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt. 5s. net. (The Swarthmore Press.)

Novel Notes.

THE VANITY GIRL. By Compton Mackenzie. 8s 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Once upon a time there lived a young lady, Norah Caftyn, in West Kensington, one of the daughters in a large family, the beauty of the household, and engagingly selfish. It came to pass that, under the glamour of the stage, she entered the great London theatre as a chorus-girl in light comedy. She changed her name to Dorothy Lonsdale. Then—but the tale is old and thin. Why repeat the stock plot of second-rate fiction? Except to observe that she and another actress live (so innocently) in a flat provided by an anonymous gentleman, who turns out, after death, to be a duke. This we admit is novel. Dorothy marries her peer, after some clever angling for him at Oxford, where he is an undergraduate. She shakes off the dust of the stage, turns her little snobbish soul to the task of playing the great lady and, incidentally, of bestowing upon England a child who would embody the genius of aristocratic leadership. "On this small green earth would walk a Viscount Clare that, having taken flesh from a Vanity Girl, should be the saviour of his country." Unluckily the child dies at birth, the husband takes to gambling and horse-racing, and her ladyship drifts into bad company. By this time the story is becoming dull. But the author bethinks him of that recent godsend for perplexed story-tellers, the war. So the Earl is sent off to die at the front, which is the first and last good action in his recorded existence. Then a few pages for Dorothy's final wriggling in the mud, and the novel is done. There is a young lady called Sylvia Scarlett in the story, and from that, as well as from the author's name, we infer that it is written by the author of "The Passionate Elopement" and "Carnival." Now and then we come upon an attempt at fine writing, as in the description of the Cherwell, "on the dimples and eddies of which the overhanging trees cast a patina as upon the muscles of an ancient bronze." The character-sketching is just as successful. Theatrical novels are generally as dull as political novels, and this is no exception. There is not a decent, vital person in the story, except the Earl's mother and her two daughters, at whom the author carefully sneers. It is the kind of novel that a man of Mr. Mackenzie's ability is too good to write; he is not "good at these kickchawses."

CLIPPER FOLK. By Oswald Wildridge. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

In these days of specialists and experts one thinks of Africa in terms of Sir Rider Haggard, the Pacific according to Mr. Stacpoole, Dartmoor as Mr. Phillpotts finds it. These gentlemen have saved us the expense of setting out on expensive tours of knowledge and discovery, and we need no longer cross the ocean. And when it comes to the sea do we not, in our quiet suburban gardens, accept our tremendous if sometimes obscured sense of travail so unforgettably thrust upon us in the work of Mr. Conrad, our incurably effervescent humour according to Mr. Jacobs. As men capable of setting out to Margate with hardly a shoreward glance it is well (under our gnarled worm-eaten apple tree) to know the mysterious depths of our so tragic temperament—the shallows of our ceaseless jocosity. But Mr. Wildridge in his "Clipper Folk" is a heretic. He wants to run a bit of sea of his own. He makes his sea captains neither candidates for a course of psycho-therapeutic treatment, nor yet the sort of fellows who simply must play a practical joke or perish. Mr. Wildridge is so ingenuous as to introduce the reader to the kind of captain one's experience of life has led one (however foolishly) to believe actually exists. I do not mean for an instant that Mr. Wildridge sets out to be a rival to either Mr. Conrad or Mr. Jacobs. His tales of the sea are rather crude and often shapeless. As stories they fail in technique. But they are well worth reading for they

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are written with sincerity, simplicity and knowledge, while here and there, as in "On the Sale of a Kit Bag," they touch a note of genuine pathos which lingers after the book is laid aside.

BY WAY OF BOHEMIA. By Mark Allerton. 6s. 9d. net. (Skeffington.)

"By Way of Bohemia" is a capital novel of its not very ambitious kind, and gives a most readable and life-like picture of a journalist's life in Fleet Street. Indeed, the only complaint we feel inclined to make of Mr. Mark Allerton's new tale is that, with a Kelvin for hero, a Gordon for heroine, and a Constable and a Brodie for hero's friends, all the *beau rôle*s are assigned to Scots. This is deliberately to do an injustice to England—for even in London journalism a few natives do manage to survive, and even to flourish. Hugh Kelvin, then, is a brilliant young Scotsman, whom at the commencement of the story we find married to a publican's pretty daughter, writing for one of the literary weeklies called *The Review*, and—quaint touch this!—"enjoying the rounded periods of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* leading articles." How Hugh was appointed editor of *The Week*, a rival to *The Review*; how he got sacked therefrom by the commercially-minded proprietor of the paper; how thereupon Pamela Gordon, the editress, taught him to write successful serials for *The Hearthrug*; and how eventually his wife eloped with a music-hall star leaving him free to marry Pamela—these are the main incidents in a well planned and well written story.

THE WIDENING CIRCLE. By the Marchioness Townshend. 7s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The author of this novel deserves the reader's gratitude for an entertaining and unpretentious book that is full of incident and humorous observation. The sister heroines, Meg and Elizabeth Sutherland, are a charming pair of girls who from a very early age accepted with nonchalance the ups and downs of their domestic fortunes controlled by a father who gambled on the Stock Exchange. Mr. Sutherland's portrait is drawn with sureness and a little acerbity. When his younger daughter married a duke, Mr. Sutherland indicated his intention of visiting his son-in-law and proving to him the existence of a coal mine upon his estate. "'He spoke of sending an expert down with Stanmore's permission,' said mother. 'There is an expert there already,' said Meg; 'me—not a coal expert, but an expert judge of character.'"

From lodging-houses to the Hotel Metropole, from Brighton to Wiesbaden the young Sutherlands followed the star of the paternal fortunes and enjoyed to the utmost their signal opportunities of studying human nature. Many sides of society are adroitly depicted with nothing more than a touch of caricature. And as a foil to the social satire there are the love stories of the two sisters and the renunciation of their friend Diana.

THE CALL OF THE OFFSHORE WIND. By Ralph D. Paine. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

The Fenwicks had been building wooden ships for generations, and, when steam and iron were wedded for the purpose of ocean transport, the then owner of the yards, Israel Fenwick, didn't like it at all. So he held on to the old way of business until bankruptcy stared him in the face. "God Almighty's wind is cheaper than steam," he said to his son, "and always was. . . . You mustn't let go." Then he died and his son Dudley went out to earn good money as a ship's officer so as to keep the old business alive. Providence, in the shape of the great war and German submarines, finally saved the situation by causing unprecedented demand for any sort of hulk that would float. A good, readable yarn of a pleasantly sentimental kind.

THE MARBECK INN. By Harold Brighouse. 7s. net. (Odhams.)

The studies of Lancashire life and character in "The Marbeck Inn" are done with all the skill and intimate understanding of human nature that have gone to the making of Mr. Brighouse's plays. The humour of it,

like much of the humour in them, has often a grim, subacid quality that is in keeping with his people and his theme, and, throughout, the story is dourly, whimsically or poignantly realistic, except for the touch of idealism that is given to it by the episode of Effie Mannering. Sam Branston, son of a railway porter, is resolute to rise in the world. Acute and not too scrupulous, he makes headway as an estate agent, then, profiting by a shrewd bargain, becomes a successful publisher, and looks like cutting a figure in politics when Effie arrives to change his outlook and upset his carefully laid plans. He has married without love a girl who wants to escape from a humdrum life with her pleasant, dreamy, improvident father, and he and his wife have already drifted into estrangement when Effie comes to him as a typist, and for the first time he falls in love. Whether Effie, loving him, could have given herself to him, with the sole object of rousing his better self and giving him back to his wife is a question the reader may decide for himself. Perhaps the ablest character-drawing in the book is that of Sam's mother, who sacrifices herself and her husband to Sam's advancement, but takes no share in his prosperity, works for her own living and waits till he needs her, as she knew he would, and then returns to help him when all his schemes are falling in ruins. There is a biting satire in this handling of the romance of the self-made man, but the dominant note of the book is a broad and tolerant humanity.

COFFIN ISLAND. By Maurice Le Blanc. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

At the risk of committing a bull, it might be said that the art of Maurice Le Blanc lies in his manipulation of the unexpected. He is accustomed to draw a veil, from the other side of which the half-seen actors push out mysterious and broken traces of murders, deeds of violence, or of the counteracting benevolent influences. "Coffin Island" is a grim story, sufficiently desperate in character to reveal an attempt to force a shudder at any cost—even that of the plot. Arsène Lupin provides one of the surprises of the book; for he appears on the scene quite unexpectedly at its conclusion, and it is only then that the reader discovers that the famous detective's hidden hand has been at work for some time. The book shows all that wealth of imagination which one has learned to expect from the author, but the manner in which the collection of wild and thrilling incidents is strung together fails to convince, and produces a disappointing impression.

THE TAVERN. By René Jula. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)

It argues rather a poverty of romantic lore at the Cape that the story of Dr. James Barry should have been used so freely and with so slender a range and variation. Last year we had a play on the subject produced in London, and now Miss Jula invests it with the form of a highly interesting novel. There can be no kind of complaint at the way in which she has treated the episode, for the adventurous surgeon-major who became a notable figure in South African society a century ago, fought a duel, and turned out to be a woman, has not many counterparts in the history and memoirs even of so stirring a time. So far as we know, however, Miss Jula is the first to freshen the story up with a kind of Rigoletto interest, in making Barry's motive for concealment of sex the fact that he (or she) had a leper son hidden away in fear of exposure. Yet while hedging the lad about with deaf and dumb servants, and taking every precaution to keep the outside world in ignorance of the secret, there is a strict injunction all the while that if the barrier is broken down the lad is to be shot at once, and this actually happens. We are therefore to imagine that though the lad's life is dear to the parent, the parent's is dearer still, and this, like the undramatic exposure at the end, strips the glamour from what would otherwise be a most engaging yarn. Where Miss Jula excels is in recalling, with vivid colour touches, the picturesque life of the Cape in the days of Somerset's occupation; and his daughter Georgiana is by far the most attractive figure in the book.

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OH, MARY! By Dorothy A. Beckett Terrell. 6s. net. (Liverpool: Books Limited.)

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I have a brother cleped Fairy-Gold,
Who dwelleth not in houses nor with men
But in the dim wood and the forest bold
Full fair is he in form: full young, full old
Of all the wild things in the grove and glen,
Of many a brown, shy wood bird am I told,
Of every leaf and blade on fell and fen,
I have a brother cleped Fairy-Gold. . . .

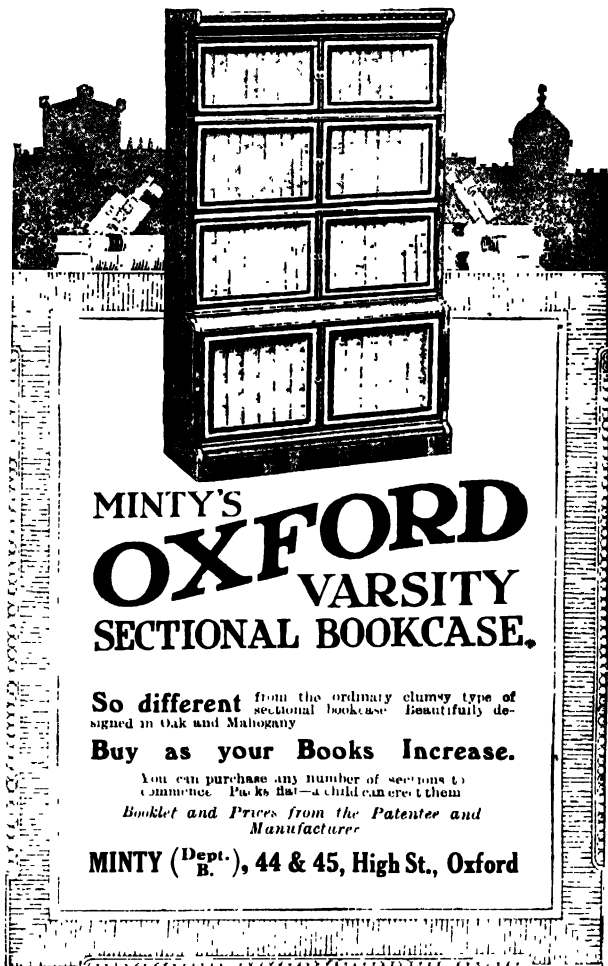
"The kind earth to her bosom doth him fold,
Her light, swift hands, the breezes, stroke his hair
Which glow of yellow wheat doth catch and hold
And down in rich and heavy locks is rolled.
He is for mortal eyes but all too fair,
He hath not age: I in his haunts am told
By myriad voices whispering in the air,
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News Notes.

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THE BOOKMAN

250 GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITION.

The increasing cost of book-production is, in these days, raising very serious difficulties for the author as well as for the publisher—especially for the author who is unknown. Articles and letters have recently appeared in the newspapers reiterating that it is becoming almost impossible for the beginner to get any chance at all, for, until the enterprise is less costly and speculative, most publishers prefer to limit their lists to the works of novelists of established reputation, and are unwilling to take the risk of publishing a first novel.

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"The Tragic Bride," a new novel by Francis Brett Young, will be published by Mr. Martin Secker about the end of July. Few of our younger authors have done more distinguished work in fiction or poetry than Mr. Brett Young, who will be the subject of a special article by Mr. Compton Mackenzie in the August BOOKMAN.

Mrs. Zora M. Godden, of Weybridge, writes: "In reference to the review in this month's BOOKMAN of Mr. R. D. Paine's 'Call of the Offshore Wind' (Constable), I should like to point out that my great-grandfather, John Fenwick, shipowner of Tynemouth, was actually the first owner on the Tyne to 'copper' the bottoms of his ships. His

son and successor in the business (Captain John Fenwick, my grandfather) told me that he well remembered the astonishment of the workmen: 'Eh, hinney! why does Muster Fenwick put brass bottoms to his ships? They will all sink.' This must have been quite in the early part of last century. At all events before 1820." The Israel Fenwick, shipbuilder, of Mr. Paine's story, fiercely opposed the use of metal in building his ships and his son and successor let the business dwindle and went to sea sooner than outrage his father's ideals by adopting modern methods. Evidently Mr. Paine's heroes belonged to a different family of the same name.

The year 1840 was a year that brought lustre to the calendar. It saw the birthdays of Thomas Hardy, of Austin Dobson, of Edward Clodd and, to say nothing of others eminent in the same or other walks of life, of Richard Whiteing who passes his eightieth milestone on the 27th of this month, and is still, as he always has been, far more intensely interested in all that the world around him is doing than in himself and his own affairs. Thinking so little of self, he has even forgotten to grow old, except in the mere carnal sense of the word, and it would be true to say of him, as Oliver Wendell Holmes in his old age said of himself, that he is eighty years young. For he is as fine an idealist still and, in his broad democratic sympathies, as modern and abreast of the times as the youngest among us who are apt to imagine that the new spirit of the new day is newer than it really is, till we realise that it was living in him and such as he before most of us were born. It is characteristic of Mr. Whiteing, of his modesty or his freedom from self-consciousness, that though in that delightful book of his personal recollections, "My Harvest," which was published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton four years ago, he touches in some admirable, vividly realised pictures of his boyhood, of his early journalistic struggles, of his experiences as a journalist in various parts of the world for the *Manchester*

Guardian, the *New York Tribune*, the *New York World*, the *Daily News*, and other papers, he tells you less of himself than of his famous contemporaries and the social, political and literary developments of the days he has known, and he is silent about the distinguished career as a novelist which he entered upon at a time of life when the majority of men are beginning to consider that their work is done. Certainly, he had written books in his younger days. There was that forerunner of Mr. Dooley, "Mr. Sprouts—His Opinions," published in 1866; his first novel, "The Democracy," ten years later, and in 1888 that masterly satirical story, "The Island"; but these were done as the by-the-way recreations of a busy journalist. It was not till after he had retired from the *Daily News*, where for many years he had been one of the three leader writers, Herbert Paul and Andrew Lang being the other two, that in 1899 Mr. Whiteing settled down in earnest to realise himself as a novelist and that same year with

"No. 5, John Street" stepped straightway into popularity. Novels dealing with the underworld of London were plentiful at that period, but none enjoyed a wider vogue and no other has so triumphantly held its ground. "John Street" has passed through many editions since then, and remains as vigorously alive as ever in the cheap reprints. It was followed by "The Yellow Van," "Ring in the New," "All Moonshine" and by a charming, whimsical, genially philosophical volume of essays, "The Little People," and by those memoirs that are at once a real addition to the history of latter-day journalism and an introduction to one of its ablest, most gracious and most interesting personalities. Mr. Whiteing is an exception among authors in that one may learn to love and admire him from his writings and then come to know him personally without losing anything whatever of that admiration or that regard.



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Miss May Sinclair's new novel, "The Romantic," will be published by Messrs. Collins in September.

Having turned from the writing of fiction to war work, Mr. Keighley Snowden has now turned from war work to write the "Life of Sir Swire Smith," and the book is to make its appearance this autumn. He has treated Sir Swire Smith as an historic figure, a type of the English manufacturer during the period 1860-1914, when it may be said that Britain was teaching the use of machinery to the world—a period that will be deemed more important than that of the famous Hansa League. Swire Smith's public life was that of a pioneer educationist. Foreseeing in the sixties that Britain could not retain an industrial monopoly, he was among the first

to say that we must prepare by technical instruction for a contest of brains, and that any evasion of this by tariffs would be weak and mischievous. He studied what Germany was doing in the way of technical education and founded at Keighley the first English technical school. The main interest of Mr. Snowden's biography is its unreserved revelations of a romantic personality who was said

Photo by
L'Al

**Miss Barbara
Wingfield
Stratford,**

whose romance of Indian life,
"Beryl India," is published by
Books Limited

to combine the manners of a society entertainer with the zeal of a prophet. A dozen times he declined to stand for Parliament, and at last, still preferring business and his freedom, reluctantly allowed himself to be nominated and, at seventy-three, became an M.P. under protest.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has finished a new novel, "Green Apple Harvest," which will be published in September.

Yet another attempt has been made to solve the Drood mystery. In "The Murder of Edwin Drood," as recounted by John Jasper, Mr. Percy T. Carden has based his conclusions mainly on Dickens's MS. and memoranda, and it is an indication that the book may be taken seriously that Mr. B. W. Matz has written an introduction. It will be published early in the autumn by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

Mr. Louis Stone, the Australian novelist, is over here just now, taking a sort of rest cure in London and renewing acquaintance with parts of England



Mr. Douglas Goldring,

whose "Reputations" (Chapman & Hall) is reviewed in
this Number.

From a portrait in oils by Philip Naviaski.

that he used to know, for he was born here in the Midlands, though he has been living in Sydney since he was twelve. His latest novel, "Betty Wayside," was published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton four years or so ago. His "Jonah" (Methuen), a realistic story of a Sydney larrikin, is acknowledged for as true a picture of present-day town life in



Mr. Michael Arlen,

whose brilliant first book, "A London Venture" (Heinemann), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Arlen has completed a new book, "The Romantic Lady," which will be published by Mr. Heinemann in the autumn.

Australia as "For the Term of his Natural Life" and "Robbery Under Arms" are of certain aspects of the rougher side of the Australia of last century.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney's latest novel, "Candlelight" (Hutchinson), has been dramatised by Mr. Richard Pryce, and is to be produced at the Court Theatre by Lady Forbes Robertson.

From the 1st to the 31st of July the Decorative Art Group is holding an exhibition at the Dorian Leigh Galleries, in Bruton Street, Bond Street. The Group was founded to encourage the development of artistic interior decoration and to create among the public a desire for beautiful and at the same time useful things which can be purchased at moderate prices. It extends its activities to all sorts of arts and crafts, including portraiture, stage settings, and even hats and dresses. Special attention is given to the designing of textiles, and already some of the best textile designers belong to the Group. Competitions are being arranged; international relations have been established, and it is hoped to send an exhibition abroad next year. Meanwhile, this first exhibition in Bruton Street should attract the attention of all who are interested in this effort to introduce more of art into the home and everyday life. There are many well known names among the Group's first list of members, including C. R. W. Nevinson, George Sheringham, Paul Nash, E. O. Hoppé, John Everett, Reginald Higgins, Ernest Cole, Anne Estelle Rice, Nancy Smith, Kathleen Hale, etc.

"The Charm of Oxford," by J. Wells, Warden of Wadham College, which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing shortly, tells the story of the University and reveals the charm of its gardens and ancient buildings. The book will be illustrated with twenty-seven pencil drawings by W. G. Blackall.

Mr. George Moore has written an introduction to "The Genius of the Marne," by John L. Balderston, a play which Messrs. Allen & Unwin have in the press. Mr. Balderston is an American and a personal friend of Mr. Moore whose introduction incidentally and for the first time reveals his own views of the great war.

A painting by John Zoffany, the importance of which is certain to be recognised either side of Suez, will be offered for sale at Sotheby's this month. The known facts about its history are related at some length by Lady Victoria Manners and Dr. Williamson in their biography of the artist,

reviewed in THE BOOKMAN for May. Two versions of "Colonel Mordaunt's Cock-match" have defied the ravages of time. Zoffany painted one of them for Warren Hastings and it now belongs to the Marquis of Tweeddale. But Zoffany's brush did not touch this canvas until after his return to England, and he must have relied on his recollections, sketches and notes of the sporting event which, with a numerous group of more or less eminent spectators, he depicted. The other and earlier version was unquestionably painted at Lucknow, and was kept there until, about 1817, a ruler of Oudh gave it to Mr. Richard Strachey of the Honourable Company's Civil Service, the present owner's grandfather. This is the picture

that is to be sold, and the occasion should be interesting in more ways than one.

Mr. Alfred Hayes, who was the subject of a tribute in these pages some months ago, has collaborated with Mr. Edward Stirling in a four-act prose play, "The Mayflower," which is to figure prominently in the Tercentenary celebrations. Dr. Rendel Harris has written a preface for the printed version, which is to be published by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

"The Line's Engaged," a humorous story of the telephone, by Albert E. Welman, illustrated by C. A. Voigt, will be published shortly by Messrs. Jarrold.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

In "The Bishop's Masquerade" (7s. 6d. net; Leonard Parsons) Mr. Harold Thomson unfolds the unconventional and amusing romance of the Right Reverend Hugh Molesley Raeburn, D.D., Bishop of Stanbury, a prelate who is handsome and comparatively young but has no predisposition to adventure off the beaten track. He is threatened with a nervous breakdown, and a specialist insists that his one chance of avoiding complete catastrophe is to throw up everything for a while, change his way of life entirely and

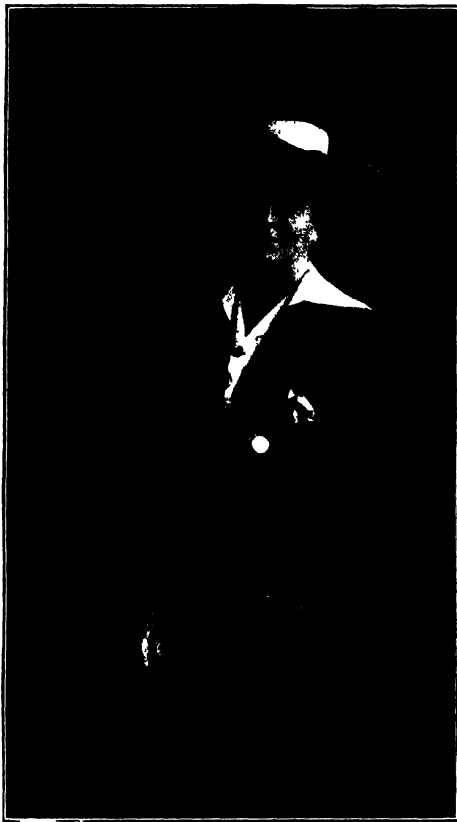


Photo by
Molly Darelle.

Mrs. Alice Perrin,

whose new novel, "The Vow of Silence," has
just been published by Messrs. Cassell.

grow robust in body and mind by giving himself over to simple and primitive things. After some shocked objection the Bishop reluctantly yields and, following the doctor's instructions, goes to a lonely island of the outer Hebrides as a mere unclerical, impecunious wanderer. He puts up at an ungenteel inn, accepts poorly paid manual labour as his portion, and is soon stumbling and plunging into romance. For there is a beautiful girl on the island with a drunken father and a lover who has a hold upon her father and of whom she goes in dread. Moreover, a wealthy American and his daughter arrive on a visit, and the daughter not only recognises the bishop and keeps his secret but, like the other girl, falls in love with him. The specialist had not bargained for this, but it all has its share in making a man of the bishop, for it involves him in a new set of troubles and before he gets out of them he has twice taken off his coat and floored his rival in a pitched battle. The characters are well drawn, and the story a holiday story of the best kind.

"George Meredith: His Life and Friends in Relation to His Work," by S. M. Ellis (21s. net; Grant Richards), is a new and revised edition of the most intimate life of Meredith that has yet been published. Mr. Ellis is a relative of the great novelist and his book is valuable alike

for its personal detail and its revelations concerning the originals of many of the characters in the novels.

"Man to Man," by John Leitch (Putnams), offers a solution of the Labour problem as it has been worked out successfully by the author for twenty large business firms. The solution is a form of co-operation. As Mr. Barnes says in an introduction, this is no mere abstract treatise, "but an actual illustration of things which have been done." We commend the book to masters and men who are looking for a common-sense way out of labour unrest, for it shows how that may be reached by making the prosperity of each side the common interest of both.

It is impossible to believe that the Chief of the Secret Police at Singapore could be quite such a joyously unadulterated ass as Lochinvar M'Whizzle, but you don't enjoy Mr. Peter Blundell's "Mr. Podd of Borneo" (6s. net; Werner Laurie) because of its probabilities but because it is riotously and ridiculously entertaining. And as the book that won the publisher's £250 prize for the best humorous novel that is what it ought to be. It is all broad farce in an unusual setting; Mr. Podd himself is a delightful creation and anybody who wants something to laugh at will get what he wants by reading about him.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ALAN GRAHAM.

AS a rule, it is easy enough to label your novels and keep them apart in their proper places. The labelling may be at times a little ambiguous, but when you describe a novel as one of character, of adventure, of sex, of sentiment, of sensation, of mystery, of crime, of politics, of high society, of low life, of humour, and so on, everybody has a sufficiently useful notion of what sort of book to expect for his money. Often, of course, several of these qualities will blend in one story, but nearly always one quality so far predominates that you have no difficulty in selecting your single word for the label.

Dickens mixed all such qualities pretty freely; but most authors are contented to work with two at a time. Sensation and sentiment are generally partners, and take it in turn to keep in the background. Mystery may get into high society, adventure into politics, and character may go with any variety. So may humour, but you

seldom find humour collaborating with sensation. In fact nine sensational novelists out of ten, nowadays, seem to have no sense of humour at all, but climb among

the best sellers and do very well indeed without it.

The worst of getting used to things happening in these ways with a certain amount of regularity is that when you come across such a novel as "Follow the Little Pictures" you don't quite know where to place it. If you had no conscience to trouble you, you might say it was a mystery story and leave it at that; for that is what it is, and the mystery is a very ingenious one and very cleverly handled. But you might as truthfully say it is a humorous story, for it is that too; and it has streaks of sentiment and sensation, and is also a story of character, which is the last thing that the majority of tales of mystery or sensation ever attempt to be. All which means that it is a rebellious novel; it

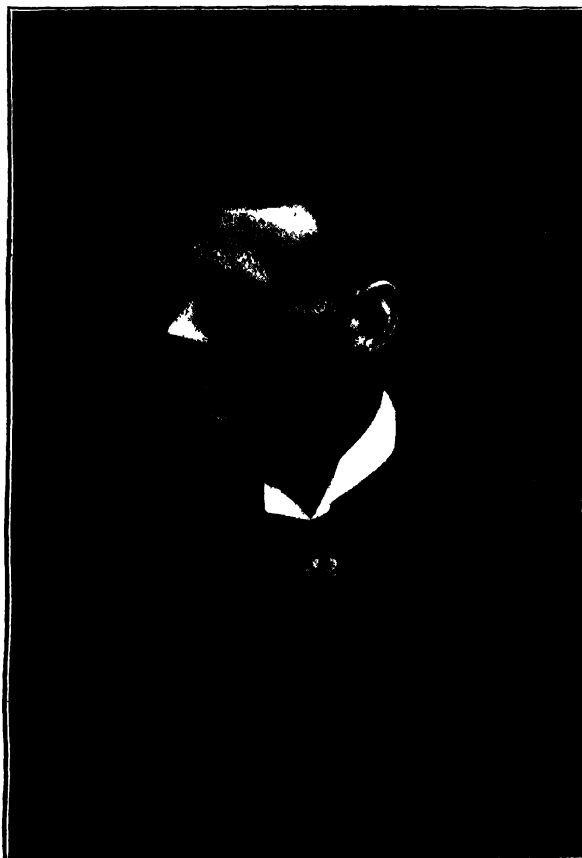


Photo by R. Bowyer Staines

Mr. Alan Graham.

will not conform to any one label, and you can't even get over the difficulty by summarising the plot, because so much of its interest, so much of the pleasure you have in reading it, depends on the skill with which that plot is unfolded and the ease and lightness and humour with which the whole thing is told.

Suppose we say it is a story of hidden treasure and that the title is derived from the queer, cryptic symbols on the chart which indicates where that treasure is buried. That is true but does not help you much, because, after all, the chief value of the treasure is that it serves to bring together and join in a common object divers people who would not, otherwise, have met and played their parts in one of the blithest, most baffling mystery tales I have ever enjoyed. Yet some of the characters, though they are hedged about with humour from the start, seem to have the right secrecy and cunning and sinister leanings that belong to men who are responsible for mystery and sensation. You will distrust Jabez Morgan as soon as you come across him and class him as a dangerous, dishonest and unscrupulous person, only to discover in the long run that you have made a mistake. And Dougal Tanish, the choleric, outrageously bad-tempered and bad-mannered Scottish laird, would fit equally well into a humorous narrative or into one of violence and attempted murder, and here he is at home in both. It is the chance meeting with those two men and with Marigold, the laird's charming, much-enduring daughter, on board the *Sphinx*, on his passage over from America to England, that completely changes the course of Robert Seaton's life; though the hidden treasure is nothing to Robert, and you will make another mistake if you imagine that he is to fall in love with Marigold, for there is another and more charming girl waiting for him a good way ahead in the story. Of these three Robert Seaton says, "thrown thus across my path, they diverted me into mystery and adventure which but for this chance meeting I would never have known."

That mystery and adventure are the real things; there are grim, surprising episodes in the book that are thrown into higher relief by the humour with which the author leavens his characters and varies the progress of his narrative. It is a story that thrills you on one page and sets you laughing on the next, and is written with such freshness and so attractively that one is not surprised to learn that it is rapidly winning favour on both sides of the Atlantic. It deserves no less.

Nor is one surprised to hear that, first novel as it is, it was promptly accepted by the first publishers who saw it—by Messrs. Blackwood in this country and by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. in America. That is an achievement, but then so is the book itself. If it is Mr. Alan Graham's first novel, however, it is his second book, and he has been writing almost ever since he knew which was the right end of a pen. The desire to write, he says, has always been with him. He has been unable to follow it up steadily, but even while, a good many years ago, he was studying chemistry at the Technical College in Glasgow, he used to earn pocket money by writing more or less libellous verses for the old *Glasgow Bailie*; and later the *People's Friend* became a source of income to him. More recently he contributed a long series of short stories dealing with the fortunes of a certain Araminta to the *Grand Magazine*, and a selection of these was published in volume recently by Messrs. Newnes with the title of "Araminta and the River."

At present Mr. Graham is engaged on a more serious, a much more ambitious novel, and if circumstances are propitious and leisure and the mood serve he will probably have it finished in time for publication this autumn. Meanwhile, however much one may hesitate over the precise labelling of "Follow the Little Pictures," one has no hesitation whatever in saying that the author of so ingenious and deftly written a first novel is a novelist with a future, and a future that is not far off.

F. HEATH.

AT NIGHT.

BY MURIEL ESSE.

The hot day dies; the jasmine-scented night
Steals over the vast moor, the lonely farms;
And now I put my earthly toil away—
Fade as the sunset fades out of the day,
Into the shadow of thy waiting arms.

Ache of the heart, my aching limbs have dulled.
The grass is heavy with the evening dew.
Read in my face the words I cannot frame—
I am of earth, and thou wert once the same—
I am a toiler, and my words are few.

In the great silence of the night, thine eyes
Are mirrors, in whose depths I look until
Forgetting I have failed, I think I see
What the completed Beautiful must be—
And pray what I behold, I may fulfil.

THE READER.

THE ROMANCE OF JEFFERY FARNOL.

By J. P. COLLINS.

NOW that Atlas is settling into his stride again, the public is better able to distinguish, let us hope, between writers who have been suckled upon print and swaddled into authorship, and those who have seen the world and found something to say. Mr. Jeffery Farnol is a healthy example of the men of action. Few of our novelists are as independent of place or period, though some admirers would territorialise him in the county of Kent, and others might pin him to the era of the gay Prince Regent. But the characteristics common to his work are racial and permanent, and he would probably declare his best asset has been a knock-about experience of life. After all, this is no new doctrine. Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness, and plenty of sound romancers have learned in the school of adversity how to put their readers in good spirits. Unchecked prosperity, as William James declared, lacks "the great initiation," and what holds good in the spiritual sphere holds equally true of imaginative writing.

Certain good fairies round Mr. Farnol's cradle were none the worse for seeming otherwise. Besides a father who could infect the household with a love of books, and a mother who was all affectionate encouragement, he had this advantage in disguise, that he was born amid dingy surroundings and had to rough it. Only a loyal Midlander like the present writer, who knew his Birmingham in the seventies and eighties, is likely to strike the right balance of allowances and perceive what that environment involved. London caught our author young, but he was to have another spell of Ironopolis before he turned out into the world, like the younger Weller, to play at leapfrog with its troubles. He was luckier than some of us, for he got a chance of trying engineering; luckier still, perhaps, that he very soon left it behind. One of his few successes was to scale a factory stack for a wagered florin, and those who know what "Brum" could produce in the way of chimneys will see that here was a youngster nothing could daunt.

In the same way, no factory in brass or iron could hold a lad who was drawing audiences with story-telling, when he was not drawing caricatures. This vein of

artistry was irrepressible. He tried ironwork, carpentering, jewellery, the brush, and goodness knows what else. At Westminster Art School he made a lifelong friend of Yoshio Markino, the Japanese artist, but he was shaping

for deeper moorings still. He married the daughter of an American scene-painter, Mr. Hawley, and went west with them to pursue his studies in comparative indigence, or what would have proved so but for his father-in-law. Through him Farnol obtained a post in the scenic studios of the Astor Theatre, and after a deal of windmill work, proceeded to paint miles of chequered panorama as a background to prevent the fine aroma of the stage from evaporating before it crossed the footlights. In between whiles he found time to write a tale which three American firms refused, one on the ground that it was "too English and too long." Time was to bring revenges, especially in America, but not before this had rebuff was beaten by a worse.

An actor colleague took the MS. to Boston to try its luck there, but Boston lost a chance of joining the chorus of negation. For the actor brought it back, grubbier than ever; it had lain at the bottom of a trunk, forgotten and undisturbed. Not even Peter, its hero, ever had finer occasion to rail against the "cussedness" of Fate.

That tale was "The Broad Highway," and even broad highways will sometimes turn. Luckily this one, like the bells in the nursery ditty, led the author back to London. His wife, rescuing the MS. from perdition, sent it to an old friend of the Farnol family, who in a long and busy career of sporting journalism had kept his soul alive for literature. Beneath the 'prentice hand he caught the gleam of real romance, and Shirley Byron Jevons was never the man to let good work or good enthusiasm die. He offered it to Mr. Rymer, of Sampson Low, a kindred and discerning spirit, and thus the firm that found "Lorna Doone" lit upon another gem of price. Their admiration was infectious. Mr. Jevons sent me an advance copy when I was in charge of the book page of a well-known daily, with just a line to say that here was a feather for the cap of my native town. Once the first chapter was read, the recommendation was needless. I flung the bush away to enjoy the wine



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Jeffery Farnol.

the more, and in real sincerity gave it all the praise I knew on the day of publication. The worst to be said of the story of Cleone was that she hardly hove in sight until the book was nearly half-way through. But in launching the reader upon chance adventures by old-time taverns and the margins of the Kentish roads, the author had followed the vogue of Fielding and Smollett, and where shall you find better models? What is more, he had made his tale a parable of existence, where your way winds through a forest of hazards before you emerge upon sunshine and the ordered landscape of your choice, if ever. And the closing chapters that go to the winning and deliverance of Cleone mount as near to rapture as any reader well may ask, short of the eloquence of "perfect music married unto noble words."

America was just as instant to greet the new novelist, and Mr. Jenkins, of Little, Brown & Co., worked as hard for the book as Mr. Jevons and Mr. Rymer. The result is that in the west Mr. Farnol has never looked back; and in a short time he was placing serial rights with "McClure's" at fabulous rates before title was fixed or the scenario dry upon the paper. What was the reason for this simultaneous success upon both sides of the Atlantic? America was producing first-class novelists of her own, and this new-comer had never stirred a finger to touch any of the soft spots that are charged to her. Indeed, there is something truly Midland in the sturdy independence with which he followed his bent from first to last, and studied neither markets nor fashions in the framing of his work. The short cut is boldest and best in the long run. He has had no need to make a set bid for western readers, because he has gone to the true source of romance for his wizardry of scene and character, of situation and conceit. He has drawn upon the main stops of simple emotion, and has needed no other. Consciously or otherwise, he has been guided by Wordsworth's rule,

"We live by admiration, hope, and love,"

and the rest is simple. That is why the past seems merely a backcloth for projecting his creations to the focus he requires; and if ever he writes of the future, he will be well advised to remain simple and bold as ever, and true to the primary colours of villainy and virtue.

There was a time when it seemed as if Farnol took his cue from an American yarn, "*Monsieur Beaucaire*." The times agree, for Booth Tarkington's book came first by a decade, and there is internal evidence that "*The Broad Highway*" was preceded in the writing by "*The Honourable Mr. Tawnish*," which I take to be the slightest thing that Farnol has done, and the most reminiscent of the stage. But whether this conjecture is right or not—and there is nothing belittling about it, for "*Beaucaire*" is admirable feigning—there is nothing derivative about Farnol save that he has gone, as already said, to the primal sources, where Spenser and the Elizabethans went, the idyllists from Theocritus to Morris and Maeterlinck, the pastoral players and the gentler of the minstrels, the authors of "*Roland*" and "*The Romaunt of the Rose*" and "*Aucassin et Nicolette*." Give an audience their fill of love and fighting, of injustice and suspense, of well-planned rescue and cunningly-contrived surprise, and

they will not greatly disturb themselves about the rules of probability or the "supercheries" of scholarship.

The more he plunges into the unfathomable wealth of the dark or twilight ages, the more Mr. Farnol may be trusted to perceive how they have been misdescribed by shallow knowledge, labelled by neo-sectarianism, and obscured in the crude light of the "revival of learning." The ages that built the surviving cathedrals and the abbeys long since perished, that built up a peerless code of chivalry, that waged the crusades against terrific odds of distance and of nature, and crossed the known world in every direction with a never-ending come-and-go of seafarers and merchants and craftsmen, of pilgrims and gleemen and scholars, could hardly have been the vast slough of barbarism that our present-day ignorance and pride pretend. Mr. Farnol is not above crowding his chorus with recreants and villains past redemption or the pantomime monk with the venison pie. His Latin sometimes gives us the shivers. He mixes his "thee's" and his "ye's," and precisians may murmur at his forms of archaic diction. But he never plays down to modern complacency or bigotry, and he does not burden our credulity without compensation. If, as Roosevelt said, imagination in the historian is quite compatible with minute accuracy, most readers would say that occasional looseness on points need not disturb imagination in romance. If our author makes a slip in the way of detail, or lapses into excess, he preserves the most important thing, and that is atmosphere. Above all, he keeps a gentle undertone of sanity alive and resonant, whatever the key or movement. There is always a note of gaiety reigning through his work, like a glimmer of daylight through the tree-tops, to remind you that somewhere through his favourite "boskage" the open country is awaiting us and the smiling sunset of a happy ending.

One faculty Mr. Farnol has had in his favour all along, and without it he might have failed, charm he never so wisely. The canakin may clink, and the tucket resound, till the galled jade wince, and all that. You may embroider your dialogue with time-honoured proverbs and "tushery" and snatches of old rounds and ballads. You may deck your marginal characters with all manner of ejaculation and eccentricity; but without a healthy sense of humour it must ring hollow. The greatest addition to the annals of our time—Hardy's "*Dynasts*"—never rises to its real dimensions on the horizon of our admiration till it brings into its survey an element of wayside comedy, and indulges the play of homely wits upon the cosmic issues going forward. Here, thanks to his first-hand study of the English roads, Mr. Farnol has been able to enliven his canvas with genial oddities like *The Ancient* and the *Bos'un* and *Black George*. They sweeten the stilted devilry of gentry like *Chichester* and *Sir Maurice Vibart* and *Duke Ivo*, and persuade us that even in sinister times the good greenwood harboured simple souls pervaded by a cheerful and reckless equanimity. There is no doubt they all make enormously for Mr. Farnol's widespread popularity. Mr. Balfour years ago put in a wholesome plea, and rightly, for a gayer note in our romances. And this power of keeping a blithe heart beating through a stirring tale is more needed nowadays than the "lovely and immortal privilege" Leigh Hunt spoke about, "that can stretch

its hand out of the wastes of time and touch our eyelids with tears."

Our author, with a decade of good work to his credit, is still a young man as writers go, and it is idle to pontificate about a man who may yet surmount his own high-water mark. There are *Noctes Farnolianae* to come, perhaps, which may dispense with his favourite type of high-born heroine, endowed with glamorous beauty and a commanding temper which beats itself away upon the hero's constancy of purpose. He should certainly never return to minor work like "Mr. Tawnish," "The Chronicles of the Imp" and "The Geste of Duke Jocelyn," which are the leisure rambles of a summer afternoon compared with the fortunes of Beltane or Barnabas. Only last year "Our Admirable Betty" reassured us that the author's powers remain as fertile as ever, while his grip grows firmer. The film version of "The Amateur Gentleman," which one saw on its production the other day, showed, with all the present rawness of the cinema, what a rich field for strife and surprise the Farnol novels are. He has acquired unmistakable skill in the use of what the engineer calls "baffle-plates" and artists call the conflict of emotion. It is rumoured among the gossips that Mr. Farnol is at

work in a new vein which should suit him to perfection. Should he succeed, he will deserve well of us all, and if he fails, he has plenty of admirers to welcome him ashore. But he will not fail, we may depend, for want of hard work, intensity of realisation, or that vivid and devil-may-care imagination which is the province where he most excels. To frame a tale of derring-do with splendid seriousness is something, to call up a vision of womanly virtue tried and resurgent, or to interest us in the commerce and traffic of the country-side in the green heart of a typical English shire; but without the sure touch and penetration of the artist, without the easy swing of a changing narrative, the retention of the reader's interest, and the atmosphere that blends all truly, toil is apt to be thrown away. The worthy Sir Egerton Brydges was just such an example of unattaining effort. His romances are dusty and forgotten now, and hardly repay the turning over; but he had the root of the matter in him when he wrote that "nothing is so happy to itself and so attractive to others as a genuine and ripened imagination that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness." And if these are not marks of the Farnol romances, then they are beyond analysis.

RHODA BROUGHTON.

BY S. M. ELLIS.

THE death of Miss Rhoda Broughton, at the age of seventy-nine, last month, marks the passing of the last of the women novelists of the mid-Victorian period. Her contemporaries, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Riddell, Miss Yonge, Miss Middlemass, and many others, are all gone now.

The daughter of a clergyman, the Rev. Delves Broughton, of Broughton Hall, Staffordshire, and granddaughter of Sir H. D. Broughton, eighth baronet, Rhoda Broughton was born in North Wales on November 20th, 1840. Her mother was Irish, a member of the Bennett family of The Grange, Birr, King's County, and daughter of George Bennett, Q.C., of 18 (now renumbered 70), Merrion Square, Dublin. Mr. Bennett's younger daughter, Susan, married Sheridan Le Fanu, the novelist, author of "Uncle Silas" and many another tale of terror. This literary connection had a good deal to do with Miss Broughton's future career as a writer. As a girl she often stayed with her uncle by marriage and her Le Fanu cousins in Dublin. Encouraged and helped by Sheridan Le Fanu

she wrote her first stories, and as they progressed she would read them aloud in the evenings passed in Merrion Square to him and a few favoured guests, one of the number being Mr. Percy FitzGerald.

These early romances of rugged heroes and unconventional heroines developed into "Not Wisely, but Too Well" and "Cometh up as a Flower," both of

which were published first by Sheridan Le Fanu, in 1867, in *The Dublin University Magazine*, then his own property. He said to her: "You will succeed, and when you do, remember that I prophesied it." Le Fanu also introduced his niece to his London publisher, Bentley, and her literary position was assured after the success of "Red as a Rose is She" in 1872. It was read and praised by everybody. I remember a friend, who was a member of the same club as W. E. Gladstone, relating that on one occasion he saw the statesman, in the library, deep in the perusal of a book. Gladstone read on for a long time, and when he eventually put the book down and left the room, the engrossing volume proved to be not a work of



Photo by Bassano.

Miss Rhoda Broughton.

philosophy or classical history but—"Red as a Rose is She."

From 1878 and during the 'eighties, when her literary reputation was at its highest, Miss Broughton lived with her several dogs at 27, Holywell Street, Oxford. She much enjoyed the academic society of the place. She was a woman of wit and a brilliant, if somewhat caustic, conversationalist. Jowett used to invite her to dine at Balliol to meet his most distinguished guests. Unlike the majority of Oxford ladies, Miss Broughton was always well dressed. Her novel "Belinda" (1883) was a picture of Oxford society of that period, and it is supposed to include a very acute presentation of Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln.

In 1890 she went to live at 1, Mansfield Place, Richmond Hill, Surrey, but ten years later she returned to Oxford. The rest of her life was passed there, at River View, Headington Hill, with lengthy visits to London, where at one time she occupied a flat at 4, Culford Mansions, Chelsea.

Altogether Miss Broughton was the author of some twenty-one successful novels—one of the best being "A Waif's Progress," which contains some very

humorous character drawing. Her last book was "A Thorn in the Flesh" (1917), though I understand a posthumous novel will be published shortly.

She was a pioneer in one sense among feminine novelists because she introduced the daring unconventional heroine in fiction during a very prim period—the sixties—of Victorian life. She really shocked many readers. There is a pleasing but no doubt invented story that Miss Broughton's father forbade her to read her own books. Her style changed later on. As she herself laughingly put it: "I began life as Zola, I finish it as Miss Charlotte Yonge." That of course is an exaggeration: she never approximated to the crude realism of Zola. What is true is that the outspoken freedom and easy wit of her earlier books were succeeded by a more mordant humour, a keener dissection of the emotions and motives which sway poor humanity, and at the same time a more homely and human sentiment.

As a woman Miss Broughton's numerous friends termed her delightful, and she held a position peculiarly her own, beloved alike for herself and for her books.

COLERIDGE'S "MARINE SONNET."

BY MAJOR S. BUTTERWORTH.

IN *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, 1819, there appeared the following sonnet, written by S. T. Coleridge:

FANCY IN NUBIBUS.

A Sonnet, composed on the Sea Coast.

"O! IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or bid the easily persuaded eyes

Own each strange likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bowed low,
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
Twixt crimson banks, and then a traveller go
From mount to mount o'er CLOUDLAND, gorgeous land!
Or listening to the tide with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possess'd with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea!"

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Charles Lamb saw this sonnet in the magazine and, in his letter to Coleridge (January 10th, 1820), asks: "Who put your marine sonnet . . . into 'Blackwood'?" I did not." It will be noticed that Coleridge does not call his poem a "marine sonnet," but "a sonnet composed on the Sea Coast." Lamb's reason for so calling it will be seen below, and is a proof that he was acquainted with an earlier version of the poem than that which appeared in *Blackwood's*, and which for many years was supposed to be its first appearance. Such proof is to be found in a letter written by Lamb to Coleridge earlier. The letter bears no date or postmark, so that the time when it was written is matter for conjecture. When it was first published, namely, in Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb," 1848, the editor placed it among the correspondence of 1829. Succeeding editors followed suit, until the late Canon Ainger altered this arrangement. In the notes to his edition of the "Letters," he states that "it certainly belongs to the year 1819, for Coleridge's sonnet was *first* [the italics are mine] printed in *Blackwood's Magazine* in November, 1819, and this copy was evidently sent to Lamb in manuscript before publication." Mr. Lucas heads the letter thus: "[No date. ? Summer, 1819.]" The late Mr. Macdonald, in his edition, places it sometime in the week ending January 15th, 1820.

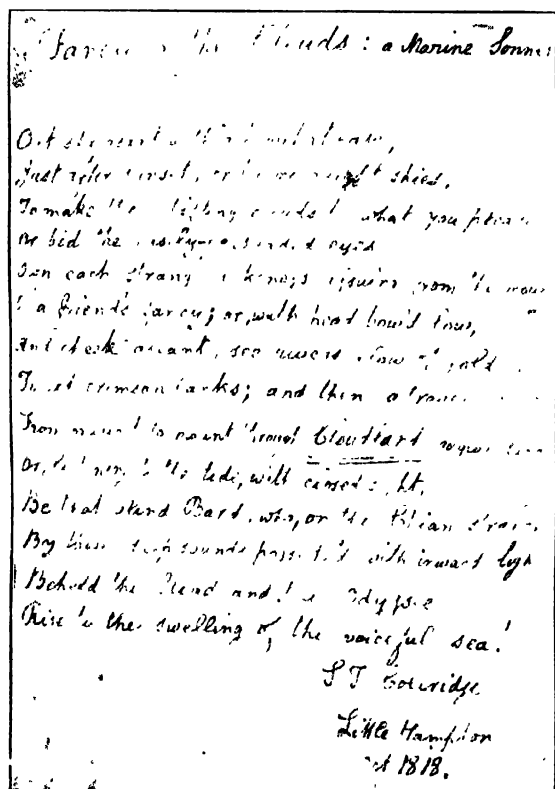


Photo by A. Dabenhams, Southsea.

Facsimile copy of Coleridge's sonnet in Lamb's handwriting.

Subsequently to the appearance of an article on the subject contributed by the present writer to the *Athenæum* on June 21st, 1913, Mr. Macdonald, on very good grounds, gave his reason for assigning the letter to a date which can be fairly easily ascertained approximately from a letter to Wordsworth, written on February 18th, 1818.

Here is the letter that has caused so much difference of opinion, not only as to date but also as to another matter, which will be seen later :

"Dr. C. Your sonnet is capital. The Paper ingenious, only that it split into 4 parts (besides a side splinter) in the carriage. I have transferred it to the common English Paper, *manufactured of rags*, for better preservation. I never knew before how the Iliad and Odyssey were written. 'Tis strikingly corroborated by observations on Cats. These domestic animals, put 'em on a rug before the fire, wink their eyes up and listen to the Kettle, and then PURR, which is their Poetry.

"On Sunday week we kiss your hands (if they are clean). This next Sunday I have been engaged for some time.

"With remembrances to your good Host and Hostess,

"Yours ever,

C. LAMB."

There have been guesses as to what this "ingenious paper" was. Talfourd said it was "some gauzy tissue paper on which the sonnet was copied"; Mr. Lucas, that it was "apparently some curious kind of paper." As they had not seen the original they can hardly be blamed for having "hazarded a wide solution." The material on which the poem is written is SEA-WEED. "I've measured it from side to side: 'tis" twelve inches long and, at its widest part, three inches. It corresponds to Lamb's description of it, for it is split

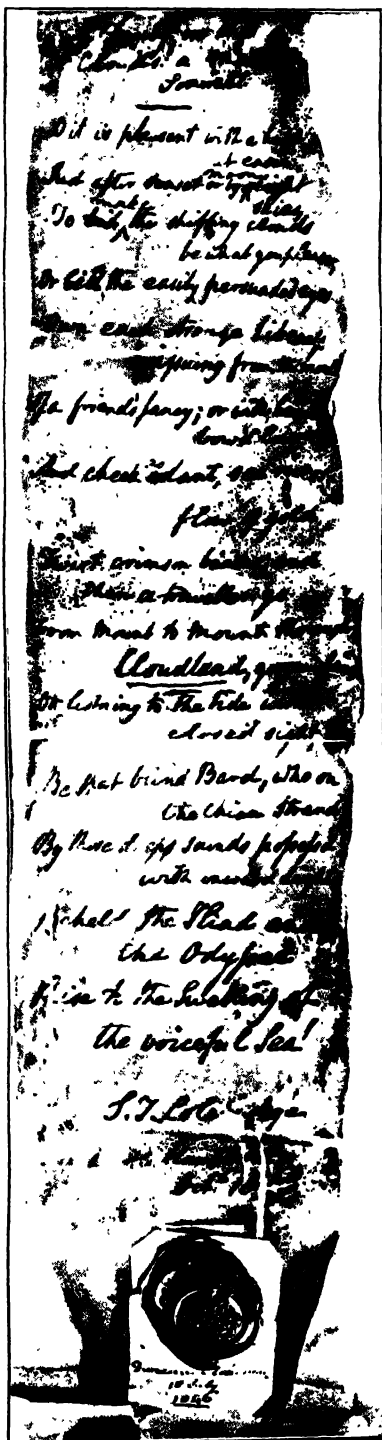


Photo by A. Debenham, Southsea.

Facsimile of the sonnet written on sea-weed.

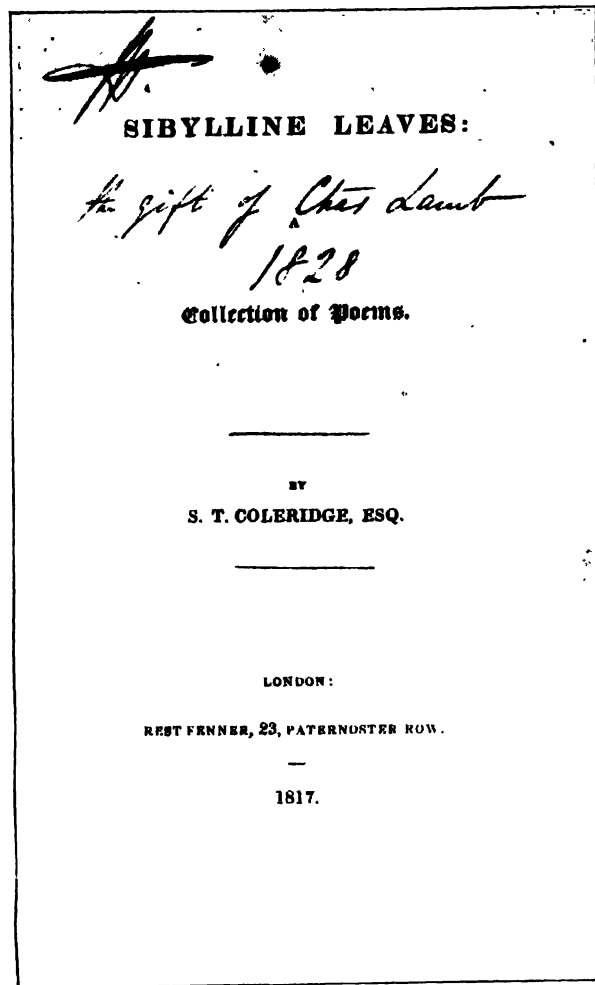


Photo by A. Debenham, Southsea.

Facsimile title page.

into four parts besides a side splinter, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration. It has been mounted on common and coarse English paper *manufactured of rags*, and is here reproduced in facsimile.

At the bottom there is the seal of Donald Macbean—with the date 18 July, 1846—upon whose identity I can throw no light.

In a copy of Coleridge's "Sibylline Leaves," which was in Lamb's possession, and is now, along with the sea-weed sonnet, in my treasured keeping, the sonnet has been transcribed, and this transcription is in Lamb's unmistakable handwriting. Apparently he has taken upon himself to alter the punctuation here and there. It will be noticed that Coleridge has dated the sonnet October, 1818. This date is certainly wrong, for the poem appeared for the first time in print in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, February 7th, 1818, the proprietor and printer of which was John Mathew Gutch, who was a schoolfellow of Lamb and Coleridge at Christ's Hospital. The title under which the sonnet appeared in that journal is: "Fancy in Nubibus. A Sonnet composed by the Seaside, October, 1817." When it was collected by Coleridge with his other poems in 1828, the title, or rather, the sub-title, was again varied, for in that edition it was called: "Fancy in Nubibus, or the Poet in the Clouds." It is only in the sea-weed version that it is entitled "a Marine Sonnet." The bibliographical details of dates of composition, publication, etc., will be found in the table on the next page:

Date of Composition.	Date of Publication.	Journals, &c., in which the Poem appeared.	Title.
October, 1817, at Little-hampton.			"Fancy in the Clouds": a Marine Sonnet.
	February 7th, 1818	<i>Felix Farley's Bristol Journal</i>	"Fancy in Nubibus": a Sonnet composed by the Seaside, October, 1817.
	November, 1819	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	"Fancy in Nubibus": a Sonnet composed on the Sea Coast
	1828	"Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge"	*"Fancy in Nubibus, or the Poet in the Clouds."

* The title which has been retained.

As to the date of the letter in which Lamb acknowledges the sonnet, it was written probably either at the end of January or beginning of February, 1818, as in the letter to Wordsworth referred to above, which is dated February 18th, 1818, Lamb tells him that he "dined with S. T. C. at Gilman's a Sunday or two since."

There is an interesting association connected with Lamb's copy of the "Sibylline Leaves," which was presented, presumably, to the person whose initials appear on the title page. These I make out to be "J. H. P.," in all likelihood, John Howard Payne, the author of the opera of which the song, "Home Sweet Home," is the only number now remembered. Lamb first met Payne at Kenney's when he and Mary visited France in 1822, and there are several letters written to him by Lamb, and one written by Payne to the latter was printed in *Scribner's Magazine* in December, 1915.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. JULY, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best account in not more than two hundred words of anything seen or heard (in the way of incident, anecdote or local legend) during a holiday spent at home or abroad.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

- I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to A. Phillpotts, of Eltham Torquay, for the following:

SONG OF PAN.

Long ago, with flocks returning
In the twilight, my heart burning—
For the wood nymph Syrinx yearning—
Through the bracken softly peeping,
I beheld my beauty sleeping:
Lovely as the early morning;
Like a flower the grass adorning.

Pressing back the ferns around her,
In my gentle arms I wound her;
She was mine, because I found her.
But alas! in terror waking,
From my sweet caresses breaking,
Like a startled fawn she fled me—
On and ever onward led me.

Syrinx! Syrinx! madly speeding,
Stay! Thy little feet are bleeding—
But she minded not my pleading;



Miss Vera Lovich.

whose new novel, "Passion's Quest," an unconventional story of married life, has just been published by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount.

Flying on up dale and dingle
Where the mountain runnels mingle ;
Round the foothills through the heather,
Like a sunbeam, like a feather.

Tiring once, her torn feet stumbled
As the earth beneath them crumbled,
And upon the rock she tumbled.
Then I heard her cry as, staring,
With her frightened fingers tearing
The rude stones, she rose, and faster
Flew—but I had nearly passed her.

Then she stopped ! I saw her shiver,
Saw her fluttering eyelids quiver :
Lo ! Before her shone a river.
She must either, wildly springing,
In the stream her body flinging,
Perish where the water races,
Or be lost in my embraces.

" Naiads ! Naiads ! Are ye sleeping ?
See ! I trust me to your keeping !"
Cried she, in the river leaping.
Swift, I spread my arms and caught her,
As she touched the broken water ;
But the nymphs had heard her gasping . . .
Hollow reeds behold me clasping !

Syrinx ! Syrinx ! in the river,
I will leave thee never, never—
Thou shalt be my voice for ever.
On thy lips my rude lips pressing
I will breathe through thee a blessing,
And in music thou replying,
Earth shall love me for thy sighing.

We also select for printing :

PILGRIMAGE.

Beyond the night, beyond the dawn, beyond our life's
ephemeral day,
Towards some far, unghimpsed bourne, groping, we journey
on our way,
With dim eyes striving to the light, hands that entreat the
relentless years,
Feet that have faltered in the night, hearts that have
cowered to craven fears.

Beyond the abyss of our unfaith, beyond the griefs that bow
the head,
Our souls, light-winged as love's wraith, throng with the
all too living dead.
With them possess the eternal fields, and, 'ere the shrouding
mist steal up.
Drown, in a peace unfathoméd, as flowers within a wine-
brimmed cup.

When the last moon shall falter down and no light answer
from the east,
Whose hands shall raise the immortal crown, and who shall
set the honeyed feast ?
What music wake upon the wind that drifts we know not
how nor whence,
Whose bounty shall our eyes unbind that we may know
life's recompense ?

Beyond the impatience of our breath, a quiet folding of the
hands,
Beyond the darkness we call death, the magic of the un-
known lands,
Beyond the surge of our unrest, the fragrance of the mystic
rose,
And sleep upon the Eternal Breast, sleep without dreams ?
. . . who knows . . . who knows !

(G. Laurence Groom, 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green,
N. 13.)



Mr. John Haslette Vahey.

whose "Johnnie Maddison" has just been reissued by
Mr. John Murray in a cheap edition. Mr. Haslette
Vahey has recently been demobilised and is resuming
his literary work.

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by
F. W. Kulicke (Pyrgos, Greece), J. Scott (Cheltenham),
L. Yarde Bunyard (Allington), Violet Walker (White-
haven), W. N. Davis (Cardiff), Gladys M. Salter
(Southend), John A. Bellchambers (London, N.), Lucy
Malleon (London, W.), John Peterson (Aberdeen),
J. O. Dwyer (Harrogate), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow),
Faith Hearn (Florence), Fredk. J. Webb (Tottenham),
L. M. Priest (Norwich), L. C. (Pretoria), L. J. Richards
(Jarrow), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), E. M. H. Haring-
ton (Folkestone), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Eileen Carfrae
(London, S.W.), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), M. F. H.
Coney (London, W.), Rachael Bates (Great Crosby),
Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Margaret Malim (Rochdale),
A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), R. Scott Frayn (Timper-
ley), Phyllis Erica Noble (London, E.), Kathleen Ida
Noble (London, E.), Olive Robinson (Gainsborough),
Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), A. Le
Poidevin (Guernsey), D. M. Bellinghurst (West Kensing-
ton), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Reginald Peirson
(Wandsworth), Rutli Wainwright (Hove), G. M. Salter
(Westcliff-on-Sea), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield),
Ivy Clark (Sydenham), J. D. Ware (Ilfracombe), Mary
E. Steel (Darlington), R. A. Joseph (Meliden), Arthur
R. Taylor (Birmingham), Margaret Gladys Allen (Keigh-
ley), Mary Deane (Holland Park), K. R. A. (Edinburgh),
C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Hilda C. Brighthouse (Eccles),
W. Nightingale Brown (Manchester), Rachel Swete
Macnamara (New Milton), F. Davidson (Bryansford).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best
quotation is awarded to Annie A. Robinson,
of 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath, for the
following :

HUMAN NATURE IN BUSINESS.

By F. C. KELLY. (Putnams.)

"First show me your penny."

SIMPLE SIMON, *Nursery Rhyme.*

We also select for printing :

ADVENTURES IN INTERVIEWING.

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON.
(John Lane.)

"Be off or I'll kick you downstairs."

LEWIS CARROLL, *You are old Father William.*

(J. S. Collins, 7, Pagoda Avenue, Richmond,
Surrey.)

FIVE YEARS' HELL IN A COUNTRY PARISH.

By REV. EDWARD FITZGERALD SYNNOTT.
(Stanley Paul.)

"I am ready to depart."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, *Finis*.

(Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington,
Manchester.)

PASSENGER. By HELEN DIRCKS.
(Chatto & Windus.)

"They returned from the ride,
With the Lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the Tiger."

LEAR'S *Nonsense Rhymes*.

(L. H. Freeman, 75, Paisley Road, West South-
bourne, Hants.)

DIAGNOSIS. By FREDERICK WATSON.

"A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died."

THOMAS HOOD, *Faithless Nellie Gray*.

(Sara H. Poe, Homewood, Swaffham, Norfolk.)

III.—There seems to be little variety in the way of holidays available to a poor bookman. Nine competitors out of ten send him to remote rural places where he could not spend money even if he had it. One offers him the excitement of joy-riding round the country in char-a-bancs but is vague about the tariff; several recommend him to go harvesting or working on the land for a change. The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Dorothy Child, of 48, Havelock Street, Canterbury, for the following, which keeps an eye on the poor bookman's pocket as well as on the scenery:

AN INEXPENSIVE HOLIDAY FOR A POOR BOOKMAN.

I can suggest an inexpensive and enjoyable holiday for a "poor bookman" if he can take it during the last week of August and the first week of September. He could go to a farm in the Weald of Kent and spend the first week in harvesting and the second week in hop-picking. Should he choose Tenterden, he could arrange with one of the farmers there to accommodate him and could pack his luggage, including a few books for wet days, and set off. During the first week he will become initiated into, and enjoy, the art of haymaking, and will sleep and eat like a farmer's boy. The orchards will be at his disposal and in them he will find apples, pears and plums in their most luscious state. The next week, in the hop-gardens, he may earn sixpence for every bushel he picks. The scent of the hops will probably make him exceedingly drowsy but he will sleep long and sound each night. Change of surroundings and the open-air life will have proved a real holiday and at the end of the fortnight he will return home with a renewed store of health and thoughts.

We also specially commend the papers by Gladys M. E. Leigh (Birmingham), M. M. Priestly (Malvern), Gwendolen Leijonhufoud (Bournemouth), M. I. Machar (Castle Eden), Rowland W. Pask (Darlington), Winifred Herrington (Reading), E. B. Schiff (Crawley), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), H. Dalton Vesey (Leytonstone), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Grace G. Webb (Southam), A. B. Hindmarsh (Hartlepool).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mrs. M. J. Eayres, 27, Harold Road, Hornsey, N.8, for the following:

THE VANITY GIRL. By H. COMPTON MACKENZIE.
(Cassell.)

Compton Mackenzie's "Vanity Girl" is remarkable in one way only: it is readable, even fascinating, in spite of its uninteresting characters. The heroine, recruited from Kensington to the stage, differs from her companions by no subtle results of upbringing and environment, but by extreme self-interest. She achieves her success and marriage by her beauty alone. Through all her experiences she remains the same unemotional, uninspiring doll, and her last act is just the final exasperation to readers. Perhaps the novel owes its attraction to the everchanging scene, perhaps to Compton Mackenzie's skill as a storyteller.

We also select for printing:

PRELUDE. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS.
(Chatto & Windus.)

This is not an ordinary school story, neither is the hero an average hero. It is an interesting study of a distinctly original but not unfamiliar type of boy who makes his own world of music and poetry to the entire exclusion of games. "He knew how to talk but he couldn't shout, he could dance but he couldn't run," and altogether the first impression of Paul Trevelyan is not favourable. Perhaps therein lies the greatest merit of the book, for as the story gradually unfolds, so the charming personality of Paul shines through the somewhat exotic atmosphere of "Prelude."

(E. M. Liddell, Shirenewton Hall, Chepstow.)

THE CAMP OF FEAR. By LESLIE GORDON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Contrary to time-worn usage, the familiar figures of criminal gangs and astute detectives are absent from this refreshing mystery story, whilst we are further indebted to the author for a distinctly novel theme. Five people, one of them the possessor of a priceless diamond, retreat to a lonely island, to protect the jewel from the persistent designs of a mysterious marauder. Bewildering adventures culminate in murder and suicide, when the criminal is unmasked, and we realise how skilfully our suspicions have been misdirected. Mr. Gordon's entertaining art cleverly keeps the reader fascinated and perplexed till the end of an excellently devised story.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

We select for special commendation the reviews sent by Angela Cave (Bournemouth), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), E. B. Durrant (Hampstead), Mrs. John Adams (Hampstead), Florence Dunford (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Maud R. Fleeson (Manchester), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), M. C. Barnard (London, W.), J. Scott (Cheltenham), G. Ralton Barnard (York), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Kathleen Mounsey (Bath), Gladys M. E. Leigh (Birmingham), N. A. Cooper (London, S.W.), A. W. McDonald (Ardrossan), T. W. H. Hunt (Bury St. Edmunds).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Margaret Fountain, of Upton, Huntingdon.

A NOTE ON THE WORK OF BERTA RUCK.

IN considering the various successes in the fiction of the day one is repeatedly driven to ask oneself: "Wherein does the secret lie? What makes these books so popular?"

Often enough the question is easy to answer. There has lately arisen a formula which of itself almost seems to guarantee success. This formula may be called the Formula of Dislike, Hate, or Indignation, and the

method it adopts is the method of attack. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at. Our age is the most troubled age that ever was, nothing is taken for granted, there is no institution, convention, or service the very foundations of which are not being called into question. One young man, by temperament totally unfitted for the Navy, nevertheless goes into it, doesn't like it, comes out again, and writes a book about it. Another sees, as a spectator, a good deal of the fighting in France, arrives at certain conclusions, and straightway prints them. A third, from the same point of view, makes an onslaught on our public school system. A fourth and a fifth and a sixth arraign the whole question of marriage as it is. All these—possibly rightly, if we accept Poe's dictum that the first function of criticism is to destroy—are evidences of the spirit that is abroad. These are all critical books. They are destructive books. They are popular books.

But there is to-day another form of success the methods of which are in direct opposition to these. The formula is less obvious, if indeed there is a formula at all. How are we to account for the increasing popularity of such a writer as the subject of this note?

Miss Berta Ruck seems to attack nothing, seems to evince no hatred. She seems to leave institutions alone, and to accept the large conventions as they are. In place of indignation she has simply interest. So various do these interests appear to be that in a series of novels the extent of which is practically contemporaneous with the war, a different interest is exploited in each one. Thus, in her first book, "His Official Fiancée," published in the spring of 1914, the key to success is found in the delicate working-out of a pure comedy plot. In "The Lad with Wings" the sense of the then new adventures of the air furnishes the guide to popularity. In "The Land-girl's Love Story" one of Berta Ruck's most marked characteristics is very much in evidence—the love of outdoor scents and colours, of flowers and birds and streams, of brown faces and the gleam of limbs in the sunshine. In "In Another Girl's Shoes," a story which for light comedy is comparable to "His Official Fiancée," she exploits the feminine delights of Paris shopping, while in "The Girls at His Billet," a story as insubstantial as gossamer, it is almost impossible to say where the charm lies.

This avoidance of the methods of attack which distinguishes her from so many of her contemporaries is probably purely instinctive in the writer. Very likely she has never written the words Patriotism, Honour, or Good Manners, but in every book she has written she shows these qualities at work; in this she is a link between the Dead Army and the new democracy. She is able to carry over those codes and traditions and standards of conduct of the former to the gallant young subalterns who joined up at the beginning of the war; she is a vehicle for women's traditions also. The polo-playing lad fresh from Sandhurst and the civilian officer on his six-weeks' course of intensive war-training both

acknowledge her. The girl who goes to the hills for the hot weather and the girl who filled shells at Woolwich or Birmingham meet in Berta Ruck.

Naturally, these things of themselves do not entirely account for her increasing influence to-day. A wide experience of human nature and human circumstances is required in addition. This Berta Ruck has. For she has had to work hard for her success. For many years before the publication of "His Official Fiancée" she had been learning her trade in that hardest and most practical of schools, journalism. In that school, nothing drops into anybody's mouth; nothing is "fluke." You get what you earn and no more, generally less. Miss Ruck has put into the mouth of her Mrs.

Cartwright of "The Disturbing Charm" some of her difficulties of this period—the inexorable necessities of time, the heart-breaking problem of how a thousand-word subject has to be condensed into a hundred-word paragraph, the strain of writing constantly, fluently and with zest on subjects that interest their writer not in the slightest degree; the torture of the sudden note that informs the author that her work "fails to grip." This is hard discipline, but it makes for ease of style for those who survive it.

It also brings knowledge of all sorts and conditions of people, their daily lives, hopes, ambitions and manners of speech. These Berta Ruck carefully studied, with the result that she knows,

as do few of her contemporaries, the lives of young people who also have to earn their living, including the class known as the New Poor. Of her young women at any rate there is not one whose daily life Berta Ruck could not describe in detail from the moment of her rising to the time of her going to bed. She knows the homes they come from, the offices in which they work, their luncheon-places, their gossip between duties, their tea-haunts, their return by tube or bus or tram. Of every girl in her books she knows each garment in her wardrobe, whether described or not. She knows all about their summer holidays by wood and shore, their economies in order to give little graceful presents, and if she does not know literally hundreds of their love stories, it is not for want of being confided in.

These confidences frequently take the form of letters. Her post-bag shows how many strangers from the most unexpected places claim her as a friend. Except that the writers are her friends and that the letters come under the protection of friendship, the publication one day of these would throw a quite interesting sidelight on some of the democratic questions of the day. The lighter aspects also are not lacking, as in the case of the old lady from a remote village who, having failed to obtain her copy of a Sunday paper containing a Berta Ruck serial, naïvely begged the authoress to copy out that particular instalment in her own hand. No one with a journalistic training will require to be told the significance of these letters as an index of popularity. For one person who takes trouble to write such a letter there are always a thousand who don't. The observant



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

"Berta Ruck."

critic of social conditions knows this, whether the literary one always realises it or not, and there is many a political vote-trawler who would be glad of Berta Ruck's assistance.

But perhaps a deeper reason for her increasing popularity has not been touched upon yet. Hard work and observation alone are insufficient to account for it. What then lies behind?

In the present writer's opinion this can be summed up in the single word—Affection. She exchanges that already mentioned formula of Attack and Dislike for something that is probably not a formula at all, but something that is innate, that reconciles those diverse interests of "His Official Fiancée," "The Years for Rachel" and the other books. Behind all alike this affection is to be found. To one of her unseen correspondents Berta Ruck wrote: "I think I do 'realise,' since you ask me; when writing, I see always the young faces that will be bent above the page." This is so. She is more than interested in these young people; she loves them. And they know it. They go to her books because there they see themselves limned by a sympathetic hand. Her early training as an art student is perhaps responsible for her love of the beauty of the young form, of the texture and contour of the young face. She sees the comeliness in them all; she delights in tiny physical details of colouring, of hair, of expression, and she can reproduce pictures of what has so pleased her eyes. More, she defends these young people of hers from the charges so commonly made against them of brusquerie, hardness and lack of manners. It is here that her reliance on the old tradition comes in. Her young people may adopt a newer, less courteous form of slang in their speech, but to her as to them, this is a superficiality only: the underlying qualities of respect for age, consideration for equals, and gentle instincts remain unchanged. She notices, not only when a man offers a woman his seat in the bus, but when a girl does the same for an older person of either sex. This it is that makes her a link between the old and the new.

Always, however, she keeps up to date. Never could you mistake one of her characters for a study from memory of some girl who went to school in the nineteenth century. Atmosphere, dress, speech, interests, are always of the moment; but the aspects of that

moment are invariably the pleasant aspects. Her dislikes she may have; one realises them by her omission to speak of them, and here again she makes an offering to those who look to her for entertainment. Those who sometimes despair of Democracy cannot realise to the full its instinctive turning to the light and beautiful things of life, its colour, its sweetness, its fragrance. We sometimes say of the writer who supplies this need that he "takes people out of themselves." Berta Ruck does not take her readers out of themselves. She

enters into and shares their lives. She can express what they feel but cannot express. She is their common denominator for Romance. As an indication of how little Miss Ruck allows to intervene between herself and her subject we may note that she never writes a synopsis. She allows her people to take the story into their own hands as living people do.

"How do I know what my characters are going to do until they do it?" she asks. And so her stories are "freshly fresh and newly new." They are as fresh as her land-

scape, which is always sparkling and fragrant.

And is not such an attitude as has been described of at least as much value as a *succès de scandale* that is obtained by attacking a Service, an institution, or a whole generation? Does it not, by its appeal to the individuals of whom, after all, Democracy is composed, actually take us a little farther on the road to the Reconstruction of which we all talk so much? And as sympathetic understanding is always of more value than mere anger, are not these books therefore a valid document of the times? And when such a writer sells widely, can these sales be regarded as a mere unrelated phenomenon?

Many people, neither unlettered nor yet "literary snobs," do not think so. Rather they think that in the truest sense it is the success of the writer who lacks this sympathy and large affection that is the phenomenon. Perhaps this cannot be better expressed than in the words Miss Ruck herself used in a moment of frankness to a doctrinaire who was in the act of embarking on a tide of patronage of which the ripples consisted of the adjectives "sprightly," "sugary," "vivacious," etc.

"Don't begin to talk like that," she said. "When you come to think of it I am quite as good as lots of people who can't sell a copy!"

A. O. I.



Photo by John Trevor

"Berta Ruck" and "Oliver Onions"
(Mr. and Mrs. George Oliver).

New Books.

THINGS SEEN.*

If Mr. Kipling had kept to journalism—! That is one of the really exciting conditionals of literary annals. We have had many men of letters who have been journalists, or written in newspapers. Some seem more entirely journalist than anything else, like Defoe: others were bad journalists, like George Meredith; others superior journalists, like Andrew Lang. Kipling is different. Even now, I feel, every young journalist must read his "stuff" with envy: although no man shows less of the faults of journalism (in his prose when he shakes off the cloak of copy, no one can write more essential journalism, matter which really reckons of the moment, which is the crying need and the lasting fault of all capable journalism).

This new book is reprinted journalism. Some of it is very good—supremely good descriptive work, work which makes the writing of our descriptive reporters, even the most famous and flamboyant and fascinating, seem like coloured cotton-wool. Mr. Kipling's eye is infallible, his nose cannot be deceived, and he has the ear of the night-bird for the little sounds in the dark, the dry rustle of leaves or the panting throb of some scared heart. A good deal of the book is transitory, transitory in feeling, one hopes, and certainly not final in judgment. When Mr. Kipling wrote the first part of "From Tideway to Tideway" he was feeling very angry with America and the Americans, and he lets his anger have vent in some foolish, and some shrewd criticism. Perhaps his case against America is put when I say that I am afraid the Americans were more annoyed at the shrewd than at the foolish criticism. A pleasanter result of this mood was his sunny attitude to Canada, an attitude which is still preserved in the "Return to the Family," written some fifteen years later. He and Sir Gilbert Parker are almost alone among our writers in appreciating the romance of the oldest Colony. Mr. Kipling has his prejudices about the French Canadian; but it is good to find him admitting that "it must be worth something to say your prayers in a dialect of the tongue that Virgil handled, and a certain touch of insolence, more magnificent and more ancient than the insolence of present materialism, makes a good blend in a new land." The third series in the volume—written in 1913—is the weakest, not, I think, because the papers are later, but because the subject unfortunately lends itself to Mr. Kipling's worse faults. He cannot write about Egypt in any but an aggravating manner, and here I do not refer to his political manner, but to a certain aggressive Europeanism which has shown itself in some of his tales about Egypt, and is hardly ever present in his stories about India. Anubis and Horus enrage him, while Brahma and Buddha have always fascinated him.

The book is full of politics, and this is not the place to deal with them: but perhaps it is permissible to quote one really shrewd sentence, and ask Mr. Kipling to what Irish address he would have sent it any time the last fifty years. He is congratulating the Canadians in that they did not—like some others (poor America!—"volunteer that their country was 'law-abiding'"; and he goes on:

"You know the first sign-post on the Great Main Road: 'When a woman advertises that she is virtuous, a man that he is a gentleman, a community that it is loyal, or a country that it is law-abiding—go the other way!'"

It is not for the politics that the book will be read. They only serve to remind the reader that the papers are the product of moods, rather than of conviction; and those who delight in Kipling will keep the book for the sake of its sudden vision, its clear-eyed disillusionment, its gay and arrogant impatience with certain types of thought. Mr. Kipling making pictures is one of the most entrancing

things in the world of letters, and here is the kind of pictures he can still make:

"There are many local gods on the roads through the Rockies: old bald mountains that have parted with every shred of verdure and stand wrapped in sheets of wrinkled silver rock, over which the sight travels slowly as in delirium; mad, horned mountains, wreathed with dancing mists; low-browed and bent-shouldered faquirs of the wayside, sitting in meditation beneath a burden of glacier-ice that thickens every year; and mountains of fair aspect on one side, but on the other seamed with hollow sunless clefts, where last year's snow is blackened with the year's dirt and smoke of forest fires. The drip from it seeps away thro' slopes of unstable gravel and dirt, till, at the appointed season, the whole half-mile of undermined talus slips and roars into the horrified valley."

In its certainty, its firm outline and sense of reality, Mr. Kipling's descriptive work is still unequalled: and this volume contains a little of his best.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE LONDON LYRIST.*

Here is Mr. Birrell back among the books he should never have left. We intend, of course, no reproach of political failure—indeed, if what is happening in Ireland now is to be regarded as success, let us hope for many more such failures. What we complain of is not Mr. Birrell's alleged political failure, but his undoubted political success. He was kept away from us too long, and at too great a cost to letters. The game of politics is most successfully played by supermen like Mr. Gladstone, or by fanatics like Lord Robert Cecil, or by agile opportunists like —, or by coarse-fibred, insensitive gladiators like —, or by raucous windbags like — (the obvious names will leap to the mind). Now Mr. Birrell is not a superman, or a fanatic, or a gladiator, or a time-server, or a barnstormer. He has his defects—he is capable of making howlers in matters of fact, as no doubt he has already been reminded by some "damned good-natured friends," and by some who are neither of the last two; but he certainly hasn't the defects that make politicians prosperous; and so "the holy Luthers of the preaching North" who broke George Wyndham's heart found no difficulty in adding Mr. Birrell to their list of Irish failures.

The outstanding quality in Mr. Birrell is simply charm spiced with freakish humour. He has in his composition a deal of Puck and something of the Shorter-Catechist, together with the courtesy of an older day humanised by the attractive foibles of a bookworm. He might be a character out of Anatole France, and, if it be not treason to envisage such a fate for an ex-Minister, a Privy Councillor, a Fellow of Trinity Hall and a Bencher of the Inner Temple, we can see Mr. Birrell presiding over a corner shop in the King's Road or Cheyne Walk, the best second-hand bookseller that ever was. He would persuade us to buy the hearty, cheerful, personal books as irresistibly as his essays now persuade us to read them.

In Frederick Locker-Lampson, who was dilettante, collector, Admiralty clerk, amateur of light verses and our author's own father-in-law, Mr. Birrell has a subject made to his hand, a subject, in fact, already used in the essay called "A Connoisseur." The discerning reader will not fail to notice the identity of certain choice paragraphs. In the present volume, a roomy companionable quarto that Frederick Locker himself would not have disdained, Mr. Birrell expatiates at large, and relies for corroboration upon a choice of letters both to and from our London Lyrist. So pervasive is Mr. Birrell's humour that it manages to suffuse the letters (as he chooses them) even of men as noted as Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Thackeray and Calverley. As Mr. Birrell remarks

* "Letters of Travel." By Rudyard Kipling. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

* "Frederick Locker-Lampson: A Character Sketch." By the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell. 25s. net. (Constable.)

in another publication, the letters that a man receives are perhaps more significant of his character than those he writes. Locker certainly seems to have had the gift of extracting unconscious revelations from his correspondents, and so the reader who requires short views of eminent Victorians can hardly do better than turn to these few pages of letters, most of which, ostensibly, are no more than acknowledgments of gift volumes, usually "London Lyrics." They may in fact be taken as guides in moments of epistolary embarrassment. Thus, if you are a rival belles-lettrist, simmering with jealousy, how are you to thank the other fellow for a copy of his hated verses? This is one way:

"Athenæum,

"December 3rd, 1857.

"DEAR LOCKER,—Many thanks for 'London Lyrics.' Which I think shew a lively and graceful fancy and command of good idiomatic English. The book is also capitably got up so as to make a pretty Christmas present.

"Ever truly yours,

"A. HAYWARD."

Could a whole biography be more illuminating? Abraham Hayward was a sort of professional diner-out, and probably a person of importance in his day, though of none in this. His essays occur in catalogues (marked low), and I think he translated "Faust." But many have done that.

And if you are a father, and have a son, aged seventeen, at Eton, who persists in sending you heroically bad verses, how would you suppress him without hurting his feelings? Here is one way:

"MY DEAR BOY,—I have read your verses several times and they interest me very much. Your metre rather reminds me of the metre in which Macaulay wrote his 'Armada'; but you have not made it so regular as he did. I do not know if you did this on purpose, but if you did I like his way of writing it better than yours. . . . I do not quite understand the meaning of the line:

"'And were in good sooth cursing,'
and in fact the last three lines of the poem want clearness—you say:

"'I did end their struggles.'
Do you mean you put them out of pain by killing them? Try and get the 'Armada' and read it well, and please send me back the Verses, and on another piece of paper write them out in prose, as clearly as you can, so that I may know exactly what you mean. . . .

"Your affectionate Father."

Later he complains that the bardling chooses rather violent subjects, and he goes on to say:

"You should write in a very simple metre—& thus you would gradually get a power of expressing your thoughts clearly and forcibly. Now the following is a complete poem:

"Mrs. Boem
Wrote a poem
In praise of Teignmouth air,
Mr. Boem
Read that poem,
And built a cottage there.'

Yes, that, as far as it goes, is perfectly clear and complete, & could not possibly be better expressed—write something like it.

"Your loving,
"F. L. L."

But the obstinate youth wrote nothing like it. What he wrote was this kind of thing:

"and shadowy waves
Roll on the ocean of men's minds
And rise and break and utter thoughts in verse;"

and now he is a Unionist Member of Parliament, and a Private Secretary to boot. These warnings are not lightly to be disregarded.

As for the character sketch itself, it is in Mr. Birrell's own manner, full of wit and wisdom, and written with the apparently unstudied ease that we duller creatures can never accomplish. It contains of course some characteristic utterances of Locker himself. He made many French acquaintances. "Foreign names," says Mr. Birrell, "always sound more imposing than our own. It is hard not to believe in Viollet-le-duc until we have seen his restorations." In Paris Locker called on Paul de Kock but forgot Heine. His sketch of Paul de Kock is delicious, though too long to quote at the moment. We regret of

course that he did not see Heine; but sketches of Heine abound, and nobody but Locker seems to have troubled about Paul de Kock, whose novels, you will remember, are extolled in "Henrietta Temple," a story by another man of letters who dabbled in politics.

The volume has illustrations. One reproduces all the book-plates of the entire Locker family—all but one. We miss that of Locker's son-in-law. It should have been included—a confessed touch of personality in a volume rich with personal humour, charm and lettered ease.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE POETRY OF MEDITATION.*

Literary taste is in such a fluid condition at the present moment that it would be rash to say, of any particular school of poetry, that it was temporarily unpopular. Nevertheless, most of those who keep a finger upon the public pulse would probably agree that meditative poetry, and especially meditative poetry with a moral intention, is a little out of tune with the common choir. The natural trend of poetry at the moment is out of morality into impressionism; the prevailing method is the swift registration of a human mood, for instance, rather than the philosophic justification of the processes of nature or of the slow winnowing of fate. If that is so, neither Mr. John Freeman nor Mr. Gilbert Thomas, true poets though they both are, is likely to find himself vociferously acclaimed by the general taste; for both are essentially meditative poets, and both have a strong moral and philosophical bias. Each of them conceives of poetry as an interpreter between man and nature, and both are in the high tradition of the art in believing that poetry must deal with universal truths, if it is to be worthy of its heritage. The honour of such poetry lies in the fact that it is in direct descent from the great masters; its risk consists in the dangers that the moral may possibly overweigh the art; that what began as a song, in short, may end as a sermon. Neither of these particular poets is altogether immune from the danger; but they both invite the gratitude of all jealous lovers of poetic tradition for the dignity of their outlook,

* "Poems New and Old." By John Freeman. 10s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"Poems: 1912-1919." By Gilbert Thomas. 5s. net. (The Swarthmore Press.)



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. John Freeman.



Photo by E. O. Hopf.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas.

the integrity of their aim, and the deep spirituality of their imagination.

Mr. John Freeman, in point of fact, is so richly endowed with these very qualities: his outlook is so serene, his ambition so sincere and his spirituality so intense, that the reader may well feel baffled, if he finds himself forced to confess that he reads the poetry with less actual emotion and enthusiasm than he would wish to discover in himself, and that he rises from a study of the book with less material inspiration than he would expect to carry away. Here, we feel, are all the proper elements of the poetry of meditation, while in addition the workmanship is full of interesting experiments, and the melody, if not very varied, is always rich and sustained. Why, we ask ourselves, do we not read Mr. Freeman with a larger share of that unmistakable ecstasy which attends the enjoyment of the greatest poetry? The poet himself suggests a reason. Likening the various soul of humanity to the trees of the forest, he chooses for his own emblem a tree whose tardy welcome to the season has always been proverbial:

"If to any tree
'Tis to the ash that I might likened be—
Masculine, unamenable, delaying,
With palms uplifted praying
For another life and Spring
Yet unforeshadowed: but content to swing
Still branches chill and bare
In this fine-quivering air
That others' love makes sweetness everywhere."

Few readers, we fancy, will consent to Mr. Freeman's description of his art as "unamenable," but the rest of the passage is subtly self-critical. There is in all this poet's attitude to life and love a certain masculine austerity, a restrained passion for moral endeavour and moral realisation, which does undoubtedly rob it of the easy charm which seems to come naturally to much verse of a far more superficial and inconsiderable calibre. Occasionally, as in his invocation to the spirit of childhood, Mr. Freeman lights upon perfect phrasing and balance of thought expressing itself with the true lyrical impulse:

"Come over, come over the deepening river,
Come over again the dark torrent of years,
Come over, come back where the green leaves quiver,
And the lilac still blooms and the grey sky clears."

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Modern Poetry

AURELIA

By ROBERT NICHOLS. "Individual and poignant . . . Passionately alive."—Laurence Binyon in *The Observer*. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

"Come, come back to the everlasting garden,
To that green heaven, and the blue heaven above.
Come back to the time when time brought no burden
And love was unconscious, knowing not love."

Such a song as this captures for a moment the popular appeal, but it is not characteristic. The poet's natural attitude to nature is a distrust of emotion as a false guide, a fear of all purely physical expression of love, and a stern determination to let the soul itself embody the soul's devotion. The world is desolated with evil and disillusionment; the true consolation lies in thought, in "thought kissing thought," in the heart's music that "speaks a deeper rhythm. . . ."

"Be it thine, O spirit,
The world of sense and thought to exalt with light;
Purge away blindness,
Terror and all unkindness.

"Shine, shine
From within, on the confused grey world without
That, growing clearer,
Grows spiritual and dearer."

This is a counsel of austere perfection, and its very austerity accounts for the difficulty of following it with complete enjoyment. But its nobility is indisputable, and so also are the fine melody and strong architecture of Mr. Freeman's workmanship, the broad human sympathy, and the intense faith in the possibilities of the soul of man. At a time when so much of faith and hope is being so callously abandoned, it is a great thing to walk with Greatheart through the enchanted forest, and in the dark to be reminded of the dawn.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas is also a poet of meditation; but his dream has been shaken to its foundations by the bitter experiences of the last six years. Cruelty, false doctrine, and the temporary triumph of evil passions arouse him to a manly indignation. He does not lose his faith in the ultimate purpose of life, but he is poignantly awake to the responsibilities of the hour:

"O you, whate'er your speech or creed,
Whose souls to one clear law are true:
The world, in its most bitter need,
Turns dumb, unconscious prayers to you!
The past is dying. Leave it dead!
Arise! and to one purpose drawn,
By one waiting spirit led,
Go forward now towards the dawn!"

Mr. Thomas shares with Mr. Freeman an inspiring confidence in the quiet virtues. He is suspicious of noisy causes and easy victories. Sympathy and Humility are the qualities which he chooses to celebrate, and a very deep passion for humanity is alive in everything he writes. Without being a metrical experimentalist, he sings with an impeccable note; there is always music in his song, and behind the music a high spiritual purpose:

"Out of earth? out of earth? Nay, earthly looms will 'twine
Fine and costly fabric when the thread is fine;
But Love's magic looms will weave just as well
The fabric of heaven from the waste of hell."

Whether or not the poetry of meditation is attuned to the fashion of the hour, there can be no question of its beauty, of its spiritual force, or of its fidelity to the truest consolations of the human heart. Its welcome may be quiet, but it will be confident. Its circle may be small, but it will be strong.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE TALL VILLA.*

The paper-wrapper of this volume scarcely tells the truth. It announces "Lucas Malet's Thrilling New Novel," and it displays a picture with a ghost in it. Then the public thinks it knows what it will get when it buys "The Tall Villa," and in reality it gets something different but infinitely better. There is a ghost, it is true, but there is no thrill, or, at least, not the sort implied. There are thrills of calm pleasure over the excellence of the telling of the story; but, to our thinking, the ghost-part of the

* "The Tall Villa." By Lucas Malet. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

story comes as quietly and naturally as the rest, and Alexis, Lord Oxley, the ghost, is in the theme as importantly as is Morris Copley, the not entirely estimable husband of Frances. The outlines of the tale are these. Morris Copley, through some unfortunate speculations, loses money rather discreditably, and he and Frances—who was in a somewhat higher social position when he married her—are exiled to the tall villa near Regent's Park, a house belonging to Frances, and once the *nid d'amour* of young Alexis Oxley. Alexis had loved a lady who in turn loved him and then deserted him. This tall villa was the house in which he shot himself when he learned of the desertion. Frances, knowing nothing whatever of the story, leaves her familiar world of rank and fashion, and finds a mysterious happiness in her strange surroundings. She feels alert, free, expectant, and more and more convinced that in the tall faded drawing-room she is not alone. Morris Copley finds it necessary to travel to South America to restore his fortunes, and brilliant, eager, selfish, clever, pleasure-loving as he is, he finds there not only streams of silver from his mines, but other "metal" more attractive than his wife at home. Frances, meanwhile, establishes closer and closer links with the spirit which haunts the house. Terrified and eager by turns, she at last sees Alexis, speaks with him, sets him free from his torment of violent passion and despair, and begins the absorbing intimacy and devotion which consume her body and enchant her inner being. The scene changes at times, and Frances visits her uncle's castle in Hampshire and enjoys again the luxuries of former days. Then, too, Lucia Fitz-Gibbon, her cousin, and Charlie Montague, Morris's vulgar city friend and Frances's too-amorous admirer, come upon the stage to fill in and help forward the story. But the theme is that of the communion between the living woman and the spirit-man, and the picture that rises before the reader is that of these two stretching hands to one another across the bridge that lies between the two worlds. And at last, sitting in the gilt arm-chair, faint from exhaustion, the great thing at last happens:

"Frances, without shock of surprise, not only saw the figure of Alexis, Lord Oxley, but for the first time distinctly saw his face.

"Ah! our bridge still carries, then!" she cried, gently triumphant. "All my preparations are made. Nothing detains me any longer here. Will it bear us both? Can I, too, cross it?"

"You have already crossed it," he told her. . . .

and

"while she stood close beside him, her ghostly hands on his, his ghostly lips on hers, the silver-grey clad woman still rested, happily smiling, her moth-like eyes wide open, in the gilt arm-chair beside the fire-place."

The task has been difficult; some tricks of style irritate; but the book is one of a delicate excellence.

THE LAST OF THEM?*

The last mutterings of the war are still audible in the book world. And more pleasantly, perhaps, there than in the other aspects of the life of to-day. I, for one, would much rather read about the war than help to pay for it, or watch a wounded man limp down a street. I find reading less disturbing than either; and you remember things. . . .

After all, you *did* have some good times—jolly good ones. At any rate, you did if you were flying, whole patches of them. And this is what Captain Cunningham Reid gets across to you in his "Planes and Personalities: a Potpourri," which is really a delightful flying book, and one of an unusual kind. The author deals with many

* "Planes and Personalities: A Potpourri." By Captain A. Cunningham Reid, D.F.C., etc. With an Introduction by Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., etc., and 8 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Philip Allan.)—"R.F.C., H.Q., 1914-1918." By Maurice Baring. 8s. net. (Bell.)—"With a Bristol Fighter Squadron." By Walter Noble, D.F.C. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., and 6 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

aspects of his subject, for he has had an unusually interesting and varied flying career, and he proves by the inclusion of a very fairly complete air glossary that he has the general reader's interests at heart—a concession which should make for the success of an attractive book. It is so unusual to come across authors who can write as well as fly!

A remark which may be necessary in the case of Captain Cunningham Reid, but is certainly not in that of Mr. Maurice Baring, for of course everybody knows that he can write (while admittedly he cannot fly). So one need not lay stress upon the literary merits of "R.F.C., H.Q., 1914-1918." Mr. Baring knows as much about the war in the air as anybody—much more than the mere average pilot, much more than any but very high personages indeed. He was General (I suppose both of us ought to say Air-Marshal) Trenchard's memory during the whole of the time that that very popular and remarkably able officer was "functioning" in France. "Make a note of that, Baring!" Many people have heard "Boom" say that, possibly without realising at the time that a collection of these notes—with a good many other things—would make one of the very best books on the war that has been, or is ever likely to be, written. Here, in a little over 300 pages, is the whole thing from start to finish—the murder of the Archduke, the fine confused feelings of 1914, the muddle, the order, the boredom (not much of this), some of the exhilarations, what Mr. Baring felt and thought and said, what your friends (or perhaps you) said or did—not always heroic stuff, thank goodness!—the pushes, the prisoners, the Chinese on strike because their French bread had holes in it and they were losing on the transaction, the Independent Force, the air staff, fighting, bombing raids, artillery observation, stores, the armistice. A little of everything—and all of it in a convenient volume which is the finest imaginable stimulant for the memories of those who have been through it, or some of it, and an eye-opener to those who haven't.

Mr. Walter Noble will not rouse your admiration and wonder to the same extent as Mr. Baring, but "With a Bristol Fighter Squadron" is by no means a bad little book for all that. For so dashing a person, with such horrid adventures to describe, Mr. Noble is sometimes a wee bit prosy, but his book is truthful and accurate and informing to a degree. And, to my mind, that is equivalent to saying that it is well worth reading.

L. T. S.

EPSTEIN.*

Lovers of the abstract in art have always been lovers of sculpture. At first there seems to be a certain oddness in this. Of all the arts, sculpture, with architecture, would seem most to demand concrete and sensuous things for its subject; the very material puts it at the opposite pole to music. Yet sculptors themselves have felt that their art is suited to express ideas rather than form, thoughts rather than sensational experiences; and from the time of the so-called "Psyche" of the Naples Museum to Michael Angelo with the Rondanini "Pietà," and Rodin with the great "Hand of God," they have endeavoured to capture in marble, stone or bronze ideas which can hardly be held by the brain or expressed in words. Epstein is a very curious instance of this pull of the abstract. He is so obviously a sculptor, a competent, a superbly competent maker of portraits, drawer of things as they look. His early work—I leave out some interesting black-and-white work he did while still in America—is full of direct, narrative power. The figures which gloom down on the passer-by in the Strand, the early busts, like that notable one in Johannesburg, all show him to be a man of remarkable and vivid power as a representer of things. Then, with the monument for Wilde's tomb in Père Lachaise, he breaks away from representation; for a year or two

* "Epstein." By Bernhard van Dieren. £2 2s. net. (John Lane.)

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seems to be influenced by Gaudier-Breska, and follows the odd fashion which is responsible for his Venus, the Doves and the whimpering, mouthing Job; then, with the war, there came a period in which he has returned vigorously to his portraits and produced a series as vital as any of his work, but troubled and heightened by the thought which had gone to the experiments of his more abstract days.

The progress is full of interest, and it can be studied in the excellent reproductions in this volume. I wish I could say that the reader would find help in Mr. van Dieren's text; but he will not. Mr. van Dieren, who seems inadequately acquainted with our language, writes the most terrible verbiage about art and artists in general. His views show no sense for style or for beauty, and his logic can be gauged by such a passage as this in defence of those elements in Epstein's work which have been attacked by the more academic critics who are suspicious, and not unjustly, of the morbid element in much modern art:

"Need I speak of some of Callot's engravings, of the horrible fantasies of Breughel or Bosch and most of their contemporaries? Or of the repulsive prostitutes, the horrifying old courtesans of Goya, the dwarfs and monstrosities of Velasquez; the miscarriage of animals, and generally unspeakable things by no less a cultured humanist and chaste personality than Durer, whose unflagging interest in every abnormality (though I should perhaps make clear once more at this point on every normal thing equally) is well known. . . . From the shockingly decrepit old women, the criminal lunatics and satanists of Leonardo to the sickening, wretched, miserable idiots, thieves and whores of a Garschin or a Dostoevski, where is the novelty of interested motive? Is not Cervantes' 'Don Quixote'—"

But I think I have quoted enough to let the reader know whether he would care to study Mr. van Dieren's text. The passage, in its turbid, turgid style and complete lack of logic, is typical of most of the book.

So the reproductions remain—the Christ, so like from one angle to President Wilson, that one wonders whether the title and treatment were an afterthought; the "Tin Hat," Meum with a Fan, Muirhead Bone, Euphemia Lamb with its strange recollection of Mantegna, Mlle. Gabrielle Soeme with its deliberate revival of the Roman portrait. What is one to make of them? They differ a great deal from Epstein's earlier portrait work: they differ almost as much from the bust of Lady Drogheda which is in this volume; and the measure of the difference is, perhaps, evidence of the value of the more abstract sculpture. I cannot myself attach much positive value to the Venus, or to Rock-Drill, or even to the Mother and Child and the Doves; they seem to me definitely transitory work, work which a greater man would never have exhibited. Yet the experience of doing them has helped Epstein's art, helped him to find himself, and be surer of his own individual methods. The temptation of all portrait makers is satisfaction. After a time it is so easy to make a thing like. One sees it time and again. Men have gone on painting portraits until they cannot paint a bad one—or a good one. Then two courses are open, if they are to keep on with the work; and they may either begin to caricature, as Goya did, or they may begin to see a little deeper, and paint a little further, as Watts did. Epstein does both. There is caricature in the Iris Tree, rather cruel caricature; there is depth and a sense of vigour in Meum with a Fan, and in Euphemia Lamb. The work is not yet absolutely first-rate, for it is still critical rather than creative. Epstein still wants to talk about the thing; he cannot say it simply and let it be—he must over-emphasise something; exaggerate the size of the eye, pull the nose out, pout the under-lip give an unnatural roundness to the cheek. He is a little afraid that truth will escape observation, so he moulds her not naked, but stripped or stripping. All that breeds an uneasiness which is alien to the greatest art. I believe he may still reach that; and when he does, it will be interesting to see if he returns to the sculpture of ideas, or is content to give us ideas in faces. Rodin, for all his efforts, never achieved what he planned; the gates of hell remain a gigantic pavilion, and Mestrovic's genius for abstract things is the genius of an architect. Of that Epstein shows no signs. There are hints here that

he may yet achieve something supreme in decorative sculpture; but that will need an architect of equal ability; and can we hope to find him in England; or, if we find him, that his manner will suit Epstein's, or Epstein's his?

R. E. R.

ALFRED NOYES'S NEW VOLUME.*

Mr. Alfred Noyes has suffered much at the hands of the reviewers during the last few years. Before the war, if he was not generally recognised as one of our few outstanding poets, he consistently received the almost lavish praise of many of our most eminent critics; but, since the publication of "A Salute from the Fleet" in 1915, he has rarely been mentioned in the leading literary journals except in terms of depreciation and sometimes of ridicule. It is not merely that a new generation of singers and readers has arisen with ideals and standards fundamentally different from those of Mr. Noyes, for the very critics who used most assiduously to praise him have of recent years either ignored him or joined in the general chorus of disapprobation. The explanation is, of course, that the war, which threw all existing standards into the melting-pot, has radically changed the literary fashions of the hour; and, with the fashions, the critics have either changed, or maintained a discreet and bewildered silence. But so firmly rooted are Mr. Noyes's ideals, and so inflexibly sure the principles of his art, that he has steadfastly refused to change; and, in a series of short poems in his new volume, he gaily, yet very earnestly, lampoons what seems to him to be the literary and philosophical anarchy of our day:

"They are hawking a new rose for Eden.
It has feathers. It's green. I suppose
The only thing wrong with their rose is
The fact that it isn't a rose.
Who'll buy?
And here's a new song without metre;
And here again, nothing is wrong
(For nothing on earth could be neater)
Except that it isn't a song.
* * * * *
"Here's, *item*, a ring, very plain, sirs;
And, *item*, a God (but He's dead).
They say that you'll need Him again, sirs;
So, *item*, a cross for His head.
Who'll buy?
Yes, they say that He'll rise from the dead, sirs;
It is only the fashions that die;
And—here are the thorns for His head, sirs;
They'll keep till you need 'em. Who'll buy?"

In saying that Mr. Noyes has not changed we do not mean, of course, that the war has left no impression upon his work. The tragedy and horror of the last few years have obviously moved him profoundly; they have tortured his nerves, and brought him almost to despair of the triumph of Right and Love in the affairs of men. But if the old ideals seem no longer to be capable of being translated into fact, they none the less remain the poet's ideals; and the war, which has worked revolution in many minds, has not essentially modified in any particular his attitude towards life and towards his art. Turn where it may in these pages, the eye falls upon the themes, ideas and rhythms so familiar to those who have followed Mr. Noyes's progress from "The Forest of Wild Thyme." Here again are lilting songs of Devon and Sussex, of Friar Tuck and Francis Drake, intersprinkled with didactic poems and with rather pompous pieces in celebration of special occasions and events. We wish we could say that Mr. Noyes always sings the old music with a new sweetness or power; but, though here and there a lyric of rare beauty flowers spontaneously upon the page, we cannot honestly acclaim this new volume as marking, upon the whole, any notable advance in the poet's achievement. For the fact that Mr. Noyes has not changed is, of course, an indication of his weakness as well as of his strength. There are ways in which his sincerest friends could wish him to have changed. It would have been well for him

* "The Elfin Artist, and Other Poems." By Alfred Noyes. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

if the war had forced upon him, as upon many others, a more searching and sensitive self-analysis. He has, perhaps, an almost too impregnable faith in the rightness of his own vision and his own standards. Truth, to the wisest friends of Truth, will always be a matter admitting of discussion; and even the wildest experiments may yield some small good, however ridiculous in the main such experiments may be. But Mr. Noyes has no use for discussion or experiment. Truth to him, in art as in life, is a thing as plain and rigid as a lamp-post, not as infinitely diffused and intangible—yet pure and strong—as the sunlight; and he is just a little too ready to call us Bolsheviks if we do not accept the gospel, and nothing but the gospel, according to Milton and Wordsworth and Tennyson. His creed, his standards, are rather too static; and his constant protestations of them inevitably lead him, when true inspiration is lacking, into arid wastes of rhetoric.

But after all this has been said we cannot be too grateful, in these days when reverence and faith of any sort are at a discount, for a poet who respects the high traditions of the past; who is not afraid or ashamed to confess his loyalty to the old beliefs of his fathers, and who has the courage to go his own way undeterred by fashions or by cliques. Mr. Noyes has his shortcomings; but the spirit that inspires his most characteristic work is the only spirit from which enduring art can spring. He does not aim at mere cleverness; he does not strive after mere beauty—or (like some of our younger bards) after mere ugliness. His real poems come from the heart, and call to the heart in others.

GILBERT THOMAS.

THE NEW YOUNG.*

Mr Douglas Goldring here offers a pleasing collection of his papers, which all bookishly inclined persons (and there are few better) will enjoy reading. For my own part, I have enjoyed Mr. Goldring before and I hope to enjoy him again, especially when he has made up his mind what period of life he has reached. At present he wants to have it both ways. He wants to be young, and he wants to be judicial. I'm sorry, but he can't. Judges are not young; it is only Lord Chancellors who are frisky; but then they need not be judges, and in fact seldom are. Mr. Goldring betrays the natural desire of youth to cheek Mr. Wells as a back number, to tick off Mr. Bennett as a tradesman, to laugh at the English classics as unreadable furniture, to mock at bourgeois morality and to find serious artistry in the music-hall turns that Surbiton considers vulgar. Dear me! How it reminds me of the dear old nineties, when I too was young! We talked just like that; and so did our fathers before us. In one respect the New Young go much farther than we did. The log-rolling of the nineties is nothing to the log-rolling of the nineteens. The last Victorians boomed each other in reviews; the neo-Georgians put each other into novels, and, as far as I have discovered, they put very little else in.

All that is very usual and quite creditable. But just as you think you have placed Mr. Goldring with the New Young, he begins looking back, and almost wagging a wise old head in reprobation of "those boys." He buys Claudel, Péguy and Marcel Proust, but what he really reads for pleasure is—what do you think?—Prosper Mérimée! Yes, he is as old as all that. This is disconcerting, but it won't interfere with your enjoyment of his book if you are really a good reader.

I have indicated some of Mr. Goldring's subjects as well as his tendencies. Let me mention some others. The longest paper is a sketch of Flecker embodying personal reminiscences as well as some sound criticism. Hugh Walpole, Compton Mackenzie and Gilbert Cannan come in for a few home truths in another essay of considerable

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length. "An Outburst on Gissing" is as much a denunciation of late Victorianism as a criticism of the novelist, and it says much that is well worth saying, even though it declaims with some over-excitement. The clever but sterile women novelists of the day are next put through it, and then, as we have said, Mr. Goldring falls back on reminiscence. But not before he has given us a very palatable paper on "Wines," which I greatly enjoyed because the author writes as if he loved his subject. A connoisseur is not the same as a superior person. Our New Young are mostly superior persons. They express themselves in disparagements, like the superior high school mistress, the other day, who could proclaim her superiority in no better way than a public disparagement of the elementary school mistresses. But the critic, the connoisseur, expresses himself in appreciations, and is therefore creative.

Well, it is a tribute to Mr. Goldring that he has held us so far. He has something to say and he says it enjoyably. What more could one say of anybody?

GEORGE SAMPSON.

MR. MASEFIELD'S NEW BOOK.*

In every instrument there can only be a certain number of notes, and in every poet only a certain number of emotions: to expect more is to cry for the moon. And yet there is a sort of perversity, even in loyal admiration, which keeps on prompting us to ask of those we admire some novelty of impression with every new meeting. Married love has been known to languish under the repetition of familiar embraces; and in somewhat the same spirit the reader is apt to feel disappointed if a favourite poet evokes no fresh surprise with his latest gift of song. The demand, of course, is quite unreasonable. The wise enthusiast will stifle it at birth. Let us proceed to the stifling process without delay, if Mr. Masefield's latest volume appears to be, for the most part, an echo of old achievements. At least the new work is not unworthy of the old; and that should be enough, especially in these days of rapid and (occasionally) perfunctory achievement.

"Enslaved," the poem which gives its name to the volume, is, perhaps, the least satisfactory of its contents. It is a story of the abduction of a maiden by a Moorish chief; of her lover's pursuit; of his capture and condemnation to death, and of the chief's repentance at the last moment. The story in itself is thin, and the "knot" of the situation is scarcely worthy of the easy "god from the machine." There is a touch of theatrical melodrama about the whole business. Yet there is no subject, even of the most barren elements, which Mr. Masefield will not adorn with fresh fancy, and the picturesqueness of description never fails him. He has the seeing eye, or the telling phrase, constantly at his command.

"At an order all the oars clanked aft, and checked, and sliced the sea,

The rowers' lips twitched upward, the sheets tugged to be free;
The wrinklings in the sail ran up as it rounded to a breast,
The ship bowed to a billow and snouted through the crest. . . .

"Then they bade me stop my talking, and use my breath to row.
Darkness came upon the water, and they took my love below.
Fire in the oar-stirred water swirled in streaks that raced away,
Toppling up and down, the taffrail touched the red sky and the grey."

That is the genuine Masefield, the real thing seen and recorded. There follows a strong, weird mediæval story of the laying of a witch's crew of spectral hounds by the spell of a saint. Here again the familiar touch reveals itself:

"They dwindled as the mist that fades
At coming of the sun;
Like rags of stuff that fire abrades
They withered and were done.

"The cock, that scares the ghost from earth,
Crowed as they dwindled down;
The red sun, happy in his girth,
Strode up above the town."

* "Enslaved, and Other Poems." By John Masefield.
6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Masefield excels in these little vignettes, done with a single touch, but every one full of colour and of life.

The gem of the book, however, is "Animula"—the tragic tale of two men, one woman, and a passion, told in verse of fourteen lines, which cannot rightly be described as sonnets, since they are deliberately conceived without the completeness and crescent growth of the true sonnet-form. Technically this is a *tour de force*, and it is carried out with unerring vigour.

It may be true that there is nothing in this little volume to add to our estimate of Mr. Masefield's art, but it is sheer ingratitude that demands something new with every new essay of the artist. At least "Animula" is Mr. Masefield at his best, and that should be enough for every true lover of virile, forcible and freakishly beautiful verse.

A. W.

COLLECTED FRUITS OF OCCULT TEACHING.*

The Theosophical Society was established originally in America by one whom devoted admirers characterise as H. P. B., namely Madame Blavatsky. A day came when she passed over to India and there laid a new foundation. Mr. Sinnett, then editing *The Pioneer*, was one of her earliest and most zealous disciples; but he left India and carried the new Theosophy to England, where it became the fashion of a season. As most of us know, the clouds dropped down, and the story of the movement has been one of remarkable growth amidst assaults from without and internecine feuds within. It remains among us, a mouth speaking great things—so far as affirmation is concerned. In another form of symbolism it is a mouth of many voices, and one of the most insistent is Mr. A. P. Sinnett. In a preface to the present volume he tells us how in earlier books he has revealed the existence of "elder brethren of humanity," in touch with a Divine Hierarchy, and has communicated information received through occult channels, relating to human history some "millions of years" prior to historical records. This is how the case stands and is for those who can take it, presumably with all faults, for the society's troubled history has not been apart from scandal. The papers which follow the preface have been drawn from many quarters of reviews, class periodicals and theosophical transactions. It is of considerable interest to have them thus collected, for they cover a curious field. Mr. Sinnett has followed more than one interest in his time; we have met with him as an ardent bimetallist, a novelist and a convinced exponent of "the Baconian theory" of the Shakespeare plays. But he is first and always a theosophist, and this volume is one of its books of doctrine. We have no doubt whatever that the "revelations" which have come to Mr. Sinnett have been through channels corresponding to those which are called "mediumship" in the dialect of modern Spiritualism.

A. E. WAITE.

FOUR FIRST NOVELS.†

One feels in these poignant days a sense of mourning in the presence of first novels. They cannot help being first novels, nor is theirs the blame, only the burden, that the public cling with such quiet tenacity to the crusted reputation. For nowadays when paper is scarce and the printer dreams dreams the novel must advance in price and sell in proportion. The trade, like the public, prefer a "best-seller," and the new author is received with caution. Therefore the publisher, like those Russian mothers of history, veils his face and casts his first fruits

* "Collected Fruits of Occult Teaching." By A. P. Sinnett.
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7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

to the wolves. It is of serious importance then for young novelists to compel attention which they may well merit and, without offering a commercial and therefore a "tip" offensive to Art, it may be emphasised that the only road to recognition in a period profoundly indifferent to literature is to write not after any school or type, but upon the basis of individual inclination. It would, for instance, be interesting to examine in the spirit of the present crisis—and crisis it is—the chances of the books that follow or, as one would say with a tender Derby memory of a noble outsider, forecasts on form.

"The Story of a New Zealand River," by Miss Jane Mander, is ultra-modern in its attitude but so steady, competent, almost placid in treatment and scope that one expects to see opposite the title page "Books by the same author." There are no loose ends, no spurts of uncurbed exuberance, the horizon is wide, serene, impressive even, the character-drawing admirable, the tale, if leisurely, sufficient in strength. It is therefore, for a first novel, remarkable. On the other hand, for a story with its setting in the back country of New Zealand, it is almost devoid of atmosphere. And the book is too long, becoming upon occasions a little tedious. It is, in a sentence, a carefully constructed, able book, but mature—not promising of better things.

"The Great Leviathan," on the other hand, is quite obviously a first novel, with the quaint excrescences of our bewildering century bristling upon it, like one of those landlady's puddings wherein most things have made their contribution, affording to the whole a sense of arresting uncertainty. Mr. D. A. Barker is an intellectual, and as intellectuals, at any rate in fiction to-day, are considerably disturbed, his hero is pushed along that old distracted path upon which Michael or Peter, or whichever name was the vogue of the moment, have so depressingly preceded him. It must be granted Mr. Barker's Tom is better than some others. For one thing, his temperament is not so suggestive of the advertisement, "Have you a stab here?" For another, he keeps on the move. Unfortunately he goes so fast. One has a suspicion that Mr. Barker is too conscientious—that he wrote on a piece of paper for reference, "Cambridge-London-Labour-India." He strives to get in too much. As a Scots elder said of a too earnest young minister at the close of a sermon touching on most of the gravities of this life and the next: "Aye, he's conscientious an' he's clever, ye mind, but eh, man, hoo he scatters." Mr. Barker scatters, but his scattering does not all fall on stony ground. He has the grain, and in his next book I shall be surprised if he does not reap his harvest.

"Madeline of the Desert" is like "The Story of a New Zealand River" in three respects. It is not immature, it lacks atmosphere and imagination, and it suffers from length. But most of all Mr. Weigall injures his story by the introduction of a heroine in whom it is difficult to believe. Madeline is a beautiful and attractive young woman who has been brought up in surroundings of a nature certain to sear and blunt, and not develop the spirit of innocent inconsequence and intellectual stamina. Childhood is too impressionable for that. But putting that point aside, one is a little exasperated that Mr. Weigall, having allured us, as it were, by his suggestion of vice and desert sands, should suddenly turn his heroine into a kind of gramophone record for his (quite sensible) opinions upon Labour problems and the soul of religion. It is not, that is to say, a novel first and last, and there is not sufficient evidence of creative or imaginative power to encourage one in the hope that Mr. Weigall has the real heart of the business in him.

"The Wider Way," by Diana Patrick, is, judged as a first novel, the best of the bunch. It is not so deliberate in its theme as "The Story of the New Zealand River," nor is it as able. But it is original, promising, lively, with a clear cut manner—"a way of putting things," a breath of humour which, in such matters, can be likened to the foam of April blossom upon the young orchards. Veronica Queenening, like Tom of "The Great Leviathan,"

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is a character who follows in the footsteps of countless other heroines—in fact, taken to pieces, the plot is contemptible. It reads like the synopsis of a daily serial. Veronica is poor but has a secret. Queening quite obviously cannot be her father. She visits old Lord Swarthe, one of those ancient immaculate peers who have done such sterling service for English fiction. Lord Swarthe pales. He writes a statement, hides it, has a fit, and dies. Veronica is cornered by the complete bounder in a lonely Grange. She escapes to marry a German. The document in the library is found. And so on. But Miss Patrick pulls it off. She contrives, even under the colossal burden of such a collection of rubbishy characters, to soak the story and Veronica in sheer personality, sincerity, and a real gift for humorous comment. Here is a first novel worth reading because, whatever its faults, it is so encouraging to think of the comedies of manners Miss Patrick will write so soon as she permits her characters to spin the web of their own destinies.

FREDERICK WATSON.

ORDERED WORDS.

If, as that clever actor Mr. Cyril Graham avers, it is difficult to assemble a paying audience for Euripidean tragedy, it is not for lack of the tragic spirit amongst us or because of any great popular affirmation of the "rightness" of the universe. As, for instance, one lingers over the brochure which contains Percy Addleshaw's "Last Verses,"¹ the shadow of Death seems to sting that lamented man to an utterance more powerful than was inspired by beautiful scenery, which, however, he felt like a cultivated person with eyes to see. And yet that something more than peace beyond understanding, the knowledge of the love of God, penetrates one very remarkable poem by him called "In Many Ways," in which the "curses" of a despairing watcher are benevolently answered. Addleshaw has been fortunate in having his last book enriched by so charming a preface as Mr. Arundel Osborne's. It is charming because, thanks to it, the lovable and piquant personality of Addleshaw awakens sympathy which he never sought and expands to something bigger than a minor craftsman in the belles-lettres.

Nevertheless, though Addleshaw had originality in the sense that he was not simply "typical" but could sometimes surprise you, there is no mistaking the fact that Mr. Robert Graves, whose "Over the Brazier"² appears in a revised edition, looks as new beside Addleshaw as an electric humming top beside a steam locomotive. The newness does not apply to philosophy. Mr. Graves's special genius resembles the spirit of a childhood akin to fairyhood, capable of expressing itself, as in "The Poet in the Nursery," with delightfully grotesque grace.

The late Mr. John Butler Yeats, however, asked if free verse were not "another attempt on the part of democracy to make poetry as clamorous and common as itself"; and, though these adjectives are very inappropriate to the free verse in Miss Dircks's "Passenger,"³ I cannot see that her expressiveness gains anything by it worth the loss of tune. Indeed when, in a "free" stanza terminating a poem called "Underground," she remarks:

"(Victoria at last,
Then Westminster and Charing Cross . . .)"

one can't help asking why "St. James's Park" is omitted. "League of Nations" is also an unsatisfactory poem, for it attempts to impassion our humanitarianism without taking the trouble to use our language in a masterly way. These strictures are made because, this being Miss Dircks's second volume, she may be considered to be making, or about to make, a definite decision as to what her literary standard is to be. That there are beautiful and moving

things in her volume is apparent to anybody who can feel poetry. Some anthologist will surely come along and cull her "Golden Privet," a pretty tribute to a prosperous bush. To grace this page I quote a sonnet, "Alone," which is bewitchingly feminine:

"Now I have been alone all this long day,
Removed alike from all the world and you,
And love and hate and every flower that grew
Were all a thousand, thousand miles away.
Then like a leaning god I saw there lay
The little world complete beneath my view,
The little wars of souls, so old, so new—
I saw myself among the players play."

"I watched it all so quiet and unmoved,
As though I'd never known a tear or smile,
And never toiled and never longed for rest;
Till starlight came and told me that I loved,
And I was small and throbbing for a while
Again, to seek my blindness at your breast."

The concluding seven words are a perfection of phrasing; and, with all its faults, the book is not a "Passenger" for oblivion that contains the felicities of thought, tenderness and humour present in Miss Dircks's poems.

Mr. Maunsell seems to have the poet's ear coupled with a strange indifference to the virtue of artistic economy. On his first page we encounter the disagreeable tautology of "scudding dreams that stir on restless wings"! Nor can I commend a sham optimism which asks:

"Shall it matter to us, my darling,
If the rest of the years hold grief?"

There is a considerable variety of metrical tune in Mr. Maunsell's book:⁴ one feels, in fact, that if his singing could be heard simply as music it would be to the advantage of his reputation as an artist. One would then be charmed by spells of love and beauty and not vexed as we now are by feebleness or insincerity of thought.

Mr. Gleeson⁵ is another singer who does not usually quite "come off"; he seems to have a firework which, with a more prosperous chemistry for its father and mother, would glorify the air handsomely like Mr. G. K. Chesterton's fireworks. One can, however, detach lines by him from their context with an effect gratifying to one's rhetorical taste. As thus:

"God may have risen against God,
But I was born but yesterday"

And again:

"I gaze below upon vast buried skies"

Like many another poet Mr. Gleeson should aim at flawless coherence.

As to Mr. Trevelyan,⁶ the last poet on my list, there is occasional grace in his treatment of the antique and of mythology; and a cat-poem, "Pusska," reveals him as an observant and delicate humorist, worth reading aloud. Moreover, in "The Lake" the fatal power of the tactless to break a fragile charm is felicitously exposed. The title-poem represents Man as accusing Earth of the "crime" of his birth. Chat results, but not much, I think, to the profit of poetry. On the other hand, in a dialogue between Christ and Lucifer, Mr. Trevelyan sheds at least a ray of light on the problem of the political function of Christianity.

W. H. CHESON.

Novel Notes.

POTTERISM. By Rose Macaulay. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

"Katharine, I believe that the very essence of Potterism is going for things for what they'll bring you, what they lead to, instead of for the thing-in-itself. Artists care for the thing-in-itself. Potterites regard things as railway trains, always going somewhere, getting somewhere." Miss Macaulay has written her tragi-farcical tract with

⁴ "Moods and Lyrics." By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

⁵ "Songs of Saints and Sinners." By J. Desmond Gleeson. 5s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

⁶ "The Death of Man, and Other Poems." By R. C. Trevelyan. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

¹ "Last Verses." By Percy Addleshaw. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

² "Over the Brazier." By Robert Graves. 3s. net. (The Poetry Bookshop.)

³ "Passenger." By Helen Dircks. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

stinging wit and considerable detachment. Jane, daughter of the Potter press, her modern heroine, a greedy, lazy, spoilt child, determined to take and keep the best out of life, and, if possible, pay nothing for it, weds Hobart, another true Potterite. But Jane grows to love Arthur Gideon, anti-Potterite, all bewildered bitterness against a world vulgar and soft-headed beyond the understanding. Hobart was pushed downstairs, and broke his back. Who pushed, and killed him? This is discussed at length, but the plot really matters little; on every page surges an angry protest against the greed and fear of life to-day. Yet in the sketch of Laurence Juke, the deacon, there is a flicker of hope. Even in the Potterite church of the day he perceives something sharp and clean and fine and direct, like a sword, "which will not let us be contented Potterites." A fiery and brilliant novel.

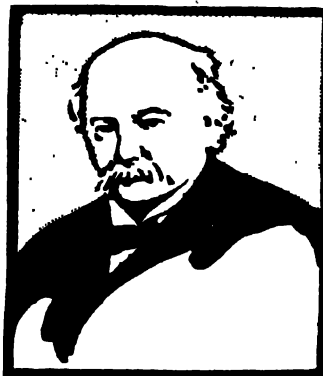
THE GOD IN THE THICKET. By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. net. (Dent.)

Mr. C. E. Lawrence is by temperament a romancist. He has the pleasantest gift for recreating the long-past and weaving the glamour and charm of ancient days into such stories as "Pilgrimage" or "Youth Went Riding," and when he pictures modern life in "Much Ado About Something" or "Such Stuff as Dreams," he touches it with fantasy, sees the beauty and joy of fairyland or the mystery of the spirit world mingling eerily with the sordid, commonplace, more generally visible people and things of our mundane sphere. He is an artist in dreams, and can bring the atmosphere and fascination of his dream-kingdom into solid London streets and among such practical mortals as present-day Londoners. Yet he gave us his ablest and most impressive story when he turned his back on all this, a couple of years ago, and wrote, in "Mrs. Bente," a strong, uncompromisingly realistic novel of our own times. With "The God in the Thicket" he escapes back into the happy realm of imagination, but the philosophy of his story has an exquisitely subtle application to life as it is lived in places that know nothing of fairies. It is all the stuff that dreams are made of, with one mortal astray among a strange, fanciful, butterfly people in a world that never was and yet always is, for after all it is the inner life of mortal men and women that is cunningly shadowed forth in these elves and gnomes and fays of Argovie, and the love and vain self-sacrifice of Jan Aylmer is poignant with the same passion and tragedy as human hearts have known. It is a dainty, imaginative fairy-tale, but its airy spirits are mortals in disguise, as in the material universe such spirits are disguised in mortality. The novel has become so sophisticated in form and outlook that little of novelty remains to it, but "The God in the Thicket" has the morning freshness of Sidney's "Arcadia," and appeals to the young of all ages, for it is alive with the age-old ideals and emotions of youth.

THE MILLS OF THE GODS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Elizabeth Robins. 7s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

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ater finds out her mistake, or of old Threlkeld Hall, standing to the wind and the wild north-country weather, and the grim wyrd it works out upon its last child heir. Character-painting is given when the canvas will bear it, but the lines of necessity are broad. The success of the book lies in another direction—in the writer's sense of the dramatic, and in unobtrusive gathering of material with an economy of touch which in a phrase or a sentence pieces together what we need to know of the past.

JULIET. By V. T. Hewson. 7s. net. (Philip Allan.)

Mr. Hewson chooses a hard task when he sets himself to interest us in his "too-little-heroic heroine." He cannot be said to have convinced us, not that there are not such characters as Juliet, but that she exists just as he has painted her. She is incomplete. She is shown from one angle, as she appears to the four men whose lives she has spoiled. Seen only in the light of an obsession, the figure is out of proportion. There is no attempt to fill in the gaps of an ordinary life, the everyday moments that come to everybody. The result is that Juliet is shadowy, and to what we know of her we are not attracted. Her lovers, Hugh and Angus Hamilton and Trevor, cannot hold the interest which she fails to capture. They are just so many variations in one incident, the paying of homage to her beauty, and are too slightly drawn to have a value apart from association with her. They are material for her to work on, to tire of, and to throw away. This is least true of Hamilton, whom she calls "Johnnie," who struggles with a measure of success, to live his life in the pages.

THE MASTER OF THE COMMANDERY. By S. N. Sedgwick. 6s. net. (Books Limited.)

Mr. S. N. Sedgwick's new story is one of love and adventure set in the time of Henry VIII. The introductory incident which sends Richard Morysine, novice, out into the world, and empties the Commandery at Worcester of its monks, old and young, is part of the Reformation policy, and through it the novice's life is influenced both by Wolsey and the King. A most simple and devoted person, Richard is instrumental in killing a man, and so incurring the vengeful hatred of that man's young widow, Amecia Mors, lady-in-waiting to Anne Boleyn. He has to flee for his life, and, falling in with a Lollard and a strolling girl, is helped by them; the first travelling with him by devious ways on a mission to Rome for Wolsey, and the second following them with Amecia, as her woman, but secretly determined to defeat her mistress's murderous plans. Many and terrible are the adventures that befall the two women on the way and in the Eternal City. This is a thoroughly interesting story, told with a gentle and sane optimism which finds some good in all humanity; even the King and the Cardinal become real men under the author's skill, though the historical is never allowed to dwarf the personal interest.



Photo by H. Perry

Mr. S. N. Sedgwick.

THE ALMONDS OF LIFE. By F. E. Mills Young. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The unexpected depths in womanhood and the disappointing shallowness of an unusually lucky man—these make fair game for a good player like Miss Mills Young. This time, instead of a plot where the South African scenes are part and parcel of the whole, she has given us one where they are a mere accident, for it could have unfolded itself with equal ease and equal logic if the characters had never left the Thames valley. In the same way, she need never have gone to China for her title, and yet we are more than

grateful for the proverb that "the almonds of life come to those who have no teeth." The boon in this case is love, of course, and it befalls two young and normal people a stage too late, for George Allerton is married to a hearty, motherly and sensible woman, and Gerda has rushed out of poverty into marriage with a rich and indulgent man old enough almost to be her father. It is part of the delicate irony of the treatment that we get the best side of George from the outset, and that the two women whose lives he spoils have to straighten things out for themselves without any help from him. But we should like to think that a male author dealing with the converse case would treat it with the same easy, delicate strength that Miss Mills Young exhibits here, and keep his finger on the pulse of sound emotion as truly and as gently, with as utter an absence of jerks or unreality. It is the best, the calmest and deepest thing Miss Mills Young has written.

SESTRINA. By A. Safroni-Middleton. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

The author of "South Sea Foam" appears to have hung in hesitation between the claims of realism and the call of the ideal in this romance of the Southern Pacific. Rupert Brooke, one remembers, halted similarly in his travel-letters, and one's conviction is that if he had lived to develop those vivid tropical impressions of his into finished form, the ideal would have asserted itself as it never does in those disappointing letters home. Here, happily, Mr. Safroni-Middleton has conquered in the right way, and after bringing us through chapters of strange and thrilling adventure, touched with eccentric figures and wild oaths and scenes, he leads us up to a finish which is half idyll and half tragedy. Royal Clensy, the English youngster who lands among scallywags at Port-au-Prince and wins the love of the President's daughter by teaching her music, enters on a mad investigation into her father's share in the murderous horrors of Voodoo worship, the cult that at one time so fascinated the errant soul of Lafcadio Hearn. In the orgie of vengeance and rescue that ensues, the President falls and the lovers are sundered. They appoint a meeting many thousand miles away, and it comes to nothing. Sestrina drifts into worse adventures still, until the ship that carries her is driven ashore under a typhoon, and she is the only person left to release the cargo of lepers in the hold. The rest is the story of a desert island to be peopled by these outcasts, derelict in a double sense, until one alone survives to serve her and to love her as she deserves, for throughout all these mishaps by field and flood she has preserved her purity. The end crowns with a touch of elemental majesty a story which, with all its faults, has a greatness in it that is all but monumental.

ANNE. By Olga Hartley. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

First novels are sometimes labelled with the phrase "great promise"; but it would be more just to say of Miss Olga Hartley's "Anne" that, for a first novel, it is a great achievement. Anne herself is a creation. You may like her, you may not like her; but you cannot help being interested in her. Left, through the jugglery of Fate, to the care of an erratic young journalist named John Halliday when she is a child of fifteen, she passes into the guardianship of Gilbert Trevor, who merges these somewhat lightly assumed responsibilities in the more serious ones of matrimony. The story tells the history of that marriage—an alliance between a self-centred, somewhat worldly barrister and a girl who is so far the prototype of Peter Pan that she refuses to grow up. Miss Hartley succeeds in keeping Anne a child in every phase of life and experience into which she is introduced. As a mother she would seem to be as badly in want of a nurse as her baby son; as a wife, what she really needed was a rather stern governess. When she separates from her husband, it is with the sullenness of the nursery. When she flies to the arms of another man, who loves her too much to dream of wronging her, she commits this spiritual outrage on the Seventh Commandment with all the irresponsibility of early infancy. It is impossible to do justice to the story

in so short a space. Miss Hartley has the photographic mind and quite a genius for presenting those details which throw up a scene or a person on the screen of the reader's mind. Her style is altogether charming.

TENSION. By E. M. Delafield. (Hutchinson.)

Most of us will be grateful to E. M. Delafield for immortalising Edna Rossiter, whose favourite touchstone in conversation was "Is it kind, is it wise, is it true?" For who has not suffered from this sort of stucco person, jerry-built from basement to attic and so unreal as to make us wonder, sometimes, whether she is actually there for our exasperation or only the figment of a horrid dream. "Tension" is an amusing book. Light scenes etched in with an acid of which no other present-day writer possesses the secret—the foibles of human nature indicated without any blurr of sentiment, and yet we flinch as we read. It is so true, it is too true, it is true of us, too. Here is a faculty for observation that is most unusual, a clear brilliancy of presentment, the precision of *le mot juste*. E. M. Delafield is to be congratulated on a book which in construction, perhaps even in brilliancy, is an advance on her previous work.

JULIAN. By Isabel C. Clarke. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson)

A novel full of quiet charm. Miss Clarke describes the youth of Eunice, the small girl so misunderstood by her worldly mother. And the childhood of Julian, the sensitive hero, is also pictured with care and a host of loving details. The author, who writes fervently from the Roman Catholic point of view, gives a painful glimpse of poor Julian's eight-year-old conscience and first confession. We follow Eunice into early womanhood and through many happy days with Julian's people, the Parmenters, a joyous Catholic family. Already Julian and she love one another; but Eunice has yet to find it out, and engages herself to another man. She breaks off the engagement to go and live with her dreadful, drinking mother. The book ends with the understanding of the true lovers. There is something sympathetic and gracious about this easily flowing story, something simple and sincere. But Lady Mirton's deathbed conversion would have been better left out.

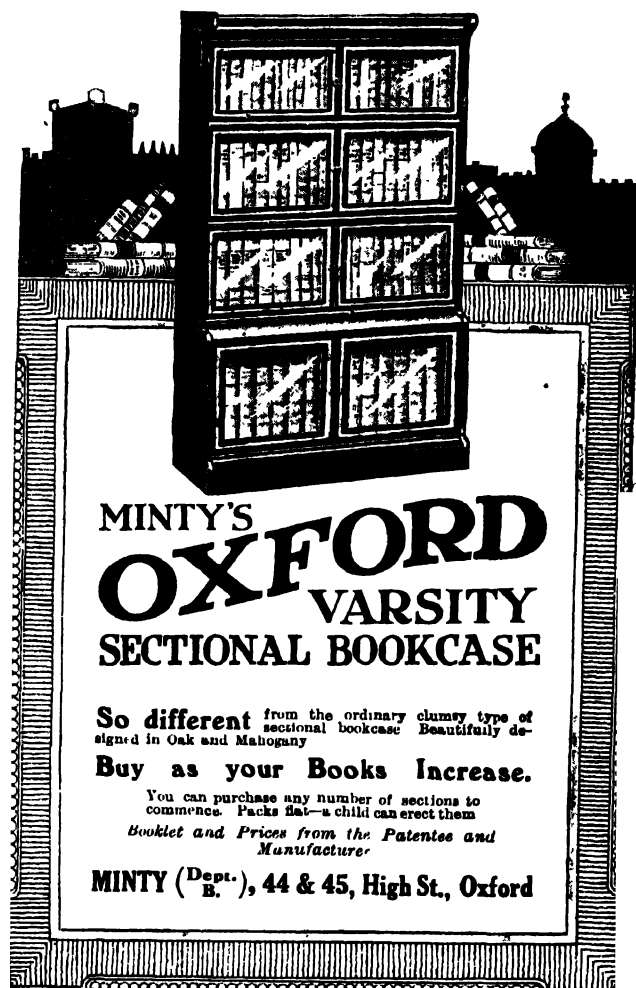
JACK O' JUDGMENT. By Edgar Wallace. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock)

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The Bookman's Table.

COLLECTING AS A PASTIME. By Charles Rowed. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

In the tempting field of connoisseurship, especially where it touches the assembling of old-fashioned objects for the adornment of a house, there must be few men with so catholic a taste as the author of this book. He nurses no ambition here save to enlighten the amateur with a few useful hints as to the right acquisitions, but he contrives to cover in a pleasant and gossiping way such diverse



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matters as clocks and furniture, pewter, pottery and china, brass and copper, Sheffield plate and old silver, old mortars, and even those jingling brasses which dangle, or used to dangle, from the fronts and necks of cart-horses and are dignified by the name and tradition of amulets. He says that there are over a thousand recorded designs of these quaint things, and the reason for collecting them seems to be, not so much because they are picturesque, but that the motor and the rationalistic spirit are driving from the roads this curious testimony to the superstition of our ancestors who decked their horses with bits of metal to make a soothing music to the horses' ear, and supply a shape suggesting pagan invocations to the human mind. The curious thing is that in amassing an enormous array of antiques and objects of what has been playfully mis-called "bigotry and virtue," the author has only bought one at a sale-room and that being so one can only congratulate him on having tackled the market in days that were earlier or else in possessing not only great perseverance, but as he confesses, serviceable and sympathetic friends who knock about the country.

THE JOY OF EDUCATION. By William Platt 2s 6d net (Bell & Sons)

This is a capital little book that lives up to its title. It is an account of the actual experimental work done in a proprietary co-education school by a pair of enthusiasts with ideas, energy and courage. The story is told with engaging frankness and simplicity and (unusual merit in a modern educational work) it is actual and concrete instead of being stuffed with abstract nouns and misty mysticism. No recent book that we have seen will do more good to the practical teacher and the education official. But we hope the public will realise that its own public institutions can scarcely at present, be conducted on Mr. Platt's engaging lines. Thus in answer to the question, 'What do you do with a really rough boy,' he says "If he does not quickly reform recommend his father to send him elsewhere. An excellent remedy, no doubt. But we should like to ask Mr. Platt this question: "If you were an elementary schoolmaster with a class of sixty boys, several of whom were very rough, with even rougher fathers what would you do?" Remember every kind of school can get rid of its failures and problems by expulsion—all but the elementary school which has to keep them for the statutory period. The stories and quotations given in these pages are perfectly delightful and unlike the usual run of alleged school anecdotes they teach as well as amuse. We strongly recommend this excellent little book.

LONDON THROUGH CHINESE EYES. By M. T. L. Tyau 15s net (Swarthmore Press)

The author of this frank, artless and quite entertaining volume is a brilliant young Chinaman who has passed through a university course in England with marked success. He has, moreover, endeavoured to plunge into the spirit of our national life. He is lost in admiration over some of our British possessions. The 'Admirable Bobby' has a chapter all to himself and his guiding finger! But our way of serving afternoon tea worries the learned visitor not a little. "With a plate between your knees, your two hands being occupied, it is rather expecting too much of you to converse in any animated manner." He adds plainly "I suggest that the dining room should always be preferred to the drawing room." Again, with reference to the naming of our roads: "An Englishman cannot get along without his afternoon tea, so a Bread Street ought to have a Butter Street, and a Milk Street should go together with a Cream Street. His remarks on Western family life are quite in earnest—"In Europe the old people are left to shift for themselves in their declining years and this, from an Easterner's point of view, is almost inconceivable." Of the Chinese marriage system he says with complacency, "It is like putting pans of cold water on the stove and then applying fire to it." He is unduly pessimistic about our method.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

a work of fiction (other than a volume of short stories) published in book form.

Full particulars of the Competition will be sent on application, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to The Editor,

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News Notes.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE BOOKMAN

250 GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITION.

The increasing cost of book-production is, in these days, raising very serious difficulties for the author as well as for the publisher—especially for the author who is unknown. Articles and letters have recently appeared in the newspapers reiterating that it is becoming almost impossible for the beginner to get any chance at all, for, until the enterprise is less costly and speculative, most publishers prefer to limit their lists to the works of novelists of established reputation, and are unwilling to take the risk of publishing a first novel.

It has always been part of THE BOOKMAN'S programme to look out for new talent and encourage young authors of promise and, in the adverse circumstances that face them at present, we have decided to offer

A Prize of 250 Guineas for the best First Novel.

For the purposes of this Competition a "first" novel is defined as one by a writer who has never before had

"Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie," in two large volumes, will be published this month by Messrs. Appleton.

The authoritative biography of the Empress Eugénie, by Augustus Filon, will be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell. M. Filon was the preceptor of the Prince Imperial and acted for many years as the late Empress's private secretary.

One of the most important books of the autumn, Mr. H. G. Wells's "Outline of History," will be published by Messrs. Cassell, complete in one volume, on the 2nd September. The History has been carefully revised and largely rewritten, and differs in many respects from the version that has been appearing serially.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing a new and cheaper edition (4s. net) of Dora Langlois' striking story of wireless communication two thousand years ago—"In the Shadow of Pa-Menkh."

"The Heart of Unaga," a new romance of the Far West by Ridgwell Cullum, will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Mr. Robert Scott is adding to his English Countryside series a new volume by Mr. A. G. Bradley, "England's Outposts," which follows the Kent coast from Margate to Hythe, with a hundred and two illustrations by Mr. Frederick Adcock.

"President Wilson," a study of the President's character and policy by that brilliant Frenchman, D. Halevy, has just been published by Mr. John Lane.

Now that the war is past we are, in divers ways, linking the new world up with the old again, and the new editions of Aubrey Beardsley's "Early Work" and "Later Work" that Mr. Lane is issuing will be welcome not only to those who are interested in the art and literature of the nineties, for Beardsley is a living force in English art and his influence is not confined within the limits of that notable decade.

The Oxford Press is now resuming the publication of the series of "Essays and Studies written by the members of the English Association," which they published annually from 1910 to 1914. In the sixth volume (collected, as was the first, by Professor A. C. Bradley) Mr. George Saintsbury writes on "Trollope Revisited"; Dr. Henry Bradley on the "Cædmonian" genesis; Professor Wyld on Dialects; Professor Ker on "The Humanist Ideal"; Miss Stawell on Joseph Conrad; and Mr. George Sampson on "Playing the Sedulous Ape."

We congratulate Mr. Clive Holland on the well-merited distinction of the "Medaille du Roi Albert avec rayure" which the King of the Belgians has bestowed upon him "in recognition of the valued services which you rendered to the Belgian cause during the war." In the war days Mr. Clive Holland lectured for the Belgian Relief Committee Funds

throughout the kingdom, and did a great deal of propaganda work in England and America.

"The Headland," a new novel by Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott, will be published this autumn by Mr. Heinemann. It is the story of a Cornish family, and the action takes place in three days. The Alfred Knopf firm will publish the book in America.

"The Voice of the Merry-Go-Round," which Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing, is the first novel of Mr. Alan J. Thompson, who has made a considerable magazine reputation as a writer of short stories.

Julius Magnussen, a writer of successful plays, a newspaper man connected with the Danish radical press, a materialist and sceptic, full of ridicule towards anything associated with the supernatural, has written a book on the communications he has received from the spirit world, and under the title of "God's Smile" it will be published shortly by Messrs. Appleton.

"Sex Education and National Health," by C.

Gasquoine Hartley, for which Mr. S. P. B. Mais has written a preface, will be published in September by Mr. Leonard Parsons.

Messrs. Batsford have published "Ypres: The Holy Ground of the British Army," by Lieut.-Colonel Beckles Willson, a record of the martyred Belgian city, the story of the three great battles of Ypres, and an admirable guide-book for all who are visiting that stricken field of Flanders. It is illustrated with maps and photographs.

Miss Diana Patrick, whose first novel, "The Wider Way" (Hutchinson), we reviewed last month, writes with reference to our announcement in the same Number of Mr. Keighley Snowden's forthcoming "Life of Sir Swire Smith," that "the Sir Shem Swire of my book had as original the courtly



Photo by Debenham & Smith.

Miss Elinor Mordaunt,

whose new novel, "The Little Soul" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

figure of Sir Swire Smith, the kind friend of my girlhood. His was indeed a romantic personality, and I venture to think there are many to-day striving upward who owe a good deal to the genial charm of his encouragement. I gladly pay my small tribute to his memory." Miss Patrick has finished a second novel, "The Islands of Desire," which will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson this autumn.

A new novel by Mr. Herbert Sleath, which is still without a title, is to be published shortly by Mr. Herbert Jenkins. It is a story of Scottish life and character, the scene being laid in a Scottish seaport.



Photo by J. A. Latter,
Wallingford.

Miss Diana Patrick.

The recent death of Mr. James Baker removed a writer of greatly varied activities, who will, however, be best remembered as the author of books of travel, and more especially perhaps by those in which he wrote of Bohemia. He was something of a pioneer of modern travel in that ancient kingdom, now the principal portion of the tripartite republic of Czecho-Slovakia; his "Pictures From Bohemia," with illustrations by the late Walter Crane, having been published in 1894. Though he had travelled much all over Europe, Bohemia remained the most attractive country to him; he had but lately returned from Prague when taken with his fatal illness, and he died before the news reached England that Prague University had granted him the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Besides his books of



Photo by J. Drummond Shiels.

Mr. Herbert Sleath,
author of "Sniper Jackson" and "The Seventh Vial" (Herbert Jenkins).

travel, Mr. Baker had written a number of novels, several of which enjoyed a considerable popularity.

We are promised a first novel of unusual distinction in "Jan," by Miss Morgan Gibbon, which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing. Miss Gibbon is the daughter of the Rev. J. E. Morgan Gibbon, and her brother is the distinguished novelist, Mr

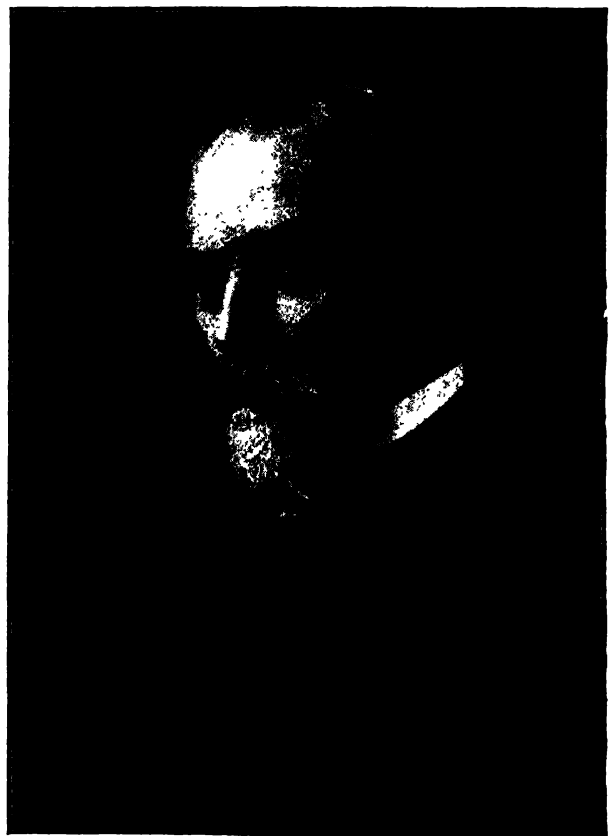


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. James Baker.

Perceval Gibbon. She graduated at Girton, and in her early days used to write melodramas and act them at home at Christmas, and in the same days edited a manuscript magazine to which two of her sisters contributed, but she is not entering into rivalry with Miss Daisy Ashford. During the war she worked at the Admiralty and in the Free Buffet for soldiers at Liverpool Street Station. She wrote her first short story with a view to publication in 1918, and sold it. On Armistice Day she resigned her Admiralty appointment and then set to work at the writing of "Jan," which was promptly accepted by the Doubleday, Page firm in America, but was not so readily appreciated in this country till it came into the hands of Messrs. Hutchinson, who have already accepted her second novel, and she has now made considerable progress with a third.

Mr. F. Morton Howard, who has for a good many years been well known to magazine readers, has at long last published his first book—a collection of genuinely and delightfully humorous stories, "The Unfortunate Lover" (1s. 6d. net; Holden & Hardingham), and, to make up for lost time, he has two more books coming out this autumn: "Happy Rascals" with Messrs. Methuen, and "A Man May Not Marry his Grandmother" with Messrs. Holden & Hardingham. "The Unfortunate Lover" stories appeared originally in *London Opinion*; the "Happy Rascals" in the *Premier*, for which magazine Mr. Howard is at present writing a serial about those same rascals and it will appear in due course with the title of "'Orace & Co.'" Before his first book made its appearance his agent, Mr. Robert Somerville, had arranged for the publication of six others, which is something of a record. Mr. Howard is proud of the fact that he was born of the real old Colonial stock in Cape Colony, about forty years ago. When he was two years old he was brought to Europe by the rest of his family; they gravitated to England, and have stayed here ever since.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

No poet of our time has made a more instant or a wider appeal than Mr. John Oxenham. His first book of verse, "Bees in Amber," is now in its two hundred and thirty-eighth thousand, and the secret of his success is no secret at all—it is just that he writes simply and sincerely in lucid, happy verse of those everyday things that are the pleasure or the business of all mankind. "Gentlemen—The King!" (2s. net; Methuen) is a sort of epic in little, telling in a series of twelve narrative poems, with lyrical

interludes, the greatest story in the world—the story of Christ. Mr. Oxenham has endeavoured, as he says in a foreword, "to crystallise the story of the most wonderful and heroic personage of all time, and as clearly and simply as possible to show the meaning of the greatest life ever lived on earth." He has handled his theme reverently, imaginatively, with a fine sensitiveness to the beauty and tragic pathos of its incomparable drama. The book is illustrated with charming line drawings by Mr. Langford Jones.

Mr. F. A. Mackenzie has travelled largely and not always safely in Korea, and "Korea's Fight for Freedom" (10s. 6d. net; Simpkin, Marshall) is the story, written from personal experience and on the evidence of reliable witnesses, of what has happened in the hermit

kingdom since it has fallen under the rule of Japan. It is, as an American critic has said, a book that "has played as important a part in arousing world opinion about the tragedy of Korea as did Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in crystallising opinion on slavery."

Everybody is talking just now of the need for speeding-up and greater production in industrial circles, and in "Getting On With It" (1s. 3d. net; G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch) Mr. W. Heath Robinson discloses in a series of short articles and a collection of drawings his own peculiar view of how divers business houses are strenuously doing what is necessary. It is the best nonsense book of the hour and the more irresistible because it illustrates with funny solemnity important affairs that are usually solemn without being funny.

The little sketches in "A Dull Day in London," by Dora Sigerson (4s. 6d. net; Eveleigh Nash), have a two-fold charm of style and thought in such perfect accord that the one seems as naturally part of the other as its fragrance is of a flower. Whether she is weaving some quaintly humorous fable of birds and cats and dogs, some



Miss M. Morgan Gibbon.

tenderly fanciful story of children, or some beautifully revealing parable of the earth or of the lives of men and women, Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter wrote always with the vision of the poet and a quick human sympathy that is wider than the wideness of the sea. It is just this sympathy, this emanation of a gracious personality, that makes the charm both of her thought and of her style. Such things as "Contentment," "A Dull Day in London," "The Little Hero of High Wycombe," "The One Left Behind," "The City," and others, are stories in miniature, and yet not so much stories as essays dramatised, and they have the art of saying as much by what they leave unsaid as by what they say. "The Earthquake," "The Footfall," "The Child," are prose poems, not in form or manner, but in feeling and in imaginative suggestiveness. It is a little book of delectable reading. In a prefatory note Mr. Thomas Hardy speaks of it as "charming," and there is no word that more aptly describes it.

In "The Kingdom, the Power and the Glory" (3s. 6d. net; C. W. Daniel) Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has written a grimly humorous, grotesque, curiously impressive modern morality play. He quotes significantly as a foreword the belief we all profess in church: "For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen"; and his drama of kings, queens, princes, ministers and a labour leader show the power and glory that men fight for and grasp and lose as the shoddy wear that, in our hearts, we all know it to be. If his labour leader rising to be president begins to assume the qualities he had condemned in kings, who shall talk of cynicism? Mr. Fyfe is merely true to the disillusioning facts of life as he is again in his pictures of the littleness of regal personages, and the degeneration into a pitifully ridiculous old age of the great general whose greatness is more a matter of luck than of competence. For all its play of humour, this little drama is as merciless a satire on certain aspects of public life and the established ideals of our own day as any we have read. It is one in Mr. Daniel's series of "Plays for a People's Theatre."

"Our Hero of the Golden Heart," by Annie Matheson, is the latest addition to the Young Citizen series of Rose and Dragon Books (2s. 6d. net; British Periodicals, Ltd.), and tells poignant and vivid stories of young men who fought and died in the great war. It is a gracious, wise little book and one that should be very helpful to many in these difficult days. The lessons it teaches, of the need

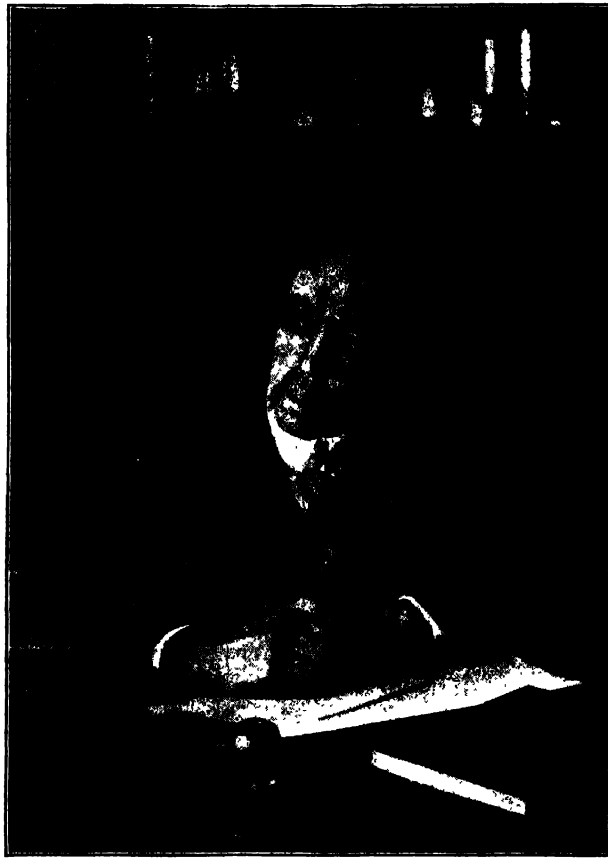
for common brotherhood, the glory of living and dying for others, of sinking class interests in a love of all mankind, are such lessons as we must contrive to learn if the world of the future is to be any better than the world of the past.

"Artemas" is his own most dangerous rival. You open "A Dear Fool" (7s. 6d. net; Westall) expecting to find it as richly and distinctively humorous as those three Books of Artemas with which he established his reputation.

But there he was a humorist on unconventional lines, and here he is a humorist of the more orthodox pattern. He writes an amusing story, but there is a touch of the first novel about it, and he sometimes spins out scenes and dialogue until the fun of them runs thin. Nevertheless, there is plenty of good laughter in the story, and enough streaks of the true "Artemas" to make one wish there were more, and if there are improbabilities, you can forgive the improbabilities of farcical comedy when it is entertaining, and "A Dear Fool" is undoubtedly that.

Reading "Twells Brex: A Conqueror of Death," by Hamilton Fyfe (6s. net; Cassell), one is reminded of how Hood wrote some of his most poignant and some of his

wittiest things as he lay dying and carrying on his business as poet and as jester in the shadow of death. Twells Brex was about thirty before he discovered that he had gifts as a writer, and it was not till some few years later, when Lord Northcliffe recognised those gifts and opened the columns of the *Daily Mail* to him, that he began to do his best work. He had a droll, whimsical humour that was distinctively his own; and, like all humorists, he had a deeply serious vein and was as sensitive to the pathos and irony of life as to its grotesque and ludicrous phases. Some of the best of his miscellanies are gathered into this volume, and Mr. Fyfe has linked them up with concise, telling accounts of the circumstances in which they were written, and in a sort of prologue and epilogue tells the beginnings and end of a brief but brilliant career. Brex did nothing that was finer in style or more strangely pathetic in the indomitable courage that inspired it than the essay, "Before Sunset," which he forced himself to sit up and write, when he was in too much pain to endure even the visits of his friends, a few days before he breathed his last. Who was it that said it was better to live a poem than to write one? And this book moves one to admiration and affection for him because the story of his life, especially in its latest year, is as good reading as the best things that he wrote.



Mr. F. Morton Howard.

THE READER.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

AS Mr. Conrad gets older his nationality becomes more apparent. I do not mean that his novels show any great affinity with Polish literature: I am too ignorant of Polish literature to know how Mr. Conrad compares with his fellow-countrymen—all one can say confidently is that he is very unlike Sienkiewicz. But ever since "Under Western Eyes" his books have betrayed the fact that he belongs to an oppressed nationality. Some of his early stories, "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Youth," or even "Nostromo," might have been written by an Englishman; and "Chance," among the later stories, has little distinctive sign of race about it; but "Victory," "The Shadow Line," "The Arrow of Gold," and now "The Rescue," are stories that could not, I think, have come from the son of a conquering people. To many of us the literature and the art produced by the oppressed peoples—the Poles, the Serbs, the Irish—will always have an appeal of beauty which even the greatest things of other peoples must miss. There is something deliberate, something very avoidable, like the complaints of an undisciplined athlete, about the tragedies of successful persons; and though an individual member of a conquering nation may be a complete failure, or a thing mocked at by fate and circumstance, he will never touch the uttermost abyss of gloom known to those who suffer personally even as those others, but also belong to a suffering people. Our respect, our love, our reverence for these torn children of desolate lands are part of our Christian tradition: we cannot forget that for us the secret of the world and of the world to come, the secret of beauty and of truth, is held in the nail-pierced hands of the Man who was at once, in His own life, forsaken and betrayed and who belonged to a betrayed and down-trodden people. So the greatest imaginative works, if we are to look for that tragic pity which can see beyond pessimism and despair, because desperation is the condition of daily life, will always come from those who have in the blood the sense of a desertion greater than any the free people can know—to those for whom the word "home" means the same as the word "prison."

Of these is Joseph Conrad. I often think that in "Victory" he, unconsciously perhaps, wrote the epic of the enslaved people, the people with whom the point of honour is always greater than any other call of duty, the people whom a crisis must always find ready to die but too often impotent to act. Heyst, in that story, is to me a figure no less splendid than Don Quixote, and in portraying him Conrad has allowed himself a use of humour which is reminiscent at times of the strained, dangerous laughter of Cervantes, who might have foreseen, so sombre is he at times, the gradual decline of his country. In "Victory" Conrad finally acknowledges his devotion to those ideals which all enslaved

people must worship unless they are to be slaves in soul—the ideals which do not save a man, which have no possible "use," which lead only to the desolation of Calvary, which invite, with a proud loneliness, that failure which other men sweat terribly to avoid. Always it is the enslaved nations who tend the flame of honour on a broken and forsaken altar: and in the fire which devours the hut, and Heyst and that splendid, flame-like Lena, Conrad, in his way, has paid his devotion at the shrine of the truth which has no reward for its worshippers, at the beauty which gives its lovers nothing but itself, and so never leaves them dissatisfied.

II.

In "The Rescue" * Conrad has a similar tale of "failure" to relate. We have met his Lingard before: for his persons come in and out of his books with the propriety of people who really live in a world not less real than our daily thing of streets and dusty endeavour. In this book we have Lingard's tragedy. In his earlier stories Conrad introduced women sparingly: he has always inclined to a romantic view of woman. He is content, not seldom, to go no further than to give us what a woman thinks a man believes of her—but he gives us that, in "Chance" especially and in "The Arrow of Gold," clad in a splendour, a protective beauty which make it something far other than the ordinary romantic woman. He has never had, I should think, Stevenson's difficulty about women: he can never himself have thought they were different creatures from men, but he has lived long among men to whom that view of woman is axiomatic: and he himself, in all those splendid stories of endeavour on the sea, was chiefly concerned with men who held that view. In "Victory" he gave us woman very differently: and I do not think that due recognition has yet been given to the amazing skill, so remote from the vulgar, spy-hole curiosity of some psychological novelists, with which Conrad used the detestable Mr. Jones to add to the poignancy of Lena's position. In "The Rescue," though still very indirectly, almost as if he would like it to be unobserved, there is a distinctly satiric note in his portrayal of Mrs. Travers.

It is not that Mrs. Travers herself is an object of satire as her husband quite frankly is. It is rather that in the circumstances of her love, in the growth of the understanding, which is a misunderstanding, between her and Lingard, Conrad allows himself to be critical of her in a way that has scarcely entered before into his work on woman. Those splendid women, of whom the defended, defenceless, self-defending Lena is the most precious, are of a different mould from the heroines of other novels. In one way they derive from Helen and Cleopatra, in another they recall to us those defiant women of Russia or Poland, women who inspire

* "The Rescue." By Joseph Conrad. 9s. net. (Dent.)

revolutions, and take the dagger or the revolver after it has dropped from the hands of men dazed with too much thinking in a world that is not theirs to make or mar. Mrs. Travers desperately wants things to happen. She is the wife of a foolish, self-opinionated, suspicious man—one of the ruling classes. The accident that brings her and Lingard together is so contrived that it brings their personal fates into contact, eventually disastrous, with the scheme on which "King Toon" has spent money and time and thought. She is, in a real sense, the cause of Lingard's failure. Had it not been for the presence of a woman on the stranded yacht he would have made short work of Travers and d'Alcazer, his polite, diplomatic friend. But he cannot leave a woman to the accidents of a native rising; and so, in his efforts to save her and his party, he

loses his gems, he sacrifices his friends, the dispossessed Rajah and his sister, and he loses, worst of all, his credit among the chieftains of the islands. And for it he gets—then comes Conrad's especial genius. The end of the book tells you with a sombre finality precisely what he gets. It ranks with the finest endings in literature. The yacht has been floated, and Lingard and his mate are back on that brig which is to him "always precious like old love; always desirable like a strange woman; always tender like a mother; always faithful—like the favourite daughter of a man's heart." Then on the brig Lingard has to settle on his future:

"Carter approached him and spoke quietly.

"The tide has turned and the night is coming on. Hadn't we better get away from these shoals, sir?"

"Lingard did not stir.

"Yes, the night is coming on. You may fill the main topsail, Mr. Carter," he said, and relapsed into silence, with his eyes fixed on the southern boards where the shadows were creeping stealthily toward the setting sun. Presently Carter stood at his elbow again.

"The brig is beginning to forge ahead, sir," he said, in a warning tone.

"Lingard came out of his absorption with a deep tremor of his powerful frame like the shudder of an uprooted tree.

"How was the yacht heading when you lost sight of her?" he asked.

"South as near as possible," answered Carter. "Will you give me a course to steer for to-night, sir?"

"Lingard's lips trembled before he spoke, but his voice was calm.

"Steer north," he said."

The end of that deep love of Lingard's, the end of the less true, because more emotional love of Mrs. Travers, is just this—desolation after the passing of beauty. Yet Conrad never leaves one with the impression that he has any sympathy with the old heresy

that one should live in the moment, that it is enough to have had sensation—that is the creed of the sheltered and the egoist. The tragedy of life becomes vacant and shallow if there be nothing better than to pursue sensation: and if Lingard had had such a creed he would have steered south. It is

just because he has loved that he can lose.

III.

"The Rescue" has not quite the tapestried colour of "The Arrow of Gold," and it is without that cutting edge, that sharp, acrid pain which puts "Victory" in a place of its own; but in its slower, more restrained way "The Rescue" has qualities which remind me of both books. It is very unlike "Victory" in one way. That novel contains more definitely than any work of Conrad's, except possibly "Heart of Darkness," his belief in the reality of evil—evil in men. Compared to Ricardo and Mr. Jones, Stevenson's creatures in "The Ebb-Tide"—even Hush seem persons of the theatre, bogey-masks which frighten only until they are pushed. But Ricardo leaping at Lena, or slobbering on her foot, Mr. Jones, sweating in his dressing-gown and fingering his revolver, are visible embodiments of the power of evil. There is nothing of this in "The Rescue." The war possibly has left Conrad, as it has left so many of us, with little desire to hate. So in "The Rescue" the tragedy is less drastic, and the causes of it are stupidity and ill-chance rather than evil will. That too, I think, is a philosophy which comes in time to all members of oppressed races. They are forced, if they live with their oppressors (or even



Photo by Will Cadby

Joseph Conrad.

more if they do not) to recognise that the monstrous tyranny of which their beloved country is the victim, goes on through inertia not through resolution: that men lie and cheat because they are too tired to find out the truth; and murder because they are too stupid to exercise justice. Lingard is, it is true, overcome by fate as well. The luck is against him, and he is stupefied by the combination of the chances. It is idle to say a stronger man would have overcome them: a stronger man would never have been doing what Lingard was doing—for the strong men of the world are strong only because they never really extend themselves. They never risk defeat, and so never gain a victory.

For beauty of writing and clear rendering of atmosphere "The Rescue" can challenge comparison with any previous work of Conrad's. Indeed I know none which contains more impressive passages than those which tell of Mrs. Travers's visit, with Lingard, to the native chiefs: or that other final scene when the two meet on the "arid, insignificant and deserted sand-bank," when Mrs. Travers leaves Lingard, sitting by a grave on the sands, with no glance to spare for her.

Indeed once again the reader is struck with the supreme mastery with which this Pole manages the English language: surely never before has a man written so superbly and so magnificently in a tongue not his by birth. I would choose, to show Conrad's power, this passage of reflection, rather than any of the descriptive passages:

"Lingard followed him with irritated eyes. A new power had come into the world, had possessed itself of human speech, had imparted to it a sinister irony of allusion. To be told that some one had 'a perfect knowledge of his mind' startled him and made him wince. It made him aware that now he did not know his own mind himself—that it seemed impossible for him even to regain that knowledge. And the new power not only had cast its spell upon the words he loved to hear, but also upon the facts that assailed him, upon the people he saw, upon the thoughts he had to guide, upon the feelings he had to bear. They remained what they had ever been—the visible surface of life open in the sun to the conquering tread of an unfettered will. Yesterday they could have been discerned clearly, mastered and despised; but now another had come into the world, and had cast over them all the wavering gloom of a dark and inscrutable purpose."

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.

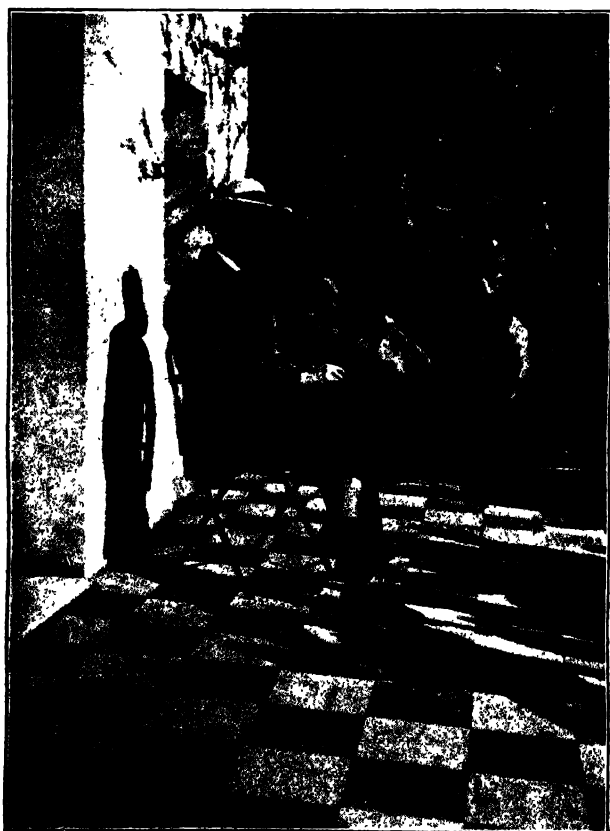
BY COMPTON MACKENZIE.

MR. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG may be called the most fortunate or the most unfortunate of the younger novelists: it depends on the point of view. If a general discussion of his chance in the great tontine of fame really help a novelist he must be esteemed unfortunate, for that chance has certainly not received anything like the attention it deserves from the recent

accumulations of ephemeral criticism which now appear as regularly as new magazines. If, on the other hand—and I suspect that this opinion is more justifiable—it be really a handicap for an artist to find himself taken too seriously at the beginning of his career, then Mr. Brett Young must be counted the most fortunate. The present method of appraising authors has more affinity with racing gossip than with literature, and the climax is reached when the appraiser, not content with estimating contemporary values, indulges in speculations about the values of posterity that savour more of spiritualism than of criticism. I am sure that Mr. Brett Young has lost nothing because he has never been pictured drinking in Elysium five hundred years hence the distilled nectar of earthly fame, or even, to pass from the trivial to the significant, because Henry James did not include him in that famous article on the younger generation which set a few hearts beating and so many burning.

For one thing, such neglect has allowed Mr. Brett Young a free hand to experiment; and so interesting has been each one of these experiments, at any rate so far as his prose and verse are concerned—I cannot speak of his plays—that his varied production might serve as a text to illustrate the tendencies of our time.

Tendencies are as infectious as influenza; even with rigid isolation the subject is not immune, but he is safer thus than he would be by frequenting various literary groups, which are the worst disseminators of such infection. Mr. Brett Young, who was a doctor before he became a writer, probably learnt in the exercise of his earlier profession the wisdom of avoiding infected areas unless compelled to visit them professionally. Literature has not summoned him professionally into such infected areas, and, with the exception of an



Francis Brett Young.

From a photo taken at his house in Capri.

excellent book on Robert Bridges, in which he gave a model diagnosis of a completely uninfected patient, he has not been called upon to administer the consolations of criticism.

At the same time, one feels that Mr. Brett Young has indulged in a certain amount of research among the infectious tendencies of the present day; so much so, that occasionally he seems to have felt that it was his duty to inoculate himself, however mildly, with each serum in turn. The first tendency of this kind was towards a type of Welsh influenza which has remained endemic in the Marches, and which, under the influence of Mr. Arthur Machen, almost grew into a pandemic. The result was "Undergrowth," and it is interesting to notice that, like so many of the maladies of our early days, it ran through the household and infected his brother simultaneously, so that Mr. Francis Brett Young's first novel was really only half a first novel, the other half belonging to Mr. Eric Brett Young. The book is concerned with "old, unhappy far-off things" impinging upon the present, and you can get a better thrill from

it than from any book of the same kind, always excepting "The Three Impostors." Incidentally it introduced a writer whose pen for landscape was evidently going to be one of the most accomplished of our time.

"Undergrowth" was followed by "Deep Sea," which is as different from "Undergrowth" as cheese from—in this case—Silurian. "Deep Sea" is a story of Brixham and Brixham trawlers, a simple and moving story, free from any hint of a tendency and achieving what, with much more elaboration of effort, the next book, "The Dark Tower," fails to achieve, the illumination of a minor tragedy by a privileged and sympathetic onlooker. The weakness of "Deep Sea" lies in what seems the author's lack of relish for the villainy; and this is a weakness which is noticeable right through his work. I do not think that any other living writer can evoke a sinister landscape at once so accurately and so alarmingly; but the sinister personalities in these landscapes sometimes turn out on approach to be

scarecrows. This is not to deny that a scarecrow well placed can be as frightening as Charles Peace, if we keep our distance. The horrible requires at close quarters the naturalism of the Chamber of Horrors with its rows of glassy blue eyes and with its waxwork that simulates the human skin.

Perhaps Mr. Brett Young was conscious of this weakness, for in "The Dark Tower," the theme of which is

essentially a sinister landscape, he experimented with some of the Conrad serum, in order to provide a human interest as suggestive, as complicated, and as provocatively obscure as his wonderful landscape. This is not the time to divagate into an examination of Mr. Conrad's method of narration, and I must take the risk of appearing superficial by saying that, roughly, this consists in viewing the *dramatis personæ* through a cloud of ordinary personalities that melts in a rain of inverted commas, above which can be heard the remote thunder of the tale and through which flashes the lightning of the author's revelation. Such a method, with all its pretence of "naturalism," is for me the least naturalistic



Francis Brett Young.

From a crayon drawing by Lucy Flannigan.

that there is. I believe neither in Mr. Conrad's unending Marlowe nor in Mr. Brett Young's more finite Marsden: they are no more human than unresolved algebraical brackets. If the old Olympian method by which the novelist was allowed to know all about his puppets is no longer tolerable at our present pitch of literary refinement, it will at any rate never be ousted by this new contorted method, which is like craning at a football match from the middle of a crowd. Progress in art is a history of discarded conventions. Marlowes and Marsdens are only fresh conventions, clumsy or graceful according to one's taste; with the *deus ex machina*, the servants at the rise of the curtain, the messenger, the lonely horseman silhouetted against the last rays of the setting sun, the confidante, the soliloquy, the aside, and the transformation scene, they too will, in their day, pass to the property-room of art. But my intense dislike of oblique narrative has made me unjust to "The Dark

Tower"; the tale often "walks in beauty like the night."

Mr. Brett Young's next book, "The Iron Age," begins with a very small injection of the Arnold Bennett serum, the effect of which is rapidly thrown off to show us more of Mr. Brett Young than any of the preceding books. There is again admirable scenery (that was to be expected); but there is now also visible a real ability to create human character, and though less pretentious in its psychology than "The Dark Tower," "The Iron Age" is more convincing. The fault of the book is an abrupt conclusion, brought about by the late war, at the very moment when Mr. Brett Young was in full swing with his theme. I am not such a fool, being a novelist myself, as to suppose that the war is not going to intrude upon the greater part of the novels written during the next twenty years. But Mars is not the only god emerging from a machine; the great war is not a finale like the general carnage of an Elizabethan tragedy, and it is to be hoped that novelists will remember the entrance of Fortinbras at the close of "Hamlet." The flow of normal life, be it damned never so violently, will gradually be restored.

Mr. Brett Young, having sent off his hero to the war, followed him immediately afterward, and was lucky enough (this can be said since he came safely home) to take part in the East African campaign. The result of this experience was "Marching on Tanga," which made a deep impression and brought his name into real prominence for the first time. Written under a stress of emotion and exaltation in a rhythmical prose that somewhat too frequently breaks into blank verse, it is a remarkable record of a remarkable experience, and it already beautifully fills in the immense library of war books a space which is assuredly a permanent one.

The experience gained in East Africa was now utilised less directly in "The Crescent Moon," which Mr. Brett Young in the dedication characterises as a "shocker." He is unjust to himself, and this display of self-consciousness extends to imperil the whole story, for if Mr. Brett Young does not believe in his book, how shall he preserve the illusion that in so violent a story is more than ever essential? I cannot help feeling all the time I am reading it that the author is looking over his shoulder a little apologetically and saying to some critic who during the war kept the divine fires burning at home: "I'm sorry I went away and had so much experience of blood and thunder; you will quite understand that I realise how shocking all this is, and I will try never to do it again." But why this apology? For the good or for the ill of our art some of us have been dragged through hell these last years, so that storms in teacups and the chess-problems of adultery are less attractive than formerly. "The Crescent Moon" requires no apology; I believe that it may be the apology which has once more taken the edge off Mr. Brett Young's villain.

But the effect of East Africa was not exhausted by "Marching on Tanga" or "The Crescent Moon." If the description of that emotion was in prose, the expression of it was in verse, and in "Five Degrees South," or more completely in "Poems, 1916-1918," Mr. Brett Young became definitely, even conspicuously, one of the "Georgian" poets, to use the muddle-headed jargon

of the moment. There is a legend being sedulously spread that we live in a great age of poetry, propaganda for which is conducted unscrupulously enough by the poets themselves. Was it De Musset who said that his glass was not a large one, but that he did drink out of his own? The "Georgian" poets might add: "Our glass is not very large either, and we all drink out of it in turn, although some of us do possess small liqueur glasses of our own." I think that Mr. Brett Young has one of these liqueur glasses, and a very beautiful little glass it is, wrought by a cunning workman and brimming with a liqueur that was not bottled yesterday. In the latest volume of "Georgian" poetry there are several examples of Mr. Brett Young; and "Prothalamion," with its exquisite dying fall, might almost tempt one to suppose that we do live in a renaissance of poetry, and that the four-and-twenty blackbirds who are baked weekly in the printer's pie of the literary press are really a dainty dish fit to set before a Georgian king. But alas, the king is indeed in his counting-house, for the war is over; the poets are being driven like the gods of Hellas to exercise their craft less divinely; the blackbirds have become mud-larks, and the mud that formerly produced the Lily of Malud is now being used for other purposes, medicinally, no doubt some would say; "but mud is none the less mud," as one of the group sings.

Mr. Brett Young escaped the void into which peace flung professional soldiers and poets. He got back immediately to his novels, and to such purpose that with "The Young Physician" he surpassed easily all his previous books. With the exception of the hurried end, obviously dictated by the economic tyranny of publishers (themselves the prey of other tyrannies), and of an attempt to give the book the kind of form it could have dispensed with by stretching probability in respect of the "villain's" reappearance, there is not much to say against "The Young Physician." The episode of the mother's death is as good as anything in contemporary literature; there are the usual beautiful landscapes, which are now inhabited by real people; finally, there is Mr. Brett Young as himself (I do not mean autobiographically) able and willing to affirm "our true intent is all for your delight."

I confess that I like a book to be readable; it seems to me that a capacity for entertaining a certain number of people is the chief justification for writing novels. It is a low-browed ambition, but I shall persevere in it myself, and I hope that Mr. Brett Young will persevere in it too. And here is "The Tragic Bride" to encourage such a hope. For a moment, in the first half-dozen pages, I thought that I was going to be disappointed. I expected to see that fellow Marsden round the next bend of the stream. But he was not fishing in Ireland that year, and presently I was enraptured by a hundred pages of Mr. Brett Young at his best, and how good that can be readers must find out. I should like to remove these hundred pages and print them as one of the best "short stories" in the English language, for though the rest of the book is good, it is not so good as the earlier part, and though my judgment is a sentimental one founded upon the intense pleasure the earlier part gave me, I do feel that in this case the sentimental judgment is supported by the æsthetic one.

Well, here is an end of my poor attempt to remind

people that Mr. Brett Young is a novelist who has shown by his industry and steady progress, by his versatility and romantic outlook, by his technical accomplishment and by a kind of graceful modesty which is the very essence of his individuality as a writer, that he is worthy of much more attention than he has received.

Yet I come back to my opinion that he is therein fortunate, because, withdrawn from the tribal wars that menace the health of the body æsthetic and uncumbered by the scalps of successful rivals, he is moving honourably toward that high place in the literature of the next decade for which he is marked out.

GALLOVIDIANUS IDENTIFIED.

BY DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A.(Scot.).

READERS of THE BOOKMAN will remember that in an article entitled "A Burns Mystery Solved," published in the issue of April, 1919, I proved that the so-called "Elegy on Stella," beginning—

"Strait is the spot and green the sod
From whence my sorrows flow,
And soundly sleeps the ever-dear
Inhabitant below"—

for many years ascribed to Robert Burns, and generally included in his Poetical Works, could not possibly have been written by the Ayrshire Bard, as I had found it in *The Scots Magazine* of March, 1769, printed when Burns was only ten years old. The poet who wrote it, signed the Elegy "Gallovidianus," and fifteen pieces over that pseudonym appeared in *The Scots Magazine*. They will be found as follows—

1766, p. 655; 1767, pp. 95, 198, 295, 313, 435; 1768, pp. 97, 317, 431, 652; 1769, pp. 156, 290; 1770, pp. 30, 155; 1772, p. 94.

The poems are mostly Elegies, and several of them have as their inspiration and theme the love-tragedy of the poet and his Stella, which was practically outlined by the quotations given in my former article.

That Burns was not the author of "The Elegy on Stella," though it was twice found transcribed by his hand, was, as indicated, demonstrated beyond dispute. To Burnsians it may have seemed of comparatively little consequence who wrote it, as long as no room was left for doubt, and the piece was definitely expunged from the Burns canon; but students of poetry were interested in the unknown poet's love-romance, and Gallowegians and others wanted to know who "Gallovidianus" was. Unfortunately I was not able to enlighten them, as I could find no clue, in spite of much seeking in the pages of *The Scots Magazine*. Ultimately, after following many a blind trail, Mr. John A. Fairley, author of the "Bibliography of Robert Fergusson," etc., made me aware of the fact that "Gallovidianus" had also contributed to the *Dumfries Weekly Magazine*, and kindly suggested that Mr. G. W. Shirley, the Librarian of Dumfries and Maxwelltown Ewart Public Library, might be able to furnish details. I accordingly wrote to Mr. Shirley asking for particulars of these contributions of "Gallovidianus," at the same time emphasising the importance of sifting for any possible clue to the identity of Stella's Bard.

As the result of Mr. Shirley's researches, he informs me that the name "Gallovidianus" [*sic*], first appears in the *Dumfries Weekly Magazine* of April 30th, 1773, attached to a letter to the Editor exposing a piece of plagiarism of which the latter had been made the victim. In the issue of May 19th, 1773, appears an article on

"Talebearing," signed "Juvenis Gallovidianus," whose habitat was given as the "Banks of Cairn." The third appearance is on August 14th, 1773, when an Elegy was printed, beginning, "Far from the noisy world

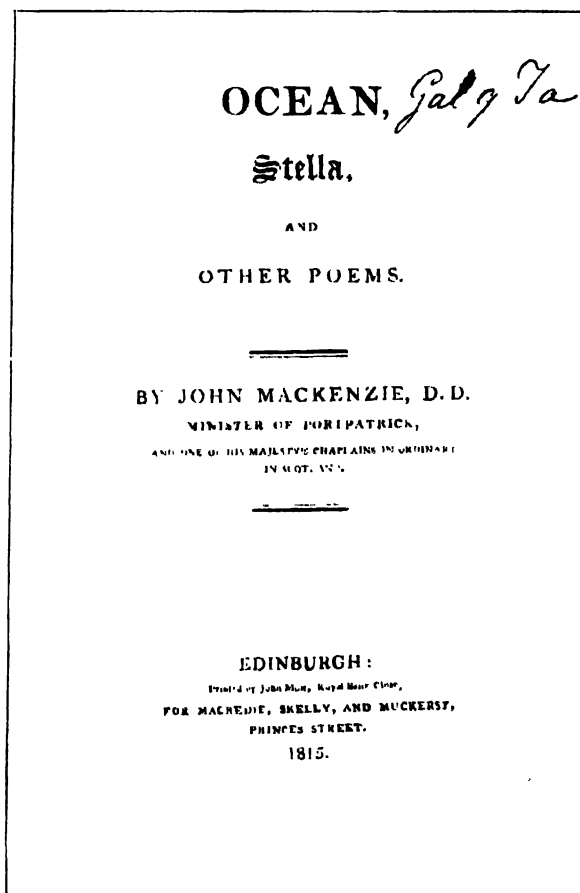


Photo by Donald Macbeth,
London

Facsimile Title Page
of John Mackenzie's
Poems.

From the copy in the British Museum.

apart," and dated at "Port Patrick, August 14th," signed "Gallovidianus" [*sic*]. Evidently these three efforts were *not* from the pen of the real "Gallovidianus," for the following indignant letter from that poet appeared in the issue of October 12th, 1773:

"Gentlemen,

"You will inform such of your readers as may think it of any consequence, that the Gentleman who appeared in one of your late magazines, under the signature of 'Gallovidianus' [*sic*] is not the Author who wrote lately under that signature in *The Scots Magazine*. Intreat that Gentleman, that he will have the humanity to spare other people's signatures, and that he will date his melancholy endeavours from some other place than Port Patrick. Beg of him that he will adopt a signature of his own; and



Kirkmaiden Parish Churchyard,

"at the last limits of our isle," where Gallovidianus composed the Elegy ascribed to Burns.

assure him that, if he does this, nobody will probably interfere with it.

"M."

An editorial foot-note ran :

"We are assured that the *real* 'Gallovidianus' will favour us with some of his performances soon."

Sure enough, on October 26th, 1773, appears a poem, "On the Death of George Marshall, late Vintner in Dumfries," signed "Gallovidianus."

Mr. Shirley writes :

"Considering the sarcastic letter above, I came to the conclusion that the real 'Gallovidianus' had felt himself insulted by the Elegy, and lived in Portpatrick, and that his name began with 'M.' Chancing to be working with Scott's 'Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ,' I turned up Portpatrick, and found a note on John Mackenzie, and a book entitled 'Ocean, Stella, and other Poems, 1816.' Shortly afterwards I asked Mr. A. E. Hornel, the artist who bought the collection my note was taken from, if he had the book, and if the author was 'Gallovidianus.' He said, curiously enough, he had handled it that same morning, and the author was the 'Gallovidianus' of *The Scots Magazine*."

It will thus be seen that, though hinging on my investigations, the credit of establishing the identity of "Gallovidianus" belongs to Mr. Shirley. His communication sent me to Scott's "Fasti," where I found that John Mackenzie, son of Ninian Mackenzie, of Clayholes, Stranraer, had studied theology under Dr. Traill, in the University of Glasgow. It is stated that while residing at Logan, he was licensed by the Presbytery September 4th, 1771 (his blank year in *The Scots Magazine*), and ordained minister of Portpatrick on March 18th, 1773. He died the father of the Synod, on December 21st, 1836, in the ninety-third year of his age, and the sixty-fourth of his ministry. He published a volume of Sermons in 1800, to which I turned in the hope of finding a portrait of "Gallovidianus," but unfortunately the book has no such embellishment. To the good offices of the Rev. James R. Kennedy, the present parish minister of Portpatrick, I am indebted, not only for a photo of his worthy predecessor's tombstone, but also for the interesting information that Maria Edgeworth was a frequent guest in Dr. Mackenzie's manse, on her journeys to and from Ireland.

I hope Scott's "Fasti" is in general more accurate and adequate than I have found it to be, in my solitary incursion into its pages. According to the entry in the *Matriculation Album of Glasgow University*, the Christian name of Dr. Mackenzie's father was *Niven*, and he was then (c. 1761) a sailor—probably a fisherman—dwelling

in the parish of Leswald in Galloway. The "Fasti" says the Rev. John Mackenzie "married 1799, and had several daughters," but no mention is made of a previous marriage, or of any sons, though my research proves that he had at least two. Either the year is wrongly printed, or the reference is to a second marriage, for the Doctor's eldest (or elder) son, Thomas Naismyth Mackenzie, who died in London in 1852, was a first year student at Glasgow University in 1797. Scott's "Fasti" is also a year wrong with the date of "Ocean, Stella, and other Poems," as will be seen by the title page which we reproduce in facsimile.

This vital volume of 158 pages (British Museum copy, 994, e. 26), though it does not once mention *The Scots Magazine* nor hint at the name of "Gallovidianus," affords ample evidence—proof upon proof—that he and its author, the Rev. John Mackenzie, are one and the same. In addition to the *Dumfries Weekly Magazine* poem (p. 101), it contains no fewer than eight out of the fifteen poems published by and signed "Gallovidianus" in *The Scots Magazine*.

"The Peacock" (p. 107) appeared as an "Elegy on the Death of a Peacock," in the magazine for April, 1767 (p. 198).

"Anna" (p. 87), beginning :

"When gentle Sappho pour'd the lay
To ease her love-distracted breast"

is to be found in the June number of the same volume (p. 313), where it is set out under the more attractive title, "Verses to a Young Lady on reading her Poems."

"Isabella" (p. 80) is the same as the last contribution of "Gallovidianus" to *The Scots Magazine* (February, 1772, p. 96), where it appears as :

"ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY."

"Yet ere thou strike that beauteous frame,
Think all our arts will vainly strive
To light again that lambent flame,
Or make these gentle charms revive,' etc.

"Stella" is a long poem in four parts. Part I. (p. 43) is equivalent to the magazine Elegy of February, 1767 (p. 95). It has many identical stanzas, but some are altered, and some are entirely different. Instead of the magazine opening :

"Then we must part!—O sweetest, tend'rest maid,
Whom Heaven e'er offered to my gazing eyes,"

the book version begins :

"I oft had heard of passion's wild control,
Of anger's wasteful, love's imperious sway ;
When, through the breast, their burning tides they roll,
Lay waste the man, and cloud his brightest day."

Part II. (p. 49) is the Elegy in the February, 1768, magazine (p. 97), but with a first verse quite unlike the "Witness ye guardians of the rending heart" opening, in the old Edinburgh periodical. The 1815 book version reads :

"Yes, I have tried—have mix'd in every scene
Which books, which business, or which pleasures yield,
To drown the thought, or charm the sense of pain,
Explor'd the page, or bounded o'er the field."

Part III. (p. 56) consists of twenty-nine stanzas exactly the same as an Elegy on page 652 of the magazine

for December, 1768. Part IV. (p. 62), with a few trifling verbal variations, is the counterpart of an Elegy entitled "The Death of Stella," in *The Scots Magazine* for January, 1770, p. 36.

The minister-poet of Portpatrick does not include in "Stella," as published in his volume of Poems, the—to us all-important—"Elegy on Stella," which Professor Jack said, "No man but Burns, then living, could have written." I was not surprised at the omission, which confirms my former contention—obvious to all who read the poem analytically—that the title favoured in most editions of Burns is a misnomer, seeing that the subject of the Elegy is not "Stella," but some unnamed fair one—"the ever-dear inhabitant below," in sorrowing for whom the Bard was moved to renewed lamentations for his "Stella." While the identity of "Gallovidianus" would have been completely established without it, it is, nevertheless, particularly pleasing to find included in Mackenzie's volume of verse (p. 93), entitled "Incognita," the very poem transcribed by, and ascribed to, Burns—the identical twenty stanzas published in *The Scots Magazine* of March, 1769 (p. 156), and composed by "Gallovidianus" (a young poet of twenty-five) in the parish churchyard when he was located in the little Wigtonshire coast village of Port Logan:

"At the last limits of our isle,
Washed by the western wave,
Touched by thy fate a thoughtful bard
Sits lonely on thy grave.

"Pensive his eyes, before him spread
The deep outstretched and vast;
His mourning notes are borne away
Along the rapid blast."

The 1815 volume has a few trifling variations, but

nothing worth noting till we come to the last verse, which is recast thus:

"Transporting thought, my maid, for then
This sickening scene shall close;
And lead thy solitary bard
To his belov'd repose."

There remains the question as to the personality of Stella, and the reality or otherwise of the poet's love-tragedy—the killing of her brother, and the death of Stella. Fortunately all speculation on these matters is ended by Doctor Mackenzie's Preface (p. vii.), in which he remarks:

"In Stella, though he speaks in the first person, he hopes it is unnecessary to say, that the author is not the hero. It was composed at an early period, when the passions are in their strength. The only competent question is, whether he has given a true delineation of the passion he describes, and of the sentiments and feelings which arise out of the situation. For this, and this only, he considers himself responsible."

So the Stella of "Gallovidianus," as explained by Mackenzie, was a poetic creation, and the poet's *pen* was mightier than his *sword*, even to the slaying of her "haughty brother." Yet we find in one of his "other poems" that tragedy came to the poet's door in grim reality—he lost a son, Captain John Mackenzie, who in 1809 fell leading a forlorn hope in battle. Many who in these days have drunk the same bitter cup, will read with a deep understanding this tender verse of the forgotten poet of the manse in Grey Galloway:

"Shade of my dear departed boy,
Say what the cause can be
That I can sing of other's woes,
Their hopes, their fears, their griefs disclose,
But cannot sing of thee?
My wild harp grovelling on the ground,
From passing winds may catch a sound,
But low and sad the melody."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best advice in not more than one hundred words to young persons about to marry.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

- I.—The Prize for the best lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Rachael



**Miss Dorothy à
Beckett Terrell,**

whose new novel, "Oh, Mary" (Brooks Ltd.), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

Bates, of The Orchard, Great Crosby, near Liverpool, and Mary Humphreys, of 932, 14th Street N.W., Washington, D.C., U.S.A., for the following :

FAERY.

Out of my sleep I rose at last
And to that dreamful country passed
Where they believe in magic still,
And the strange people dwelling there
Came stepping out, as light as air,
To play me sweetly up the hill.

With call of trumpet and the thin,
High voice of flutes they played me in
To faeried moor and haunted fell,
And all my dear imaginings
Came trooping from the heart of things,
More beautiful than words can tell

Above my head I felt the stir
Of half-told secrets, gossamer
And glittering as webs of dew,
And all about my face there fell
The hush of wings invisible
And elfin music beating through.

Beneath dim archways of the trees
They drew me with wild promises,
With charmed words they led me on,
And 'twixt the shadows and the beams
Pure faces of unnumbered dreams
Flashed for a moment, and were gone.

They brought me to enchanted lanes
Where day lies bound in silver chains,
Bright chains, of threaded dewdrops made,
And one walked by me all the way
Whose fingers on my fingers lay
In perfect friendship, unafraid

Then to that tender gaze I turned —
*Oh, friend, these things that I have learned
When morning comes I shall forget
Ah, never let me go — in vain !
The magic vistas melt and wane
And dying voices sigh — not yet.*

RACHAEL BATES

BARABBAS.

The night fell swiftly with a black foreboding,
And thro' the Holy City's silent street,
Where shadows of the coming storm lay brooding,
A terror seemed to flit with furtive feet ;
Above the hills the clouds hung low, and steady
The thunder's crash resounded thro' the calm,
But in the Place of Tombs beyond the city
Barabbas slept beside the withering palm.

Jerusalem ! O city of disaster !
A curse has come upon you in the night,
That ever as the slave unto the master
Your sons shall wander forth beneath a blight ;
Far from the tombs and temples of their fathers,
Heavy with frankincense and sweet with psalm,
Far from the land where, as the storm cloud gathers,
Barabbas sleeps beside the withering palm.

The Dawn has looked upon the Sun, her lover,
The Dawn is trembling in his fierce embrace,
On Jordan's waves her rosy footfalls hover,
On David's city shines her radiant face ;
The Day has risen to her bright adorning,
Pure as a virgin, innocent as the lamb,
And cradled in the glory of the morning,
Barabbas sleeps beside the withering palm.

Jerusalem ! the curse thro' love is lifting !
Soft glints the sunlight on your spires and homes,
Back from far distant shrines and oceans drifting,
Back to his birthright cheated Esau comes ;

Back to the Land of Promise love has shriven
O surely ! for it shed its healing balm
On one poor sinner, and, his sins forgiven,
Barabbas sleeps beside the withering palm.
We also select for printing : MARY HUMPHREYS.

FLOWERS FOR A DEAD CHILD.

I have brought flowers for you, O little Soul,
Tall white-lipped lilies, whence the bee has fled,
Soft summer roses, dyed with gold and red,
And purple loosestrife, gathered fair and whole
By singing streams — all that the seasons bear,
To lay within your hands and in your hair.

Now that June's splendour burns on every hill
Between the brown feet of the murmuring trees,
Fresh from new fallen dews I bring you these,
And these, once loved, will you not love them still ?
Life beats within their veins and in their eyes
Gleams yet the coloured fire of summer skies.

Why did you leave the flowered ways of earth,
The sleepy hills and hidden water-springs
And me, who loved you more than all these things ?
Was the poor heart I gave so little worth
That, when Death called you at the close of day,
You cast it by and followed him away ?

Ah ! little Brother, Life was good to you,
But lovelier far than Life or Death is Love,
Sweeter than all the music of the dove
And softer than the falling of the dew.
Therefore I weave these flowers to crown your hair
That, at his coming, Love may find you fair.

(John Dronsfield, 23, Sedgley Avenue, Prestwich, Lancs.)

We specially commend the lyrics by Leslie M. Priest (Norwich), L. Myfanwy Pryce (Spilsby), Helen Mitcham (Limehouse), Lucy Malleon (West Kensington), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), G. H. Cobb (Oxford), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), M. B. (Calne), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.O.W.), D. Bundy (St. John's Wood), Ivan Adair (Dublin), J. Richards (Jarrow-on-Tyne), Vera T. Arlett (Worthing), Marion Buchanan (Glasgow), Herbert W. Barnsdale (Lincoln), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow), John A. Bellehambers (Highgate Hill), Fredk. Williams (Stoke Newington), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Victor Allen (Harrogate), A. B. Hindmarsh (Hartlepool), M. G. Allen (Keighley), Lorna Fellows (London, S.W.), Fredk. J. Webb (London, N.), Barbara E. Todd (Dorchester), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, N.), Theresa Noble (London, E.), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), A. E. Edwards (Leamington), Kersasp Hormasji Kanga (Bombay), Emily Rowan (Birmingham), Florence M. Ward (Birmingham), Herbert Lionel Elvin (Westcliff-on-Sea), Mariquita Gutiérrez (San Sebastian), Sadie C. Clay (Tingley), Cecil Thomas (Quetta, India), John J. Finan (Manchester), Mary E. Steel (Darlington).

II. — THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to E. M. Riley, of 45, Friarswood Road, Newcastle, Staffs, for the following :

NINETEEN IMPRESSIONS By J. D. BERESFORD.
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty."
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*.

We also select for printing :

THE LINE'S ENGAGED. BY ALBERT E. WELMAN.
(Jarrold.)

"We ask and ask"
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Shakespeare*.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

THE WOMAN WHO HELD ON. BY FERGUS HUME.
(Ward, Lock.)

"So Willy and I were wedded."
TENNYSON, *The Grandmother*.

(Annie Allen, 12, Bickham Park Road, Peverell, Plymouth)

III.—The Prize for the best account of anything seen or heard during a holiday at home or abroad is divided, and Two Books each awarded to Major L. E. Williams, of 9, Holders Road, Farm Settlement, Amesbury, Wilts, and Ida Coates, of the University, Sheffield, for the following :

THE CURÉ OF BARLEUX.

Filling in shell holes, and planting potatoes, his soutane looped up to his waist, Mons. the Curé of Barleux smiled a welcome to us, leaning on his spade. He has returned with his flock to the ruin that was once a village, and with pride shows visitors his church, which is unique on the Somme; a nissen hut raised on mud walls. Mons. the Curé pulls the cord of the minute bell. What a pitiful cracked voice—but it is the first church bell to ring over the desert. The church is full of bright colours. Painted walls imitate marble, and in the east end is a painted crucifix. Over the altar is the word "Pax." Pax it means so much to the church at Barleux. Mons. the Curé tells how the English soldiers gave the hut and built the bell turret. The French made the walls and gave the bell. And the paintings were the work of a German prisoner. Pax in the midst of this desert. As we returned to Peronne the cracked bell of Barleux began to ring for Salut. Pax . . . Pax . . . Pax. . . the grandest peal in all Christendom never rang so brave a song.

MAJOR L. E. WILLIAMS.

EVE.

It is because I imagine that few of your readers will have spent their holidays as I have chosen to do, in a general hospital in a big industrial city, that I venture this yarn:—I made her acquaintance yesterday, and I have christened her Eve. Eve is a tiny maid of three, ill-nourished and scantily clothed. Her hair might have been golden had it been clean, but it, like the rest of the small body, was caked with dirt. She was brought into the casualty-room screaming at the top of her voice. One of the younger members of her family had pushed her on to the fire, and the small child had got rather badly burnt. It was quite a long time before I pacified her sufficiently to be able to attend to her hurts, and even then she persisted in sobbing and yelling. Finally I finished the operation and got dressings on the wounds, and was about to dismiss her, when she looked up at me, her blue eyes still swimming with tears, and her lips quivering, and said: "I'm sorwy I cwied, but . . ." (and here a little watery smile lit up her pinched face) "you can kiss me now."

IDA COATES.

Several of the accounts of things seen and heard are very good—some of the local legends curious and interesting—and but for lack of space we should like to print at least a dozen of them. We specially commend those by the Hon. Emily Ward (Knightsbridge), J. R. Sisson (Wallasey), E. M. M. Phillips (Leicester), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), Gladys M. E. Leigh (Birmingham), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), A. Edwards (Leamington), M. C. Jobson (Hornchurch), Abraham Kotlur (Woolwich), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon Common), P. Hoole Jackson (Stockport), Gwendolen Leyonhufvud (Nissafors, Sweden), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), H. Dalton Vasey (Leytonstone), M. E. Ryland (Birmingham).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to A. B. Stainforth, of Melverley, Hatch End, Middlesex, for the following :

POTTERISM. BY ROSE MACAULAY. (Collins.)

In Miss Macaulay's "Potterism," the wholesale condemnation of the trend of our national life is, in spite of the author's supremely clever and witty thrusts, not really bitter. She is almost hopeless over the muddled, sentimental outlook which she calls Potterism, and with which she credits every one in more or less degree, but she shows it inextricably woven with good things in human character and is, on the whole, humorously forlorn rather than denunciatory. At times, however, she is inspired with very deep feeling and the expression of her unsatisfied longing for truth and cool judgment becomes impassioned and fine.

We also select for printing :

TENSION. BY E. M. DELAFIELD. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Delafield goes to work with the ideals of a black-and-white artist. Not a line of dialogue, not a description, is unnecessary to the unfolding of her plot or the development of her characters. She is a master of economy. Lady Edna Rossiter is an exquisitely-drawn portrait of a tiresome, scheming, artificial woman; she is for ever talking, and in each conversation she reveals herself gradually and completely, while her husband becomes a familiar and lovable figure in contrast by his silences. Miss Delafield tells her story well, though one might plead for a more satisfactory ending.

(Mrs. D. M. Denniston, 48, Royal Avenue, Chelsea, S.W.3.)

EASTERN NIGHTS AND FLIGHTS.

BY CONTACT (ALAN BOTT). (Blackwood.)

Although "Eastern Nights and Flights" is chiefly an account of Mr. Alan Bott's experiences when a prisoner in Turkish and Austrian hands it is, as its title indicates, far more than a mere journal of prison life. In his adventures "Contact" had ample material for a tale which would have taxed our pre-war credulity sorely. This tale he unfolds to the delighted reader in graphic style, giving many wonderful glimpses of life in and around Constantinople. And the most absorbing of these adventures may be followed with the comforting certainty that as the author lived to write his own story it is bound to come right in the end.

(W. Bates, General Boys' School, Bridport.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by K. E. Bruce (Bromley), Malcom Welsh (Muswell Hill), E. A. Raspin (Bradford), Winifred M. Davies (Bryn-mawr), Mrs. Beatrice Mannwaring (Whitmore), B. Noël Saxelby (Manchester), Rev. W. J. May (Wellingborough), Ethel Webster (Bristol), H. E. Leeds (Caterham), C. Roy Price (London, W.C.1), G. W. Bowes (Rishton), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Kathleen Martin (Chelmsford), W. Swayne Little (Black-rock), J. Scott (Cheltenham), F. Willmer (Ramsey), M. J. Forsyth (Highgate), M. R. Fleeson (Manchester).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Sidney Anderson, Restoneth, West Didsbury.

THOMAS G. MASARYK.

BY WALTER JERROLD.

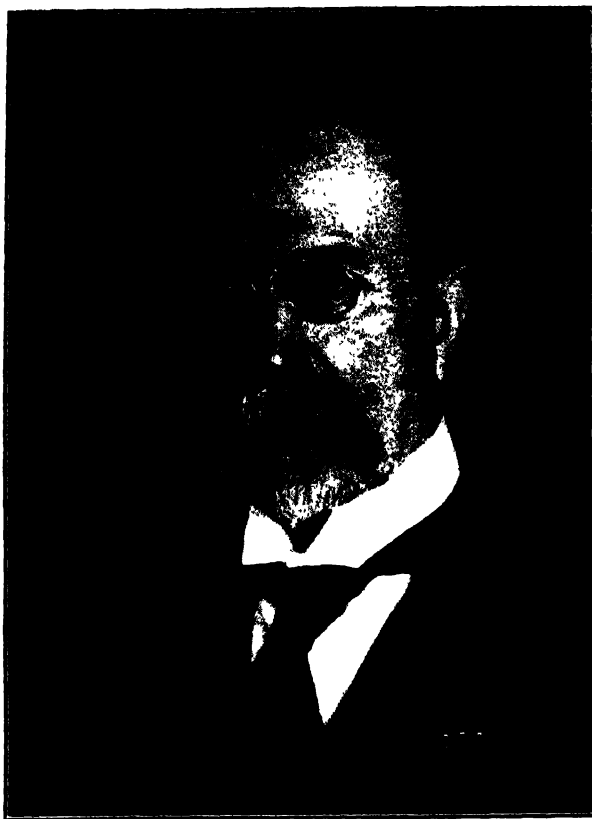
AS President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic Professor Masaryk occupies a position which by many people may well be regarded as merely political, but as such there would be no reason for writing of him here. It is, however, well to be reminded that he was a bookman nearly forty years before being called upon to fill the high position which he now

occupies. He was indeed a professor at King's College when unanimously acclaimed president of the new state. "When our Republic was formed, it was to London that we had to send for a president," as I was told during a recent visit to Prague, when I had the privilege of meeting the man who stands in our time as a new and striking embodiment of Carlyle's Hero as Man of

Letters. It is a deeply impressive personality that is revealed by the strong face, the intensely sad eyes, of the thinker who has been called upon to be ruler, and one that on the instant inspires confidence.

Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, who was born at Hodonin, March 7th, 1850, was the son of a Slovakian coachman and a Moravian mother of partly German descent, and thus remarkably represents in his own person the different races who form the republic of which he was happily chosen to be the first President. He was educated first at a Czech school, then at German schools at Hustopech and Brno, where it is said he distinguished himself in all directions. After being apprenticed for a time to a Vienna locksmith, and later essaying work as a blacksmith in Moravia, his interrupted studies were, at the earnest solicitation of his teachers, renewed; he went to Vienna and graduated there, and later to Leipzig. In 1878 he married, and in 1882 received a professional appointment on the Czech side of the University of Prague. He had already published, in Czech, a psychological treatise, "On Hypnotism" (1880), and, in German, "Suicide: An Epidemical Social Phenomenon of the Modern World" (1881). These were followed by a number of other works on literature and philosophy, and here it may be said that Masaryk showed himself to be a severe critic of German philosophy, and his earlier works included studies of English (Hume and Buckle) and French (Blaise Pascal) thinkers whom he was the means of introducing to his countrymen. His books are mainly designed to appeal to students and the better-educated classes.

Early in his literary career Masaryk's outspoken honesty in a matter that touched the national pride made for him many bitter opponents; this was in his destructive criticism of certain Czech manuscripts which for some sixty years had been by most authorities accepted as genuine ancient poems, but which he showed to be early nineteenth century forgeries. His contention in the matter is now, I think, generally accepted by Czech scholars, and though the influence of those poems on the Czech literary revival is recognised, their antiquity is now but little upheld. Later, too, and for several years, Masaryk antagonised many of his fellow Czechs by the way in which as teacher and writer he appeared to belittle national aspirations by emphasising the paramount importance of education. National emancipation from Austrian Imperial thralldom was so deeply desired that it appeared to many to be an end in itself. As author of "The Czech Question and Our Present Crisis" (1895), Professor Masaryk insisted that national



M. Thomas G. Masaryk,

President of the Republic of Czech-Slovakia.

independence was only a means:

Independence will not preserve and save any nation. The nation must preserve its independence—morality and education will be our salvation; even political independence is only a means to attain the righteous living of the nation."

His very idealism, his logical carrying out of the teaching of the great historian Palacky and of the founders of the wonderful Sokol organisation, was misunderstood by those who looked upon the satisfaction of political claims as the one thing needful. As he had already written in his study of "Suicide":

"Who redeemed mankind? Neither a politician, nor an economist, nor a socialist, nor a demagogue. It is really sublime how in the political and social unrest of his time Christ keeps aloof from all politics; how easy

it would have been for Him to win over through political and socialistic agitation. He, however, demands the perfection of character, requires the deepening of feeling; he wishes people to become good because he knows that only thus will they find contentment for their souls."

By the time that the great war broke out, the philosophical writer and teacher had at length come to be recognised by a goodly number of his countrymen for what he was—the intellectual leader of his generation; and by the close of that war, when three centuries of oppression at last came to an end, he was acclaimed by the most divergent peoples and parties in the old state renewed as the only possible leader. Carlyle's words concerning the hero as man of letters are brought to mind: "Meanwhile, since it is the spiritual always that determines the material, this same Man-of-Letters Hero must be regarded as our most important modern person. He, such as he may be, is the soul of all. What he teaches, the whole world will do and make. The world's manner of dealing with him is the most significant feature of the world's general position." Though it may well be believed that Carlyle had not considered the possibility of making the man-of-letters ruler of a modern state, the closing words of that passage, if right, should be of happy augury for Czecho-Slovakia.

Of President Masaryk's writings it is unfortunately but little that is available for English readers, though many of them have appeared in German. Apart from his inaugural lecture at King's College, on "The Problem of Small Nations in the European Crisis," and a translation of "The Spirit of Russia" (1919), it is but by brief translated passages that we can gauge the whole. Such passages as are given in the pamphlet biography of the President by Jan Herben, translated into English by Elsie Havlasa (to which I am much indebted in the preparing of this article), inspire the hope that some of Masaryk's principal works will be made available in English renderings.

New Books.

DISRAELI: THE FINAL ACT.*

The last phases of a great man's career are always the most interesting if his vitality survives, because in them we find the fine flower of his genius and, in the present case, of his power. Disraeli is unique. "If anything is to be really done in the world," he exclaims in the unfinished novel which he began when he was over seventy, "it must be done by visionaries, men who see the future and make the future because they see it." Disraeli was above all a true and creative visionary, not in the misused sense of a loose generation which mistakes spasmodic theory and sloppy experiment for vision, but in the sense of a far-seeing and foreseeing man of creative imagination. Both as statesman, artist and master of men, he impressed his will on the world, and must ever stand out a commanding as well as a fascinating figure. I may be pardoned for venturing to feel a subdued satisfaction in marking that the biography which Mr. Buckle has so ably compressed and completed fully confirms what I was the first years ago to point out, namely, that it is Disraeli's originative ideas that rule his whole system, that they form at once his soul and the clue to his character—a fact derided in many quarters when I essayed to illustrate and interpret it. Time, as Disraeli always insisted, unfolds everything, and in the perspective of these volumes we are able to discern who was the giant and who the dwarfs. For the dwarfs have a knack in their generation of imputing their failures not to their own pettiness, but to the sleight-of-hand rather than the strength of the giants, to finesse rather than to force.

Space does not suffice for a recapitulation of all the innate ideas which were Disraeli's kingdom, but a few of them, here infinitely applied, may be summarised. The central idea is that Government is divine and that the Church, as an institution both religious and secular, must hallow the State, which should prescribe its discipline without limiting its influence. The second idea is Empire in conjunction with a free and represented Colonial system. The third, that institutions which embody character are organic and that all change should be grafted on tradition. The fourth, that real progress is not dependent on incessant change, but is bound up with the spiritual nature of man. The fifth, that foreign affairs are Great Britain's interests abroad, and not a vague and unself-respecting "idealism" which tends to international broils and anarchy. The sixth, that the abstract doctrines of the French Revolution are fatal when translated into action, and that true liberty is founded on earned privilege, not on fictional rights—in a word, that freedom is perfect service. The seventh, that our old constitution represents the just limits of every part of a Government which should rule without meddling, that as the Crown and the aristocracy are limited by it, so also is democracy; that an unlimited democracy is an unlimited misfortune, holding the seeds of a weak and suicidal absolutism. The eighth, that "the past is an element of our power." The ninth, that individuality and imagination control the world. The tenth, that "all is race"—that nationality is an ideal combining and subliming races, and that "race" must never be confused with or detached from "nation." The eleventh, that it is just as fatal to regard "democracy" as a class instead of an element as to take aristocracy for a class instead of an element. The twelfth, that despite "rant and cant," any system of international cosmopolitanism opens the floodgates to war and substitutes fraud for force. He had no patience with "European Jacobinism," and, throughout, he compassed "the Monarch and the Multitude"—Bolingbroke's "Patriot King," an ideal largely realised by his devoted Queen. For him

patriotism was not only a principle, but a passion. He desired to maintain, as he put it in his great speech of 1874 on Home Rule, "a united people welded in one great nationality." Responsibility, clearness of purpose for England's greatness, liberty with order, empire with vision, social reform without social disorganisation—all these were enforced by an immense though never overbearing personality, joined to intellectual eloquence, sparkling wit, and a sense of humour and irony artistic in the extreme.

"Not insensible to the principle of progress," he wrote in 1876 when he bade farewell to his constituents, "I have endeavoured to reconcile change with that respect for tradition which is one of the main elements of our social strength, and in external affairs I have endeavoured to develop and strengthen our Empire, believing that a combination of achievement and responsibility elevates the character and the condition of a people."

Macdonald, one of the first Labour members, declared that Disraeli had done more for the people's real welfare in ten years than the Liberals in fifty. Bismarck, his warm admirer, affirmed that Lord Beaconsfield at Berlin did not only represent England, but that he *was* England. He may further be said to have reanimated and cemented the Indian Empire by his appeal to imagination in creating the Queen-Empress, and by the dramatic strokes not only of summoning the Indian troops to Malta, but of the Suez Canal-shares acquisition.

Space forbids any pursuance of the crises that crowded the last ten years of his life. We begin with his brief tenure of power after carrying into effect that Reform Bill which for eighteen years he had pondered and matured, only to find that his first appeal to it miscarried. Then followed the duel between Gladstone and himself—between the North Sea and the Mediterranean—a duel which in Gladstone's case clearly degenerated into a vendetta. In the Irish problems—Church and Land—his prescience proved unerring, as also in the case of Russia and the Black Sea Treaty. Then followed the thunderbolt of 1870—the "German Revolution" as he discerned it to be with his criticism of the Liberals as "strong in words—but a mediation of phrases won't do." He had to lead a disheartened opposition, "querulous and captious," which with wonderful tact, courage and delicacy he inspired and reorganised, gradually "educating" Lord Salisbury as he had educated the country, and truly adored by the Queen, whom indeed he often had to restrain—"The Faery," as he called her, after Spenser's heroine. Gradually the nation at large grew to understand and admire him; he became a habit, and his great speeches at Manchester and the Crystal Palace proclaimed his coming policy of social reform, empire, strength, and "Sanitas Sanitatum," while they sounded the death-knell of a "drugged Government," whose condemnation lies in the verification of Disraeli's prophecies. Then at length came his nine years' reign at the age of seventy, with all its romance of realisation and realisation of romance. The attachment of the nation, the triumphal return from Berlin, and, to use a favourite phrase of his, "all that"—all this must be left to the reader, who will be as much fascinated as all who came under the personal spell of one who was not only strong, but gentle, not only a subduer to the dyer's hand of the colours which he loved, but whose manners, as Lady Dorothy Neville once assured me, were the best that she had ever known—and she had known everybody. New characterisations and new lights, both public and private, will be found throughout. Mr. Buckle has wisely portrayed Disraeli through his speeches, dispatches and letters—the most brilliant since Byron's; and not only does he correlate the later novels to their foundations, but he gives the fragment of that unfinished one (already quoted), in which the tracks of Nihilism are pursued (as in "Lothair" had been the secret and international

* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." By George Earle Buckle (in succession to W. F. Monypenny). Volumes V. and VI. 18s. each net. (John Murray)

societies). Falconet, the hero, is plainly meant for Gladstone, but I cannot help suspecting that, like most of Disraeli's figures, it is a composite character, with some adumbration in it of the rising Chamberlain.

It is the personal that enthralled and the feminine that enchants. Disraeli owned that power and sympathy were the requisites of his life, and avowed as a septuagenarian that his misfortune lay in an ever-young imagination. "I live," he exclaims, "for power and the affections," and "Without sympathy I prefer solitude." Of him it may well be said that

"If it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive."

The energy which was the sheath of his spirit never yielded to long bouts of wearing illness, and he would sit for twelve hours at a stretch in the House of Commons when he was not fit to stand. After the desolation of his devoted wife's death, he sought the solace of two brilliant ladies whom he had admired in his youth—Lady Bradford, whom he worshipped, and Lady Chesterfield, whom he had wished to marry when he was thirty and asked to marry when he was seventy. Of the former he wrote that she had "the sweetness and simplicity of a flower." He confided everything to her with a characteristic blend of nonchalance and spirituality, wit and reverie

" 'I sit in silence,' he sighs in 1871, 'quite unable to read' [and how variously he read has never till now been disclosed], 'musing over the wondrous twelve months that have elapsed since this time last year. I have had at least my dream, and it my shattered energies never rally, which (after six months) is what I must be prepared for, I have at any rate reached the pinnacle of power and gauged the sweetest and deepest affections of the heart.' "

That power he dedicated to England's greatness: Berlin and much else were to follow. Zeal for his country's honour, as Lord Salisbury said after his death, consumed him, and to the last gasp he maintained his devotion to duty and a chivalry in its performance. The correspondence with the Queen is equally entrancing, and none the less so for the foibles on both sides. When the Suez Canal business was achieved: "There you leave it, Madam," was his announcement. But he could manage as well as defer, and never did he lose grip of the reins, just as always did he take the whole burden on his own shoulders. Though wonderfully open and receptive in mind, he tended in his fixed ideas to some rigidity, and he was the same on the pinnacle of power and popularity as he had been on the threshold of aspiration—ever both a great doer and a great dreamer, socially as well as governmentally a leader and counsellor. By his intimates and subordinates he was truly beloved, and the mystery and mastery which loomed prominent in the public eye overlay a real simplicity and even majesty of spirit. If we know the three strains which permeated him, that of our own eighteenth century, the high strain of his Sephardic forefathers, that of the fine satirist Lucian, and that of the prince-prophet Isaiah, he is no "sphinx" at all, but a genius of the antique world. By virtue of his inherent romanticism he made the dry desert of politics blossom like the rose. His whole career was a romance, a romance which he created both in life and through the novels, in which the Book of Wisdom is just as manifest as the Book of Proverbs. A born romantic he remains. To romance, indeed, he opened a career, and it was always reality that he picturesqued. That is why an atmosphere of life and legend will ever surround him. "When cool judgment is united to great imagination," writes Bolingbroke, "we get what is commonly called a genius."

WALTER SICHLI.

DEVELOPMENT.*

It is much harder to make a truthful and effective study of a simple personality than it is to compass a showy and largely pretentious analysis of a character that has matured sufficiently to seem more complex if only because it has

* "Development." By W. Bryher. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

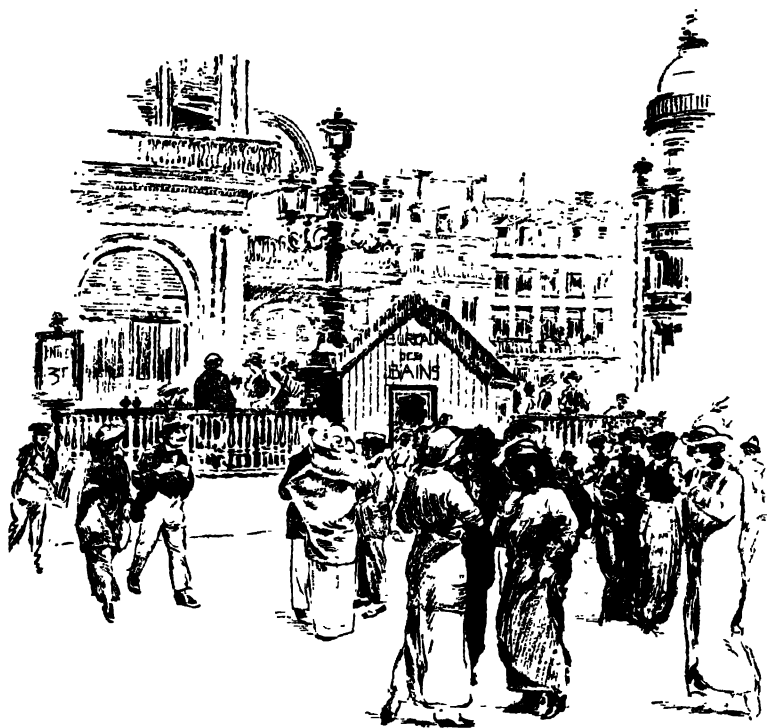
acquired more angles; just as it is harder to paint the portrait of a child than that of an adult whose features are fully and distinctly formed and have been roughened and written upon by the winds of time and experience. In "Development" Miss Bryher has essayed the more difficult task, and is to be congratulated on something of an achievement. If the Nancy of her record is not exactly an ordinary girl, she is so far from being abnormal that not a few girls who read her story will fancy they see themselves in her—her restlessnesses, her dissatisfactions, her habits of introspection, her curiosity about life, her impatience of restraints, her independent judgments of people and things, are all characteristic of one variety of the very modern girl. There are no dark agonies of passion, no startling mental or moral obsessions, no devastatingly revolutionary opinions—one would say there was nothing to prevent an author who can describe scenes and incidents with such graphic, imaginative realism from importing those more melodramatic qualities into her picture, but Miss Bryher has shown herself the finer artist by adhering strictly to what one feels are the minute and quieter truths of the life and character she has set herself to reveal. Nancy yearns for adventure; she has a sensitive, artistic temperament, and suffers under school discipline; she is intolerant of the chatter of schoolgirls and regrets that she was not born to the greater freedom that is allowed to a boy; she is dreadfully modern enough to write *vers libre*, and is as fearlessly frank in her talk of education, literature and whatever else she thinks about, as she is when she shocks the gallery custodian at Florence by ejaculating, "I hate Michael Angelo." This book only gives you Nancy from her childhood to the verge of womanhood, and her character and story are unfolded so naturally, so subtly, and with such compelling interest, that it is safe to say nobody who reads "Development" will fail to follow Nancy's growth and further experiences in the second volume, "Adventure," which is to be devoted to them.

HOLIDAYS AFLOAT.*

There are two excellent travel books which may be taken as standards in judging other volumes in similar vein—Mr. Kipling's lively account of his journeys "From Sea to Sea" and the delightful "English Hours" of the late Henry James. The present book almost sets a fresh standard of comparison, for the chapters elaborated from the records of the *Velsa*, a yacht like no other yacht afloat, "built to the order of a Dutch baron about twenty years ago," are written in Mr. Arnold Bennett's best mood, and succeed as few modern notes of voyaging can do in making the reader extremely envious.

In the spacious *Velsa*, which carried the author and his friends, a piano and a library, and which possessed an auxiliary motor, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and East Anglia were explored, and most acceptably informing and entertaining is the account of this leisurely wandering. With such an observer as owner, and so novel a point of view, how could it be otherwise? For herein lies the strange secret of writing a book of travels: if you set down merely what you see, it will probably be as dry as a bone, but if you can bring imagination and past experience to bear on what you see, it will be alive. The authors of old-time travel books entirely failed to realise this as a rule; they kept copious diaries and told faithfully of countries visited and wonders seen, and gave us—or can give us to-day—never a thrill, never a moment of desire to follow in their track. After reading of the adventures of the bluff-bowed *Velsa* we wish we could have been on the whole series of voyages and seen the same sights—the solemn towns and villages of Holland, the harbour of Copenhagen, the mournful café at Bruges, the lonely creeks of Suffolk, and all the little memorable miniatures of such travel which none, surely, could put before us more interestingly than the author. Embarrassments of

* "From the Log of the *Velsa*." By Arnold Bennett. 18s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)



A Glimpse of the Kursaal, Ostend.

From "The Log of the *Velsa*," by Arnold Bennett (Chatto & Windus).

language caused amusing interludes, the motor broke down at unexpected moments; the towing of the vessel provided an occasional variation, the people were a continual source of comment, the whole excursion, especially through Holland, formed an ideal holiday. Holland and Denmark are the two principal themes, and from the chapter entitled "Dutch Leisure" a short quotation may serve as a glimpse from the *Velsa's* decks:

"The same afternoon we worked up the Schelde in a dead calm to Zyppe. The rain had pretermitted for the first time, and the sun was hot. Zyppe is a village, a haven, a dike, and a junction of train and steamer. The village lies about a mile inland. The haven was pretty full of barges laid up for Sunday. On the slopes of the haven, near the railway-station and the landing stage, a multitude of at least a thousand people was strolling to and fro or sitting on the wet grass, all in their formidable Sabbath best. We joined them, in order if possible, to learn the cause of the concourse, but the mystery remained for one hour and a half in the eventless expanse of the hot afternoon, when the train came in over the flat, green leagues of landscape. We then understood. The whole of Zyppe had turned out to see the afternoon train come in. It was a simple, modest Dutch local train, making a deal of noise and dust, and bearing perhaps a score of passengers. But it marked the grand climacteric of leisured existence at Zyppe. We set off to the village, and discovered a village deserted and a fair-ground, with all its booths and circuses swathed up in grey sheeting. Scarcely a soul! The spirit of romance had pricked them all to the railway-station to see the train come in!"

It is not in everybody's power to command the services of such a combination of the sea-going and the canal-working boat as the gallant *Velsa*, the "strange Dutch yacht with the English ensign," but Mr. Arnold Bennett convinces us that, given the right temperament, the right skipper, the right company, and above all the right cook, a month spent in these slow, safe, observant voyages must be ideal.

Mr. Bennett's great art is to persuade even the reader already familiar with a certain ground that it will be very much worth while to go over the same ground again. We wish the *Velsa* good fortune on whatever further voyages may come her way, and hope, in due time, for more notes from her log, as breezy and bracing as these, to be illustrated again, we trust, by the clever pencil of Mr. Rickards.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

A BOOK OF THE BEYOND.*

Book I. of four volumes containing the "messages" received by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, now in course of publication in the *Weekly Dispatch*, bears the imprimatur of Lord Northcliffe and of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The first-named contributes an appreciation, the second an Introduction. There are also some general notes by Mr. Vale Owen himself, and a Preface and Notes by Mr. H. W. Engholm, the editor of the work. These Notes, although they elucidate much which might otherwise puzzle the uninitiated, will doubtless leave many questions unanswered. It is likely, however, that some difficulties may be cleared away in subsequent volumes, a consideration which carries with it the reflection that it is not possible adequately to review the messages until the series is complete. Any judgment upon the first book, therefore, must be necessarily provisional.

A book which makes its appearance at a time when the whole of contemporary thought is in a ferment over the particular subject of which it treats must expect to be the object of sharp controversy, especially when the circumstances of its publication have made the matter one of a wide popular interest. Any criticism offered must therefore be not only provisional but also dispassionate to an unusual degree.

The present volume, which has for its sub-title "The Lowlands of Heaven," gives a general account of the less exalted regions of the life hereafter. These will bear for many, perhaps for most, readers an aspect aptly summarised by one of the communicators, purporting to be Mr. Vale Owen's mother, who tells him in one of the earlier messages that the things beyond the veil, viewed from the earth, "wear a semblance of unreality and romance." There are remarkable accounts of the people and scenes of the other worlds or spheres of life, their flora and fauna, and the character, occupations, adventures and general experiences of their inhabitants. We read of homes of music, halls of colours, colleges, council chambers, palaces, houses, hills, valleys, lakes, rivers and streams. Many little human dramas come in, some of them centring about persons who newly arrived from earth, and perplexed by their surroundings, or otherwise in trouble, receive the help and guidance of more advanced souls who act as angels and ministers. Even in the "lowlands of heaven," it would seem, there is much of loveliness and moral beauty, for this realm stands above certain nether regions to which go the depraved, there to purge away by suffering the effects of vicious living on earth. Strangely vivid and graphic, full of life and colour are many of the descriptions. It is almost impossible to read it with complete detachment. There is an emotional intensity about some portions that makes a direct attack upon, or it may be an irresistible appeal to, the tender places of the mind. The effect is well illustrated by the many thousand letters provoked by the publication of the scripts in the Sunday newspaper—letters ranging, it appears, from the expression of the warmest thanksgiving to the bitterest condemnation. Taking it all round, the book almost sets the ordinary canons of literary criticism at defiance, involving as it does so many things besides literature—religion in especial. One might say of it that every reader must be his own critic. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his Introduction rather suggests this point of view, for he writes:

"The total effect upon your mind and soul is the only standard by which to judge the sweep and power of this revelation."

The book contains a picture of Mr. Vale Owen's church at Orford (Lancs) and a facsimile of a portion of the script.

DAVID GOW.

* "The Life Beyond the Veil" Book I. By the Rev. G. Vale Owen. 6s. net (Thornton Butterworth.)

THE NEW HUMANISM IN EDUCATION.*

Those of us whose business it is to read all the books on education as they appear, are tempted to wish that their writers would cut them down by about two-thirds. Without doubt all that each new writer has to say could be put into a third of the space he fills, if only he could take it for granted that his readers are familiar with the commonplaces of the subject. But if a book makes its appeal to the general reader, it is folly to assume that he knows anything about the literature of education. Accordingly, the experts must control their impatience, admit the continual need for a fresh presentation of familiar matter, and compensate themselves by hunting out the special contribution of each new author, and by making the most of that. In the first volume of the "New Humanist" series Mr. Frank Watts gives us the old and apparently inevitable historical outline, and further supplies a good deal of other matter that is familiar to experts, but he has succeeded all the same in imparting an individuality and a characteristic personal tone to the whole. It is obvious that he has been greatly influenced by his editor, Mr. Benchara Branford, and that is all to the good. It is evident that the editor takes his work seriously, and that the "New Humanist" books will bear the imprint of his personality. In this volume, for example, we have Mr. Branford's "A Map of Life" bodily incorporated and covering eight pages of smaller type. It is in itself a useful contribution, and will be found particularly valuable by those who have the skill and patience to use it as directed, that is as a map, and therefore to be consulted by frequent reference for matters of detail. The important point is that writer and editor are in such perfect accord that this and other editorial contributions fit into the general spirit of the book, and are not recognisable as external matter. Mr. Watts does not lack ingenuity on his own account, as is proved by the complicated "Tree of Human Development" on page 119. It is doubtful whether any good end is served by this graphic method of representing psychological and educational facts. They are not always so enlightening as their authors imagine.

A book of this kind stands or falls by the dominating idea that underlies it. Here the very title suggests the antagonism that it is the purpose of the book to remove. Self-realisation tends towards individualism, social service towards collectivism. Professor T. P. Nunn, in his recently published "Education: Its Data and First Principles," emphasises the need for individual development. Mr. Watts lays stress on the social side. But there is no real opposition between the two views. It is not a matter of the old quarrel between the rights of the individual and the State: the contrast drawn by Mr. Watts is between the individual and the group, the voluntary group. He takes account of all manner of social grouping, but there is one form that he regards as educationally fundamental—"the spontaneously developed play-group of children." This he adopts as the unit of educational activity by means of which he hopes to secure the appropriate interaction between the individual and his human environment. The combination of the two elements, collectivity and play, enables him to work into his general scheme a great many of the new generalisations of individualist and collectivist psychology. One cannot help noting how skilfully such apparently incongruous elements as psycho-analysis and the various developments of "The Play Way" are worked up into a consistent whole of educational theory.

Another unifying concept bulks largely in Mr. Watts's treatment. This is the notion of whole-workingness in the educational process. Mr. Henry Sturt's development of Professor Stout's concept of *noesis* leads to the contrast between whole-wise and part-wise presentation, with a strong bias in favour of the whole-wise form. It is clear that Mr. Watts accepts this preference in his attempts at organising educational theory. In dealing with the

curriculum he tells us that "the old view of the sentence as the unit of expression must be given up." So we are not surprised to find that throughout the book the same principle is applied. The unit is the living child here and now present, whose activities are not separable into independent elements, but are all manifestations of the activity of one organism. Coupled with the interaction among the different individuals in the voluntarily organised group this concept of the organic unity of the child supplies a satisfactory foundation for a smooth-working theory of dynamic education. For while he is keen in demanding the development of interest in school work, Mr. Watts does not stop there. He says to the teacher who claims that his lessons are interesting: "What have they inspired your scholars to do?" Ruskin had the same idea, but he had not the psychological knowledge to back his views as is here done. Using the striking phrase of Lavissee, "Un fragment d'éducateur s'adresse à un fragment d'écoulier" (the printer contrives to make two mistakes in this scrap of French), Mr. Watts works out the unifying implications of integral education. This concept brings him into conflict with Dr. Montessori. Obviously her insistence on the independent working of each pupil is irritating to a man who selects group activity as the very basis of education. But he has little difficulty in showing that even in the Montessori schools group activities are essential. Indeed the great charm of the book is the persistency with which its author harps on the string of unity. He is much less concerned about proving other people wrong than in reconciling all manner of apparently opposing principles and showing that they work into the system he advocates.

JOHN ADAMS.

A PUBLISHER-NOVELIST.*

With a skill that is entirely admirable, Mr. Grant Richards has given us, in this novel, a story having only three characters that matter: the man, the woman and the other man; but the reader must not jump to the conclusion that there is any of the usual secret love-making, or that the plot runs along customary lines. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Pemberton are quite happily married, and nothing serious occurs to mar their contentment with one another. How, then, asks the reader accustomed to elaborate studies of intrigue, does the author manage to construct an interesting story at all?

The answer is suggested in one word: horses. Mr. Grant Richards can beat Nat Gould on his own ground, and when Mrs. Pemberton, fairly stricken by the racing fever, buys a yearling, engages a trainer, and begins to win races, besides opening an account with a firm of turf accountants, we follow her fortunes breathlessly. Her husband takes her to Newmarket, where he busily absorbs "local colour" for a novel he is engaged upon; and from that day dates Mrs. Pemberton's enthusiasm. At first, merely to escape boredom, she backs a horse or two; soon her blood is fired by the excitement of a few gains and losses; she plunges into the horsey world deeper and deeper until, almost to her own surprise, she finds herself the owner of "Brocklesby," a promising young horse which is to make her fortune. The secret is kept from her husband, and the situation is very amusing, for she gradually acquires more knowledge than friends who pride themselves on their ease at a race-meeting, and has to pretend ignorance.

The third member of the company is Captain Cartwright, the trainer, and he is excellently drawn. Our only comment on this aspect of the story is that Mrs. Pemberton was lucky in dealing with an entirely honest trainer and with an entirely honest firm of bookmakers.

An excellent interlude is provided by a visit of the novelist and his wife to Monte Carlo, where they both, after good resolves, manage to lose considerably at the gaming tables. The finish, however, is fortune for all

* "Education for Self-Realisation and Social Service." By Frank Watts. 7s. 6d. net. (University of London Press.)

* "Double Life." By Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

concerned, and when Mrs. Pemberton at last confesses to her husband that she is a rich woman (for "Brocklesby," though not fated to win the Derby as his owner had hoped, is sold for thirty thousand pounds for stud purposes), the scene is cleverly told and ends the book well. The only flaw is the introduction of the names of living writers with no apparent purpose except to get them mentioned; this is a pity, because it is unnecessary, and therefore inartistic. Apart from this, the style is exactly suited to the story. The description of various episodes on the field is a feature of the book, and Mr. Grant Richards is to be congratulated upon his avoidance of the usual and his presentation of a very piquant domestic situation unspooled by the hackneyed intrigue.

W. I. R.

THE PLAYBOY OF THE ULSTER WORLD.*

The Ulster type of humanity is a hard one; the dialect of the north-east corner of Ireland does not lend itself to sentiment. It has all the brusquerie of Lancashire with an added harshness. It says much for the art of Mr. St. John Ervine as novelist that he has almost done for the North of Ireland what J. M. Synge did for the South as a dramatist.

In one respect his work has been harder than that of the author of "The Playboy of the Western World." In the South and West of Ireland a wonderful fluency is manifested in the speech of the peasantry, and their quick, mercurial imaginations tinge whatever they say with streaks of poetry and wit. The Ulster-Scots have no turn for rhetoric, and are articulate in monosyllables.

Mr. Ervine has so wrought with his stiff material that he conveys to us the inner workings of the Ulster soul, making of rough idioms fitting expressions for joy and sorrow, comedy and tragedy, the secrets of the heart and all that life holds of mystery for the humblest.

As in "Changing Winds," Mr. Ervine is tenderest with his grown-up people, those who have left most of life behind them. Young John MacDermott is too cocksure about everything to enlist any sympathy outside his own home circle.

This novel is said to be partly autobiographical. If so, the author has handled himself very severely. Uncle Matthew, the romantic, and Uncle William, the kindly realist, are creations of flesh and blood. Matthew, who urged John to seek his fortune abroad, in such a place as London, is a delightful creature, with his high, romantical talk of adventure in aid of beautiful women; but there is something as fine in the Philistine, Wilham, who keeps the shop that gives the wherewithal for existence to his feckless brother, his tight-lipped sister, and her ambitious son.

The widowed Mrs. MacDermott is one of those mothers who are so devoted to their sons that they dragoon them lest they should lose hold on them. Her character is indicated by its reticences. Young John's mother is a stubborn Ulster type, alarmed of all influence outside a Puritanic home. Her deepest desire is that John may become a minister, but that prospect the boy refuses. He is a monitor, who has no intention of becoming a school-master. His whole heart is centred on breaking away from the narrow things of the household and going out to conquer the world with a very limited armoury. John gets speedily emancipated, pays frequent visits to Belfast, and becomes an ardent theatre-goer. He falls in love with a young woman in a tea-shop, who temporarily breaks his heart by marrying a "peeler."

Then we have young Ulster in London. John, who has never visited a music-hall, succeeds in writing and disposing of a vaudeville sketch after a single visit to a variety theatre. He breaks higher ground in composing a tragedy on St. Patrick, which is accepted and performed by an established repertory theatre. Strangest success of all, he interviews the editor of a great daily paper, tells him

* "The Foolish Lovers." By St. John Ervine. 7s. net. (Collins.)



Photo by Lena Connell.

Mr. St. John Ervine.

that his paper is full of lies, and offers his services. Amazing to relate, the amused editor gives him employment. These things seem impossible, but Mr. St. John Ervine has himself achieved the improbable on several occasions, so it may well be that here truth is much more unconvincing than fiction. Young John's love affair—this time a really serious one—begins as a brazen pursuit of a well-bred, well-educated young woman, Eleanor Moore, who deeply resents his precipitate methods. Gradually, mainly by force of obstinate bullying, John persuades Eleanor into an unwilling engagement. As time goes on, Eleanor is impressed by John's obvious sincerity and occasional gentleness.

The concluding portion of "The Foolish Lovers" tells of the marriage of John and Eleanor, and of a very unexpected return to John's birthplace. There Eleanor scores a great success with her new relatives. John's mother had taken the precaution of interviewing Eleanor in London, and judged her a fitting person to look after her son. The shop in sturdy Ballyards is hard-pressed. The wholesale firm of Pippin want to swallow it up; and Uncle William is in a bad way:

" 'I think we should fight them,' said Eleanor. 'So we will,' John replied. 'The MacDermotts had a name in this town before ever a Pippin was heard of, and the MacDermotts 'll have a name when the Pippins are dead and damned.' He stopped suddenly and then began to laugh. 'By the Hokey O!' he exclaimed, 'there's a romance at the end of it all.' "

LOUIS J. McQUILLAND.

GUIDE-BOOKS AND--MR. BRADLEY.*

Here is a bundle of guide-books and—a book by Mr. A. G. Bradley.* Mark the difference: Mr. Bradley takes pains to make it clear that his is not a guide-book. In the ungrammatical passage in which he most specifically sets this out, he implies that a function of guide-books is to descant upon industries. I should quarrel with this, but let it pass, for there are other passages in which Mr. Bradley—not, I fancy, for the first time—rather loftily sniffs in general at guide-books, somewhat as though they were *canaille*, hardly fit to rub shoulders with such well-dressed, quiet-mannered, gentlemanly creatures as form the upper circles of the bookshelf world.

* "A Book of the Severn." By A. G. Bradley. 15s. net. (Methuen.)—The Blue Guides: "England." Edited by Findlay Muirhead, M.A., F.R.G.S. 16s. net. (Macmillan.)—Cambridge County Handbooks: "Orkney and Shetlands" and "Dumartonshire." 4s. 6d. each. (Cambridge University Press.)—Ward, Lock & Co.'s Guide-Books: "London," "Brighton and Hove," "North Wales." 2s. each. (Ward, Lock.)

It is difficult to learn precisely what are Mr. Bradley's objections to these terrible guide-books, and it seems worth while to investigate. I can only imagine them to be that, professing above all things to be accurate, guide-books are often inaccurate; that being informative, they are dull; or that they lack personality. As to the inaccurate guide-book, in so far as it is so, it is not the ideal guide-book, and guide-books as a class should no more be judged by it than other classes of books should be condemned because one of them falls short, particularly as absolute accuracy at all points is hard to come by—as none should know better than Mr. Bradley—and it may not be for want of striving that errors creep in. If it is dullness which Mr. Bradley twits, he can hardly be acquainted with certain guide-books which are brilliantly and interestingly written.

Mr. Bradley has a deservedly high reputation as a topographer, but he should be more charitable, for there are joints in his own armour. He is inaccurate, and quite unwarrantably so. For instance he professes to be an admirer of Borrow, but his version of Borrow's account of his visit to Plympton errs lamentably and is manifestly unfair. To tell truth, he is rather on the high horse all round. He pooh-poohs quite unnecessarily at Surrey and Sussex, at the Chilterns and the South Downs and their views, puffs at East Anglia; patronises and depreciates the Thames. To treat scenery comparatively is wholly right: to appraise it judiciously and by reference to other scenery is one of the best services the topographer can render. But the comparison should be free from any sneer or depreciation if it is to be of value. It must further be confessed—under the breath—that there are considerable patches of some aridity in this book. To speak the plain truth, Mr. Bradley in places is dull—dull as any guide-book!

But it would be wrong to leave the reader with the impression that this is all of Mr. Bradley. I suspect that his real interest is in men and their works rather than nature. At all events by the time he reaches Shrewsbury on his way from Plympton he is in his stride, and his account of that notable town is as interesting and vigorous as one might desire. After that, he is much more the old Mr. Bradley and, despite some occasional perversities, is the courteous and cultured guide to a river that he loves and invests with charm. His account of the view from the Malverns is a charming and accurate analysis not merely of what may be seen, but of what constitutes a fine view, and it supplies the corrective to much that he says elsewhere. In short, the book is, on the whole, one of very considerable charm and much usefulness, and though it is marred by defects, these are occasional. We would not have Mr. Bradley give up his individual views, but he might at times express them with more tolerance, remembering that every writer of a topographical book gives hostages to fortune as he writes.

In some senses it is a relief to turn from Mr. Bradley to the even-tempered efficiency of the new Blue Guide the England volume. Some guide-books may be dull, but this is assuredly a mine of fascination. In days of high fares it is a refreshment merely to turn over the pages. The plan of York recalls the incomparable view from the windows of the Station Hotel, a few pages turned and we are watching the ruddy roofs of Whitby through the blue drift of smoke, a swing back to Devonshire recalls the level moorlands of Yelverton, the winding road from Princetown, the wooded gorge of the Meavy, the flashing of the Plym between heather wastes, the glorious colouring of the rocky bottom over which Dart swirls near Ashburton, or we are up again on the shoulders of England, where tiny flashing rills and torrents, new-born after a far-away storm, lace the sides of the Pennines.

It is impossible for such a book to be dull, for it has the power of suggesting by its maps, its plans and its brief, concise notes—a thousand memories of beautiful scenery and magnificent buildings, and its compactness and compression affirm the marvellous extent and variety of the beauties of this island. I could point out a score of

errors of detail, and I have my own ideas of the lack of certain features, but the modesty of the preface disarms me and I am lost in admiration at the uncanny efficiency with which the first country volume of the series has been completed. No one who contemplates any future holiday at home need fear that he will not get his 16s. worth many times over. The handiness of the size and shape, the clearness of the type, the profusion of maps and plans (almost all first-rate), the general balance and proportion of the book and particularly the completeness which defies one to put finger on really serious omissions of fact; these all combine to make it easily the most exhaustive book of its kind. Perhaps the most noteworthy of many admirable features is Professor Baldwin Brown's "Introduction to the Study of English Monuments." It is so little technical that it can be read with pleasure, yet so full of information, simply conveyed, that no one can read it without finding his power of appreciation of noble buildings subtly and immeasurably heightened.

There remain the two Cambridge County Handbooks which maintain the high level of achievement of this admirable series, and the Ward Lock Guide-Books. It is true that these aim at being popular, but these three volumes taken haphazard are good enough in themselves to rebut Mr. Bradley's rather cheap scorn. The London volume is extraordinarily good and the chapter on the South Downs in the Brighton volume is quite sufficient to show how mistaken is any impression that the guide-book of these days is limited to a solid, unliterary presentation of material facts.

A. H. A.

THE AUTHOR OF "OUR VILLAGE."*

Although there is little originality in Miss Hill's latest addition to her books on female authors it forms a delightful introduction to Mary Mitford's writings. It consists largely of extracts from "Our Village," "Recollections of a Literary Life," and the published correspondence. No use appears to have been made of fresh material, nor is there any reference to a devoted friend of later years—W. C. Bennett, a minor poet and brother of Sir John Bennett, the famous watchmaker of Cheapside. Mary Mitford's letters to him number between sixty and seventy, written on small notepaper and crossed as was the practice of so many women in the middle of the last century. In many instances, too, the envelopes of her correspondent have been turned inside out and used again, for poor Mary Mitford was not as well off as she would have been if she had had a less extravagant and conscienceless father. Both her fortune as well as that of her mother were swallowed up in Dr. Mitford's reckless and unprofitable speculations. In spite, however, of his unworthy actions he seems to have been adored by wife and daughter even when reduced from affluence almost to beggary. At one time, after the flight from Lyme Regis, he found a refuge from his creditors within the rules of the King's Bench, and subsequently he was even confined in a debtors' prison. At his death it was found that large sums were due to several creditors, whereupon his daughter without hesitation took upon herself the responsibility of paying off the amount. This intention becoming known to her friends and to the admirers of her books, a public subscription was raised to cover the debts of nearly £1,000, and what was remaining over was added to her small income, which had been increased a few years previously by a Civil List pension of £100.

During a busy life of not far short of seventy years she wrote poems, dramas (some of the latter were acted at Covent Garden Theatre as well as at Drury Lane, and one, "Rienzi," was extremely popular, running for one hundred nights at old Drury), and sketches of village life which, under the title of "Our Village," still retain much of their old popularity, if one may judge from the frequency of their inclusion, in the familiar form of selections, in various series of literary works. They are, for

* "Mary Russell Mitford and Her Surroundings." By Constance Hill. 2rs. net (John Lane.)

the most part, worthy of their hold on present-day readers, for they form a most delightful work, full of its author's love of nature, and the many very attractive people of the village and its neighbourhood. Another characteristic of "Our Village" is the pervading humour of the chronicler. The village is Three Mile Cross, between Basingstoke and Reading, near to the latter town from which it is distant only about one mile. It still remains much as it was in Miss Mitford's days, and one very attractive feature of Miss Hill's book is the number of charming drawings by Miss Ellen G. Hill. In addition there are reproductions of many portraits. We are inclined to think that a more suitable one of the author of "Our Village" might have been printed than the not very attractive one which forms the frontispiece. There is also an index which might have been made a little fuller.

Miss Mitford's fame was as great in America as—if not greater than—in the land of her birth, and most of the famous American writers were known to her either personally or by correspondence. These included Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Daniel Webster the orator, Ticknor and James T. Fields. Many of them visited her either at her home in Three Mile Cross or Swallowfield. Nor was she unknown to her distinguished literary contemporaries at home. Coleridge she knew. In her "Recollections of a Literary Life" she states it was at her father's house at Reading, and by his instrumentality, that the arrangement for Coleridge's discharge from the 15th Light Dragoons was carried out. Coleridge was at the time (1794) stationed in that town, and his Captain was the son of Dr. Ogle, Dean of Windsor, a connection of the Mitfords, who was spending a few days in Reading, and one day at dinner, Mary Mitford informs us, Captain Ogle told the story of the learned recruit. She adds that Coleridge never forgot her father's zeal, and that he had "the infinite goodness and condescension to look over the proof sheets of two girlish efforts, 'Christina' and 'Blanch'." This kind act of Coleridge must have taken place many years after his sojourn in Reading, for at the time Mary was only a child of seven.

We also have her word for it that Charles Lamb said of her village sketches that "nothing so fresh and characteristic had appeared for a long while." In Lamb's correspondence there is no evidence that the two had ever met, but that such was the case is revealed in one of her letters to her old friend—Sir William Eford. In it, dated February 19th, 1825, she informs him that on the day after a visit to hear Edward Irving at the Caledonian Church in Hatton Garden, with her and a friend's experience there, she told the story to Charles Lamb who capped it with another story about the preacher. Further evidence of acquaintance is to be found in Crabb Robinson's Diary, and in a review of Talfourd's "Letters of Charles Lamb," written by her cousin, John Mitford, then editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, the writer states that on visiting Colebrook Cottage one morning he found that Miss Mitford "had but just left," the reason of her calling being that she had come to consult them [Lamb and his sister] on some

dramatic reading for a new play. As we are further told that at the time of Mitford's visit "Lamb was then reading the old dramatists at the Museum and making extracts," it may be conjectured that the period referred to was in the summer or autumn of 1826. To whom Miss Mitford was indebted for her introduction to "the matchless 'Elia' of the *London Magazine*" cannot be positively stated, but no doubt Talfourd, a friend of the Mitfords, was the medium. It is pleasant to know that Haydon the painter was another of Mary Mitford's friends, and that it was he who left the theatre during the performance of one of her tragedies to report the kind of reception with which it was meeting, for she could not summon up sufficient courage to witness it herself. Hood gives, in one of his Odes, a ludicrous account of her feelings during the performance of "Rienzi":

"Miss Mitford had misgivings, and in fright,
Upon Rienzi's night,
Gnaw'd up one long kid glove, and all her bag,
Quite to a rag."

With many more famous people was she intimate, to name whom would take up more space than is available, but some appreciated and appreciating friends cannot be omitted—such as the Brownings, Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, and, for his zealous interest in and care for her welfare—the Rev. William Harness. Miss Hill does not tell her readers that most of the stories had, before their final publication in several volumes, appeared in the *Ladies' Magazine* and other periodicals and in many of the very popular annuals.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

OCTOBER.*

It is no use pretending that the contents of the Poet Laureate's new volume of verse will not be disappointing to his admirers. Of the qualities which have endeared the "Shorter Poems" to a generation of readers, and some of them to a good deal more than a generation, there is very little left. The name-poem, indeed, and especially its opening lines, have some of the old sweet and silvery clarity:

"April advance in play
Met with his lover May
Where she came garlanded
The blossoming boughs o'erhead
Were thrill'd to bursting by
The dazzle from the sky
And the wild music there
That shook the odorous air."

* "October, and Other Poems." By Robert Bridges. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)



The house in Broad Street, Alresford, where Mary Russell Mitford was born.

From "Mary Russell Mitford." By Constance Hill (John Lane).

But the promise of this first page is not fulfilled. To students of metre the metrical experiments in which the book abounds will be of interest; but to the ordinary amateur of the beautiful, his constant confrontation with lines or whole poems which he must tax his wits (perhaps in vain) to scan, is more likely to prove irritating.

The greater number of these poems were written during, and with reference to, the war, and it cannot be said that any of them are wholly adequate to their great occasion. Few, indeed, among the vast number of poems called forth by the monstrous catastrophe were adequate; but it will, I think, come to be more and more clearly recognised that it had one worthy *vates*, in Mr. Laurence Binyon. Perhaps some of the younger, the combatant poets, such as Mr. Siegfried Sassoon and Mr. Robert Nichols, have rendered more vividly the brutal and horrible facts; undoubtedly in individual poems—at any rate in Mr. Masfield's "August" and Rupert Brooke's sonnets—there is a warmer and more haunting magic; but the body of Mr. Binyon's war poetry, issued in successive slim volumes and collected finally into one, are the supreme rendering of that high spirit in which, whatever the carpers may say, a great number of Englishmen met the shock of Armageddon, which inspired our best statesmen, such as Lord Grey and General Smuts, throughout and resulted in that fine, and one hopes not forlorn, adventure of idealism, the League of Nations. It is to Mr. Binyon's poems that the men of the future will go when, after reading the squalid record of political intrigue and official blundering, they seek assurance that courage and nobility of spirit were not to be found only on the battle-fields.

Not for a moment is it suggested that Mr. Bridges falls below his younger *confrère* in fineness of outlook. It is in expression that he comes short. He is too prone to the mechanical optimism that utters itself in such phrases as:

"England has buried her sins in her father's bones . . .

Peace shall come as a flood upon all mankind;

Love shall comfort and succour the poor that are pined."

One had thought that the days of such complacent prophesying, except on the political platform, were past. And it needs the brazen trumpets of a Kipling to bewilder us into momentary belief that the English are the "chosen people"; on the silver flute that strain is not convincing.

Perhaps it is because in Mr. Bridges's poetry one is so used to perfection, that one is struck by and over-ready to insist on the blemishes. Such criticism is ungrateful work; and one gladly turns to the few miscellaneous poems which close the volume—a few Miltonic sonnets, a couple of songs—to record the unalloyed pleasure to be derived from them. Especially delightful is "Fortunatus Nimium":

"I have lain in the sun
I have toil'd as I might
I have thought as I would
And now it is night. . . .

"I welcome fatigue
While frenzy and care
Like thin summer clouds
Go melting in air, . . .

"To dream as I may
And awake when I will
With the song of the birds
And the sun on the hill. . . ."

There, at any rate, is the old, authentic beauty of the "Shorter Poems."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* EVERY WOMAN IN HER HUMOUR.*

The suicide rate shows the curious fact that the proportion of suicides among women is largest under the age of thirty-five, while with men the dangerous age occurs in those later years which are popularly supposed to be

* "The Happy Foreigner." By Enid Bagnold. 7s. 6d. net. (Hennemann).—"The Blind Marksman." By Edith Mary Moore. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"The Puritan's Progress." By A. M. M. Hales. 6s. net. (Melrose).—"Temperament." By Dolf Wyllarde. 7s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul).—"The Marriage of Elizabeth." By Ethel Holdsworth. 7s. net. (Jenkins.).

peculiarly deadly to women. So that another superstition, besides St. Swithin, is gone. But it is evident, from these same statistics, that the old tradition, which speaks of love as woman's whole existence, is truer than we nowadays imagine it to be. For emotional disturbance in youth is certainly due to the love affair, and excitement in age to money matters. This bundle of novels, at any rate, goes to prove that it is love, and love alone, that makes the world go round for the average woman; here, in these stories, is that peculiarly feminine idea, scarcely ever found in a man's book, of love intrigue as the pivotal motive of all action. This point of view finds expression in four out of these five novels. The exception to this is Miss Enid Bagnold's "Happy Foreigner." In this remarkable tale, although Fanny is in love and Fanny is very much of a woman, it is the whole complex of active life that we feel through her reactions. Love in "The Happy Foreigner" is just a personal background to the huge interplay of war. For—it is a terrible fact—many women did actually become freemen of the city of life for the first time during those terrible war-years that are already beginning to seem dreamlike. But, if we are to judge by the novels women are now pouring out, it appears they have already gone back to captivity of soul, to their old cage of absorption in erotic adventures, to that attitude of mind in which the love affair presents itself as the most important pursuit in existence. For neither education nor professional work has really made the average woman a complete human being.

Only modern war did this, for it forced some women and most men to face bed-rock facts. Fanny, for instance, the motor-driver to the French army who is the centre of Miss Bagnold's novel, lives in the man's world, and this life gives her the eyes to see something besides the perpetual dance of repulsion and attraction played by the sexes. She lived in the subterranean chambers of Verdun; she had her struggle with the Chinese scavengers of No Man's Land; she slept, a soldier in the Allied army, in that German bedroom at Metz; she knew her car's engine as a skipper knows his ship, and all these experiences take their stand side by side with that turmoil of fear and hope when she waits outside the Cathedral for "I am." Because she knows herself to be a cog in the machinery of strife, she is disciplined and freed from sexual egotism. In Barbusse we feel the revolt against war because it is cruel and foolish; in "The Happy Foreigner" we see the racial folly of its temporary alliances, its temporary divisions. Says a young Belgian, speaking of the French, "Don't you find they think there is no one else in the world but themselves?" Then comes a man in a green bonnet, chased by a peasant woman. "Those are the cursed Italians," says the French lieutenant, while he points to another group and remarks, "There are the Russians"—and *they* were kept behind barbed wire with sentries stationed at intervals. A French taxi-driver says of the Americans, "They give me two francs when three are marked." And then comes the crowning irony: "Only up in Germany was there any peace from acrimony. . . . There there were no epithets to sling—they had all been flung long ago. And the German people begged buttons as souvenirs from the uniforms of the men who spoke so many different languages." We must put Miss Bagnold's book on the shelf where we keep Barbusse, Duhamel and de Lazlo.

With "The Blind Marksman" we turn to another world, from moving waters to a still pool. Yet the book is as true to life as "The Happy Foreigner" inasmuch as it expresses what is certainly felt by many women—an overpowering sense of spiritual waste in human values that is perpetuated from one generation to another. The book, dedicated to Edward Carpenter, is, in fact, a demand that the natural instincts of passion and emotion shall be no longer furtively repressed, but openly faced. It is a great theme, but it calls for bigger handling than Mrs. Moore has given it. Jane, ugly and original, married first to the heavy male, Ernest, and enslaved by his heavier mother, is lively and pert, but she becomes unreal and stagey the moment the ideal lover comes on the scene. Mrs. Moore, like most of us, is better at describing the paltry meanness

of our initiation of the young into life than she is at imagining the way of the gods in this thing. The book is earnest and sincere, but the problem is really that of the egg and the chick, for you cannot nobly teach youth to face sex until you have a noble race to do the training. But if the race is not noble? "The Blind Marksman," though not vividly realised, is at any rate written courageously.

But if Mrs. Moore touches a great problem, the author of "The Puritan's Progress" plunges deep into a yet greater one. For this book is a study of the effects of Christian restraint on a nature that originally started with the non-moral bias of a free Greek. This semi-Greek, spoiled by diverging instincts, comes under the sway of two purely Greek, purely pagan characters. And their one-pointed completion is placed over against her irresolute imperfection. It is a curious book, original in subject and subtle in manner, yet it gives one but little sense of the inevitable, of the real. It is an exercise in invention rather than a narrative of spiritual experience. "Deeper," one says to the author as one reads, "go deeper; make one feel this more." It may be true that Nietzsche's "Become what thou art" is the greatest spiritual challenge of to-day; yet it will be met, not by eerie shadows like Frances of "The Puritan's Progress," but by men and women of flesh and blood, and especially by men and women of humour. "The Puritan's Progress" is, however, an interesting experiment.

It is refreshing indeed after Miss Wyllarde's "Temperament," which is no better than a warmed-up version of Ouida-esque naughtiness. Ouida, in fact, without her touch of genius. Joan Delamere—the name is a happy indication of the character—is born of the old "yellow-back" tradition. She composes haunting love music, and, after no particular training, even operas; she loves an elderly roué with a yacht, a past and a confidential man-servant. She runs away—quite unnecessarily, seeing the episodes that have occurred—when he proposes by marriage to make reparation to an old flame. The last sentence of her death-bed letter, "the passion-fruit is nearly ripe, but I shall never gather it," is quite incomprehensible, since she never does anything more sane than—gathering passion-fruit.

If "Temperament" is composed according to an old formula, "The Marriage of Elizabeth" also owes its existence to tradition. There is not the slightest reason why Elizabeth Peel should not marry John Stone and be happy ever after, except that propinquity coupled with a fatal barrier has always been an attractive *motif* for the woman novelist; to yearn and yearn for union, that is the true delightful agony, and accordingly, John and Elizabeth hatch complications out of old love-letters and other trines light as air as no two sane people ever did—outside the pages of a novel. Everything ends as per recipe. It is a pity Miss Holdsworth does not use her knowledge of mill life to better purpose than this. M. P. WILLCOCKS.

THE ETERNAL KINGDOM.*

There is a Kingdom which is above and a Kingdom which is below: an outward and inward side belong to both, because of our dual nature. That which is without subsists by that which is within, draws and derives therefrom, is efficacious and is explained thereby. Because of it God is in His heaven and all—in the long last—is right with the world. Because of it man is more than flesh and blood, a spirit which "cometh from afar." Because of it there is an invisible Kingdom and a King Who rules therein, to love, honour and obey Whom is at once our duty and title in the things that are eternal. Under the obedience to an imprescriptible law which thus arises—and is the one way leading to the life of reality—there is no room for the rule of a majority, seen that the King is eternal. As this law operates in the manifest universe, so is it also within us; there is a part of our nature which corresponds thereto by an unreserved consent and recognition, whatever our rebellions and betrayals on the

outward side. We are each of us an unfailing witness to the King and His rule within. If there is to be peace, progression and the attainment of a perfect end in our personal world, that which is within must obtain also without. It must obtain also in the social and political world, if we seek that day when all will be right therein. Here is the finding of a mystic in this present unresting time. I do not agree with the late Mr. W. S. Lilly that in the conflict between classes and masses, in this militant world of ours, the classes are nearly always right. It was their age-long wronghood in France that armed the Revolution against them. It is this also which has delivered Russia to the Bolshevik, as it is this which crucified Poland under the auspices of Metternich and Austria. But this is not to say that the masses, then or now, are obviously on the side of the right and order. We are not confronted by any such simple issue, but with complexities of offence and reprisal in which the spirit of the world as a house divided against itself strives with itself for mastery. So it has been and so also will continue, until the Christ-Spirit comes to its own within us. His is the Kingdom and His the rule therein—that "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness," until at the end of the making, it becomes ourselves, and the Kingdom of Heaven is within us in the fruit thereof.

With such an invisible Kingdom Mr. Lilly is concerned after his own manner in this last and posthumous volume: it is that of an eternal law in the rational creature. But for him the giver of the law, its representative and spokesman is the Latin Church, "a supreme authority ruling and reconciling individual judgments by a divine right." Now, the position of this great church is not unlike that of the classes, for we know that a time came and a state therein which made Protestantism a possible and indeed an unescapable thing. Luther and the other reformers were the religious masses of their age challenging the hierarchic classes, challenging the spirit of Lucrezia Borgia sitting on the Throne of Peter in the absence of Alexander VI., challenging the long pontificate of Alexander. So it has been and so also will continue, awaiting the pontificate of Christ. It is inevitable, I suppose, that treating of such subjects there should be a part in this book which must be called polemical, in the milder sense of a rather aggressive term; but it is really the natural outcome of Lilly's strong personal conviction. While there is a certain purpose which makes for unity, the interlinking thread of the various chapters is so slight that they are to be regarded as detached essays, and it appears from Dr. Barry's most interesting preface—which is like a golden inscription on the tomb of his old friend—that this is how they were written, as they were also published originally, in "several magazines." They are clear and positive on obedience as the "bond of human society," on the "monitions of strikes" and on the "morality of war," while the study of Newman is full of insight—as might be expected. But the "ethical function of memory" and the "mystery of sleep" are not a little like loose strands suspended in space. The doctrine of the schools is held up in contrast to the doctrines of modern psychology and we are left a choice between them, which one is scarcely prepared to take. Yet it is perhaps a sign of the times that a writer like Lilly should appeal to telepathy, to the travelling spirit and other psychical experiences, to all that which—outside the churches—has sounded its trumpets before the walls of the Jericho of materialism, and those walls are falling: they are indeed in ruins about us. A keen and clear thinker along his own lines, he has sounded his own call to the war through many years of literary life. Some part of the crusade is exemplified in this volume: it is good reading still, though a little in the past tense, belonging to the time when it was a saving necessity to answer people whose opinion now no longer matters. Some at least of us have earned our freedom: at least by intention and desire we are citizens of the eternal Kingdom, beyond the rule of the majority, the distinction of classes and masses. We are in the law of the city, which is the King's own law; its "categorical imperative" is the condition of our liberty as citizens.

* "An Invisible Kingdom: Being Some Chapters in Ethics." By William Samuel Lilly. (Chapman & Hall.)

A MEDLEY.

When in a bundle of poetry or verse for review one comes upon two or three well-known names, one is grateful. Robert Nichols—well, I remember "Ardours and Endurances," which I was fortunate enough to review for *THE BOOKMAN*. Despite the preposterous lady on the cover I take up "Aurelia, and Other Poems"¹ with a foretaste of the noble pleasure of praising. But, what has happened to Robert Nichols, or is the fault in my fageyism? I strain eyes and brain after his meaning and find it not. He tantalises. Of course, being Robert Nichols, he must needs have diffused poetry through this confusion of words that to me signify nothing. There are plenty of beautiful words and beautiful diction, and there are also strange and heavy words and confused and confusing thoughts and mazes into which we cannot follow the writer. Lest some denseness should have come upon me I quote a brief poem, not the best and not the worst in the book:

"THE CONSUMMATION.

"There is a pigeon in the apple tree
And when he moves the petals fall in showers;
And O how low, how slow, how rapturously
He croons and croons again among the flowers.

"Above the boughs a solemn cloud bank climbs
White, pure white, dazzling, a shield of light;
Speck in its space, a lark, whose quick song chimes
With each brief pulse of wings, vaults toward the height.

"Below a beetle on a stalk of grass
Slowly unharnesses his shuttered wings;
His tiny rainbow wings of shrivelled glass;
He leaps! He whirrs away. The grass blade swings.

"Faint breezes through the branches wind and call
It is the hour. The perfect hour is His;
Who stooping through the depth, quiet, joy of all,
Prints on my upturned face a silent kiss."

"A mad world, my masters!" I find Ezra Pound mainly grotesque and, I suspect, with intention, yet so essential a poet as W. B. Yeats has found it worth while to edit a volume of him. The volume under review, "Umbra,"² has as a sub-title "All he wishes to keep in circulation from 'Personæ,' 'Exaltations,' 'Ripostes,' etc. With translations from Guido Cavalcanti and Arnaut Daniel and poems by the late E. T. Hulme."

One does not know if the translations are fakes, but here and there is a hint of curious and coloured embroidery which might belong to an original. It would be very easy to pick out the grotesques with which these pages are thickly studded. I prefer to give one tiny bit of Mr. Pound's verse, chosen at random, which is called "Rose-White, Yellow, Silver," and might as well be called anything else:

"The swirl of light follows me through the square,
The smoke of incense
Mounts from the four horns of my bed-posts,
The water-jet of gold light bears me through the ceiling,
Lapped in the gold-coloured flame I descend through the ether.
The silver ball forms in my hand,
It falls and rolls to your feet."

One of the alleged "poems" of E. T. Hulme ends:

"My mind is a corridor. The minds about me are corridors,
Nothing suggests itself. There is nothing to do but keep on."

A course of Mr. Pound would leave one nothing to do but keep on one's head, if one could.

It is a relief to turn from these eccentricities to Mr. Charles Williams's oddly named "Divorce."³ Here, as in "Songs of Conformity," there is a sane although subtle mind. Here again poetry fulfils its proper function to delight, to uplift, to surprise. It is like drinking at a cool well after the freak poetry of Mr. Ezra Pound and the confusion of Mr. Robert Nichols. Mr. Williams is a close and imaginative thinker. He has that rare quality, distinction. He has the feeling for the lyric, as in "Celestial

¹ "Aurelia, and Other Poems." By Robert Nichols. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

² "Umbra." By Ezra Pound. 8s. net (Elkin Mathews.)

³ "Divorce." By Charles Williams. 4s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

Cities," with its superscription: "I saw no temple therein":

"When our translated cities
Are joyous and divine,
And through the streets of London
The streets of Sarra shine;
When what is hid in London
Doth there in Sarra show
And we in that new township
The ancient highways know;
Though the bricks sing together
In those celestial walls,
Shall we not long o'er Ludgate
To see the dome of Paul's?"

But this is Mr. Williams in his easy mood. Not all who run may read or desire to read "After Marriage," with an Elizabethan deftness and delicacy, and something modern added. Mrs. Meynell might have written it perhaps. And here is something immortal:

"FOR A PIETA (IN TIME OF WAR).

"Sorrow am I though none has seen my tears,
To me for comfort all men's childhood ran;
To no men's dolour piously appears
This image where I mourn not men but Man.
I am that which lives when in your darkest hour,
Not heroes only, but their hopes, have died;
I am the desolation and the power
Of patience: I await what shall betide."

No reader of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's prose will need to be told that he is an essential poet, but perhaps his medium is rather prose than verse. There is something cool and lucent about these nature poems. "As the Wind Blows"⁴ brings the quietness and the coolness of the Devon country which Mr. Phillpotts loves and has brought many to love. He is curiously restful with his ease and simplicity after the difficult and turgid poetry of so many young poets. "A Green Thought in a Green Shade"⁵ fits with this poetry of moorland, wood and water. No lover of Devon can afford to be without it when he goes stepping westward, with a book for his companion and the Dart for goal.

Miss May Earle, the author of "Acte: a Love Sequence,"⁶ has won praise from the critics for her former books, "Juana of Castile" and "Cosmo Venucci, Singer." The new book has a certain scholarly beauty of diction. It has music and melody, dignity and grace. Miss Earle still lacks simplicity and clarity; perhaps classicism is often against these; but "Acte" shows excellent performance as well as a promise which makes the reviewer look forward with interest to Miss Earle's future work.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Novel Notes.

THE LITTLE SOUL. By Elinor Mordaunt. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Full of strong character studies, the real hero of the book is, we suppose, the Soho doctor, McCabe, brilliant, pitiful, weighed down by a sense of the eternal tragedy of life; warm-hearted to a degree. But the writer gives us much more of the almost incredibly cold Charles Hoyland than of the fine friend. Hoyland is a man of the world in its worst sense, and is utterly selfish; full of a bleak disregard for others. His wistful sister Rose, whose life was "colourless as that of a silkworm," his gay sister, carmine-cheeked Maisie, and his vain mother (who confessed on one occasion that "life's no longer any good when there's no possible temptation in it"), are all sketched in with a relentless sincerity. Miss Mordaunt follows Hoyland through his horrible career, and brings him "full of nausea, as though he were not digesting life," up to a farm in Derbyshire, to be tutor to a weak-minded lad. There he meets tranquil and fair Diana, who attracts him by her indifference. Cunningly, very cunningly, Hoyland leads his pupil astray, snatching to himself some of the youth's

⁴ "As the Wind Blows." By Eden Phillpotts. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

⁶ "Acte." By May Earle. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

PELMANISM AS AN EDUCATIONAL FACTOR.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL.

BY coincidence a book I opened in the Tube train told me the story of a man so despondent, though deserving, that he thought himself "beleaguered by all the circumstances of his life." For "nothing had ever gone right with him." He had had "no luck." Fate always seemed against him. "He was the most conscientious worker in the office, but other clerks had been promoted over his head. The manager was always finding fault with him for being so slow. "Perhaps he *was* slow," he thought.

The very day I opened that book I had been visiting a place which is rare, and I think unique. . . I had visited the Pelman Institute—that is, I had tested the men and the methods there; I had satisfied myself that the men are neither unpractical visionaries nor advertising charlatans. I had verified the testimonials which they publish and the names of well-known people among their clients. I inquired into the methods they use in a way which only one who is himself a teacher could do. I procured and have studied the books they issue to their clients. I examined the queries they put, the schedules they work by, and the degrees of individual effort they require to be put forth. I went there rather sceptical. I went away rather enthusiastic. And because the more I think about it the more I feel that "Pelmanism" is the name of something much required by myriads of people to-day, I am writing this.

"Pelmanism" is no fake, no dodge, no knack of temporary influence only and it is not for the few alone. It is not for the relatively few whom Nature has endowed with the successful qualities, who cannot help "getting on," and who get on early because the many do not compete with them; it is for the many whom Nature has endowed with all qualities for success except the instinctive knowledge of how to use them aptly. There is no mystery about Pelmanism, except that it is not laddled out to all and sundry, and is kept as a secret for those who wish to have it, those who will work as well as pay. . . Every facility for a thorough investigation was placed at my disposal by Mr. W. J. Ennever, the founder of the Institute.

It delighted me to discover that the Pelman Institute works along lines which at a hundred public meetings on education I have ventured to lay down. Places for lecturing, coaching and preparing people for examinations are valuable and many; so are places in which the tuition goes on by post, between tutor and learner, and when the learner is in earnest the effect is sure to be good. But this is not a place for thus imparting general or examinalional information; it is a place for indicating *how* to learn, how to live and learn, and how to learn and live. Here any willing, earnest applicant may get just the books, papers, hints, suggestions, advice, and "leg-up" which he needs for himself.

Pelmanism is not for the self-satisfied; nor for the easily satisfied, content with any way of life, no matter how narrow and poor; nor for the sluggard, too inert; nor the laggard, too idle. It is discipline, and many a client has found it to be just the training he needed. It is a means of energising, and energy is the master-force of everything.

The clerk who does not "get on," the salesman, the commercial traveller, the shopkeeper who does not sell successfully; the underling, "the most conscientious worker in the office," who is, nevertheless, too slow; the teacher not successful in a peculiarly difficult vocation; the would-be writer who always gets his manuscript (it should be type-script) back again; the solicitor who might as well

be his own clerk; the doctor who vainly waits for patients; the briefless man at the Bar; the curate never offered a benefice; and many another, would find the discipline, guidance and training of Pelmanism help them on. . . I have passed most of a lifetime in trying to help on the cause of education, but I am glad to say that I shall not have to run the gauntlet of the sterner competition to come. I suspected Pelmanism; when it began to be heard of, I thought it quackery; with self-satisfaction and vanity I supposed that I needed nothing of the kind. Now I wish I had taken it up when I heard of it first. It

*"—purs the 'laid traveller' apace
To gain the timely inn."*

The New Pelman Course, particulars of which can now be obtained free of cost by readers of THE BOOKMAN, is a most remarkable achievement.

Indeed, the well-known journal *Truth*, which has made a special examination of the Course, states that it represents an improvement of no less than 100 per cent. on the former Course.

For one thing, the new Course contains the accumulated experience that has been gained from training the minds of over half a million men and women of every type, age, position and occupation.

Secondly, during the last year or so, immense progress has been made in the science of Psychology. It is now known that our consciousness is but a part of our mental life. Deep down is the life which we call subconscious or unconscious, and its immense importance is now being realised. It is as important to you as to the professional student of psychology. The new Course embodies the latest and most important discoveries in the science of Psychology, and deals amongst other matters with Psycho-Analysis, Repression and Expression, and the question of training the Subconscious.

The New Pelman Course too develops just those qualities most needed for success in every conceivable career, or intellectual pursuit. It eliminates such failings as:

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| - Forgetfulness | - Timidity |
| - Mind Wandering | - Weakness of Will |
| - Brain Fog | - Lack of System |
| - Indecision | - Lack of Initiative |
| - Dullness | - Indefiniteness |
| - Shyness | - Mental Flurry |

and develops such valuable qualities as:

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| - Concentration | - Forcefulness |
| - Observation | - Self-Confidence |
| - Perception | - Driving Power |
| - Judgment | - Self-Control |
| - Initiative | - Tact |
| - Will-Power | - Reliability |
| - Decision | - Salesmanship |
| - Ideation | - Rightly-Directed |
| - Resourcefulness | Energy |
| - Organising Power | and |
| - Directive Ability | - A Reliable Memory |

that are indispensable to every man or woman who wishes to "make good" in any sphere.

Yet despite these remarkable results the Pelman Course is quite simple to follow. It takes up very little time, involves no hard study and can be practised anywhere—even in spare moments during the day.

Readers who would like a copy of "Mind and Memory," which contains a full description of the New Pelman Course, should write to-day to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. This book will be forwarded by return gratis and post-free.

vigour and freshness. But he comes to grief; Diana is not for him. He dies rent almost as by a devil, swearing horribly, defeated of his purpose; and Diana and McCabe are brought together. Powerful work, excellent in detail, but lacking in sunshine.

OF FINER CLAY. By Hylda Rhodes. 7s. net (John Long)

There are some unusual characters in Miss Rhodes's latest novel. Oliver Cartwright is a strange, unbalanced, sinister figure, who, fascinated by the fetish worship of savage tribes, has filled his Yorkshire home with a collection of idol deities, among whom, as his mania increases, he comes to regard himself as a demi-god. In contrast to him, and loving the sunlight as he shrinks from it, is Tansy Holt, a moorland gipsy girl. Against a background of grey rock and stunted heather she stands out in large-limbed, passionate strength. She loves as she hates, fiercely. There are no neutral tones about her; civilisation has not taught her the compromise of half-measures. The air of the wide spaces blows through the book. The scenes which remain in the memory have been passed on the moors—that of the meeting of Tansy and Raphael Keene at the "Bride Stones," the struggle with her father when she refuses to give up the wooden image entrusted to her by her lover; last of all, the evening of the thunderstorm which brings Raphael back. The story is written easily and pleasantly, and is a thoroughly readable tale.

THE OTHER PERSON. By Fergus Hume. 7s. (White)

Mr. Hume is always happy in his titles, and those who are drawn by curiosity to investigate the mystery of "The Other Person" will have their expectations fully gratified. This is not the first time he has introduced the supernatural into a story, and it is a subject he is particularly well qualified to handle. Here we have all the thrill and sensation and ingenious intrigue we look for from his pen, but woven into the theme is the uncanny force of "Spiritism" which gives the plot a new and surprising turn. Christopher Larchey, a reformed black sheep, makes an attractive hero, whose past indiscretions track him down and involve him in a very unenviable predicament. A pleasant love interest puts into the background even the sombre shadow of murder and the terrifying vengeance of "The Other Person."

MY PROFITABLE FRIENDS. By Arnold Palmer. 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount)

"The head coachman died," we are told—apparently *apropos des bottes*—in one of these stories, "but he left a great tradition behind him." All the great short-story writers are not dead and this very difficult, very fascinating art is not hide-bound by tradition. Certain rules are generally accepted, but the skilful practitioner feels as much freedom as an expert dancer, who conforming with the rhythm of the music is at liberty to express his sentiments in a variety of ways. Mr. Palmer's neatness is a permanent delight, neatness of construction and of psychological analysis. He rounds up his stories, when they are stories, in a fashion that excites our grateful smiles. Some of the contents of this book are rather to be classed as essays; such, for example, is the picture of an ex-Lady Mayoress in retirement—a gem of a Dutch interior. Mr. Palmer is remarkably versatile, going from the burlesque of a cinema story—"The Honourable Gilbert hands his card to the girl, who reads it carefully and admits him"—to the sensitive diagnosis of the emotions of one Leslie, who more and more believes that the world and his fiancée do not accept him as a paragon of bravery. John Horatio Coombs we clasp to our heart; his fraudulent activities are charmingly narrated and he himself bears not the smallest malice for the man who turned him, pretty forcibly, towards the path of virtue. Who but Mr. Palmer would have thought of such a remote subject as "The Cough" and who else, except Maupassant, would have told in that joyous way the story of Eve Follyhampton?

PENELOPE. By G. Kirby. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

As Penelope says of her first published story, "At least it was a true book," and this is a fair description of Miss Kirby's "Little Miss Muffet." It was sincere, it had also a great scene—that of the well-known novelist playing at bears with the heroine—but it was young, crude and self-conscious. You read it, laid it down with "a book of some promise," and forgot it until the next was published; but you had been just sufficiently interested to get that next. "Penelope" is a more mature book. Miss Kirby still finds it difficult to tell a tale, and Michael, the man Penelope marries, fails to grip the reader. He does not stand out, he is not alive. But she writes with humour, with that breath of fire which, burning the dross, leaves us the gold, and she has done a piece of remarkable and pitiless analysis in the character of Sir Anthony Faire—the old man playing at youth and self-deceived. This is the chief character in the book. It is closely observed and tenderly drawn, and, though you laugh over the absurdities of the Causes and the Revolting Artists, over Sir Anthony you weep—as did Penelope. Miss Kirby has yet to learn that unless you are content to produce a patchy book, you cannot put guesswork by the side of the thing that has been experienced.

JAMES BEVANWOOD, BARONET. By Henry St. John Cooper. 6s. net. (Sampson Low)

If we are inclined to find Mr. Henry St. John Cooper's hero and heroine a trifle too simple and innocent to carry conviction, we are forced to admit that they are delightful people to meet, and the story of their unconventional marriage, with its many ups and downs and almost tragic conclusion, makes engrossing reading. 'Nid first walks into the pages as a London laundry girl with an artistic temperament, and her big, uncouth lover as a London carpenter with an immense capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice, as later events reveal. They "get off" in the approved fashion, and marry on 'Nid's seventeenth birthday. 'Nid yearns for something better than the humdrum existence of an artisan's wife, and when her husband proves to be heir to the Bevanwood baronetcy, she falls an easy prey to the disappointed man who believed himself to be next-of-kin. Jim Bevanwood is a white man all through, and although his girl-wife forsakes him, is ready to welcome and forgive her on her return, and even forgives the villain who lured her away. It is refreshing to meet such lovable, unsophisticated characters as these homely folk who, raised from lowly estate to rank and wealth, lose nothing in the transition.

DESBOROUGH OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER. By Joan Sutherland. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Joan Sutherland's new novel will hold her old readers together. It is a pleasantly-told tale of Anglo-Indian life, passed between the garrison town of Fort Amrah, on the fringe of the desert, and an English country house on the Downs. Desborough, the hero, is a man of fifty, an engineer of international reputation, who has built bridges, and seen the love romance of his life shattered, at Prégatz. Ardent and passionate by nature, he feels that he has been cheated out of life, and the episodes with Marie Kirkland and the Princess Anne are instances of his getting even. He shows up better with men than with women, and there is no flinching when he faces the physical torture schemed by Gulab Singh. The other characters are less successful. The greater number are too slight to be more than moving figures, or have just enough importance for the story to prevent their being walking-on parts. One would except Nadia, Desborough's daughter, from this criticism, but an impression of indistinctness is a danger to a book.

RETURNED EMPTY. By Florence L. Barclay. 5s. net. (Putnam's.)

Any new story from the pen of the author of "The Rosary" is sure of a welcome from a wide circle of readers, and perhaps the very theme of "Returned Empty" will but make it the more welcome at a time when spiritualism

in various forms is freshly exciting many minds—as it seems to have done to a certain extent a century or so ago at the close of the Napoleonic wars. Mrs. Barclay, it may be said, in this story writes against the current spiritualism by devising something of a new kind. Her hero might be described as a victim of reincarnation, and he certainly finds himself in a surprising and original situation. We are supposed to have our second and subsequent times on earth with a subconscious knowledge of the earlier times, but he has been "returned empty" of all that subconscious knowledge owing to circumstances which must be left for readers of the story to learn.

THE LINE'S ENGAGED. By Albert Edward Weiman. Illustrated by C. A. Voight. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

These letters from a pretty telephone girl to her "Dear Myrtle" about herself and her friends and some of the people who talk to her over the line, are all in a light, amusing vein that fully justifies the description of the book as "a laughter book." You will enjoy it all the more if you know anything of telephones, but even if you do not you will enjoy it. A capital book of its kind.

SERENUS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Jules Lemaitre. Translated by "Penguin" (A. W. Evans). 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

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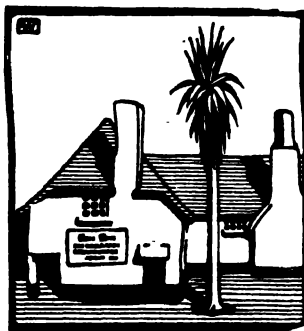
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News Notes.

"MARY ROSE" AND "PETER PAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Sir J. M. Barrie's poignantly beautiful play, "Mary Rose," makes a wonderful appeal to crowded houses at the Haymarket, but, in some respects, it has puzzled many of the great multitude who have seen it, and we have decided to offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of One Guinea for the best interpretation in not more than 300 words of the play's inner meaning, and what final lesson the author intends us to draw from it.

We also offer Prizes of a Guinea-and-a-Half, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea for the best criticisms in not more than 300 words of the perennially popular play of "Peter Pan." This Competition is limited to younger readers. The age of the Competitor must be written under his or her signature, and each reply should bear a note by the Competitor's parent or guardian stating that the writer of the reply is under the age of fourteen.

Competitors should keep copies of their MSS., and not enclose stamped envelopes for their return.

All replies in both these Competitions must be posted by the 1st October, addressed to The Editor of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C. Envelopes for the one should be marked "Mary Rose Competition," and for the other "Peter Pan Competition."

Results will be announced in THE BOOKMAN Christmas Number.

THE BOOKMAN 250 Guineas First Novel Prize Competition closes on the 31st December. Write for particulars to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN Address as above

With reference to his article, "Gallovidianus Identified," in last month's BOOKMAN, Mr. Davidson Cook asks us to add that when he spoke of Scott's "Fasti" being inaccurate and inadequate, he was referring to the original edition of that work. He has since seen the two first volumes of the new edition of "Fasti" which the Rev. W. S. Crockett, of Tweedsmuir, is editing, and finds that much fuller and more accurate information is given there about the Reverend John Mackenzie and his family. When Mr. Crockett's new edition is completed by the publication of the remaining four volumes, Scott's "Fasti" will be freed of the errors of commission and omission that make it very necessary to subject the original work to the revision Mr. Crockett is giving it.

Mr. Harold Scott, of the People's Theatre and the Everyman Theatre, is arranging to present a costume recital of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" at an entertainment which, in conjunction with Miss Elsa Lanchester and Mr. John Goss, he is giving at King George's Hall (Y.M.C.A.), Tottenham Court Road, on September 23rd. The proceeds are to be given to the "Save the Children" Fund.

Books Limited will publish in October "The Hunted Man," a humorous novel of a search for buried treasure, by Mr. Harold Pegbie.

A few friends of Mrs. Humphry Ward have formed themselves into an executive committee to consider in what way it would be most desirable to commemorate her life work. They have decided unanimously to raise a memorial fund to be devoted to the furtherance of some

branch of social work, preferably amongst children, to whose welfare Mrs. Ward devoted so many years of enthusiasm and ungrudging labour. A general committee is now in course of formation, under the presidency of the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P., with Viscount Bryce, Viscount Milner, the Rev. Hensley Henson, D.D., Mr. Robert Bridges, and Mr. Asquith as vice-presidents. The Hon. Lady Lyttelton, Sir Valentine Chirol, Sir Hugh Bell, Bart., Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes and Mrs. Creighton are among the influential names on the first list of the committee. As a writer Mrs. Ward's name is known wherever the English language is spoken. But perhaps her greatest monument will be her pioneer work for children done through the Passmore Edwards Settlement in St. Pancras, of which she was the founder and has been the mainstay since 1897. Here Mrs. Ward started the first cripple school in co-operation with the public authority here the first children's vacation

school in England was organised, and here was, and still is, the home of the pioneer evening play centre. It is owing largely to her foresight and devotion that it is now compulsory on all education authorities to provide suitable education for physically defective children, that organised holiday playgrounds are part of the educational programme of London's Education Committee and that the Play Centre movement is spreading rapidly throughout the United Kingdom. The Settlement is also doing admirable social work through its clubs for boys and girls, its school of mothers, its concerts, lectures and library. The maintenance of this work is now seriously threatened owing to the

increase in costs and diminution of income, a matter which caused Mrs. Ward grave anxiety during the last weeks of her life, and it is felt that no more fitting memorial to Mrs. Ward's life could be devised than the raising of a fund large enough

to ensure the permanence of the Settlement work, including special assistance to work among children.

A very characteristic and hitherto unpublished letter from Carlyle to the Rev. David Thorn, D.D., is printed in Cassell's *Book Talk* this month. It had a narrow escape from destruction during the first of the two big daylight air-raids on London City, when part of the building in which this letter and a number of others from distinguished writers were housed was left in ruins by a bomb.

Messrs. Harrap are publishing immediately "Master Crusoe," a story of a boy's adventure on Wizard Island, by T. C. Bridges.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. E. F. Benson.

whose new novel, "Queen Lucia" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

Miss Isabel C. Clarke, whose latest and very successful novel, "Lady Trent's Daughter" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number, is at present in Italy. She has lived mostly there for the last six years, having a permanent home in Rome, and the scenes of a new book she is now engaged upon will be laid there. Miss Clarke's novels enjoy an increasing popularity here and in America, and several of them have been translated into French, Italian, Dutch and German. The sympathetic treatment, in her stories, of the Roman Catholic faith has made her the acknowledged successor among novelists of the late Mgr. R. H. Benson. She is the sister of Mr. Robert Coningsby Clarke, the distinguished composer of many well-known songs.



Miss Isabel C. Clarke.

From a pencil dra

at Rome by Giorgio Sordani.

The latest volume of the "Michelin Guides to the Battle Fields of France" (4s. net) deals with the first battle of the Somme—telling the story of that Homeric conflict and describing the towns and villages through which it raged. Visitors to those battle scenes will find this an excellent and a thoroughly well informed guide.

The new novel by Mr. Ridgwell Cullum, "The Heart of Unaga," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing, is to be issued in America by Messrs. Putnam.

New reset editions of Samuel Butler's "Luck or Cunning?" and "Unconscious Memory" (8s. 6d. net each) have been added by Mr. A. C. Fifield to his now complete edition of Butler's works.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol's new novel, "Black Bartlemy's Treasure," a stirring romance of piracy, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

The "Meditations" of Lamartine, with a biographical note by Dr. H. F. Stewart, will be published in the autumn by the Cambridge Press.

"Modern English Statesmen," by G. R. Stirling Taylor, which Messrs. Allen & Unwin are about to publish, is a series of historical character studies reconsidering the position of modern statesmanship since the Stuart Rebellion. The same firm has in preparation a book on "The House of Commons," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Dr. Elizabeth Severn, whose study of "The Psychology of Behaviour" Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing, is well known as one of the most successful practitioners of Psycho-Therapy and Mental Science.

Mr. Robert Lynd, whose new book, "The Passion of Labour," Messrs. George Bell & Son have in the press, is preparing another collection of his literary essays, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish this autumn.

"The Seven Wives of Bluebeard," translated by D. B. Stewart, has just been added by Mr. John Lane to his collected edition in English of the works of Anatole France.

A book of exceptional interest and importance that will be published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth this autumn is "The Last of the Romanovs," the true story of the massacre of the ex-Czar, Nicholas II, and his family, being the narrative of *The Times* special correspondent based on the dossier of the investigating magistrate, and a transcript of the depositions of eye-witnesses. Mr. Butterworth, who has just gone to America, is one of London's youngest publishers, and it is something of a record that, at such an early stage, he has three of the books he is publishing this year—"Mrs. Asquith's Memoirs," "The Revelations of the Rev. Vale Owen," and "The Last of the Romanovs"—simultaneously running as serials in leading periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Seeds of Enchantment," a tale of romance and adventure in Indo-China, by Gilbert Frankau, will



Mrs. Charlotte Mansfield, F.R.G.S.,

whose new novel, "Strings" (Westall), is attracting a good deal of attention.

From a snapshot taken in the French zone of the occupied German territory, where her husband, Lieut.-Colonel Raffalovich-Mansfield, is British delegate of the Inter-Allied Railway Commission

be published by Messrs. Hutchinson after it has run its serial course in Hutchinson's *Story Magazine*, where the first instalment of it appears this month. Mr. Frankau's last-year novel, "The Woman of the Horizon," is to be reissued shortly in a cheaper edition.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The second volume of Mr. M. Beer's monumental "History of British Socialism" (15s. net; Bell) carries the story of the movement from the thirties and forties down to the present year. There is a full and well-informed section devoted to the rise and culmination of Chartism and the moral influence that has survived the passing of the Chartists. The studies of modern Socialism, its various organisations, the formation of the Labour Party and its relations with Socialism, are written with breadth of knowledge, a careful mastery of detail, and an art in condensation that excluding nothing essential and taking in nothing that is superfluous, yet maintain an ease and clearness of style that makes for interesting reading. It is a history of the highest value and importance, and one that will be indispensable to all students of present-day social problems.

The "Madmer" of José Mora's novel of that name (7s. net; Digby, Long) are a group of artists, musicians, writers who seem rather like survivals from the nineties when such groups were commoner, and they go through the years of the great war in a manner that justifies the title. They, even the wickedest woman of them, Mrs. Rutherford, and the idealist, Oscar, have a curious artificial air, and are less real than grotesque shadows of realities,

and the spiritualistic episodes are less convincing than the more earthly developments. But the author has ability; writes well, and makes you half believe in her personages because she evidently believes in them herself.

Mr. Laurence Clarke's romance of the Secret Service, "Bernard Treves's Boots" (7s. 6d. net; Hodder & Stoughton), has all those qualities of adventure, mystery and surprise that are essential to the making of any alluring and effective story of this kind. John Manton, who has been dismissed from the Army under a cloud, finds himself persistently mistaken for a certain Lieutenant Bernard Treves, who is leaving the Army for urgent reasons of his own. A friend of Treves, struck by the amazing facial resemblance betwixt him and Manton, brings the two together, and Treves makes a bargain with his double. Manton has instant need of a hundred and fifty pounds; Treves finds the money on condition that Manton adopts his identity and allows him to drop out of sight for a time. Too late to repent, Manton finds that he has not only to deceive the other's wealthy old father and the girl he is engaged to, but that Treves having fallen into the grip of a German spy organisation has been playing the traitor and is being tracked by British Secret Service agents. How he extricates himself from these and his other dilemmas and triumphantly rehabilitates the sullied reputation he has assumed is told resourcefully and ingeniously in a well written story which carries you through a swift succession of excitements that hold even a hardened reader's interest until Manton has broken from all the tangles that involved him and has won back his own name and a good deal more.

"Tales of My Native Town" (7s. 6d. net; Eveleigh Nash) are twelve of Gabriele D'Annunzio's cleverest and most characteristic short stories. They are tales of passion, romance, adventure, sentiment and emotion,



Photo by Mendoza Galleries.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau.

admirably translated, and with a critical introduction by Joseph Hergesheimer.

There is a good deal of freshness and vivid dramatic incident in "Colorado Jim," by George Goodchild (4s. 6d. net; Hayes). Colorado Jim, a big-natured, sturdy son of the soil, wins a fortune on the mine-fields, sells out, and travels to England, meeting with stirring adventures among women and men by the way. In England, chance brings him acquainted with the heir of a noble house which has fallen on evil days, and he is lured by the father, Lord Featherstone, into marrying his daughter, the beautiful Lady Angela, and readily parts with fifty thousand pounds to save the family from bankruptcy. From the first day of the marriage Angela makes it clear that she has no love for him; when he realises how he has been fooled, he suggests that they should live apart, and she gladly accedes to the proposal, but spends his money extravagantly without scruple. The unexpected failure of the company in which Jim's fortune is invested brings him to a sudden resolve: he will return to the West to make good again and assert his rights to the extent of compelling his wife to go with him. It is a resolve not easy of fulfilment, but he carries her off in spite of herself, and the

tale of how, among the hardships and rough living at the Klondyke, he tamed her rebellious spirit, brought her back each time she fled, and finally won her love and saved his self-respect and her own is told with vigour and imagination and makes a picturesque and a powerful romance.

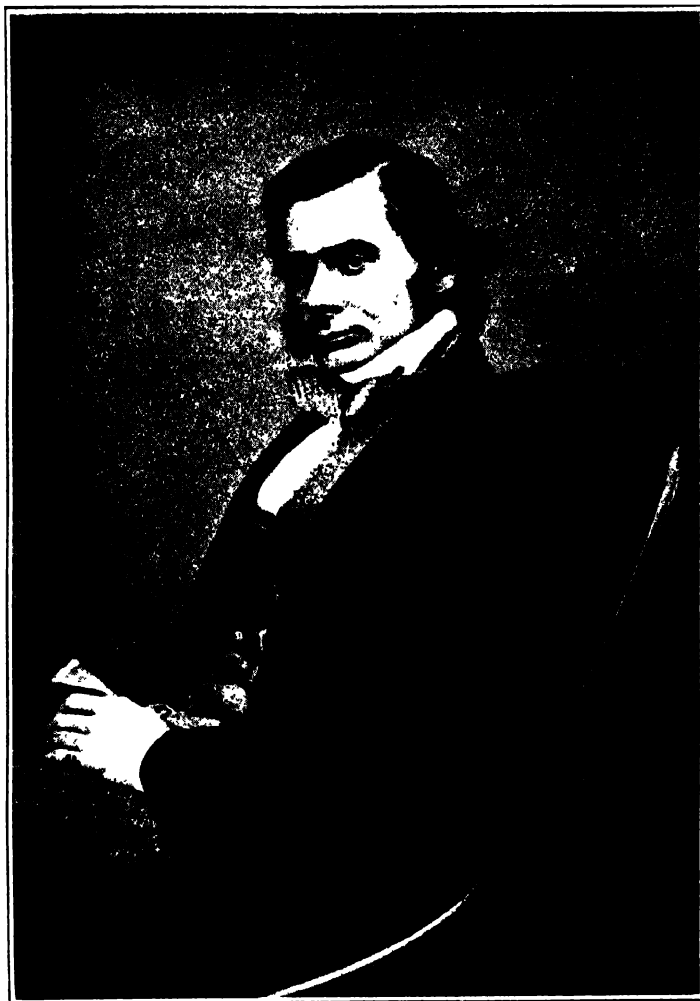
Two books that should be read by all who are interested in the tercentenary of the sailing of the *Mayflower* are "John Robinson," by Walter H. Burgess (12s. 6d. net, Williams & Norgate), and "John Robinson," by the Rev. Dr. Fred J. Powicke (2s. 6d. net; Hodder & Stoughton). John Robinson was the pastor of the Pilgrims; he led them into exile at Leyden, to escape from the ecclesiastical intolerance of their own country, and under his guidance and inspired by his teachings they crossed the seas and found in the New World the freedom of thought that was denied to them in the old. Robinson stands out in the biography and history of his times that Mr. Burgess has written, and in Mr. Powicke's graphic and

intimate personal study of the man as the most influential and significant figure in that community of Puritans from which the Pilgrim Fathers came.

"Chains," by S. Winsten (5s. net; C. W. Daniel) is a series of brief poems written in prison during the war by a conscientious objector. They express very simply and naturally the thoughts, feelings, emotions that came to the prisoner at work or in his cell and, however little you may sympathise with his private opinions, you recognise

that he lays bare his mind with something of the poet's vision and imaginative sensitiveness as well as with the sincerity and the occasional bitterness of a man who has suffered, and is very much in earnest.

If none of the five stories in "Daisy Ashford: Her Book" (7s. net; Chatto & Windus) are quite so naively, queerly, unconsciously humorous as "The Young Visitors," there are bits in all of them that are as funny almost as anything in the inimitable tale of Mr Salteena. The best of Daisy Ashford's own is the longest, "The Hangman's Daughter," and as good, or perhaps even better, is the fifth, "The Jealous Governess," a contribution by her sister Angela written at the age of eight. It is a quaint and amusing book, even though it leaves the supremacy of "The Young Visitors" unshaken.



Thomas Henry Huxley.

a portrait by Maill & Polyblank, 1857.

Huxley, by Leonard Huxley (Watts), reviewed on p. 214.

Mr. Blackwell of Oxford has added to his excellent series of Percy Reprints that oldest of English comedies, "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (4s. 6d. net), with an introduction and a bibliographical note by Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith.

Mr. Charles S. Brooks's "Chimney-Pot Papers" (8s. 6d. net, Oxford Press) will be welcome to all who know his "Journeys to Bagdad" and "There's Pippins and Cheese to Come." His essays have something of the quaint whimsicality, the love of men and books and kindly philosophy of life that have endeared Elia already to four generations of readers. No subject comes amiss to him; he holds you pleasantly interested whether he is discoursing of certain ways of making a livelihood, of holidays, of turning forty, of the difference between wit and lumour, or of a pair of leather suspenders. A quiet, restful, entertaining book, whose homely wisdom and gracious humour are as rare in present-day literature as in present-day life.

THE READER.

ROBERT HICHENS AS PLAYWRIGHT.

By F. G. BETTANY.

THOUGH the career of Mr. Robert Hichens as playwright has been lengthy—only a few years shorter than his career in the practice of fiction—it has never been prolific. As early as May, 1898, his name figured on a London play-bill, but there have been wide gaps in his dealings with the stage such as seem to argue either too easy a surrender to discouragement or a view of the drama as but a second string for his activities. It is significant that he accepted a collaborator in his first theatrical essays. Mr. Hichens is not one of those authors, of the John Galsworthy or Hubert Henry Davis type, in whom is to be seen a natural instinct for stage-technique; he had to learn by experience how vastly this differs from the technique of the novel, and since his coquettings with the footlights were intermittent he learnt but slowly. Your novelist-playwrights, many of them though there are, have not been great successes as a rule, or have only succeeded in the theatre in so far as it has received their main devotion. The one genius we have writing for the English stage, Sir James Barrie, has to all intents turned his back on the art which gave us "Auld Licht Idylls" and "Sentimental Tommy." Mr. Maugham has almost made as complete a renunciation. Those who can alternate the two media at will—the author of "Strife" for example—are rare. It has taken Mr. Hichens the best part of two decades to gain facility in what until recently was for him little more than by-work.

He began his apprenticeship, it appears, in February, 1897. So far as my recollections go—and I have refreshed them by consulting the theatre advertisements of the

year of the Diamond Jubilee—credit for the authorship of "The Daughters of Babylon" was originally assigned to Mr. Wilson Barrett alone, but books of reference make Mr. Hichens claim some part in the composition of the piece. There is no reason why he should be ashamed of any share in the affair. It was popular drama of the "Claudian" variety, showing us marionettes of immaculate virtue but some rashness as hero and heroine at the mercy of persecuting villainy—indeed, they were sold at auction in one scene and only differing from the normal stage-romance in using the Jewish Captivity as background and being garnished with semi-Biblical rhetoric. If the story was the actor's, it is just possible that the scenario was suggested by Mr. Hichens, who has certainly displayed at intervals ever since a liking for Oriental picturesqueness in the settings of both his novels and his plays.

Whatever may have been the extent of Mr. Hichens' contribution to "The Daughters of Babylon," his name was presented boldly enough on the programme when, as the result of a commission given to him and

to H. D. Traill by Sir Henry Irving, "The Medicine Man" saw the light at the Lyceum. Literature seemed honoured in the commission; Irving's appearance in a play supposed to deal with modern life and written by living authors had the air of a new departure, and we were all agog with excitement when the curtain was lifted. But, alas, our hopes were dashed, and the luck of the Lyceum, already imperilled earlier in this year of '98, received from the well-meaning Hichens-Traill combination a further serious blow. Its story



Photo by Stage Photo Company.

Street Scene

from "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Godfrey Tearle as Androvsky.

of a ghoul of a doctor, with no signs worth speaking of to demonstrate his ghoulishness, who proposed wreaking on an innocent girl his revenge for having been jilted twenty odd years before by her dead mother, was not even effective melodrama, being spoilt for that by amateurish handling. Was it the Medicine Man's idea to induce insanity in his young victim by hypnotism? Was his asylum actually a "home of horrors"? Had he been really cruel to the cured drunkard who at last murdered him, yet was set no harder task, so far as we could see, than to pick roses? Was Sylvia meant to show indications of her mother's malady? On these and other points the play was exasperatingly vague; the authors bungled their situations, and so Irving's adventure with modern playwrights missed fire. It is perhaps unkind to Mr. Hichens to rake amid such ashes of theatrical history, but he himself must take some pleasure in recalling that the greatest actor of the day gave him an opportunity and that an Ellen Terry sought to embody one of his fancies, and no chronicler of his stage experiments could well overlook the romantic features of Mr. Hichens' one association with Irving.

For five years after this failure the novelist gave the theatre a wide berth, and we hear of him next in connection with a stage-version of "Vanity Fair." Once more he had a partner—Mr. Cosmo Stuart—and if my memory does not play me false and this was the dramatisation in which Miss Marie Tempest played heroine, "Becky Sharp" was a thoroughly workman-like piece of stage-carpentry, recommended by brilliant acting. Still, collaborations and adaptations, though well enough as exercises in training, should never satisfy a playwright who is worth his salt. The time comes when he must strike out for himself and abandon the crutches of other men's plots or stage-craft. This Mr. Hichens did at last in 1909 with "The Real Woman." There was not much more than promise—some sense of character, some graciousness in dialogue, some management of a scheme—in that now forgotten Criterion effort. Its heroine, a rich and fascinating widow, showed what was real in



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Robert Hichens.

her presumably when, as the result of two men-acquaintances' bet, she went to see in Poplar a dying boy-cripple and charmed a young philanthropist, Hugh Graham, who was watching by his bedside. Graham is supposed to have startled his family by abandoning the smart world to undertake social service in the East End, and the play's problem was, would the call of philanthropy prevail in his case over the appeal of sex? Mr. Hichens' manipulation of a theme in the playhouse was still uncertain in those days, and his play had not "bite" enough to be regarded seriously nor sufficient fancy to be accepted as a fairy-tale. It secured but a short run. Its author fell back

on fiction, and once more there is a big gap in Mr. Hichens' relations with our stage. He kept his hand in by a couple of adaptations he made for American managers—one seemingly his version of "The Garden of Allah," now being presented at Drury Lane—but he had to wait ten years for another chance in London. When the time of waiting was over and Miss Marie Lohr produced at the Globe about a twelvemonth ago "The Voice From the Minaret," Mr. Hichens proved that he had learnt a few lessons in the interval. He was able now to think out a story in terms of the theatre; he had overcome his tendency towards vagueness; he introduced no characters that had not a direct concern with his plot. Once more he used Oriental surroundings, but only for the start of his drama, and he tackled courageously a perennially attractive theme—used by him already in "The Garden of Allah"—the pull within a man of the conflicting claims of passion and religion. Its first act was its best—an admirable act of exposition

kept moving throughout its length; the rest was less convincing. Its hero, whose ultimate idea is to take orders, has a brief liaison with a woman of ardent temperament in the East, forgets her and becomes a clergyman, only to be confronted with her now married but still avowing her love. The flaw in the piece is this—would not any woman of refined feeling, knowing that there is a priest side in her lover and seeing that he has



Mr. Hichens starting on a desert expedition, Biskra, Sahara.

become a priest, avoid if only for his sake and for the sake of his professional reputation, throwing herself in his way and involving him in scandal? The intervention of her dying husband and his threat to expose the pair—all this is conceivable enough if her recklessness is once granted. But would not a woman of her stamp be too considerate, too proud, to precipitate such a crisis?

In the adaptation of "The Garden of Allah," with its similar topic, there is no mistake of this kind. Neither playgoers nor novel-readers need reminding surely that its scheme turns on a runaway monk's marrying a woman, who is a Catholic, without any revelation as to his career. Very cleverly in the play is the monk's *gaucherie* amid polite society indicated, very cunningly is the audience's curiosity about the hero stimulated, and the right solution of the tangle is adopted. No woman brought up in the Roman faith would want to hold from his vows such a husband; no former celibate, with Boris's incapacity for blotting out his past, could be happy until he had returned to his cell—once a priest always a priest is a true enough motto so far as he is concerned. The only complaint to be urged against the bare outline of Mr. Hichens' drama is that he hides the secret of Father Antoine too long from his audience,

that he adopts a novelist's device in the theatre. On the whole, the rule of the stage that your hearers should never be kept in the dark works better than the policy of concealment. That the play is rhetorical drama, that the characters talk too much about their feelings and



*in a photo
at Biskra*

**"Batouch," the original of
the Arab poet in "The
Garden of Allah."**

attention from the characters it is a pity, but Mr. Hichens would have been less than human had he rejected the offer of Mr. Collins's stage. Nor can Mr. Collins be blamed for making the most of his chances for spectacle. An author who thought fit in his novel to occupy nearly one third of its space with detailed description of its desert setting, obviously attached enormous importance to "atmosphere," and the manager, with his camels and his pictures, has only

followed in a different way Mr. Hichens' own example. Whether such competition with the cinema on the part of drama helps it as an art is a problem on which it would be piquant to have the opinion of the writer of "The Garden of Allah," but whatever answer he might give, it should be



Photo by Stage Photo Company.

The Recognition.

Scene from "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane Theatre.

Miss Madge Titherage as Domini.

Mr. Arthur Lewis as Father Roubier.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle as Androvsky.

remembered that probably not this work, but "The Voice from the Minaret," is his latest contribution to the theatre. Meantime some of his admirers, at any rate, are hoping that he will not be tempted by the "House Full"

legends of Drury Lane into offering us large-scale illustrations of other printed stories of his, but will be content, now that the ball is at his feet, to forget when he turns again to play-writing that he has ever written a novel.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER.

BY W. L. GEORGE.

THE British public every day takes greater interest in the American novel, and names such as those of Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, Mr. Owen Wister, Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster, Miss Sophie Kerr, etc., are becoming well known. We are coming to understand that, though the American novel differs from the English novel in idiom and pitch, it has qualities of virility and originality by which we can profit. But of all the young Americans who have impressed England, only one has on his first appearance made a reputation: that is Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer. His first book, "The Three Black Pennys," was published in England only in December, 1918, yet it was at once understood that there existed in America no writer comparable with him, and that in Europe his only affiliation was to Mr. Joseph Conrad. I know that, for my part, I recognised at once that here was a master of good taste and of delicate fancy.

Mr. Hergesheimer's new novel, "Linda Condon,"* is not his most impressive, but it has this advantage, that it is devoted to exhibiting one of his conceptions of white womanhood in the American gentle classes. Linda's story is simple. Daughter of a denièp, she half falls in love, weds another, becomes the ideal of her first lover, and so away into her more elderly years. Upon this simple theme Mr. Hergesheimer erects the strong structure of a woman whose passions are cased in ice, who is all dignity, aspiration and fine disdain. Linda is profoundly moving, for her spirit never escapes from its prison. And, what is very characteristic of Mr. Hergesheimer, the book, which treats of the present day, reads like a novel of pioneer America, twenty years after independence.

This sense of the past is dominant in all Mr. Hergesheimer's works. For instance, in "The Three Black Pennys" we have a picture of successive generations of the Penny family, loving, despairing, giving way to their wild illegitimate passions, whether for women or power. None better than Mr. Hergesheimer evokes

the realisation of time, and none better knows how to intoxicate himself and his readers with the emotion of beauty. For instance, he says: "The drawing-room was brilliantly lighted

there was a constant stir of yellow and apple green and coral lustrous, of white shoulders, in the gold radiance of candles like stiff rows of narcissi." He has an almost hectic feeling for stuffs, lines, women that are as gardenias, and so becomes impassioned: "Her hair was simply arranged and undecorated, she wore primrose with gauze like smoke, an apparently guileless bodice, with blurred, warm suggestions of her fragrant body. . . . Her breast rose and fell, sharply, once. Howat picked her up by the shoulders and crushed her, silk and cool gauze and mouth, against him." The secret is found not only in the aged stuffs: the passage *feels* eighteenth century. But there is another Hergesheimer whom we find in the three stories collected under the title of "Gold and Iron." The first story is not successful: melodrama does not suit our delicate linner.

But the third, "The Dark Fleece," sets up the contrast Mr. Hergesheimer so wholly perceives between the bitterness, the ugliness, the energetic roughness of the fighting Puritan stock that made America, and the languidly bold good-breeding of Honora Canderay.

For Honora is first of all a lady; Mr. Hergesheimer's characters are ladies and gentlemen, of old lineage, settled fortune and worn tradition; his America is not one that got rich quick. You discover this particularly in what I like to think his best book, "Java Head." Here Mr. Hergesheimer has gone one further than the American aristocrat of Cavalier extraction; he has shown this type of traditional gentleman overwhelmed by the superior aristocracy of China. One believes in Taou Yuen, the Manchu bride of Gerit Ammidon. She is like a painted idol, living by pride, by the remoteness of a soul carved in alabaster. She suffers the outrage of a low Western passion, and preserves her respect by a suicide which does not move, because Taou Yuen hangs too high above human



Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer.

* Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

emotion. It is perhaps in "Java Head" that one best perceives Mr. Hergesheimer's capacity for encrusted word picture. I must quote the passage in full:

"Never before had Rhoda seen such lovely clothes: A long gown with wide sleeves of blue-black satin, embroidered in peach-coloured flower petals and innumerable minute sapphire and orange butterflies, a short sleeveless jacket of sage green caught with looped red jade buttons and threaded with silver, and indigo high-soled slippers crusted and tasselled with pearls. Her hair rose from the back in a smooth burnished loop. There were long pins of pink jade carved into blossoms, a quivering decoration of paper-thin gold leaves with moonstones in glistening drops, and a band of coral lotus buds. Pierced stone bracelets hung about her delicate wrists, fretted crystal balls swung from the lobes of her ears; and clasped on the ends of several fingers were long pointed filigrees of ivory."

The Englishman who reads Mr. Hergesheimer must, however, realise that here is no imitation of our best or our worst; Mr. Hergesheimer, like his great predecessors, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, W. D. Howells, is wholly American. His phrase sometimes seems strange; he makes grammar as he goes; here and there, among the chalcedony, the paduasoy, the samit, we find rank Yankee echoes that jar into protest the rustling folds of his bombazine. It is well so: nationalism is of the essence of art. And so, when we consider what already Mr. Hergesheimer has done, we must ask ourselves what will this Pennsylvanian gentleman do? It would be patronising to prophesy; it is more graceful and more just to thank him for the present satisfaction of his promises.

J. C. SQUIRE.

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

I.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Squire is one of our youngest authors, his career has a variety of which older men might well be envious. He was at Cambridge in the brilliant years of Rupert Brooke; when he came down he combined such unlikely tastes as work in the Press gallery of the House of Commons with parodies of modern authors, translations from Baudelaire and a life of William the Silent. This last is the only thing of his I have not read, not through any ill will to Mr. Squire, nor from any doubt that he has made a good book out of his subject, but from an early and incurable distaste to the rulers of the House of Orange. Later on he did much towards making the reputation of that enterprising, if rather volatile publishing firm, Stephen Swift—a name which stands to the late Edwardian and early Georgian periods as a dim simulacrum of what Smithers meant to the curious and esoteric nineties. And as Smithers was the first to publish Max's caricatures, so Stephen Swift published the great series on John Bull, else withheld from the public gaze. Mr. Squire wrote for the *New Age*—a fate which few men of his period were able to escape; and with the establishment of the *New Statesman*, became the assistant editor and was responsible for the literary side of that weekly. During the war—he was turned down repeatedly by the medical officers—he remained at the *New Statesman*, and was also latterly associated with *Land and Water*, which he edited for a short time until the foundation of the *London Mercury*, which has so quickly assumed a settled position among English monthlies. It is evident that here is plenty of opportunity for a great deal of discursive writing. I might choose to discuss Mr. Squire as an editor, as a parodist, as the representative of a school of criticism which has made enemies as well as friends; but I do not intend to do any of these things, but incidentally, in writing on his poetry, I shall be bound to discuss his critical attitude. What I want to do is to deal with his creative work, work not very large in bulk, but amazing if one considers the multifarious activities of the writer.

II.

Leaving out of account a first volume of verse, subsequently withdrawn by the author, Mr. Squire's most

notable work is contained in "Imaginary Speeches," "Steps to Parnassus," "The Three Hills," "The Survival of the Fittest," "Tricks of the Trade," "The Gold Tree," "The Lily of Malud," "The Birds" and "The Moon." He has published a collected edition of his poems up to 1918, and two volumes of selections from the causeries about books issued under the pseudonym of Solomon Eagle. There are a few people, I suppose, who still associate Mr. Squire with his parodies. I am afraid I have never quite appreciated his high reputation for parody. He seems to me to be too often content to produce—he does it incomparably well—such a poem as the author parodied might easily write; or a bad individual poem, instead of a typical piece in which the victim's characteristics are caught and then given that irresistible twist which reduces the reader to laughter. Our supreme parodist is Max, who never fails except when he is inspired by mere hatred, as he seems to be in his parodies on Kipling. I think Mr. Squire is successful, but not supremely so, with such comparatively easy game as Maeterlinck; but to parody Maeterlinck you only have to alter the playwright's own emphasis. All his lines are thin ropes, with laughter on one side and horror on the other, and the author may as easily come down on the right as on the left. I have enjoyed the lyrics from the newspapers; and the career of Marmaduke Augustus Breeze, as told in "A Modern Biographical Study," is a very pleasant exercise in the manner of Mr. Belloc. For those who enjoy his parodies "Tricks of the Trade" is certainly the best volume; but I would give all the parodies for that priceless little volume of burning epigrams, that chaplet of rage not unworthy of Byron, "The Survival of the Fittest."

To me the most surprising thing about Mr. Squire as a poet is that he should have started by translating Baudelaire. It is true these versions do not appear in any volume later than "The Three Hills" (1913); but few lovers of "The Lily of Malud" or "The Birds" would guess, I think, that Mr. Squire had worshipped at that particular shrine. It seems as odd as his excessive valuation of the work of Flecker, that Parnassian whose beautiful, lifeless, marmoreal garlands are far more poetical exercises than the verses of such minor

poets as Dowson and the other Bodleyites whom Mr. Squire cannot away with. For Mr. Squire, in his most characteristic work, stands for the precisely opposite theory and practice of poetry. The Parnassian, even at his highest, even Herédia, does show something of allegiance to the poetical exercise. He is more concerned with poetical expression than with poetical emotion; with perfection of style than with intensity of feeling. One may believe, I think, that when the feeling is intense enough, in the rare moments when passion and art meet to create, a perfect thing will be made, whatever the mode of the ending be. Yet some of us, who prefer the acting of Duse to the acting of Bernhardt, will always prefer a song of Blake's to a song of Tennyson's. Leaving aside, then, the great poems of the great poets, we come to the work of the lesser men and the lesser work of the great men. There is much to be said for the Parnassian theory if you are writing a long poem. Nothing is more tiresome than to try and read a long poem in which the author has relied almost entirely on the original passion of his idea and neglected his form. But over-devotion to the Parnassian theory will induce a man to write when there is no sufficient impulse, when his concern is only with words, not with emotions or ideas—and you get so melancholy an exhibition as the later work of Swinburne. And, as is obvious in that work, if the poet pays attention only, or chiefly, to the verbal beauty, he will miss that beauty too, in time. Those whose emotional impulse does not really justify the writing of their poems fail in that essential of all art—they fail to interest. They may not write bad poems, but they do write boring ones.

It is here I find Mr. Squire's early attachment to Baudelaire curious. You can argue that Baudelaire is a pathetic figure, a first-rate character for a gloomy novel; but is there any denying, that in spite of their achieved perfection, in spite of their intellectual force, and their occasional sincerity, his poems are really rather tiresome. The particular pose of gloom, of diabolism, of perverse and morbid curiosity shows a dull intelligence, a mind insufficiently aware of the possibilities in the world. Baudelaire is an invalid, and he managed to force himself on the world's attention with the frantic despair of the sick, the really sick who want you to sympathise not with them, but with their diseases. They think themselves more subtle, these sad prisoners of the soul, but really their psychology is precisely the same as that of the old cottager who

unwinds yards of dirty flannel to show the district visitor some septic and neglected wound. I have dwelt rather long on Baudelaire because I believe he has had an importance on Mr. Squire's career; I believe he represents a tendency with which Mr. Squire has had to fight, an order of ideas and emotions which he knows to be wrong but which have for him an attraction that he has not always found it easy to overcome.

How successfully he has overcome it can be judged by any reader of the *Collected Poems*. A volume which is most remarkable in its bold spirit of experiment, both in style and emotion, and its steady devotion to sanity and that central beauty which an artist can neglect only at his peril. Mr. Squire, like Mr. Chesterton, may have learned strange words and to love strange shapes in the camp of the enemy, but he will use the weapons of the foe against him. How splendidly and confidently the very rhythms and even the catch phrases of the decadence are used in quite another service in such a poem as "Artemis Altera."

(O full of candour and
compassion,
Whom love and wor-
ship both would
praise,
Love cannot frame nor
worship fashion
The image of your
fearless ways!

'How snow your noble brow's dark pallor,
Your chivalrous casque of ebon hair,
Your eyes' bright strength, your lips' soft valour,
Your supple shoulders and hands that dare?

"Our souls when naively you examine,
Your sword of innocence, flaming, huge,
Sweeps over us and there is famine
Within the ports of subterfuge.

"You hate contempt and love not laughter;
With your sharp spear of virgin will
You harry the wicked strong; but after,
O huntress who could never kill,

"Should they be trodden down or pierced,
Swift, swift you fly with burning cheek
To place your beauty's shield reversed
Above the vile defenceless weak!"

Mr. Squire never lingered long in the house whose fountains were fashioned in chrysoprase and whose gutters gushed with absinthe. He found the older beauty, and found it truer, more real and more terrible than the tired, painted, listless loveliness which is cunning in the use of powder and patchouli

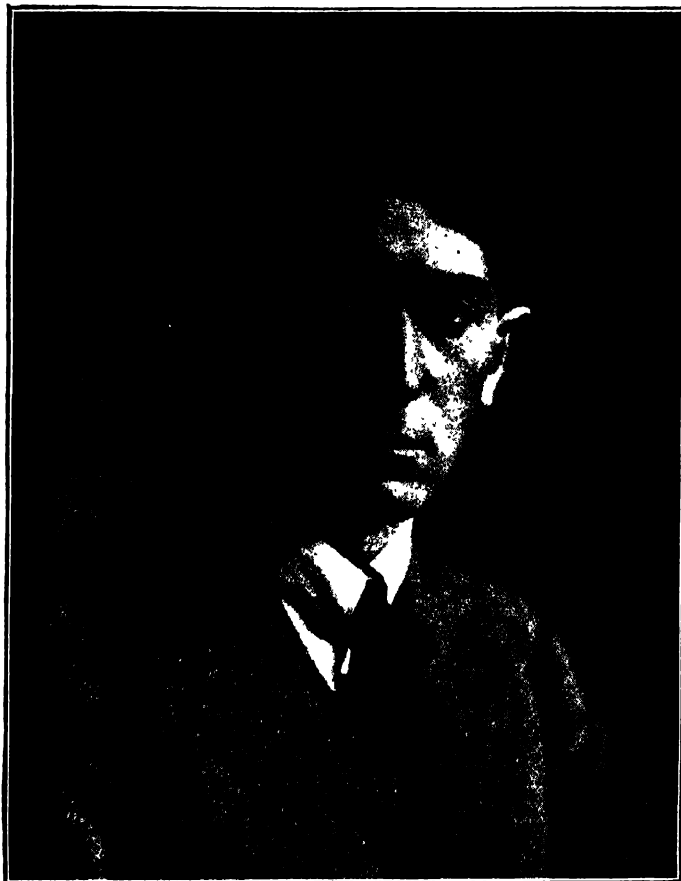


Photo by Elliott

J. C. Squire.

III.

In each generation the artist of genius has to fight over again that battle which all masters of every art have been unable to escape—the battle to find the truth between the spirit and the conventions of art. There will be some rebels who will deny the need for any convention; some dullards, good craftsmen possibly, will work unaware of the need of the spirit; but the few will have to fight. Mr. Squire has headed in his generation, in his practice at least, a conflict not dissimilar from that which Wordsworth initiated in the last year of the eighteenth century. Especially is Mr. Squire like Wordsworth in diction. It will be remembered that Wordsworth, in his famous preface so misrepresented by Coleridge, claimed not to use the form of prose in verse, but denied to poetry the right to such nonsense as "Church-going bells," and claimed that simple poems about simple people should be entitled to simple language. Since the time of Wordsworth one might argue that the range of simple language has been considerably enlarged. The Georgians of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries spoke with a convention, a ceremony and a sedate regard for classical speech which was in strong contrast to their brutality of manner and occasional cruelty of habit. To-day we are gentle in manner, more humane, more quiet, but considerably less mannered in speech. Our common language follows Lamb rather than Wordsworth; and so one should not expect Mr. Squire's poems of simplicity to be really like Wordsworth's. Nevertheless he is in the true Wordsworthian tradition in that heart-breaking poem, "To a Bull-Dog."

"And though you run expectant as you always do
To the uniforms we meet,
You'll never find Willy among all the soldiers
In even the longest street,

"Nor in any crowd, yet strange and bitter thought,
Even now were the old words said,
If I tried the old trick and said, 'Where's Willy?'
You would quiver and lift your head.

"And your brown eyes would look to ask if I were serious,
And wait for the word to spring,
Sleep undisturbed: I shan't say *that* again,
You innocent old thing.

"I must sit, not speaking, on the sofa,
While you lie asleep on the floor;
For he's suffered a thing that dogs couldn't dream of,
And he won't be coming here any more."

It is frequently argued by those who have not read Wordsworth's preface that he was false to his own theory in some of his best poems—such as "Tintern Abbey," the ode on "Intimations of Immortality," "Laodamia," and many of the Sonnets. Wordsworth, on the contrary, expressly claimed a place for high, poetic language. "If the poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasions, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated and alive with metaphors and figures."

This is peculiarly true of Mr. Squire's most beautiful poem "The Lily of Malud," for this remains, I think, in spite of the many notable things in "Rivers," "The Birds" and "The Moon," his most splendid, as it is his most ambitious, poem. "The Lily of Malud" has that entrancing air belonging to poems and pictures which seem to say more than even their authors know—to

hold a music which he has heard, no doubt, but has hardly hoped ever to express. It is not a room, furnished neatly or roughly, as are many of our modern poems—it is a window, and each time you look out of it you are uncertain what of beauty and wonder and surprise you may not see. It is very rare among modern poem writers: for most modern poets, except Mr. Yeats and Mr. Chesterton, are positive, know what they see, and thrust your nose down on to it. One knows what one of the "poet-ists" would have made of the subject.

"I love mud . . . yellow, thick, obscene.
And the lilies of mud,
And the base faces and stunted figures
Of the half-wit girls who worship the lilies
And yammer in the mud.
Ugh! You hideous girls!
I will trample you into the thick mud
And watch the ooze bubble over your frothing mouths
Until a new lily grows
Monstrous,
Blood-stained,
Opulent with odorous mud."

The poet who professes to render what he sees, can render nothing; for a thing seen is not seen until it is felt, and feeling provokes thought, and you cannot think without a philosophy, and a philosophy must point you backwards or forwards. Mr. Squire's points forwards. He knows there is beauty in the mud-bred lily.

"And the surly thick-lipped men, as they sit about their huts
Making drums out of guts, grunting gruffly now and then,
Carving sticks of ivory, stretching shield of wrinkled skin,
Smoothing sinister and thin squatting gods of ebony,
Chip and grunt and do not see

But each mother, silently,
Longer than her wont stays shut in the dimness of her hut,
For she feels a brooding cloud of memory in the air,
A lingering thing there that makes her sit bowed
With hollow shining eyes, as the night fire dies,
And stare softly at the ember, and try to remember
Something sorrowful afar, something sweet and vaguely seen
Like an early evening star when the sky is pale green.
A quiet silver tower that climbed in an hour,
Or a ghost like a flower, or a flower like a queen.
Something holy in the past that came and did not last . . .
But she knows not what it was."

None of Mr. Squire's other long poems has quite so serene a beauty as "The Lily of Malud." The earlier ones—"Ode in a Restaurant" and "The Mind of Man"—are weakened by the poet's effort to combine his faith in the beauty of the world with his knowledge of the world's horror. The later ones—"The Birds," "The Rivers" and "The Moon," have not the perfection of form, nor quite the same certainty of thought. "The Moon," which is the latest, has passages of great beauty; but to me it has not the wonder, nor the technical freshness which I expect from Mr. Squire. It is the most formal poem—except for his few sonnets—which Mr. Squire has written; and he has been chilled by his rather rigid scheme. He allows himself in this poem a licence of "poetic language" which, so far as I remember, has been absent from his earlier poems. No doubt the Moon must be addressed as Thou; but it is a surprise to find Mr. Squire writing, "High over all this England doth she ride," when both the inversion and the "doth" serve no purpose but to cke out the line and help the poet to a rhyme. The weakest thing in the poem is, however, a fundamental one. Mr. Squire's actual thought is confused. He hesitates between the Moon, Artemis,

Diana, the great Queen of Endymion, who is always the same through all changes, and mere, actual, visible moons. This seems to me to lower the dignity of the poem, as though a poet were to confuse Dionysus with the bottle of Romanée Conti he drank in 1913. Yet I know none of our younger poets who could produce lines of greater beauty than some of the stanzas. Is there not a rare pulse of passion in these lines?

- " Alone and sad, alone and kind and sweet,
But always peaceful and removed and proud,
Whether such loveliness revealed complete,
Or veiling from our vision in a cloud :
Our souls' eternal listener, could we wonder
That men who made of sun and storm and thunder
The awful forms of strong divinity,
Heard in each storm the noise of travelling feet.
Should, gazing at thy face with hearts made free,
Have felt a pure, immortal Power in thee ?
- " Selene, Cynthia and Artemis,
The swift, proud goddess with the silver bow,
Diana, she whose downward-bending kiss
One only knew, tho' all men yearned to know ,
The shepherd on a hill his flock was keeping,
The night's pale huntress came, and found him
sleeping ,
She stooped— he woke, and saw her hair that shone,
And lay, drawn up to cool and timeless bliss
Lapt in her radiant arms, Endymion,
All the still night, until the night was gone
- " By many names they knew thee, but thy shape
Was woman's always, transient and white
A flashing huntress leaving hinds agape,
A sweet descent of beauty in the night

Yet some, more fierce and more distraught than
dreaming,
Brooded, until they fashioned from thy seeming,
A lithe and luring queen with fatal breath ;
A witch the men who saw could not escape,
A snare that gleamed in shadowy groves of death ;
The tall tiaraed Syrian Ashtoreth."

It is too early yet to say what Mr. Squire's position will be : but all his work has the air of work done by a man for whom poetry is the serious business of life. His impatience at facility, at ease and professionalism in verse, shown often enough in the Solomon Eagle papers, is evidence of this. And, amongst " Georgians," he is remarkable as exhibiting a real reverence for tradition, and a knowledge of what has been done in traditional form, together with a desire to experiment in ways which occasionally make his admirers rather aghast. He has not quite got Mr. Yeats's uncanny verbal or rhythmical sensitiveness—a sensitiveness which makes most other musical poetry seem mechanical and automatic ; but he has a power to transmute ordinary language, and to produce very rare effects by an economy of means which makes the old poetical machinery seem banal and chattering. Some of his short lyrics, like " The March " and " Behind the Lines," have the effect of music—the sorrow of them breaks out like the lonely cry of the pipes, or the shrill rising of the keen. He has, too, that universal touch which was almost lost to English poetry in the frenzied, analytic individualism of the nineties ; he writes for people, not for a coterie.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

" The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses ; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II. —A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III. —A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best record, in not more than 300 words, of a personal experience which has convinced the writer that human beings are, or are not, masters of their own fates.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

'MARY ROSE' and 'PETER PAN' SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS. See page 185.



Mr. Julian Magnussen,

whose remarkable book of communications from the Spirit World, "God's Smile," Messrs. Appleton are publishing shortly.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The Prize for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to L. M. Priest, of 71, Gipsy Lane, Norwich, and Gladys Vera Yates, of Dulverton, Somerset, for the following :

MARY OF THE SORROWS.

Hide thy face! Hide thy face!
Lest thy grief should strike me dead;
Sorrow like an aureole
Glimmers round thy head.

Never saw I eyes like thine,
Eyes so mournful and so grave,
Shadowed pools above whose heart
Boughs of sorrow wave.

Hide thy face! Hide thy face!
Lest thy lips that make no moan,
Like Medusa's dreadful smile,
Turn my heart to stone.

Never saw I grief like thine;
Never saw I grief so still. . . .
Was it *thou* they crucified
On a windy hill?

L. M. PRIEST.

PETITION AND REPLY.

Lo! at the shadowed eventide
When dove-like droops the sky,
I walked in dream-companionship
With Heavenly Beauty nigh,
That soft petitioning at length
Might meet with sweet reply.

I asked (and knew not what I asked)
That veils might fall aside,
That unincarnate Beauty stand
Openly at my side,
That I, unrobed of earthly dress,
Clasp the eternal Bride.

So might I see the sunset's heart,
And hear the daisy's tale,
So learn the lovely secrecies
Hid in that temple frail,
Know with what sanctity of song
The birds high Heaven assail.

I asked, and knew not what I asked,
Till flamed upon the gloom
A bush afire with golden light,
A simple bush of broom:
Yet my entreating spirit quailed
Before that shining bloom.

"Ah, fool!" I cried to my own heart,
"Who seek the unveiled bliss,
Yet canst not bear the burning gaze
Of beauty such as this;
But shake to its impassioned power
As maid to a first kiss.

"Wilt thou reject the sacrament
Of every way-side weed?
The bread of Beauty is dispensed
All day to meet thy need;
Is broken in the bud and flower
That laugh along the mead.

"A little door can let in Heaven:
A leaf, a bud, a bell
Irradiant with the light of God
Secrets divine can tell:
All flesh is consecrate since Christ
Therein did lowly dwell."

Still strayed I through the drooping dusk
With Heavenly Beauty nigh;
And in that dream-companionship
Learnt lowly things are high;
And knew that soft petitioning
Had met with sweet reply.

GLADYS VERA YATES.

* We also select for printing :

IMMUTABILITY.

If they should say my name to you,
On some still night in summer time,
And the kind silence, broken through
By the once well-beloved chime
Ring not so gladly as of old—
You shall have no reproach, no tears,
Nor shiver, suddenly a-cold,
For all things alter with the years.

If we should stand as now we stand,
And feel no fire on us descend,
And no response of hand to hand,
And all our joyance be at end:
Let us look Fate between the eyes,
Quietly, and withouten fear,
We will have neither cheats nor lies,
Only sweet memories, my dear.

For here is change, and here unrest,
Nor any foothold very sure,
And not for aye the sheltering breast
For one beloved may endure.
The voices call from worlds unseen,
Ever unclasped our rapture flies,
The glamour of the might-have-been
Drifts, like a veil before our eyes.

Yet, should they name my name to you,
And you, forgetting me, should pass;
Even the wind, that whispers through
The fluting reed-pipes of the grass
Would take my voice and cry aloud,
My tears would fall in silver dew. . . .
There shall be neither light nor cloud
Ere I shall have forgotten you!

(G. Laurence Groom, 1, St. Mark's House,
Regent's Park Road, N.W.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by Theodore B. Andrews (Belfast), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), John Dronsfield (Prestwich), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Stanley Stokes (Heavitree), E. C. Axford (Alfriston), N. Langton (Muswell Hill), Percy Allott (London, W.), Myfanwy Pryce (Spilsby), Rachel Bates (Great Crosby), Faith Hearn (Florence), Annie L. Knowles (Manchester), M. D. Baynes (Pitchcombe), Phyllis Beadall (Gloucester), C. M. Rossiter (Barbados), A. Parker (Littlehampton), Lorna Keeling Collard (Wincanton), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), R. Scott Frayne (Timperley), J. G. Nicholson (Hornsey), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Doreen Hateley (Walsall), Gerald Dudley Machanck (King William's Town, S.A.), M. A. Williams (London, W.), Edith Potter (Chapel-en-le-Frith), F. Kinnaird Scrymgeour (Newport-on-Tay), Gwladys V. Smallpiece (Felsted), J. A. Callard (Chesham Bois), J. D. Choksi (Bombay), Grace J. Murray (Poverty Bay, N.Z.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss A. M. Fenn, of Alston Court, Nayland, near Colchester, for the following :

DEVELOPMENT. BY W. BRYHER.
(Constable.)

"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!"
TENNYSON, *The Grandmother*.

We also select for printing :

THE OTHER PERSON. BY FERGUS HUME.
(White.)

"And the name she said when she turned her head
Was not in the least like 'Julian.'"

KIPLING, *Pink Dominoes* (Departmental Duties).

(V. A. Beckley, Whinny Rigg Cottage, Hatching
Green, Harpenden, Herts.)

THE VOICE OF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.
BY ALAN J. THOMPSON. (Sampson Low.)

"This life is most jolly."

SHAKESPEARE, *Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind*.

(Alice Andrews Dale, 26, Harlow Moor Drive,
Harrogate.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the
best advice to young persons about to
marry is awarded to C. F. Bause, of 3,
Gillesgate, Durham, for the following :

TO YOUNG PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.

To make your married life a success rely on
common sense. Cupid is blind and wilful! Do
not "strike an attitude" for you cannot maintain
it, and with the disillusionment comes sorrow. Do
not neglect one another. Be cheerful, everything
has a humorous side; find it. Beware of trifles
magnified into importance. "A soft answer turneth
away wrath." No man can be a hero to his wife
—but he can be a gentleman. Intimacy is no excuse
for rudeness. Keep your intellect bright. Read Mr.
Micawber's advice on expenditure, but buy books,
pay the baker, and save a little.

We also select for special commendation the
advice sent by Elsie Johnson (Hull), Sidney
Anderson (West Didsbury), Mrs. Malcom Thom-
son (Hampstead), L. E. O'Hanlon (Hook), Sidney
S. Wright (Swanley), A. B. Hindmarsh (Hartle-
pool), Grace G. Webb (Southam), H. Legge (Alresford),
M. Pesci (Highbury), Andrea Lucey (Felsted), D. M.
Dennington (Chelsea), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey
(Glenfarg), Beatrice Mainwaring; May W. Harrison
(Bracebridge Heath), Norman H. Johnson (Hornsea
Bridge), A. M. Count (King's Lynn), M. C. Stanley
(Sale), George Young (Mitcham), E. A. Arnold (Reading).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review
is awarded to Isabelle Griffin, of Enville Cottage,
Bradmore, Wolverhampton, for the following :

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN EUROPEAN
THOUGHT. EDITED BY F. S. MARVIN.
(Oxford University Press.)

Here are twelve essays, each written by a master of
his subject, which contrive to give in remarkably small
compass, a synthetic view of the intellectual and spiritual
history of Europe for the last fifty years. It seems almost
invidious, when every section is dealt with so tersely and
capably, to single out for special praise Professor Herford's
delightful study of "Modern Poetry." The final impression
given by this interesting and valuable book is that despite
the ever-increasing growth of knowledge in old and new
directions, all truth is one and indivisible, all thought has
one goal.

We also select for printing :

SOME WELSH CHILDREN. BY THE AUTHOR OF
"FRATERNITY." (Elkin Mathews.)

Anyone who wants to recapture the "careless rapture"
of his childhood, should read "Some Welsh Children"
by the author of "Fraternity." In these charming studies
it is borne in upon the reader that, in essentials, all children
are alike: Dick, the Rocking-Horse, we feel sure, has been
ridden in a hundred nurseries; his inside filled with marbles
by the same ingenious method. The author knows many
secrets about children; but the secret of the book's appeal



Cover design

from "Julia Takes Her Chance," by Concordia Merril (Selwyn & Blount),
which is reviewed in this Number.

is that all of us, however far away our childhood is, realise
that these "Welsh Children" are just what we ourselves
used to be.

(Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington,
Manchester.)

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE. (Herbert Jenkins.)

This is an excellent example of the magazine story
expanded into a full-sized novel. The plot is of airy
structure, the characters—who include a peer, a chorus
girl, a distressed "Lady Maud," a taxicab, a rich American
and a comic page-boy—are lightly tossed from one ludicrous
situation to another, and the right couples pair gaily off
at the last. But these stale ingredients are so cunningly
and unconventionally mixed by Mr. Wodehouse, and
handled with so exactly the right touch of breezy humour,
that the result is a really amusing book for holiday reading.

(B. Noël Saxelby, 43, Claude Road,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

We also select for special commendation from the
numerous reviews received those by Hester Joyce (Lis-
keard), C. M. Young (Battersea Park), Irene Lalonde
(Bath), J. G. Nicholson (London, N.), Hermione Gingold
(London, N.W.), Ethel M. Carpenter (Coleshill), M. J.
Dobie (Mouldsworth), M. G. Hull (Dunkeld), W. Curran
Reedy (Forest Gate), E. B. Durrant (Hampstead),
J. Oliver (Melton Constable), Edward D. Lacy (Man-
chester), R. G. Wyatt (Barnes), Lucy J. Chamberlain
(Llandudno), Leonard Taylor (Brixton), Ethel Webster
(Bristol), A. M. E. Parker (Littlehampton), J. A. Jenkins
(Liverpool), Margaret W. Wakefield (Bury St. Edmunds).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO
THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mary J. Machar,
of The Gardens, Castle Eden, Co. Durham.

THE OTHER LANDOR.

BY STEPHEN WHEELER.

RARELY since the days of Castor and Pollux, the author of "Gebir" maintained, had there been two such remarkable brothers as himself and Robert Eyres Landor. Remarkable they both were; but few people would agree that Robert, younger of the twain, left an indelible mark as a writer. Walter Savage, however, believed, or professed to believe, that this was precisely what Robert had succeeded in doing. His brother's poetry, he gravely assured Lady Blessington, in a letter which has never been published, "appears to me to surpass by many degrees the best our country has produced in the present century or the last." What may perhaps be thought a weightier, if even a more startling appreciation, was Swinburne's, in whose judgment Robert Landor's genius was as thoroughly and nobly and characteristically English as Chaucer's or Shakespeare's, Milton's or Wordsworth's. And if this should be set aside as only another instance of the hyperbolic vein in which Swinburne was wont to indulge, whether in laudation or the reverse, it must not be forgotten that he coupled with his own opinion Jowett's. Seldom, he declared, had he seen the Master of Balliol more impressed than by the noble and pathetic tragedy of "The Earl of Brecon," which was one of three dramas published by Robert Landor in 1841. Needless to add, they have never been put on the stage, and may be not more than a dozen people have read them. Mr. Leslie Stephen, indeed, in his article on Walter Savage Landor in the "Dictionary of National Biography," alluded to Robert's "Earl of Brecon"; but in a way that proved he knew very little about it. For he observed that Walter's "Fra Rupert," also a drama not for the stage, "showed a curious resemblance, due probably to unconscious recollection, to the plot of a play called 'The Earl of Brecon,' published by his brother Robert in 1824." As a matter of fact there is no resemblance, curious or otherwise, between the two plots. Mr. Leslie Stephen, moreover, was wrong in his dates. Robert's play was published not in 1824, but two years after the appearance of Walter's "Fra Rupert"; so that if there had been any unconscious recollection, Robert would be the plagiarist.

Since mistakes of this sort have crept into our standard works of reference, some authentic information about Robert Eyres Landor and his writings may not be amiss. Born in Warwick on May 10th, 1781, he was six years and a few months younger than the more celebrated Walter. He was given the name of Eyres in memory of his maternal grandmother, daughter of Henry Eyres, of Radford Semele, Warwickshire, a lady from whom Walter is said to have inherited his leonine look. The name of Robert was given to the child by his godfather, Sir Robert Lawley, afterwards Lord Wenlocke. Sir Robert and Dr. Landor, father of the brothers, were close friends. The elder brother, when past seventy, remembered going as a boy with his father to Canwell, Sir Robert's country seat. "Landor," their host said to the Doctor, "how many bottles of port have we drunk together just about here?" "Better talk of dozens, Sir Robert," was the reply. Three of the young

Landors, Walter, Henry and Charles, went to Rugby; but Robert, the youngest, was educated at Bromsgrove Grammar School, whence, in 1796, he obtained a scholarship at Worcester College, Oxford. He was elected to a fellowship and took orders in 1804, his first charge being a curacy at Colton, Staffordshire. On coming, at his father's death, into possession of a moderate income, he resigned his Oxford fellowship, holding that such benefactions were only intended for men without private means. His next curacy was at Wyke Regis, in Dorsetshire, a change of residence which accounts for the long Latin poem, *Ad Fratrem*, in Walter's "Simonidea." The rector left his curate to do all the work both in Wyke parish and on Portland Island; and the Rev. Robert, finding the combined duties too onerous, gave himself a prolonged holiday.

In the year of Waterloo Robert went with his brother Walter to France and Italy. There is a brief account of the journey, mainly based on Robert's recollection of it, in Forster's biography of the elder Landor; and one incident, described in Robert's words, may here be related:

"At Moulins the Prince of Hesse, with all his staff, was at the same hotel, and amused himself whilst we were at supper by standing with another officer and looking at Walter's wife. I ordered the door to be shut in his face. As this was done by an Englishman he only laughed. If it had been done by a Frenchman or a German there would have been no laughter on either side."

In 1817 the Rev. Robert Landor became Vicar of St. Michael's, Hughenden, being presented to the living by Mr. John Norris, the squire of Hughenden House, on the understanding, it would seem, that he should make way eventually for Mr. Norris's son-in-law. At any rate, he left Hughenden in 1825. During his incumbency he was appointed honorary chaplain to the Prince Regent; but either because he disliked even an occasional appearance at court, or had no very good opinion of his Royal Highness, he did not retain the dignity long. One of his parishioners, a Mrs. Dumbleton, wrote of him fifty years later:

"I need not say how eloquent and excellent his sermons were, and his conversation was something wonderful. Our great delight used to be to get him to talk in the twilight; and when he paused, how anxiously some few of us would make a remark to set him going again, we were so afraid of his getting up and wishing us good evening."

How he spent the four years that followed his resignation of the Hughenden living is not very clear. His brother Walter, now settled in Italy, was bringing out five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations*, but, so far as is known, Robert's only production at this time was a poem founded on the biblical story of Babylon. He took a curacy at Stockton, in Warwickshire, for a few months; living chiefly, however, at Tenby, where some of his Norris cousins were settled, and where, long before, Walter had fallen hopefully in love with a golden-haired Ione, otherwise known as Nancy Jones. At Tenby, it is said, Robert "prosecuted his taste for ship-building," an odd pursuit for a clergyman. Early in 1829 he

moved to Birlingham, his mother having acquired the presentation to the rectory; and in that pleasant Worcestershire village he passed the remainder of his days. He never married, and rarely left the parish. For a good forty years he was never absent on a Sunday; nor till eighty years of age was he ever absent from his pulpit on that day. "He has a good library," Walter told Lady Blessington, "some fine pictures, and a large garden kept in excellent order. This is all I know about him except his poetry." The Countess, most likely without consulting either of the brothers, asked the Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to nominate Robert as Provost of Worcester. Writing in January, 1839, the Duke told her he had been consulting archbishops, bishops, and heads of colleges about the choice to be made from seventy candidates, "but it had never occurred to me to consult the ladies, and I return my thanks to the one who has assisted me with her counsel." He was apprehensive, however, that he could hold out no expectations to Mr. Lander, and there the matter doubtless ended. When Madden's "Life of Lady Blessington," in which this letter was printed, came out, Walter was "surprised and confounded." He did not think, he said, that Robert would have accepted the charge had it been offered to him.

At Birlingham Robert Eyres Lander died, aged eighty-seven, on January 26th, 1869. There was a brief sketch of his life in the *Worcestershire Journal*, written by a clergyman who had formerly been his curate. "His standard of clerical duty," it said, "was not a low or self-indulgent one. He was in the habit of reading through the Bible in the Greek version every year. On Christmas Day and Good Friday, after full morning service and communion, he made a point of visiting and administering the sacrament to every sick or infirm person in his parish." Other extracts from this appreciation will be found in Forster's "Life of Walter Lander"; but they scarcely give a vivid impression of the worthy parson. Happily some of his private letters have been preserved, and they might help to suggest a more distinct as well as a pleasing portraiture. It would not do to print them in full, for they touch too largely on matters of interest only to friends and relatives; but passages are not wanting to show how the old Rector's

days were spent apart from the careful discharge of his duties to the church. In one letter he thanks a young lady, a distant cousin, for the gift of a pair of screens, so beautiful, he tells her, that he could only look at them now and then. "They must not remain uncovered even in my rather lady-like drawing-room, though surrounded by pictures by Raphael, Parmigiano, Ludovico Caracci and Cuyp." The allusion to his pictures is worthy of particular note. Robert and Walter Lander were alike in their sedulously cultivated taste for the fine arts, painting especially. It is sometimes said that Walter loved pictures unwisely, and was always

buying execrable daubs in the fond belief that they were by great masters. He was not infallible; but it is altogether a mistake to imagine that he was easily taken in. Both he and his brother Robert knew a good picture when they saw it, and each rejoiced in the possession of really fine paintings. Some which belonged to Walter are now in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford; and the importance of these has been justly recognised by Dr. Borenus in his catalogue of the collection.

Another point of resemblance between the brothers was noted by Walter in a letter to Lady Blessington. "Neither of us is good-tempered; I am perhaps the

worse of the two.' One day a pedlar called at the Rectory and was too importunate in pressing his wares on the servants. There was an altercation; and the Rector, coming out of his lady-like drawing-room, ordered him off the premises. The fellow seemed loath to depart and was insolent; whereupon Mr. Lander had him seized and put into the village stocks. This led to a charge of assault, the pedlar swearing at Pershore Petty Sessions that he had been struck several times by the Reverend gentleman who, he asserted, had also called him a d—d scoundrel. Since the Rector was only fined a pound, one may surmise that the magistrates could not accept the pedlar's tale as strictly veracious.

The list of Robert Lander's published writings given by Leslie Stephen in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is both inaccurate and incomplete. He was the author of the following volumes in prose and verse:

"An Essay on the Character and Doctrines of Socrates." Oxford: 1802



Rev. Robert Eyres Lander, M.A.
1781-1869.

"The Count Arezzi"; a tragedy in five acts. London: John Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place. 1824.

"The Impious Feast"; a poem in ten books. London: J. Hatchard & Son, 187, Piccadilly. 1827.

"The Earl of Brecon"; a tragedy in five acts. "Faith's Frauds"; a tragedy in five acts. "The Ferryman"; a drama in five acts. London: Saunders & Otley. 1841.

"The Fawn of Sertorius." London: Longmans. 1846.

"The Fountain of Arethusa." London: Longmans. 1848.

My copy of the 1841 volume belonged to Robert Browning; and I have succeeded the first Baron Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice, in possession of "The Fawn of Sertorius"—a story founded on Plutarch's life of the Roman general—and "The Fountain of Arethusa." The author of "The Fawn," when he sent the book to his brother Henry, wrote some verses on a

fly-leaf which I am allowed to quote. They throw a kindly light on the character and tastes of Robert and Henry Eyres Landor.

"Lover of all things fair, of Flowers, Birds, Beasts—
Of all things fair or gentle, Brother Harry!
Pleased while the Martins claim their last year's nests
To teach which kinds come first, which longest tarry;
But oft as grieved to mark how short life's span
When Fate bows down the Lapwing's high-plumed
head,
Or smites King Charles's Spaniel, black and tan,
Old, blind, yet prescient of his Master's tread.
Read what is written of a Fawn: for she
Was fairest, gentlest, faithfulest! The pride
Of Warriors stooped before her sanctity.
Read how she loved till death, and where she died."

(—————)

New Books.

LITTERÆ HUMANIORES.*

The most remarkable fact about the present King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge is precisely the fact that he is the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge. He is so completely and delightfully the very man for the job that his appointment (in this land of jobs) is little less than a miracle. We are bound to add that it is an appointment that needed some bold and creditable prescience, for the historian of Troy Town had never struck a large and delighted public as the embodiment of academic dignity and professorial gravity. Others there were, abounding in these reputable qualities, men with fixed respectable opinions about all the fixed respectable figures, and about all the movements that they persist in regarding as fixtures, men whose minds abhor a new idea as a vacuum abhors nature. We might have had —, or —, or —; but by some pentecostal descent of wisdom upon the Crown's advisers we escaped them all and got "Q." instead. And there he is, an Oxford man enlisted, not to say marooned, in the fair meadows of Jesus, doubtless to match Walter Raleigh, a Cambridge man dumped down upon Merton fields.

"Q." (he must forgive this brevity—the respectful alternative eats up too much space) really has the qualities that make a great professor; he knows life as well as letters, and speaks not only from the convictions of a scholar, but with the authority of a practised novelist, critic, biographer and verse-writer. True, he makes his blunders like the rest, as in the present volume, where he fathers *Gorboduc* upon Davenant, who has sins enough of his own to bear. But the professor who says *Gorboduc* when he means *Gondibert* is the more endeared to us; the intolerable professor is the person who declares that either of them matters very much. Anyone can be encyclopædic: all that is needed is an acquaintance with encyclopædias; but not anyone can have a mind like "Q.'s," able, not merely to receive, but to declare itself and make literature of the declaration. Criticism, as "Q." practises it, is a fine art; and, what matters in art is not quantity but quality—not the mass of what is taken in but the beauty of what is given out. Wagner knew much more than Mozart; but *Die Götterdämmerung* is not greater than *Don Giovanni*: it is merely longer.

Perhaps the most striking justification of "Q.'s" professorship is the keen general interest in his pronouncements. This is really an important matter. The peculiarity of an Archbishop of Canterbury should be that he

preaches, not to Canterbury, but to England. If he does not do this, he might as well be Archbishop of some —opolis or other *in partibus infidelium* and bombine in the void. So the peculiarity of a Professor of English at Cambridge or Oxford should be that he lectures, not to Cambridge or to Oxford, but to all who speak the language of Shakespeare. He must speak through his university to the universe, or his university is nothing more than a cloister. Professorships of English are new things and therefore free from any traditions of procedure. The occupants of the chairs of English at our greater universities should be, in a sense, ecumenical persons, commanding the respect and assent of the whole English people; they must not be merely dons receiving the attention given to those who set the examination papers. We are fortunate in our present Oxford and Cambridge professors; I hope they will be always mindful of their larger obligations.

The present volume is an excellent example of what is needed. Ostensibly the twelve lectures it contains were addressed to candidates for Cambridge examinations, and are so far local that they defend, in particular, the new English Tripos. They are, let us hasten to say, most admirable lectures, in all respects the very thing that students should hear. But they are more than that. They are *conciones ad populum* and they come home to everybody who reads or desires to read. Though they are lectures addressed to a few select persons in an ancient home of learning, the text of all is this: "The real battle for English lies in our elementary schools." No matter how well they fulfil a limited academic purpose, the real pith and point of all is in the following golden sentence with its moving allusion to the Pilgrims we loved in our childhood, before the schools bade us improve our minds and have done with trifling:

"Do you remember this passage in 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' as the pilgrims passed down the Valley of Humiliation? 'Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloaths, but of a very fresh and well-favoured Countenance, and as he sate by himself he Sung. Hark, said Mr. Greatheart, to what the Shepherd's Boy saith.' Well, it was a very pretty song, about Contentment. . . . But I care less for the subject than for the song. Though life condemn him to live it through in the Valley of Humiliation, I want to hear the Shepherd Boy singing."

That is how a Cambridge professor should talk; that (if I may adopt "a selection of the language really used by men") is the stuff to give them, understanding by "them," not the powers at Whitehall, of whom our author appears unnecessarily afraid, but a much more dangerous enemy, the local authorities and officials with their latest invention, a "minimum standard of attainment," with glistering

* "On the Art of Reading: Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge, 1916-1917." By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 15s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

spires and pinnacles adorned in the shape of dissected percentages and mathematical curves of ability. That is to say, no new thing at all, but the deadly and desolate old system of Coketown, whose prophets were Gradgrind and Bounderby and M'Choakumchild. Not here, O Apollo, are haunts meet for thee! Officialism, Parochialism, these are the enemies that patriotic scholars like "Q." must fight. Teachers have their faults, but it is their merit to be singularly teachable; it is those beyond the teacher who learn nothing and forget nothing. Teachers have too often been more anxious to teach their charges how to read than to teach them what to read; but if "in remote rural class-rooms the hungry sheep look up and are not fed," the fault will be found to lie less with the teachers than with those who control the educational food supply. More than any other worker in the world the teacher is beset with discordant persons who suspect him, inspect him, correct him, direct him, and, at last, deject him. The rapid and sinister decline of male entrants to the profession of teaching is to be attributed not merely to the poor pay and bad prospects, but to the teasing and sometimes humiliating conditions of service brought about by the steady growth of organised interference. Men simply won't endure the multitude of meddlers who now infest the world of education.

"Q." stands for the newest humanism (which is of course the oldest), the right of every human creature to the maximum of its development. Humanism is a matter of life, not of living. The scale of the soul's progress must not be confused (as it often is) with the scale of the wage sheet. If we teach the village boy to read for himself and think for himself, if we give him, not mere instruction or information, but the ability to take a view of things, it is not because we want him to grow up into a village squire, but because we want him to walk

"in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain side."

But I must not give the impression that "Q.'s" volume is that least readable of printed things, a modern treatise on education. It is, indeed, ultimately a book of high

educational value—a contribution to a subject of great national importance; but immediately it is a delightful essay in creative criticism, dealing with such things as children's reading, the value of the classics, the Bible as literature and the right use of masterpieces. It will endear itself to every reader by its humour and insight, its confirmations and encouragements, its broad sense of values and proportion, its personal charm and the fine scholarship that is something elaborately wrought, but wrought upon "that true steel whereof was forged the brand Excalibur."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A GREAT DRAMATIST.*

The brilliance and exhibitional value of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's volume on Mr. Shaw are unfavourable to the prospect of success for any fresh work on the subject; but nineteen years have passed since "G. K. C." informed us that he was the only person who understood Mr. Shaw, and there is no doubt room for another monograph tributary to this commanding genius of literature.

Mr. Duffin has for his aim a presentation of the didactic contents of Mr. Shaw's work and the reader who gets through the 45,000 words of this volume will be qualified to disturb the tranquillity of a very large number of dull and respectable people. Nevertheless the book is about 30,000 words longer than is psychologically desirable. An economical critic could easily express the essence, not to mention the "quintessence," of Mr. Shaw's literary work in a couple of columns of this magazine.

Mr. Duffin associates "Erewhon" Butler with Mr. Shaw, and not unjustly for the two men are both humorists of a high order and both (let it be said with deep respect) super-dustmen, the burdens in whose carts plainly inform us that they have come from the spiritual living-rooms in the House of Civilization. Both are by pressure of genius forced to torment the ears of those who, without feeling guilty, use falsehood as a convenient garment; and both have to in an unusual degree the power of seeing the structure of society comprehensively.

Mr. Duffin is puzzling in a contrast which he perceives between the "lovableness" of Butler and some quality not precisely similar in Mr. Shaw's writing. Like other popular writers Mr. Shaw is journalistically regarded as a free reservoir of "copy." Not for a day will Lilliput forget him, and perhaps that is a reason why Mr. Shaw exhibits a certain aggressive superiority as of a yard measure in conversational contact with a footrule. Butler on the other hand is far from lovable in his attitude to other men of genius in literature. In fact there is almost certain to be something hateful about a critic who is dogmatically loquacious when he is not well-informed. There is not much to choose between a Butler belittling Meredith and a Shaw belittling Schubert; each in the act is silly—the former rather, the latter very. But it is as creative artists that it is proper to consider both these men; their true magic is an effect of imagination holding us captive, and here it seems to me that Shaw who created Eugene in "Candida" is seen to be a disentangler of the noble from the grotesque, a man who enlarges the realm of love.

Mr. Shaw must, however, always irritate an uncertain number of artists because he is harshly opposed to the divine conception of art for art's sake. In his memorable sermon at the City Temple in October, 1908, "he urged that all art is didactic" (*vide* report of that sermon in the *Daily Chronicle*), and Mr. Duffin reminds us that, for Art's sake alone, Mr. Shaw "would not face the toil of writing a single sentence." It may or may not be wrong to discover a blatant utilitarianism in such assertions, but many an artistic soul would naturally fall back in relief from them on Oscar Wilde's dictum, "All art is utterly useless."

Common sense rallies one to consider that published art from which no effect ensues is barely conceivable, since

* "The Quintessence of Bernard Shaw." By Henry Charles Duffin, M.A. 6s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch.

even the rose that "blushed unseen" was mentally present in the study of the poet Gray. At any rate, Mr. Shaw's art might, at its best, justify itself without reference to whether it inculcates sound morality, whether it is wrong or right in its assumption that woman is the huntress of man or whether it is wise in pricking in so many places a creature containing so much sawdust as does a typical human being. The technical mastery displayed in "Man and Superman," "Candida," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," to mention nothing else, is a joy to the artistic sense. The art of characterisation, of humour sudden and perfect, the forms of the vehicles carrying Mr. Shaw's ideas, are his passport to the heart of posterity.

W. H. CHESSEX.

THE NEW "SAPPER."*

"Sapper" has finished with the war; that is, he has finished writing war stories, but though "Bull-Dog Drummond" may be his notion of a peace-time novel there is nothing restful about it. Drummond himself is an ex-Army officer, but it is to be doubted whether he escaped more often in the firing line, or from so many different kinds of death, than he does in this tale of his adventures at home in England, once he gets going. And he gets going in the first chapter. He is a muscular, cheerful person, with an irrepressible sense of humour, and a quiet life in a London flat, after the stir and excitement of active service, bores him to such desperation that he advertises for a job of any sort, lawful or otherwise, so long as it is lively and exciting. He soon gets all he wants and a good deal more than he expected. The advertisement is answered by a girl in distress: he meets her by appointment at the Carlton and, whilst they are taking tea and she is unfolding her amazing troubles and beseeching his assistance, she is perturbed by the arrival of an acquaintance, Mr. Lakington, a reputed art collector, and after he has chatted with them and passed on, she informs Drummond that he has stumbled into the middle of everything and "that is one of the men you will probably have to kill."

But the plot is not one to be summarised, it is ingenious and bristles with amazing situations and develops with such a rush and a gusto that it gives the reader no stopping-place till he arrives at the end. Never before was a sensational novel so full of riotous humour and high spirits, or a humorous novel so full of startling and lurid sensation. It makes most contemporary romances of crime and mystery seem tame by comparison, and in the tense strain of its most terrifying moments it sets you laughing without in the least allaying your anxiety, so that at last you don't know how to describe it or what to call it, and can only recommend it heartily as a thoroughly uncommon and uncommonly enjoyable book.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY'S PLAYS.†

This comely volume at last makes public what has been for too long a fugitive and cloistered pleasure. It contains five plays, the earliest of which ("The Crier by Night") was written twenty years ago, and the latest ("King Lear's Wife") was printed in "Georgian Poetry" in 1915.

The reputation of Gordon Bottomley has been hitherto of an unusual kind. The lyrics by which readers of anthologies have known him, and the poems in "Chambers of Imagery" (1907 and 1912) may have seemed scarcely adequate to bear the considerable praise which has followed their author, and, in truth, the lyric does not seem to afford him the scope he needs, and does not in his hands flow into complete music and the form of beauty. His lyrical poems have seemed excessively intellectualised; not perfectly presenting an image of beauty, not instantly

communicating a sense of that which is rare, superb, profound, but rather surrounding the image and the sense with a quick leafage of intellectual activity. But these five plays, in steady progression, show the author in the most powerful exercise of his faculties. Imagination here is free and moves with growing ease, music enlarges like a splendid wind through the verse; and the common reproach of mere "poetic plays" has been avoided in these, where character and action develop as surely as music itself.

There is a significant quotation facing the title page—"Remember the life of these things consists in action." Forgetting that there can be no dramatic life but in action, the poetic plays of the immediate past have too often been—what we have seen: full of sound and fury, signifying nothing but dramatic incompetence. Gordon Bottomley has remembered that his plays can have no life except in the activity of his characters, as displayed equally in their doings and their sayings. To achieve that activity is perhaps the most difficult part of the dramatic writer's task, and these plays show that success has not been instantly won, but that with each attempt the author has attained a more assured command over his material and opportunities. That is to say, he has proved himself an artist. Fine, careless raptures alone will not produce a play like "The Riding to Lathend"; something more, and something different, was needed for its making. Hence you may quote almost any lines from this fierce Icelandic play—fragment of bloody saga—and find that what you are reading is vital and essential to the expression of character and action.

"GUNNAR"

I know not why it is I must be fighting,
For ever fighting, when the slaying of men
Is a more weary and aimless thing to me
Than most men think it— and most women too
There is a woman here who grieves she loves me,
And she too must be fighting me for ever
With her dim ravenous unsated mind
Ay, Hallgerd, there's that in her which desires
Men to fight on for ever because she lives
When she took form she did it like a hunger
To nibble earth's lip away until the sea
Poured down the darkness— Why then should I sail
Upon a voyage that can end but here
She means that I shall fight until I die,
Why must she be put off by whittled years,
When none can die until his time has come?

He turns to the hound by the fire.

Samm, drowsy friend, dost scent a prey in dreams—
Shake off thy shag of sleep and get to thy watch
'Tis time to be our eyes till the next light
Out, out to the yard, good Samm

And in this poetry, too, the verse has become more subtle, swift and finely responsive than in the earlier plays. The beautiful images flow in and out with the ease of light on water; the rhythms have the natural movement of thought, and the secret discipline of masculine habit. Beggar-women come into Gunnar's fatal house

"Far from the men who fear us, men who stone us,
Hiding, hiding, flying whene'er they slumber,
High on the crags we pause, over the moon-gulls,
Black clouds fall and leave us up in the moon-depths
Where wind flaps our hair and cloaks like fin-webs,
Ay, and our sleeves that toss with our arms and the cadence
Of quavering crying among the threatening echoes
Then we spread our cloaks and leap down the rock-stairs,
Sweeping the heaths with our skirts, greying the dew-bloom,
Until we feel a pool on the wide dew stretches
Stilled by the moon or ruffling like breast-feathers,
And, with grey sleeves cheating the sleepy herons,
Squat among them, pillow us there and sleep
But in the harder wastes we stand upright,
Like splintered, rain-worn boulders set to the wind
In old confederacy, and rest and sleep."

Their wildness prepares the mind for the fiercer wildness of the conflict between solitary Gunnar and the many who attack him in the snowy night. Few things would be more difficult to present upon a modern stage, few things more desirable to attempt. In earlier plays Gordon Bottomley has not wholly arrested the tendency to intellectualise: in "Midsummer Eve," for example, the beauty of scene and atmosphere is marred by metaphysical discursing, which is acute but undramatic. But "The

* "Bull-Dog Drummond" By Cyril McNeile ("Sapper"). 8s 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

† "King Lear's Wife, and Other Plays." By Gordon Bottomley. 15s. net. (Constable.)

Riding to Lithend " is scarcely touched by this difficult excess.

" *King Lear's Wife* " will be familiar to many readers, but to others it will come with the delicious shock of a new creation. The author has dipped into the legendary reservoir from which Shakespeare's "*Lear*" was drawn, and has chosen the story of the death of Queen Hygd and the unfaithfulness of *Lear*. I do not want to take the edge off any reader's pleasure by giving the story; it has little relation to Shakespeare's choice, yet in reading "*King Lear's Wife*" one is constantly remembering Shakespeare's tremendous moral.

" The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us "

The new play is a beam of light, crossing the darkness of the old. Few passages of modern verse reach the beauty of:

" I dreamt that I was swimming, shoulder up,
And drave the bed-clothes spreading to the floor
Coldness awoke me, through the waning darkness
I heard far hounds give shivering, airy tongue,
Remote, withdrawing, suddenly faint and near,
I leapt and saw a pack of stretching weasels
Hunt a pale coney in a soundless rush,
Their chin and thin yelping pierced my heart
As with an unseen beauty long awaited,
Wolf skin and cloak I buckled over this night-gear,
And took my honoured spear from my bed-side
Where none but I may touch its purity,
And sped as lightly down the dewy bank
As any mothy owl that hunts quick mice
They went crying, crying, but I lost them
Before I slept, with the first tips of light,
On Raven Crag, near by the Druid Stones
So I paused there and, stooping, pressed my hand
Against the stony bed of the clear stream,
Then entered I the circle and raised up
My shining hand "

It is no isolated beauty, and its impression is deepened by the whole scene near the end of the play, when General, virginal and indignant, avenges her dead mother upon *Lear's* paramour.

JOHN FREEMAN

CATHERINE WILMOT'S REMINISCENCES.*

The peace made by Great Britain with Republican France in 1801, and ratified by the Treaty of Amiens in 1802, drew crowds of artistic, fashionable and political persons to Paris to pay their respects to the First Consul. Mrs. Damer, " the Goddess of Sculpture," a fanatical idolater of Napoleon, took advantage of this opportunity to make one of her periodical visits to the French capital. Charles James Fox seized the occasion too, and before long almost rivalled General Bonaparte in the plaudits of Parisian theatregoers. The young Earl and Countess Mountcashell were also among the visitors to Paris at this time, taking it as the starting point of that grand tour which they made for the ensuing eighteen months in the company of Miss Catherine Wilmot, whose lively journal of the trip has just been published by Mr. Thomas U. Sadleir under the title of "*An Irish Peer on the Continent*." Margaret, wife of the third Earl Mountcashell and the eldest daughter of Viscount Kingsborough, afterwards second Earl of Kingston, enjoyed the strange fortune of having for her governess the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft. Educated by such a teacher, to whom she was fervently attached, the Countess became a Liberal in politics and a Socinian in religion; and naturally enough during her stay in Paris she paid frequent visits to Helen Maria Williams, who, kindly received by Dr. Johnson in the last year of his life (see Boswell's comments on her), would have shocked that fine old Tory, had he lived, by her liaisons with John Hurford Stone and with Captain Imlay, and by her enthusiastic championship of the Girondists. Miss Wilmot, like

her patroness, seems to have been an ardent worshipper of Bonaparte and but an indifferent admirer of Nelson. She says of the former:

" His countenance is delightful when animated by conversation, and the expression in the lower part of his face pleasing to the greatest degree. His eyes are reflection itself, but so charming a smile as his I never scarcely beheld. His dress was simple, and his air, though reserved, announcing everything of the polished gentleman "

In November, 1791, three years after she had been dismissed from the service of Viscountess Kingsborough, Mary Wollstonecraft met William Godwin for the first time, when the author of "*Political Justice*" took a dislike to his future mistress and wife because her flow of conversation silenced the taciturn Thomas Paine, who was also of the company. What Mary's pupil thought of the writer of "*The Age of Reason*" is not on record. But Miss Wilmot dwells on his " surprising ugliness and incorrigible good temper," on his quaint vanity in respect of his poetical compositions, and of his attractions for women, and on his extraordinary lack of personal cleanliness—a genuine late eighteenth century trait, this! She goes on to say:

" Drinking spirits has made his entire face as red as fire. And he is the most abominably dirty being upon the face of the earth "

Not to admire, however, was *not* all the art which Miss Wilmot knew. She was evidently most favourably impressed by two young Irishmen whom she met at

Paris, William Parnell, the grandfather of the famous Irish leader, and Robert Emmet, the chivalrous and unfortunate patriot who was destined to die on the scaffold a few years later. Of the latter she says:

" His colour comes and goes rapidly, accompanied by such a nervousness of excited sensibility that I feel in a perpetual apprehension lest any passing idle word should wound the delicacy of his feelings. His face is uncommonly expressive of everything youthful and everything enthusiastic "

On the other hand she confesses frankly that Fox and Albert proved dismal disappointments. With two famous persons whom she met at Rome, Angelica Kauffman, well known to print-lovers and to admirers of Miss Thackeray, and Augustus Hervey, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, Miss Wilmot was by no means disappointed. Of the former, then aged sixty-one, she speaks with marked appreciation. The latter, whose grandson, Augustus Foster, son of the celebrated Lady Elizabeth Foster, she also met, she describes with immense gusto and frankness. I should like to extract her description of this true Hervey, patriot, connoisseur, grand seigneur, grand Turk and free-thinking prelate. But, though it is a valuable pendant to the account of him given in Mr. Vere Foster's "*The Two Duchesses*," it is too long to quote and too good to cut. On Carnot, " the organiser of Victory," and on Kosciuszko, " Freedom's last Champion," both of whom she met at Miss Williams's, where, by the way, Samuel Rogers, who calls Helen Maria " a very fascinating person, but not handsome," came across the famous Pole, she also expatiates to her readers' advantage. But the real *bonne louche* of this observant and vivacious lady's reminiscences is her picture of the Bourbon Court at Naples, a court against which she had been prejudiced by the brutality shown to Caracciolo by Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton,



Stephen, 2nd Earl
Mountcashell,
1770—1822.

From "*An Irish Peer on the Continent*"
(Williams & Norgate)

* "*An Irish Peer on the Continent: A Narrative of the Tour through France and Italy of Stephen second Earl Mountcashell.*" Related by Catherine Wilmot and Edited by Thomas U. Sadleir. 10s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

a pair whose much-vaunted "sensibility" certainly failed to show to advantage in the White Terror which followed on the expulsion of the Jacobins from the capital of the two Sicilies. Here is Miss Wilmot's terse and relentless account of the high personnel of the Court to which "Minister Acton" was accredited. It is almost worthy of comparison with the best passages of Fanny Burney's "Diary."

"The Queen is a sturdy-looking dame, by no means elegant in her deportment. She trotted about in her black and blue robes much more as if she were crying 'Tooky Tooky' after her poultry like a housekeeper than a queen doing the dignities of her drawing-room. The King looks like an overgrown ass; though in his demeanour he is exceedingly civil. Howbeit his face surpasses any abridgement of imbecility I ever saw in all my life; while the vulgar debauchee reigns triumphant throughout his Majestic [i.e. 'Majesty's'] exterior. The Hereditary Prince delights in dancing, which he does like a cow cantering. Vulgar is no expression to apply to his appearance; for vulgarity becomes genteel within his presence."

A volume which contains so many such masterly *caus fortes* of late eighteenth century celebrities ought surely to attain no small measure of popularity.

W. A. L. P.

TOD MacMAMMON SEES HIS SOUL.*

Not altogether inaptly did the Greeks nickname their early satirists "silloi," or squinters, for satirists seem not infrequently to suffer from obliquity of vision. But the genres of satire are legion—Horace, Juvenal, Aristophanes, Rabelais, Swift, Shaw, Hudibras, Candide, Piers Plowman, Don Juan, Don Quixote, and satirists do not *all* goggle. In fact, as the derivation of the word satire suggests, the satirist usually sees life pretty comprehensively at all angles and brings a various assortment of fruit on his *lanx satura*.

Certainly Mr. A. St. John Adcock is no "sillo"; he has no optical eccentricities; he squints neither up nor down, and his satire is as sincere and wholesome as his vision is healthy and straight. Most of the modern satirists, whether squinters or non-squinters, lash the vices and follies of the day simply to show their flagellatory skill, and the cynicism, insincerity, flippancy of a good many who shall be nameless are themselves material for satire; but Mr. Adcock scourges evil, if not with the *sæva indignatio* of a Juvenal, or the "raging iambics" of an Archilochus, at least with the passionate sincerity of a lover of mankind, and a champion of the virtues. Even, as in former times, the ecclesiastic was the most tempting target for satire, so to-day the self-made millionaire who worships his maker is the favourite butt of the satirist, and in Tod MacMammon Mr. Adcock pillories a typical member of the self-made, self-satisfied, bourgeois class. Literature does not hold a more pitiful figure than Tod MacMammon, in the stocks of poetry, pelted with all the metrical missiles of the muses. The very rhymes seem to tweak his nose.

Tod MacMammon—so runs the satire—the philanthropic millionaire, "who gave to others all he could not carry," dies, and "his complacent, naked little soul" goes "soaring and flickering upwards like a flame." True to type and training, Tod dreams as he soars of establishing

"A real aerial railway with a junction
Where those who had the eternal laws affronted
Might for their proper terminus be shunted,"

and of forming a company or syndicate to put the world of bliss upon a dividend-paying basis. So sweetly dreaming, he reaches Heaven's portal, but the gate is closed, and when St. Peter opens Tod complains that there is no deputation to meet and entertain him.

All this is brilliant, full of wit and humour, but when St. Peter proceeds to call for a record of the multi-millionaire's deeds on Earth the satire becomes, not only

* "Tod MacMammon Sees his Soul, and Other Satires." By A. St. John Adcock. 2s. net. (Swarthmore Press.)

brilliant, but burning. It burns up shams; it burns up humbugs; it even burns up beautiful "Bradbury" dressings and reveals the sores and ulcers on the body of Society.

With great dramatic and poetic power the poet describes the cloud of witnesses that come to attest MacMammon's sins—men "worn and grimed with toil," wives and mothers "old or grown old too soon with tears and care"; children "who had no days of cloudless childhood known." Then a

"weedy figure, lank, and hollow-faced,
Bearded and bronzed, and naked to the waist,
As one who drudges in the heat and roar
Of factory furnaces,"

steps forth as spokesman, and tells how

"Huddled in fetid slums, half-clothed, half-fed,
We wilted, and our children pined for bread."

But the climax comes when the spokesman (who had been shot for "striking") pleads for his master and murderer:

"This man, our master, Lord, Thou knowest, he
Was poor and outcast in his youth as we.
His heart grew hard with striving against fate"—

and when an angel holds a mirror to MacMammon's eyes:

"And he therein could see, with slow surprise,
Something obscene and coiled that seemed to squirm
Faced like a toad, but trailing like a worm . . .
And straight a frenzied wish swept through him then
For any refuge from the sight of men,
And with the wish, the shape began to run
And shrink like water shrivelling in the sun."

It is said that some of the victims of Archilochus' "raging iambics" committed suicide, and certainly any MacMammon who meets Mr. Adcock's satire will have a frenzied wish "for any refuge from the sight of men."

"Tod MacMammon" is not only a great satire, it is a social and political tract that may be read with benefit alike by Communist and Reactionary.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

THE PIPES.*

The Scottish Members of Parliament were in a great flutter the other day at the idea of the Irish regiments owning a pipe band. They spoke with all the scorn and fire of patriots guarding the gate. They were ready in their Lowland wrath to call the ghost of Bailie Nicoll Jarvie to witness that, rather than be robbed of the pipes, they would cry "Home Rule" and take the night train in dudgeon to the border. What then is the secret of this strange, deathless instrument which comes crying its shrill, haunting notes down the centuries, the heritage of no race, nor continent, no civilisation or stretch of time, a thing so primitive and yet with so sure a destiny as to form an epic of all the ages of man.

In "The Pipes of War," a record of the achievements of pipers of Scottish and Overseas regiments during the war, there are chapters recounting the incomparable spirit and heroism of these non-combatants who were the first to mount the parapet and lead the advance across the region of death; the glory, the elation, the majestic poignancy of the pipes in battle. Out of these famous Highland regiments the pipers fell as fast as the men. The 2nd Gordons lost thirteen pipers at Loos in one day. Individual acts of courage are too frequent for any but silent acknowledgment, but what is more to the purpose of this notice are the instances of the peculiar intimate link between the pipes and the men, its unrivalled range of music for every conceivable turn of fortune in the affairs of human life. There are the tunes which influence the soul, old ringing battle marches recalling ancient feuds, coronachs,

* "The Pipes of War." By Brevet-Colonel Sir Bruce Seton, Bart. 25s. net. (Maclehose, Jackson.)

warnings, laments for the gone, salutes for the living. There is the reel, lively, chuckling, infectious; there is the pibroch, classical, solemn, prolonged in cadence, like a river singing its changeless melody.

One is familiar with the idea of this instrument as representative perhaps more closely of the temperament of the Gael than any other race, but the majority of readers of this book will be surprised and a little shamed when they realise its immense antiquity, not in the Highlands, but in the history of all peoples. It is, even for those accustomed for some obscure reason to assume a smile of amusement or an attitude of dismay, something of a rebuke to learn that the pipes have ranked with the makers of history 4000 B.C., and will—who knows?—be heard when Western civilisation has become a subject of research in the universities of China and the East. There is in such a conception something a little humbling.

The pipes are heard of in Chaldea, Egypt, Assyria and Persia in a more primitive form. They were used in ancient Greece and Rome. There is practically no doubt that the legionaries of Julius Caesar marched to their music, and one can, if one pleases, believe that he introduced them to Britain. The pipes were certainly long used in England before they came north, and so far as Ireland is concerned, much as one regrets to pain a Scots M.P., it must be admitted they accompanied the Irish troops to Gascony in 1286, a century or two, anyway, before the Highlands were aware of their existence. There was an official pipe band at the English Court in 1327.

Then introduction to the Highlands was not by any means a cordial one. The clan bards who were in the gracious habit of warming up the chief before he went (who knows how reluctantly) into the mêlée, considered the pipes an outrage, an innovation, and a mistake. The last stand of the bards has so far evaded Mr. Neil Munro. It must have been an impressive and memorable scene.

However, here is a book handsomely produced, illustrated, providing information on the pipes in war, their history, the individual achievements of the pipers, the Roll of Honour, and some stories in sympathy with the subject.

It may be said the price is on the heavy side. Let it be instantly emphasised that the money will be devoted to a most admirable object—the establishment of a school for training pipers in pibroch playing after the great tradition of the MacCrinnons. The Highlands could build as a cairn of remembrance no memorial more in historic sympathy with the sons of their race.

FREDERICK WATSON.

QUEEN LUCIA.*

This is decidedly one of the most amazing and clever stories that Mr. Benson has written. "There is a cleverness that maketh bitterness to abound," says an old Jewish sage. It is a kind of cleverness which is familiar in fiction as well as in social intercourse, an unfeeling smartness which is satirical and sarcastic. Modern society, especially in the case of idle rich people, must be a constant temptation to the clever novelist, and Mr. Benson has already shot his arrows at the crazes of society women in particular. But in this novel he is genial and delightful. There is no acid touch of superiority. He describes the life of a little community called Rischolme, in which the leading spirit is Mrs. Emmeline Lucas:

"She was always known among her subjects as Lucia, pronounced, of course, in the Italian mode (*la Lucia*—the wife of Lucas)."

Her little social ruses, her affectation of culture, her pseudo-enthusiasms and her friendships are the theme of the novel, which fairly brims with good-humoured fun. The advent of a mock Indian Guru, and of two spiritualistic

* "Queen Lucia." By E. F. Benson. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

charlatans, are the main incidents which ruffle the pool of life at Rischolme. But a great operatic singer also takes up residence in the community, and these changes threaten to burst the social harmony of Queen Lucia's domain. In fact she is exposed and humiliated during the course of affairs. But this is where Mr. Benson saves the situation. He might easily have ended the book in a minor tragedy. But he takes the better way, and by bringing out the magnanimity of the actress he leaves Rischolme still under the sway of its queen; his light, deft touch handles the situation without spoiling it. The result is that we get our novel from beginning to end in the same vein. Mr. Benson amuses us with the silly crazes for vegetarianism, Christian science, Eastern mysticism, spiritualism, and the rest of the decadent enthusiasms which occupy the minds of unoccupied people. He makes us familiar, from the inside, with the members of the Rischolme society, till we know "Georgie," with his false hair, his embroidery, and his uncomfortable sisters, Daisy Quantock, the Colonel, and the rest of them. But while we laugh at them, the laughter is not harsh. It is satire with the buttons on the tails. We congratulate Mr. Benson upon this clever little sketch; it is artistic and thoroughly amusing.

JAMES MOFFATT.

GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND.*

Though the three books lying before me are all written in essay form, no essays could be more diverse in character. One is in the habit of reading present-day essays in the ever-welcome pages of Messrs. Max Beerbohm, E. V. Lucas and Hilaire Belloc, in whose works the form is characterised by a lightness of touch with which these books are strangely out of agreement. It is bad criticism, however, to carp at a variation in the essay kind because it happens not to conform to the pattern which one has become accustomed to regard with special favour.

I have had to reverse the order of priority, for though Mr. More's book might seem to claim first attention by reason of its attractive title, the contents belie the anticipations aroused by the exterior. Mr. More, in the interests of Puritanism and morality, so confuses one with knotty points on matters of morals that æsthetic and literary considerations he relegates to a position of only secondary, or even tertiary, importance. He has yet to learn that viewing literature *qua* literature is what makes literary criticism of value, alike to the man in the street as to the literary specialist. He reminds me of nothing so much as a guide, and from experience one knows that guides are sometimes sadly at variance with the truth, and it is even so with Mr. More, who cannot be reckoned a sage one. Being a guide, he has little time for weighing many of the statements recorded in his itinerary. Is it true, for instance, that there is "complexity of form" in the *greater* plays of Shakespeare? "Othello" alone, not to instance the remainder of the great tragic period, cancels such a hasty verdict. Again, with regard to Pope, is there really "no doubt the character of the poet and the indecorous squabbles in which his life was passed have had something to do with the critical obloquy that has *occasionally* fallen upon him?" I choose to think more ink has been spilled by the critics on the question whether he is or is not a poet, and the critical obloquy seems to have been falling *constantly* upon him on that account, with little reference, in the best investigations, to his character or the squabbles of his life. On this question, which would appear to be as endless and fruitless as the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy,

* "With the Wits. Shelburne Essays. Tenth Series." By Paul Elmer More. 10s. 6d. net. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)—"Little Essays." Drawn from the writings of George Santayana, by Logan Pearsall Smith. 12s. 6d. (Constable.)—"The Portrait of a Scholar and Other Essays written in Macedonia, 1916-1918." By R. W. Chapman, R.C.A. 5s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)

the author offers nothing novel or illuminating. Mr. More is not a writer to render justice to the opaque majesty of Swift. The one essay in this book which has given me entire satisfaction is that on Berkeley, "A Philosopher Among the Wits," in which he has embedded the choice phrase that in Berkeley's "Dialogues Between Hylas and Philonous," "the Sibyl of metaphysics and the Muse of literature kissed." In a book of this kind one looks, naturally I think, for wisdom as well as wit, but it so happens there is little wisdom and less wit in Mr. More's literary equipment. As it is, his work leaves one unmoved and with but little admiration for the critical method to which he so closely adheres. When Mr. More has made up his mind to pursue an essay with sustained interest in, and enthusiasm for, literature *qua* literature, his criticism will be acceptable and worth reading.

Being a distinguished philosopher, Mr. Santayana is not, like Mr. More, a mere guide whose information proves doubtful, but his excursions in æsthetic and in moral philosophy lead the reader into many strange, unexplored regions on the far side of his intellectual horizon. There is one thing unavoidably open to the reviewer of Mr. Santayana, and that is, the inevitable association of his work with that of the great Benedetto Croce. In spite of a true unity of purpose and thought in this book, excuse may be granted for dipping into the reflective pools, here and there, for a clear image of the reasonable life as wedded to the best ideals in æsthetic, morality, and general philosophy of life. The author shows sound wisdom in his treatment of perception, being, and primordial will, and he sums up his ideas in a rich fund of paradox and epigram. From so much that is temptingly quotable, I select three extremely pertinent observations. "The height of poetry is to speak the language of the gods." "Popular poets are the parish priests of the Muse retailing her ancient divinations to a long-since converted public." Of metaphysics, he remarks that they are "the love-affairs of the understanding." Such a saying might have issued from the Gallic wit of Anatole France. Mr. Santayana not only thinks soundly, but he writes a distinguished, lettered diction, so that the volume is as much a worthy contribution to the world of letters as to the world of thought. The views, however, expressed in his essay on "Absence of Religion in Shakespeare," will not find, I should think, general acceptance. Occasionally one wishes he were more liberal with quotations to illustrate his arguments. To lighten the profundity of his thought, he indulges in delightfully humorous asides. Mr. Santayana's is a timely, a very timely, philosophy of life, and if only the salutary idealism of his eminently sane outlook could be brought into universal practice, the modern world might possibly become moulded, to use his favourite quotation from Omar, "nearer to the heart's desire."

Though last on the roll, Mr. Chapman's book is by no means least. Mr. Chapman writes as only a friend can write. It is an oasis in the desert for a reviewer to strike upon such a work of art, informed with an excellent friendly spirit, as "The Portrait of a Scholar." It reads like the production of an age not ours, an age when friendship could inspire delicate literary work, more in vogue then than it is at present. There is ripeness and charm in Mr. Chapman's essays, so that as one reads on it is impossible to overlook the long-considered thought and the well-balanced art which have gone to the making of them. Grace and a mature accomplishment are the hall-marks of this modest volume—modest in its bulk, as in its spirit; and I have turned from its pages reluctantly, wishing I might have been privileged to read on at greater length. Perhaps Mr. Chapman will meet this desire by further enriching the claims of pure letters, and by furnishing his readers with more such pages of pure delight. I should like to add a postscript to convey to the publishers, from whom we always look for the very best, how much pleasure accrues to the perusal of a book when the format is of the excellence here attained.

W. M. PARKER.

SPORT IN THEORY AND REMINISCENCE.*

There can be no doubt that popular interest in county cricket is increasing. The gate receipts at the principal grounds indicate this. Nor has it been found necessary to introduce changes into the game to save the onlooker from boredom. The difficulty has been that many of the spectators are only present on one day out of the three and consequently look for some definite result in that day just as they would find it in League Cricket on Saturdays. But by far the majority appreciate good cricket no matter how slow it may be and are satisfied with the individual efforts of the bowler and batsman: good fielding is more easily seen and has always received its praise, but we find the intelligent onlooker now watching the twist of the ball and the stroke of the bat.

Of the three books under review on cricket, the one by Mr. P. F. Warner has undoubtedly the widest appeal. His reminiscences are extensive and amusing. He can go back far enough to speak of the great cricketers who are only a tradition to the modern generation, and still he is young enough to play among the greatest cricketers of to-day. It will be easily admitted that Mr. P. F. Warner is the best captain that any English eleven has ever played under, and his book is written from the viewpoint of a captain. For this reason his chapters on team selection are of particular interest. Thus, for example, in choosing an ideal English eleven—that is an eleven chosen from the dead and living cricketers, supposing that could all play together, he appraises the advantages and drawbacks of each individual player with a detachment and insight that indicate his fitness for the rather invidious task of selection. He never loses sight of the team as a whole. Neither too many batsmen nor too many bowlers are chosen, and his final selection is interesting: this is the team in the order of batting: W. G. Grace, Hobbs, the Jam Sahib, the Hon. F. S. Jackson, Woolley, Mr. A. G. Steel, Peel, Lilley, Lockwood, Lohmann and Barnes. Another interesting eleven is one chosen from the World to play the Martians.

In the final chapter Mr. Warner devotes himself to the 1919 season. He points out the failure of the two-day match. He also discusses the unfairness of scoring in the present three-day match. On the other hand he is careful to do justice to the team who, by stone-walling, can turn a defeat into a draw, for the task of the team in the field is to get the batsmen out. He insists that this stone-walling is appreciated by the onlookers, but this is rather doubtful; the crowd is apt to show impatience and, in fact, it is often clear that they influence the batsmen more than they should. There was an instance of this at the Oval recently. Mr. Warner's book is one of the most interesting I have ever read, and it can be heartily recommended to readers of all kinds and ages.

Mr. C. B. Fry's book on batting is purely technical. It may surprise some readers that batsmanship can be improved by diagrams and photographs, but if they are capable of conviction, this book must certainly convince them, for it is written in a very lucid fashion. Only a cricketer of such standing as Mr. Fry could carry conviction, and his book should interest both the young amateur and the sportsmaster. The popular price indicates a wide sale and shows how widely the theory of cricket must be studied in this country.

Mr. Luckin's book on South African cricket is clearly a labour of love. It might seem at first sight, from its bulk, to be a mere record of matches and scores, but it contains a careful analysis and criticism of each set of matches played between the South African teams and the English and Australian elevens. The figures and details are invaluable, for as a rule these are lost in newspaper files. To the cricket enthusiast for whom it is written it is a mine of information and reminiscence.

* "Cricket Reminiscences." By P. F. Warner. 15s. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Cricket (Batsmanship)." By C. B. Fry. 4s. 6d. net. (Nash.)—"The History of Cricket in South Africa." By M. W. Luckin. (Hortor.)—"The Golf Swing." By Daryn Hammond. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The object of the author of "The Golf Swing" seems to have been to convince the reader that it is possible to give instruction in golf in a book. He says rightly, that the unfortunate beginner usually receives his instruction from an amateur who knows little more than himself, or from a professional who strikes by instinct and has never studied his strokes. The preface is a lucid exposition of the difficulties and the author seems to have made out a good case for theoretical instruction.

A. B.

HOPE HODGSON'S STORIES.*

The war that stimulated public interest in many writers and made the reputations of some, had no influence on the literary career of W. Hope Hodgson, except to bring it to a tragic close. Apart from a collection of his short stories, "Captain Gault," published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash in 1917, and a posthumous volume of his poems, "The Call of the Sea," issued a few months ago by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, practically all his work in literature was finished before he came home from France to join our Army immediately after war was declared. From that time, till he was killed in action on the Western front, he seems to have been too keenly preoccupied by his military duties to have had leisure, even if he had the inclination, to make much use of his pen.

One hears that another book of his stories and another of his verse are in preparation. Meanwhile, Messrs. Holden & Hardingham are publishing a uniform edition of the novels and tales which won recognition for him in latter-day fiction as a writer of strong original gifts. Of the two first in this series, "Carnacki the Ghost Finder" is a sequence of ingenious stories of the genuinely or seemingly supernatural, and "The Ghost Pirates" is one of Hope Hodgson's three most outstanding novels, the other two being "The Boats of the Glen Carrig," the ablest thing he ever wrote, and "The House on the Borderland." He had roughed it about the world as a sailor for some years before he emerged as a novelist, and the best of his stories are of the sea, of eerie, uncanny, exciting experiences and adventures in strange waters or on wild coasts. They have atmosphere and personality; in these three novels, in "The Nightland," and in some of his short stories, he showed a mastery of the bizarre, the mysterious, the terrible that has not often been equalled outside the pages of Edgar Allan Poe. His books were worth re-issuing, and in this cheap and well-produced edition should be sure of finding an appreciative and a considerable public.

LADY ADELA.†

Lady Adela is one of those stout, self-important ladies one meets at times in the best society who are able to talk about nearly everything without being hampered by too much knowledge of anything. She has "two lap-dogs and no lap," and a son Adolphus, who is a clerk in one of our innumerable Ministries and he talks to her on art, literature, politics, labour and home and foreign affairs in general with a flippancy that is amusing and that sometimes hits home shrewdly for all its airiness. Adolphus is guilty of frequent punning, but it is only among superior persons that the pun has fallen into discredit. The pun, properly handled, is still a legitimate form of humour, and if Adolphus does not invariably handle it so, he can occasionally use it with a neatness that adds additional point to an epigram. When he says that the realistic novel "holds the mirror up to Nietzsche," you smile, perhaps, under protest; but he is nearer the truth, anyhow, when

* "Carnacki the Ghost Finder" and "The Ghost Pirates" By W. Hope Hodgson. 2s. 6d. net each. (Holden & Hardingham.)

† "Lady Adela." By Gerald Gould. With Drawings by Will Dyson. 3s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)



"I do not hesitate to request . . ."

From a drawing by Will Dyson in "Lady Adela" by Gerald Gould (Cecil Palmer)

he describes the eugenic novel as visiting "the sins of the fathers upon the children even to the third and fourth degeneration," and remarks that "a eugenicist is a man who wants to improve the race by scratching all the horses."

But "Lady Adela" is not to be taken too seriously, though there is sound enough criticism masquerading in many of its irresponsibilities. It is a lively, witty, satirical commentary on current topics and may at least help you to laugh at things which, at present, nobody seems able to remedy, and Mr. Will Dyson's burlesque illustrations very cleverly reflect the farcical spirit of the text.

RECENT VERSE.*

In criticising an anthology it is the correct thing to point out with sorrow or with anger that such and such poems have been unaccountably omitted. But Miss Trotter may have been unable to obtain the beautiful verses which "A. E." contributed to *The Times* or the magical poem by Masfield that was published in the *English Review*.

* "Valour and Vision: Poems of the War." Arranged and Edited by Jacqueline T. Trotter. 4s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)—"The New Navy." By Rear-Admiral Hopwood 4s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)—"Dryad's Trove." By Elizabeth Mot 4s. net. (Hutchinson.)

No doubt an anthology must cater to every taste, and if I prefer a good many things to Miss C. Fox Smith's rollicking rhymes, that is not to say that "Oh, down by Millwall Basin as I went the other day" is not an excellent specimen of that sort of verse. The kind of heartiness which appears the necessary mood is not very much to my liking. Altogether in a different mood is Mr. Crosland's "Sursum":

"I saw his dread plume gleaming,
As he rode down the line,
And cried like one a-dreaming
'That man, and that, is mine!'"

"A glittering way he showed them
Beyond the dim outpost,
And in his tents bestowed them—
White as the Holy Ghost."

There are in this book many poems that we know, some of which we will not read again for a few years lest they become too hackneyed. Julian Grenfell's beautiful lines have been so often quoted that one is in much danger of treating them unfairly. That is one of the penalties of having given us a small handful of gold-dust. There are other poems here which are new to us: we had imagined that Miss Evelyn Underhill deals only with mysticism; but here we have from her pen a very straightforward affair, of which one of the verses is:

"Rushing on the homeward gale,
Swift they come, to seek their place
Where the grey flotillas sail,
Where the children of their race
Now against the foe maintain
All they gave their lives to gain"

We were moderately pleased at the first glance into Admiral Hopwood's book, because the jingles seemed a long way behind Kipling and the general atmosphere not that which we admire in Newbolt. But then we come to most companionable poems. It may not be well to cherish a work of art for the reason that we would like to meet its creator, but an artist who produces such an impression is one to be grateful for. Admiral Hopwood has pleasant touches, as when he talks of compasses that are hectic, and in the same poem tells us how the *Caroline* of Cardiff treats her kindly-hearted crew:

"And her effort to console them with the racing of her screw,
Tho' it isn't very helpful, is the best that she can do"

The publisher of Mrs. Mott's poems tells us that they are certain to be appreciated. There is among them a curious poem called "Ave Imperator," which glorifies a batsman and reminds one of Hodgson's Bull:

"Queerly accoutred, leg in greaves,
Bared fore-arms gaunt below the sleeves,
Stolid and debonaire, he draws
The clumsy glove on: round his jaws
Flickers no smile at the applause."

This kind of writing is more attractive than that which speaks of "Agate chalcedony apes, like spirits amorous." The tiger poem is well done, with a suggestion of one of the *Roundabout Papers*:

"A school-girl ran by frolicking
With a wild-cat, a half-grown thing;
Last, there came by a lordly pair.

"Full sail they went in sex and pride.
Their brutes were tamed, they led them tied
In a leash of a maid-child's yellow hair."

Mrs. Mott can write most freshly. One of her queer poems ends with this verse:

"Eyes stolid over a fan!
—I shall sleep in my bed,
Bald tired, fifty, a man
Decent and dead."

HENRY BAERLEIN.

Novel Notes.

LADY TRENT'S DAUGHTER. By Isabel C. Clarke.
8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Lady Trent had married early and unwisely, and widowhood had come as a benediction while she was still scarcely more than a girl. A frivolous, extremely attractive woman, she finds her daughter a burden rather than a blessing, and leaves her to the care of an old-fashioned elder sister. Consequently Olave is brought up with a hazy notion of the world and a certain antipathy to her mother. Romance comes to her with startling suddenness when she is sixteen. While her aunt is away she accidentally meets Guy Quinn in the woods and tumbles headlong into a girlish infatuation. Later she learns the truth—that she has fallen in love with her mother's fiancé! To complicate matters, he has fallen in love with her, and so the two women are faced with a battle between self-love and affection for each other, and the story, arresting and well told, revolves around this unique situation. None of the characters emerges very creditably; the young lovers are driven to hypocrisy and deceit, and a runaway marriage only baulked by religious difficulties. However, other forces have been at work in the interval, and the conclusion is as satisfactory as it is natural. The book strikes a very human note; mother and daughter, aunt and lover stand out as real beings with marked individualities and capacity for intense suffering and joy.

WHO'S THAT A'CALLING? By Kate Horn. 7s. 6d. net.
(Stanley Paul.)

She was like a portrait sketched in delicate crayons—Kitty Aveling, the heroine of this vivid romance; very young; most innocent. Her mother, the widow of an eminent and elderly Indian judge, left Kitty to a quiet childhood in the country, but when the child blossomed into girlhood, she summoned her to London. Now Mrs. Aveling had gone entirely to the bad, took drugs, enjoyed the dissipated life. Picture to yourself then the entrance of Kitty into a dark and scented flat. The very first evening the heroine is doubtful about her surroundings, but on making resistance, is told by her mother that she is a prisoner. "You are to have no opinions of your own, Kitty, if I cannot bend you, I shall find means to break you." Very soon Lord Anthony Garstin appears on the scene; among the drug-takers, a mere boy, one of the shell-shocked remnants of the war. He is not far abandoned to the ways of sin, and can appreciate Kitty's pristine freshness, her fear and her helplessness. Anthony becomes her true lover, and he manages to get her out of the terrible house in the end, through the assistance of a devoted woman who goes into the flat as a charwoman in order to smuggle Kitty away. Told interestingly, in easy and flowing style.

JULIA TAKES HER CHANCE. By Concordia Merrel. 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Julia, a simple little secretary, with an aptitude for telling her own story in bright, sparkling narrative, is offered a small part in a play performed by the Little Uppington Amateur Dramatic Society. The chance for which all aspiring actresses yearn comes her way, and, contrary to her guardian's approval, she takes it. The great Pelman Barclay is among the audience and offers her a part in his London company—a "crying part"—and Julia sobs her way to success. But she doesn't stop there. In fact she is not the kind of person to stop anywhere, and after dazzling the world with the promise of a society wedding, she shirks it at the last minute and escapes into obscurity. And there she finds—well, something better than fame or titles. She may be cut out for a crying part on the stage, but she is cut out for a laughing

part in the drama of life, and though there is plenty of pleasant sentiment in it too, the book echoes her rollicking laughter and is alive with her lively personality from beginning to end.

THE SHADOW OF STEPHEN WADE. By Arthur Compton-Rickett. 7s net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

The shadow of Stephen Wade does its chief work on the pictorial wrapper cover and in the opening chapter, where it prepares us for sinister influences and a struggle. The story proceeds, the chief character comes forward, and it needs no borrowing from heredity to interest us in him—Philip Gray. Sensitive in a peculiar degree to unseen forces, Philip feels that the unhappy legacy which his grandfather has left him hangs over his life to do him harm. He is the more certain because of the facial likeness which proves the closeness of their kinship. He struggles to be free and to work out his manhood. Susan and Vera and Wanda are adventures which help him on the way. Wanda O'Fay is a delightful study, with a threefold personality, a girl in different moods—of society, of the concert-room, and of the woods—clearest of all in the woods. Mr. Compton-Rickett lets his fancy play with her, and succeeds in making us follow him. The story is told with humour and runs easily to its close. There is some everyday philosophy, put in such a way that one remembers it, and the action is not held up while one listens.

CRATER'S GOLD. By Philip Curtis Thornton (Butterworth.)

"Crater's Gold" possesses the quality that most kind of gold possess, the quality of allurements. Both the supposed gold in the story and the book itself attract and hold attention. Andrew Stiles, the hero of the story, inherits wealth and an old house and estate in the country, a certain number of miles from New York. He has been long a journalist in the city, and, going to see his property, finds a somewhat fine but dilapidated house and an utterly neglected estate, and he decides to sell it. Within a short time, in a mysterious way he finds that men are rivaling one another in trying to buy it, and half in amusement, half in belief that hidden treasure must lie somewhere on his land, or under it, he decides not to sell. The story itself occupies only a few days, but it contains comedy and characterisation enough for a twelvemonth. It may almost be said of it that every chapter ends with a "curtain." What may certainly be said of it is that it grips the reader's interest from the first, that it is clever, amusing and well sustained. And the mystery which brings together in Stiles's old house an enormously rich merchant in "art novelties," a king among cinema managers, and a star actress, is well used to the end.

THE DUCHESS OF SIONA. By E. Goodwin. 7s 6d net. (Collins.)

"The Duchess of Siona," which was published in America last year, is a story as full of fire and colour as a gem, a rushing story. When you close the finished book you are a little breathless and exhilarated. In fact "The Duchess of Siona" differs from the majority of modern novels in that it is vitalising. The story—one of youth and love, material commonplace as is sunshine and green growth—is that of a duchess and her suitors, of one suitor in particular, a nameless fellow, son of a gipsy and the King of Spain. Pedro has more red blood in him than any aristocrat of them all; and, though his duchess is a fine lass, with the heart of a woman under her robes, it is the man, fierce, crafty, tempestuous and a great lover, in whom is centred the interest of the tale. The author uses a plain narrative style, but gets with it an effect of noble and passionate writing. Caught by the rhythm of his long phrases, you are swept in a crescendo of emotion up to the culmination, which, as is proper in a romance, is the union of his man and woman. This is the second of Mr. Goodwin's novels to be published in England, and yet—though

recognition came first in America—he is, not only an Englishman, but a Cockney. His first novel, "The Caravan Man," was a vigorous and jovial tale, so amusing that you laughed and forgot to be critical. The Duchess is bigger work, and it is infused with the same extraordinary *joie de vivre*. This *joie de vivre* in fact it is that distinguishes Mr. Goodwin's books and plays from those of his contemporaries.

AFFINITIES. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 8s 6d net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lightness of touch and a delightful sense of humour characterise these long short stories by Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart. Her plots have always an unexpected turn, her people, if a little shallow and scatterbrained, are excellent company, with a genius for subtle thrusts and witty banter. The story of Devil's Island, the first in the book, gives the reader an appetite for the four others that follow, and there is not one that fails in cleverness of idea and the deft handling we have grown to look for in this author's work. A group of bored young husbands and wives seek a diversion by planning an "affinity" picnic of which the unwanted husbands and wives are to be kept in total ignorance. Fanny, who relates the story, goes with Ferd Jackson, but the picnic from being a huge success dwindles to a dismal failure, and she finds herself regarding her "affinity" with unalloyed hatred. Mishap follows mishap, and they escape in a borrowed motor-car pursued by another picnic party; hiding in a farm-shed, dishevelled and wretched, their only thought to preserve their reputations and avoid publicity. The climax to this vivacious comedy is, of course, a delicious surprise. Each of the tales is thoroughly enjoyable—told in a spontaneous, bubbling style that ever and anon breaks into laughter. Nobody with a copy of "Affinities" at hand need be down in the dumps.

THE HOUSE IN DORMER FOREST. By Mary Webb. 8s 6d net. (Hutchinson.)

"'There'll come a day,' said Enoch in a low and singing voice, 'when this bitter old 'ouse will fa-a-al.'" The old gardener, Enoch, is the chorus in this grim and powerful story, which awakens memories of Charlotte Brontë and Thomas Hardy. A curse seemed to brood over the old house in the forest which had belonged to the Darkes since Elizabethan times, and we are left to speculate as to how much of the blight was the direct outcome of the dreary and depressing physical features of the place or was due to the fierce human passions that had for generations been dammed by fanaticism and convention. When these passions broke their bounds it was clear that Enoch's prophecy would shortly be fulfilled, and it is the last chapter of the history of the old house that Mrs. Webb records so brilliantly. The dramatic personæ, with only one or two exceptions, are the members of the household, but they are differentiated and portrayed with very remarkable skill. The father, Solomon Darke, is a sturdy, soulless son of the soil who is hugely puzzled by the forces of unrest within his household. His wife is a warped and bitter shrew with a travesty of a religion which she inherited from her mother, old Mrs. Velindre, who is the oracle of the household and the embodiment of three centuries of the gloom of Dormer. Of the two daughters, one is a pretty fool who marries the curate in haste and is not happy afterwards; the other is strong enough to break her bonds and find love in a larger and freer world. Peter, the younger son, asserts his freedom by an inglorious marriage with a kitchen wench, while Jasper, the idealist, beats long against his cage in vain and finds his freedom at the cost of a broken heart. It is old Mrs. Velindre, with her senile cunning and venomous spitefulness, who puts an end to the bitter old house in the most seemly way by burning it to the ground. There is much of gloom in the story and a little of tragedy, but there is an all-pervading humour also. The descriptions of house and of people are

touched in with a very agreeable wit, and the writing is of a quality not only to indicate promise but to excite interest in the author's previous works with which the reader, like ourselves, may be unacquainted.

JOHN BULL, JUNIOR. By F. Wren Child. net.
(Methuen)

A real story of school life is not too often told, and this record of the everyday trials, joys, and excitements of Nigel Brant, a boy who was, seemingly, unfitted for anything of the sort, is unusual, and attracts by its truthfulness. Nigel Brant, home-trained and motherless, was plunged, after six months' luxury in the home of a crusty bachelor uncle, into the rough-and-tumble of St. Lucian's College. He is sensitive, nervous, truthful, and unused to the common habits of the schoolboy; and his very ignorance makes him do some boldly unschool-like things which bring him face to face with the contempt of his fellows. Brant is a queer mixture, shirking where he should not shirk, and laying himself open to a good deal of rough treatment, even cruelty, and criticism. There is a mystery in the book, too, connected with one of the masters, and some heated scenes follow the attempts of the "Lynx-eyed League" to fathom it. In the end Brant's rough training gives him courage, his weaknesses of character strengthen, and in the end we leave him "the most popular captain St. Lucian's had ever known."

MY LIFE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Anton Tchekhov.
Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Gilbert Cannan.
7s net. (Daniel.)

A translation from Russian which is the joint effort of a Russian and an Englishman should come somewhere near perfection. This slim volume halts rather far below that ideal; but no awkwardness of phrase can hide Tchekhov's marvellous gift of presenting a piece of living, breathing humanity in half a page of apparently effortless writing. Of the seven stories here presented, the first, "My Life," is the least successful as a shapely design in fiction; but "Typhus," "In Exile" and "Goussiev" are perfect examples of the author's art. If there are any readers who have yet to make an acquaintance with Tchekhov, we recommend this volume as a beginning.

The Bookman's Table.

MISS ROBINSON. By Elizabeth Baker. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Miss Robinson" was first produced at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, in November, 1918. It makes a readable book, in its pure buff-coloured covers, and is written with skill and point. We have the prosperous family of Vintage, headed by Walter Vintage, M.P., an attractive man, very well dressed, apt to burst into utterly unexpected irritability. The sons of the house are Lister and Horace; Lister about to make a thoroughly satisfactory marriage (the Vintages are full of ambition). Horace has a tenderness for the trim, pretty secretary, Miss Robinson, who is in love with Arden, a very average, good-looking, pleasant mannered and somewhat masterful young man. All the same, Miss Robinson is somewhat flattered by Horace's attentions. The core of the play lies in the fact that unexpectedly but certainly, Miss Robinson, the humble, reverential, perfectly capable secretary, stumbles on a nasty secret to do with the Vintage family. There is a great scene when the old village woman, Matie Hine, drags herself up to the great house to accuse the respectable squire:

"Mr. Walter, I'm dying—I can't go before my Maker with this awful sin on my soul. I've got to see justice done—justice o that poor——"

MRS. VINTAGE (*abruptly*): "Mattie!" (*She gives a hasty, hunted look round.*) "What—what has she said?" (*Suddenly buries her face in her hands.*) "Oh!"

MATTIE: "Confess your sin. . . . Give the wife you have forsaken the place that is hers in the sight of God. You have lived in adultery all these years. You have borne children of sin. God forgive me, I kept silent for money, I—confess—confess—atone." The scene ends with the passage—(when Mattie has slipped to the floor unconscious)—

MRS. VINTAGE: "But nobody knows—no one was here but us——"

HORACE: "Miss Robinson—she was here!"

VINTAGE: "Damnation!"

The plot, slender though it is, is worked out cunningly and clearly, though Miss Baker has been obliged to capitulate to the universal popular desire for a happy ending. The encumbrance is removed. Vintage is left saying: "Your mother and I—if it will give her any satisfaction—can be married discreetly." The characters are etched with faithfulness, and the thing never lapses to dullness.

ALMA MATER ANTHOLOGY. From the *Aberdeen University Magazine*, 1883-1919. 2s. 6d. net. (Aberdeen: Lindsay)

Some very fine specimens of recent poetry are included in this volume, which contains considerably upwards of a hundred pieces, the writers of which "have been inspired by the devotion of her sons and daughters to the Lady of the Tower and Crown." A short poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy is sure to make a very wide appeal, and some beautiful poems by Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie, whose work is entitled to rank with that of the foremost poets of this or any age, will find a ready response among all real poetry lovers. Among so much excellent verse it is impossible to make a selection that will not do an injustice to the rest of the writers. But at the risk of exposing ourselves to the charge of making invidious comparisons, mention may be made of the impressive patriotic fervour of "The City of Dreams," by J. D. Symon, the exquisite beauty of "Chrysanthemums," by J. H. S. Mason, and the superb music of "Bressay Caves," by H. J. C. Grierson. "Labuntur Anni," by A. W. Mair, is a really fine little poem. The pathos of "The Blind Angler," by A. Mackie, is eloquent in its human tenderness. And "Life in Death," by A. W. Mackenzie, shows a sweet, serene attitude to life. Altogether "Alma Mater" has every reason to be proud of her children. The high excellence of the work is equalled only by the judiciousness of the compilers. The book should find a place on the shelves of all who are seriously interested in contemporary poetry.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIOLOGY. By Professor J. J. Findlay. 6s. net. (Longmans, Green)

It is unfortunate that the term sociology should be so repellent to the ordinary man, because the challenge of the war has forced all of us to take a more active interest in the affairs of the social groups of which we each form a part. The war, that is, has demonstrated even to the most obstinate individualist that civilisation is based upon the harmonious working of the various parts of our national and international social systems and, consequently, that we must study social groupings and their functions in the scheme of things if we are to save civilisation from the evils that threaten it. Hence the need for deliberate and sustained study of this very science of sociology—which really means the study of the relationships between men and men. Professor Findlay's Introduction should appeal to the beginner. He opens his inquiry in a club. Here we have for our study a social "group" (as distinct from a fortuitous concourse of people—a mob), a body of men with common sympathies, common interests, pursuing common ends. And so, from this simple and homely beginning, we are led to the study of the family, the clan, the class, and the race, with their complex and manifold organisations and institutions. In spite of a peculiar quality of hardness and professorialism, an excellent book.

POEMS: IN TIME OF WAR—IN TIME OF PEACE. By C. Kennett Burrow. 5s. net. (Collins)

A book of poems that should on no account be overlooked by lovers of sincere and earnest work is this from the pen of Mr. C. Kennett Burrow. He touches on varied phases of war and peace, a connecting link between the two parts being the poems which he calls "The Return," the last verses of which run:

"So I came to the village street where glinting lights shone fair,
The little homely lights that make the glad tears start;
And I knew that one was yearning and waiting to welcome me there,
She that is mother in blood and steadfast comrade in heart
"Oh, but my youth surged back like the tide to a thirsty shore,
Or the blessed wind at dawn that heralds the wash of rain.
And I ran with a song in my heart to the unlatched door,
I returned to the breast that had nursed me—a boy again."

The poems are mainly lyrical and "personal," though the impersonal and dramatic are also included. A delightful little Peace poem is that to *Cerisette*:

"You were a tiny *émigrée*,
Unconscious of a world in flame
A pulse of living France to-day
You to the vineyards whence you came
Return, and I shall miss our play
"Four years I've known you, *Cerisette*,
And five are all your little span.
Speechless you were when first we met,
But by the laugh-and-gurgle plan
You lured me to your baby net
"And when words came, how droll they were!
French tripped up English—English French!
Then in a kind of blind despair
Your new-discovered teeth you'd clench
And fall as silent as a hare!
"Oh, I shall miss you, *Cerisette*!
You'll carry to your vineyard-land
A love too constant to forget
Some day, blithe heart, you'll understand
Why your old playmate's eyes were wet."

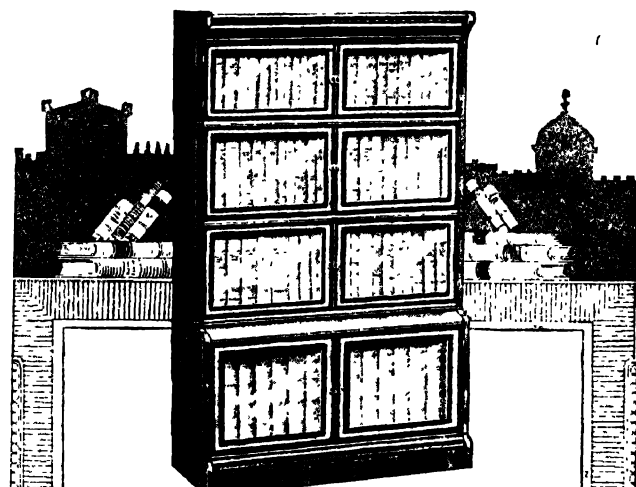
Mr. Burrow is one of our few novelists who can also write poetry—for perhaps one should say, one of our few poets who can write novels.

THE CHARM OF OXFORD. By J. Wells, M.A., Warden of Wadham College. Illustrated by W. G. Blackall. 21s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall)

So far as we can judge from their reproduction by process as illustrations to "The Charm of Oxford," Mr. W. G. Blackall's twenty-seven pencil drawings of college and university buildings are at once graceful and faithful. They are well chosen too, depicting Balliol, B.N.C., Corpus, Christ Church, Lincoln, Magdalen, Merton, New College, Oriel, St. John's and Wadham, and leaving unrepresented Keble and Hertford as being modern, Univ. as being ugly, and All Souls as being no true college. The letter-press, provided by Mr. Joseph Wells, the Warden of Wadham, is as well worth studying as are Mr. Blackall's pictures; it is informing without being pedantic, and fluent without being garrulous. Mr. Blackall and Mr. Wells between them have managed to capture much of "the charm of Oxford" in this handsome volume. If all editors and artists reached their level of taste and expression there would be little fear of pictorial Oxford being overdone. The drawings of Mr. Blackall are also published separately in a portfolio (42s. net), reproduced on vellum and tastefully mounted ready for framing.

MÉLUSINE. By Franz Hellens. (Editions de "La Voile Rouge": Paris and Brussels)

This bewildering and fantastic tale, with its mystic, symbolic, allegorical details and implications, contains much that is of the purest beauty, though in its entirety it is not altogether clear what the aim of the writer can be. *Mélusine* is a creature between woman and spirit, and her sapphire robe is the sapphire lost by Merlin, from



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BOOKS—Collectors' Marks (Hogan), 1918, last edition, £1 4s.; Ainsworth's Novels, 20 vols., £5 5s.; Smollett's Novels, 6 vols., fine set, 1806, £1 10s.; Fiddling's Works, 10 vols., 1800, fine set, £5 10s.; Violin Making, by E. Heron-Allen, 1889, 25s.; Freeman's Historical Geography of Europe, 2 vols., 1882, 25s.; Mommsen's History of Rome, Best Edition, 4 vols., 1808, £5 5s.; Chamberlain's Foundations of the 19th Century, 2 vols., 25s.; Leslie Stephen's English Thought in the 18th Century, 2 vols., 30s.; Handley Cross, Spence's Sporting Tour, Plan of Ringlets, Hawbuck Grange, Romford Hounds, Ask Minima, complete set, illustrated by Leach, etc., 6 vols., £5 10s.; Mark Twain's Works, Author's Edition de luxe, 23 vols., £30; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illus., £30; Œuvres Complètes de Paul Verlaine, 6 vols., Paris, 1905, £4 10s.; Rudyard Kipling's Verse, "Inclusive" edition, 4 vols., 1910, £3 3s.; Thackeray's Doctor Birch, 1849, 1st edition, coloured plates, £3 10s.; Bret Harte's Works, handsome set, 10 vols., 1901, £6 6s.; Kane's Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, coloured plates, 1859, £4 4s.; Symonds's Sketches in Italy and Greece, 1874, 30s.; Symonds's New and Old, 1880, 21s.; Symonds's Many Moods, 1878, 21s.; Symonds's Essays Speculative and Suggestive, 1893, 21s.; Lord Dunsany's Sword of Wellerman, 1st edition, 1908, 21s. 6d.; Cockney Adventures, quaint cuts, 1838, £2 2s.; Mysteries of the Old Castles of France, quaint cuts, £2 2s.; Œuvres de Molière, illustrated by Tony Johannot, Paris, 1835, 2 vols., 30s.; Crockett's Novels, 24 vols., £5 5s.; George Eliot's Works, "Cabinet" edition, 20 vols., £6 6s.; Oliver Goldsmith's Works, Edition de luxe, 10 vols., £4 10s.; Dibdin's Bibliomania of Book Madness, 1870, 25s.; Donnelly's Atlantis, the Antediluvian World, 11s.; Metevard's Choice Examples of Wedgwood Art, folio, 1879, £3 3s.; Nineteen Early Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, only 150 done, 35s.; F. W. Bain's The Descent of the Sun, 1903; An Essence of the Dusk, 1900, large paper copies, £2 2s. each; Swinburne's Posthumous Poems, hand-made paper edition, only 300 copies done, 30s.; Max Beerhohn's Cartoons, "The Second Childhood of John Bull," folio, 21s.; Vanity Fair, numerous coloured cartoons, 50 vols., £10 10s.; Drawings by Old Masters at Chatsworth, pub. £21, price £10 10s.; Victor Hugo's Works, Edition de luxe, 20 vols., in 10 vols., half morocco, £6 6s.; Caye's Ruined Cities of Ceylon, 1897, £3 3s.; Salome, illustrated by Beardsley, 11s.; Ballads Weird and Wonderful, with 25 drawings by Vernon Hill, 9s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symonds, large paper copy, 170s., £2 2s.; Burton's Kasidah, £5 5s.; Campan's Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette, 3 vols., best edition, 1917, £3 3s.; Solon's Italian Majolica, 21s.; Whistler's Ten O'clock, 1st edition, £2 2s.; Kipling's Story of the Gods, 1st edition, £5 5s.; Literary World, 47 vols., £2 10s.; The Day's Dongs, 4 vols., folio, 1871, rare, £4 4s.; Army List, 32 vols., 1825-41, £4 15s.; Prints and Drawings by F. Brangwyn, £2 12s. 6d.; Dickens Set, "Household" edition, extra illustrated, 19 vols., £4 4s.; Bentley's Miscellany, 30 vols., illustrated by Cruikshank, Leach, etc., 1837-54, £10 10s.; Pepys's Diary, 1854, half calf gilt, 4 vols., £25; Rabclat's Works, illustrated by Louis Chalon, 2 vols., best edition, 1802, £5 5s.; Edgar Allan Poe's Works, 4 vols., 1899, 35s.; Becker's The Nightless City, curious illustrations, being a History of Prostitution in Japan, £5 5s.; Chaucer's Works, 1532 edition, with Introduction by Skeat, limited issue, £4 4s.; Brangwyn's Book of Bridges, 21s.; Noyes's First Editions, Forty Singing Seamen, presentation copy to Watts Dutton from the Author, 50s.; Forest of Wild Thyme, 1905, 50s.; Drake, 2 vols., 1900-8, 30s.; The Loom of Years, 1902, rare, £3 3s.; Cuahli Press Broadside, complete set, 1908-15, £4 4s.; Mémoires de J. Casanova, 8 vols., Paris, half calf, £4 10s.; Heptameron of the Queen of Navarre, translated by Arthur Wachen, cloth, rare, £3 3s.; The Butterfly, 2 vols., edited by Raven Hill, 25s.; Thornton's An American Glossary, 1912, 2 vols., 7s. 6d.; Round's Feudal England, £2 2s.; Round's Studies in Peerage and Family History, 1901, £2 2s. One hundred thousand Books in stock. Catalogues on application. If you want a book and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. I am the most expert book-finder extant.

which he derived his chief magical powers. And throughout the romance Merlyn—now in the guise of a modern engineer—pursues her to recover his sapphire, and succeeds in his quest. But the quest is carried on through innumerable episodes, with so much that is mere fantasy, so much that is subtly penetrating psychology, so much that is satire, that the reader fails to grasp the scheme of the book as a whole. If there is anything analogous to the tale it would probably be some of the strange tantalising stories of Jules Laforgue, though M. Hellens cannot comfortably wield the same bow. Some of the stories in his noteworthy "Nocturnal" rather heralded the manner now fully exemplified in "Mélusine," but it seems something more elusive than is reasonable. Yet the directness, balance and originality that appear in every adventure make the story well worth reading.

A GUILDSMAN'S INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.
By Arthur J. Penty. 12s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

In this extremely able contribution to the literature of the rapidly growing Guild movement, Mr. Penty tilts heavily at two considerably weighty things: Roman law and the materialist conception of history. Regarding the latter, the theories of Marx are false, we are told, not because of what they say, but of what they leave unsaid. They isolate one historical factor and ignore the rest. His theories gain credence to-day because the great traditions of the past have been undermined by modern capitalism—itsself a most material thing. The evils Mr. Penty finds in Roman law are many and terrible. Successful warfare made old Rome wealthy, but this wealth was at the mercy of unpatriotic financiers, and Roman law was formulated, not to secure justice, but to bolster up a corrupt society in the interests of "public order." Its aim was not, like mediæval law, "to enable good men to live among bad, but to enable rich men to live among poor." And when Roman law finally triumphed over the mediæval canon law of the Church, exploitation was legalised and wealth, so to say, sanctified, no matter how that wealth might have been acquired. So Mr. Penty on Roman law, and, although there is nothing new in the statement of facts, the case he builds upon them is so strong that we may confidently expect it to be ignored. For the rest, the book is an historical survey from Greece and Rome, through Mediævalism, the Reformations in England and Germany, the French Revolution and Industrialism, to the Great War and Bolshevism, stressing the part the Guilds played in history, and the evils attendant upon their decline. An invaluable book.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. By Leonard Huxley, LL.D. 3s. 6d. net. (Watts.)

This is not a full-dress biography, nor a detailed history of Huxley's scientific investigations and philosophical researches; it is a very intimate and revealing character study of the man himself, showing "not so much the work done as what manner of man Huxley was, and the spirit in which he undertook that work." Some of his heretical views are accepted now even by the orthodox; most of the theological controversies in which he became involved have ceased to have much importance for most of us, and many who are middle-aged enough to remember what a bogey of agnosticism, and even atheism, his opponents made of him will perhaps succumb with something of surprise to the charm and unswerving righteousness of his personality as it grows upon one in his son's brief story of his life and record of his sayings. There needs no knowledge of his high achievements in science to enable one to read this sympathetic and brilliant character sketch with understanding and profound interest; it tells as much of his work as is essential to a complete realisation of the man, his ruling passion for truth at all costs, his eager industry in the pursuit of it, his shrewd humour and the gracious human qualities that made him lovable as well as admirable.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"MARY ROSE" AND "PETER PAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Sir J. M. Barrie's poignantly beautiful play, "*Mary Rose*," makes a wonderful appeal to crowded houses at the Haymarket, but, in some respects, it has puzzled many of the great multitude who have seen it, and we have decided to offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of One Guinea for the best interpretation in not more than 300 words of the play's inner meaning, and what final lesson the author intends us to draw from it.

We also offer Prizes of a Guinea-and-a-Half, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea for the best criticisms in not more than 300 words of the perennially popular play of "*Peter Pan*." This Competition is limited to younger readers. The age of the Competitor must be written under his or her signature, and each reply should bear a note by the Competitor's parent or guardian stating that the writer of the reply is under the age of fourteen.

Competitors should keep copies of their MSS., and not enclose stamped envelopes for their return.

All replies in both these Competitions must be addressed to The Editor of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C. Envelopes for the one should be marked "*Mary Rose Competition*," and for the other "*Peter Pan Competition*."

Results will be announced in THE BOOKMAN Christmas Number.

In response to requests from many readers we are extending the time for sending in papers for these Competitions to the 14th October. All replies must be received not later than first post on that date.

THE BOOKMAN 250 Guineas First Novel Prize Competition closes on the 31st December. Write for particulars to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN. Address as above.

"Neighbours," a new volume of poems by Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan, who also have in hand "*Children of the Slaves*," by Stephen Graham, a study of the progress of the American negro since he obtained his freedom.

A new edition of that malicious, genially discursive, curiously interesting biography, "*Nollekens and His Times*," by John Thomas Smith, has been edited by Mr. Wilfred Whitten, and will be published this autumn by Mr. John Lane. This is

the first complete edition since 1829 of one of the best books of anecdotes ever written.

Mr. Conal O'Riordan, whose new novel, "Adam of Dublin," has just been published by Messrs. Collins, is well known in connection with the Abbey Theatre plays, but the general reader will recognise him more easily as "Norreys Connell," the pseudonym under which his earlier novels appeared.

An anthology of recent poetry, "The Year's at the Spring," will be published shortly by Messrs. Harrap, with illustrations in colour and black-and-white by Harry Clarke. The same firm is publishing "Poems by a Little Girl," the little girl, Miss Hilda Conkling, having written the poems, one hundred and seven in number, between the ages of four and nine. The book will have an introduction by Mr. William Canton and a frontispiece portrait.

A new novel, a satirical comedy of character, by Hamilton Fyfe, "The Widow's Cruse," has just been published by Mr. Leonard Parsons, who announces for this month "Women and Children," a new novel by Hugh de Selincourt.

Mr. Parsons is adding to his New Era series a study of "Labour and National Finance," by Philip Snowden; and is also publishing this month "Some Contemporary Poets," by Harold Manro; and "Some Contemporary Novelists (Women)," by Brimley Johnson.

"They Went," a very remarkable new novel by Norman Douglas, published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, is the first novel Mr. Douglas has written since he made his reputation as a novelist with "South Wind" a few years ago.

Mr. G. B. Burgin's "Uncle Jeremy," his sixtieth novel, is due from Messrs. Hutchinson this autumn.



Photo by Vandyk

Mr. Hugh Walpole,

whose new novel, "The Captives," has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan.

"Ships and the Sea," an anthology by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, will be published shortly by Messrs. Dent. It is designed to show the part played by ships and the sea in the development of English literature from Chaucer to the present day.

Messrs. Arrowsmith announce for this autumn a collection of stories by Sir H. Rider Haggard, "Smith and the Pharaohs"; and "A Case in Camera," a new novel by Oliver Onions.

The Right Hon. J. M. Robertson has written a study of Charles Bradlaugh which Messrs. Watts are including this autumn in their Life-Stories of Famous Men series.

A posthumous volume by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "Poems of Affection," has just been issued by Messrs. Gay & Hancock. It is a collection of fifty poems written by Mrs. Wilcox during her last visit to France and England.

The late Mr. James Baker had completed shortly before his death a new book which Mr. John Lane has in the press. It is a memoir of his son, Major S. Harold Baker, and includes a graphic account of the work of the Gloucesters Salonika and France.

"Manhood End," another of Mrs. Henry Dudeney's novels of Sussex life—the story of a young clergyman who married the neighbouring vicar's daughter and resigned himself to a quiet, unambitious life but found that in devising his Eden he had forgotten about the serpent—will be published this month by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

The second book of spirit messages received by the Rev. G. Vale Owen is entitled "The Highlands of Heaven," and will be published immediately by



Mr. Jeffery Farnol,

whose new novel, "Black Bartlemy's Treasure" (Sampson Low), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. Thornton Butterworth. This, like "The Lowlands of Heaven," with which the series began, is complete in itself and contains all the messages from Zabbiel in consecutive order.

Early in October Mr. Thornton Butterworth will publish Bethmann-Hollweg's long postponed "Reflections on the World War," a book which gives an inside history of pre-war Germany and a frank exposition of German aims and policy.

"London Trees," by A. D. Webster, which the Swarthmore Press is publishing, is an account of



Photo by Alice Hughes

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes,

whose new novel, "Out of the Vasty Deep," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing shortly

the trees that flourish best in London, with records of old and remarkable specimens that may be found in various parts of the town.

Mr. Standish O'Grady, the veteran Irish man of letters, has written a biographical Preface to the volume of "Essays by the late John Todhunter," which Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish this autumn. Mr. O'Grady concludes his appreciation with these words: "These prose remains will be, in my opinion, a valuable addition to any library, and will be read and reread lovingly and with delight, for they are true essays, like Lamb's and Hazlitt's, racy of the soil where they grew, of the pleasant, sincere and humorous personality in which they originated."

Mr. Elkin Mathews is also publishing this autumn "Oscar Wilde: Fragments and Memories," by Martin Birnbaum — an essay dealing mainly with Wilde's tour in America in the early nineties.



Mrs. Asquith,

whose Autobiography will be published this month by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

Outward Bound, the new monthly published by the Oxford Press, is to be congratulated on an excellent first number. It is well illustrated, and in addition to many interesting stories and articles by distinguished writers, contains the opening instalment of a brilliant serial by John Buchan entitled "The Path of a King."

Two new novels that Messrs. Duckworth are publishing this autumn are "The Yellow Poppy," by D. K. Broster, and "The Passionate Spectator," by Miss Jane Burr, the American poet and novelist whose views on marriage raised a storm in last month's newspapers.

Another new monthly that will issue its first number on the 1st of November is *Sports and*



Photo by Adelphi Studios.

Miss Jane Burr,

whose novel, "The Passionate Spectator," Messrs. Duckworth are publishing.

Sportsmen, produced by the Olympic Press, and published by Messrs. G. Heath Robinson and Birch. It is a handsome production, and justly claims to be "the magazine de luxe of sport." Its advisory committee includes such representative names as the Earl of Clarendon, Lady James Douglas, Mrs. Dudley Lacombe, Sir Williams Bulkeley, Sir Robert Jardine, Sir Samuel Scott, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, Mr. H. D. Leveson-Gower, Captain C. C. Aylmer, and others equally prominent. All sports are included in its province, and among the many and varied contents of its first number will be a special study of "The Prince of Wales as Sportsman."

A new novel by Mr. A. Beverley Baxter, "The Parts Men Play," will be published shortly by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers.

"Quiet Interior," a first novel by E. B. C. Jones, which Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson is publishing immediately, is a sympathetic study of a girl's love affair—an introspective study of character and the emotions as affected by environment and events.

"The Origin of Man and His Superstitions," by Carveth Read, is to be published by the Cambridge Press about the end of the year.

A reprint of the revised and enlarged edition of Mr. St. John Adcock's "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War" will be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing a new edition of "Boon," which now openly reveals what everybody knew, i.e. that these "Literary Remains of George Boon" were written and illustrated by Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mr. John Murray is publishing the "Memoirs of the Count de Rochecouart," a man of arms and of affairs who was at one time secretary to the Duc de Richelieu and, though he is now numbered among forgotten statesmen, played an important

part in re-establishing the credit and finances of France after the Napoleonic wars.

Essays bulk largely and pleasantly among the books that Messrs. Methuen have in preparation for this autumn. There are "The Uses of Diversity," by G. K. Chesterton; "Essays on Books," by A. Clutton-Brock; "If I May," by A. A. Milne; "About Many Things," by Grace Rhys, which is just out; and "The Sacred Wood," essays on poetry, by T. S. Eliot. Moreover, there is a volume of Oscar Wilde's essays on "Art and Decoration"; and "Specially Selected," a gift-book selection of E. V. Lucas's essays, with ninety illustrations by G. L. Stampa.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing also this autumn a volume of stories by Miss Marie Corelli.

"Practical Hints on Training for the Stage," by Agnes Platt, will be published shortly by Mr. Stanley Paul.

Mr. John Murray has added to his cheap series of reprints Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's charming early novel, "The New Rector," and Seton Merriman's

Indian Mutiny romance "From One Generation to Another."

"Norman Ten Hundred," by A. Stanley Blicq (Guernsey: The Guernsey Press), is the story, well and graphically told, of what was done by the 1st (Service) Battalion of the Royal Guernsey Light Infantry in the great war. It is a detailed, authentic narrative of the adventures in France and Flanders of one thousand out of the seven thousand soldiers who went from Guernsey alone—"the oldest and smallest democracy in the world," to fight side by side with the Mother Country's troops. Mr. Blicq joined the army in August, 1914, served on the Brigade Staff in Flanders, and ended up in hospital, from which he was released fifteen months ago. Before the war he was for some years a private secretary, but this post being no longer available he is nowadays a free-lance author and journalist and finding that road a steep and heavy one to travel.



Photo by Bachrach, U.S.A.

Miss Opal Whiteley

reconstructing her "Diary," which was published last month by Messrs. Putnam's and is reviewed in this Number.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Henry St. John Cooper has only become widely known to the book-reading public within the last twelve months, he has been a very successful writer of serials for long past, and his first book made its appearance some years ago, but that was not a novel. He comes of a literary family, for he is related to the late W. Clark Russell, whose fine sea romances have fallen of late into unmerited neglect, and is a grandson of Henry Russell, the popular vocalist who composed and sang Charles Mackie's "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" into fame in mid-Victorian days. And that first book of Mr. Cooper's was an autobiography of his grandfather, which was published by McQueen about thirty years ago. He wrote it more or less in collaboration with Henry Russell, telling his story as closely as possible in his own words, and the book was read over and touched up by Clement Scott before it went to press.

But he had found his way into print even earlier than that. When he was about sixteen or seventeen he obtained an engagement as sub-editor on a new boys' paper called *Pleasure*. It had a short and not particularly glorious existence, and departed this life for the common and sufficient reason that it did not pay its way and the proprietor's capital ran out:

"The editor was not enthusiastic," says Mr. Cooper, "and used to leave me to get the paper out as best I could. I had no cash available for paying contributors, and used to get the illustrations from an agency that supplied drawings or blocks that had already seen service elsewhere. I would visit the agent, select a number of pictures almost at random, and then write articles, short stories and serials into which such incidents were introduced as they could appropriately illustrate. In addition I conducted prize competitions, wrote editorial notes and a few advertisements, also answers to correspondents—though as a fact, perhaps owing to the limited interest the public took in us, there were no real correspondents to answer. I literally wrote this paper from cover to cover for many weeks, and when it died its circulation had dwindled to a weekly sale of about three thousand copies."

Thereafter he did no more such editing, but went on writing serials, and one of these, a boy's adventure romance of the "Westward Ho" kind, was published by Messrs. Jarrold under the title of "The Voyage of

the Avenger: A Story of Elizabeth Seafaring"; but being an indifferent man of business he made no attempt to republish any other of these as books until last year a friend took things in hand for him and sent one of them, "Sunny Ducrow," to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., who promptly accepted it, and when it came out last autumn it not only met with a very favourable reception

from the critics, but caught on with the public and was one of the successes of the season. It was published on the other side of the Atlantic by Messrs. Putnam's Sons, and has sold nearly forty thousand in England and America, and is still selling.

Mr. Cooper is no realist of the sordid and unhappy school; he has seen more than one side of life and knows that the summer is as real as the winter, the better, pleasanter qualities of humanity as real as all that is unworthy and unlovely in it, and as a consequence his stories and their characters have a quiet humour and a charm of human kindness and grace of sentiment that for want

of a more adequate word we call Dickensian.

This same broad understanding of the good that is in men and women and his gift of weaving the old simplicities and natural follies and weaknesses of average mankind into a story is winning success again for his second novel, "James Bevanwood, Baronet," which was published by Messrs. Sampson Low a few weeks back; and he is just now at work on a third which has been already accepted by the same publishers, and by Messrs. Putnam's for America, and it will see the light next spring. This has been called "The Garden of Memories," not a very striking title, but one that seems to Mr. Cooper to express the idea of the book. It is a story that deals lightly with the subject of reincarnation—a subject that very strongly appeals to him. "I look forward," he says, "to one day writing a book that shall embody an extraordinary experience that came to me some twelve years back. I have tried to get myself to write it again and again, but so far have not even succeeded in actually penning a word in connection with it. I have been daunted by a fear that the theme is too big for me, and would sooner leave it always unwritten than write it and be disappointed with the result."



Mr. Henry St. John Cooper.



Yankel Yurovsky,
the man who killed the Czar.

From "The Last Days of the Romanovs" (Thornton Butterworth).

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"Biff and Butt," by Dud Swisher (1s. net; Westall), is a witty pictorial commentary on current politics—a grotesquely, often bitingly satirical series of drawings, after the manner of Bud Fisher's burlesque sketches of Mutt and Jeff, in which Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law mimic the diversions of those popular film characters.

The latest addition to the collected edition of Mr. Archibald Marshall's works (2s. 6d. net each; Hodder & Stoughton) is "Exton Manor"—that delightful story of English country life which is commonly regarded as the ablest and strongest of his stories. Both in characterisation and in the graphic detail of its narrative it justifies the critics who have ranked Mr. Marshall with Trollope as a quiet, unexaggerated realist of the life of his own time, but it has a conciseness, an artistic finish in style and construction that Trollope never achieved. It is not only the best of Mr. Marshall's books, but one of the best novels that have been published in the last twenty years.

A new and enlarged edition of Miss Mary C. Sturgeon's admirable "Studies of Contemporary Poets" (7s. 6d. net; Harrap) contains several fresh chapters dealing with the work of Hardy, Drinkwater, Yeats, Michael Field, J. C. Squire, and a group of women poets.

In an introductory note, Mr. John Drinkwater rightly says that Mr. Charles Powell and his "Poets in the Nursery" (5s. net; John Lane) belong "to the aristocracy of his art." His parodies of Kipling, Maschfield, Hardy, Chesterton, Yeats, Noyes, Watson, and the rest, are wholly admirable in the skill and humour with which they hit off the characteristics of their originals. "Mr. Powell," to agree again with Mr. Drinkwater, "never forgets his fun, but neither does he forget the significance of his poets, and poets are not always so happy in their more accredited ministers."

The heroic part played by Cardinal Mercier during the war is common knowledge, and in response to requests from all quarters of the world His Eminence has at length consented to the publication of all the correspondence that passed between him and the German authorities during the enemy occupation of Belgium. These letters, arranged by Professor Ferdinand Mayence, and linked up with occasional comments, in "Cardinal Mercier's Own Story" (25s. net; Hodder & Stoughton), resolve themselves into the fullest, vividest chronicle of that dramatic succession of events in which the Cardinal fearlessly championed the cause of his people against the tyrannies of their oppressors.

Though the word minor may be written over nearly all that literature of the nineties which is associated with Aubrey Beardsley and the "Yellow Book," it still has, and possibly always will have, a curious fascination for the literary student. Many essays have been written about it; Mr. Holbrook Jackson studied it exhaustively in "The Eighteen Nineties," and now Mr. Bernard Muddiman gives us in "The Men of the Nineties" (6s. net; Henry Danielson) a very able and interesting survey of "the men of the nineties proper" and their work. He finds that "in Beardsley, so to speak, was inset all the influences that went to make the period what it was"; that he was, in his drawings and his writings, "the incarnation of the spirit of the age"; and his sympathetic, critical account of Beardsley's life and achievements is, perhaps, the most valuable part of his book. Good, too, is all he has to say of Max Beerbohm, Davidson, Dowson, Crackanthorpe and Lionel Johnson; but he is no blind eulogist of the movement, and recognises the morbidity, affectations, absurdities of some who were in it, especially of some of the lesser lights who are already pretty much forgotten. It is significant, as he suggests, that no writer of the group wrote a great novel; and that Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Stevenson, Barrie, all writing at that time, remained outside their circle. But there were strange and attractive personalities among them; they did many beautiful little things, and established another by-way of literature, to which Mr. Muddiman's book is a discriminating and very adequate guide.

"Old Seed on New Ground," by James Adderley (7s. 6d. net; Putnams), is a series of stories or parables—some of them up-to-date adaptations of the great parables of the Bible—most of them edged with humour or satire, and all of them with a shrewd application to modern life and character. The follies and hypocrisies of the time are lightly but scathingly rebuked in the tale "Of Ten Young Ladies and the Great War," "Of the Good Lady Sara Martin," "Of the Beginning and the End of Mr. Stultous," and in others, and others are touched with that genial tolerance and kindness and broad democratic sympathy that one expects from the author of "Stephen Remarx." They are stories you can read as stories, but they carry more or less obvious lessons for all readers. The book is illustrated with twelve clever drawings by the *Star's* cartoonist, Low.

THE READER.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR.

By C. A. DAWSON SCOTL.

I.

AT a London Club one night a speaker quoted these sentences from "Mary Olivier—A Life."

"By the gate of the field her sudden, secret happiness came to her. She could never tell when it was coming, nor what it would come from. It had something to do with the trees standing up in the golden white light. It had come before with a certain sharp white light flooding the fields, flooding the room . . . She stood still by the gate . . . holding her happiness.

He deduced from them that the cause of art is a longing on the part of the artist to communicate to others a thrill he has himself experienced. It was not the trees, nor the light flooding the fields, but Mary's happiness in them that was of importance.

If we accept this theory and agree that art in its different forms makes its appearance because the individual feels an urge to share a sensation he has experienced, we find an explanation of much that is perplexing. The world of to-day is full of little shoots and pushings of green art. They are plants of no outstanding beauty, but are encouraged by sedulous little editors who perceive that in their walled-in garden big things would be out of place, and who also, perhaps, prefer annuals to perennials. Each tiny plant, however, may and probably does owe its existence to that longing, inherent in the majority, to communicate the wonder of its experience, its simple experience of light and heat. The same is true of the bigger plants in the art world, in fact of every plant and all; and once we have grasped that, we no longer wonder that the little chickweed cannot produce the pomegranate, or flower as the rose.

This theory also accounts for the fact that so much art lacks universality. It is born of a narrow personal experience, and appeals therefore only to natures capable of similar experiences. Its roots do not go down to the vivifying springs, the fountains of the earth. For the little artists it is a case of many men, many keyboards, with the manipulator only able to play on

certain of them, only able perhaps to strike a note here and a note there.

The critic who accepts this theory of the soul trying to shape something, by means of which it will give back to humanity the more poignant of its experiences, is obliged by it to take a very broad, quite impersonal view of the result. Here is a gift horse, he would say,

and we must not only consider whether its teeth will show it to be aged, but must accept the animal gratefully as a live creature, a creature of interesting possibilities!

Which brings us to that curiously criticised work "Mary Olivier." In America it sold well; in England it was perhaps the most talked-of book of the season and I have heard it discussed from every point of view, except that given above. Yet in it the writer is undoubtedly trying to pass on to the reader the thrills life has given her—thrills strange to some of us, the thrill of the metaphysician, the thrill of muscular energy, the thrill of a certain sort of landscape, the thrill that comes with the making of word-patterns.



Photo by F. O. Horpe

Miss May Sinclair.

The method was a matter of intellectual choice; the medium not more so, than is to a plant the flower it produces; and whereas the former brought the receiving mind into contact with a technique second to none, the latter must be accepted as the natural florescence of that particular soul. To say the book was "dull," was "morbid," was "lacking in drama," as did some critics, was beside the mark. Its quality, the quality that made it valuable, was its sincerity—while its method made it a delight. Moreover, beyond the sincerity of it, lay the fact that this study of a life racked by cramping circumstance, and blooming in the secret places of the mind and spirit, was a revelation of human possibilities; while finally, the publication of this book should have been welcomed as proof that Miss Sinclair had broken with tradition, that the great upheaval through which our civilisation has lately passed had clarified her gift as it has those of so many others and that in future we may look to her for books

which shall be neither traditional nor derivative, but the fruit of her individual experience.

II.

May Sinclair was born at Rockferry in Cheshire, and was one of six children, the other five being boys. She was educated partly at home, partly at Cheltenham. Among her schoolfellows was another child, destined in after life to

become a writer—Mrs. Allen Harker—but the two novelists did not draw together in friendship until after schooldays were at an end. Meanwhile, Miss Sinclair, returning home, began to produce verse, and by the time she was twenty had already written a little sheaf of poems. In those days Mr. Gladstone was a force scattering post cards of well-meant but badly-expressed encouragement ("he was sensible of the merits they contained") on beginners, and the usual post card, with the addition of a few reviews, was perhaps the sum total of what happened to the two modest books of verse which Messrs. Kegan Paul published. This was succeeded some time afterwards by an article on metaphysics which had been commissioned by an American journal. Thus Miss Sinclair's first publications in England were verse, and in America prose.

A friend having suggested that she had it in her to write stories, she tried her prentice hand on "Audrey Craven," a book of which she now thinks very little. This was published on the half profits system, and brought not much more grist to the mill than did "The Vicar of Wakefield." It was followed by "Mr. and Mrs. Neville Tyson" and by "Two Sides of a Question"; and with the publication of each of these Miss Sinclair's standing improved, until recognition came in both hemispheres with "The Divine Fire."

Miss Sinclair lives in St. John's Wood. For some years, whenever London seemed too full of a clamant vitality for her to work in peace, she fled to a little village in Yorkshire; but, as so doing meant spending nearly a whole day in the train, the northern home has been exchanged for one in Gloucestershire, and she is discovering for herself whether "at Stow-on-the-Wold the wind blows cold."

III.

In "The Divine Fire" which sold very widely in America, Miss Sinclair gave no indication of her dissatisfaction with the traditional method of novel-writing; she did no more in that book than give her readers a

glimpse of under-currents. Her other novels, arresting pieces of work, were the well-told stories of the competent craftsman. "The Three Sisters," "The Combined Maze," "The Tree of Heaven," were good in matter and in manner. But other writers, such for instance—to mention only some of the women—as Mary E. Mann with "Ronald Love," Margaret

L. Woods with "A Village Tragedy," Edith Wharton with "The House of Mirth," Elizabeth Robins with "The Dark Lantern," Violet Hunt with "White Rose of Weary Leaf," were producing novels as fine. Miss Sinclair was one of a golden fellowship, but until she wrote "Mary Olivier" she did not stand out from among them as definitely critical of tradition.

Dissatisfaction, however, was in the air. A number of writers, weary of the iterated tale, of the *mélange* of sentimentality, convention, faked incident and false psychology known as the popular novel, were making experiments of one sort and another; and when Miss Sinclair published "Mary Olivier," she ranged herself definitely with the pioneers. Her position as a writer who has had the courage to look at life from an individual standpoint will be strengthened by her forthcoming book. In "The Romantic" (published in England by Collins, in America by the Macmillan Company) she uses the direct method, presenting her story through the mind of one of the characters. This method is also employed by others of the group to which she belongs, for instance, Dorothy Richardson; but to say that Miss Sinclair derives from this writer would be doing her less than justice. For one thing, Miss Sinclair was experimenting with this method before Miss Richardson began to write, and for another, their work has nothing else in common. Miss Richardson's is monumental. Having chosen a dumping-ground she is pouring on to it novel-load after novel-load of heterogeneous objects, and by so doing is raising an immense, an almost Cyclopean, mound. Miss Sinclair, on the

contrary, is selective. She produces an effect of lightning, of concentrated seeing, of extraordinary and sudden brilliancy, and this effect is particularly apparent in her presentation of John Roden Conway in "The Romantic." I do not know of any piece of writing more subtly forcible than the lifting of veil after veil from the man's personality until the creature stands revealed in pitiable



Photo by J. H. Harris, Kilbu

1, Blenheim Road, N.W.

Miss May Sinclair's London home.



Photo by J. H. Alden, Stow-on-the-Wold.

The White Hart Inn,

where Miss Sinclair stays on her frequent visits to Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire.

nakedness. Miss Sinclair presents him to us, and the reader is left to find the pity of humanity for a soul so marred, to murmur in fear and trembling, "Can such things be?" and to acknowledge unwillingly, sorrowfully, that they are.

The method chosen, this method of direct presentation, that is to say of presentation through a certain consciousness, has its advantages. It constrains the writer to a rigid aloofness. Admirably disciplined, she no longer "walks in the garden," but has become an impersonal First Cause; in fact the method is one that may be recommended to the prolix and the young. Even so, it is a case of "if youth could —" for the method is peculiarly exacting. In Miss Sinclair's hands it proves at times, not so much a revelation of the individual through which she is telling the story, as of those by whom that individual is surrounded. This is the case with "The Romantic." The interest is centred in John Roden Conway, and he is seen through the eyes of a girl who loved him. The opening of those eyes to the fact that he is a hopeless degenerate, the



Photo by W. E. Walkins.

Miss May Sinclair.

The hut at Stow-on-the-Wold in which much of her writing is done.

opening of them by incident after incident till we reach the culminating horror of his death, is the theme of the book.

Considered as a story, it is interesting to note that "The Romantic" is a stronger book than "Mary Olivier." Gerald Cumberland says that the writer "who at all times and seasons searches and burrows for the *mot juste* . . . loves letters more than he loves life," and this

is a reproach which may be levelled at too many of our pioneers. The primary object of the novelist is to tell a tale; in other words, much as the manner in which a tale is told concerns us, the story concerns us more, and when we have swept the house clear of old rubbish, it were pity if we should find ourselves without the wherewithal to garnish it. The Greeks and Elizabethans gave us great stories, their successors occupied themselves with technique, and time has spoken with regard to both. . . . Miss Sinclair has an amazing knowledge of sex psychology, she has a penetrative imagination, and hers is a quite remarkable technique. We now await from her the great, universal, human story that alone is worthy of her powers.

JOHN GALSWORTHY AS DRAMATIST.

By ROWLAND KENNEY.

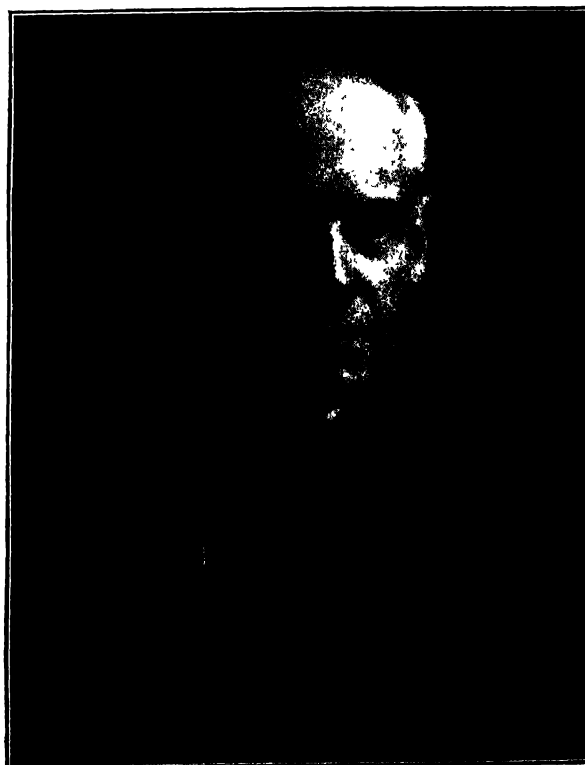
MR. RUDYARD KIPLING asserted many years ago that "The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins." A few days ago Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Edward Clodd had a short and somewhat acrimonious discussion proving that they did not disagree on the point that man's fundamental characteristics have not altered much since the Stone Age. We have a thin veneer of civilisation, we have learned that certain repressions and prohibitions are necessary, but we scratch and bite like beasts if our interests are directly threatened. And in "The Skin Game," now being played at the St. Martin's Theatre, Mr. John Galsworthy has given this idea dramatic form.

The plot of the play is not new. It turns on the conflict between the established order, as represented

"since Elizabeth" by the county family of Hillcrist, and the upstart, self-made manufacturer from the North, Hornblower. Hillcrist is a gentleman, with the instincts of a gentleman. Hornblower is a getter-on, with neither education nor family tradition. Out of spite, because Mrs. Hillcrist will not call on his son "Chearlie" and Charley's wife Chloe, he is buying up the country-side, running up factories, and gradually surrounding the Hillcrist estate with the grime and dirt and discomfort of an industrial town.

Hillcrist's daughter Jill, a slangy, "rangey," up-to-date girl who is on very friendly terms with young Rolf Hornblower, wants everything settled quietly and sensibly. Why can't mother call on Chloe, she wants to know. "Why all this—this attitude to the Hornblowers?"

But Hornblower is impossible. He is not a gentleman.



Mr. John Galsworthy.

He does not even keep his promises. Hillcris has sold him some cottages on the understanding that the tenants shall not be interfered with. Hornblower gives them notice to quit—breaks his word. Hillcris is astounded. The man simply won't play the game!

"A cad I call him," says Mrs. Hillcris.

"That's it, ma'am got all the advantages," replies Dawker, the Hillcris agent.

The game is carried a step further by Hornblower trying to buy up the Centry, a piece of land overlooking the Hillcris house, and once belonging to the Hillcris estate. He intends to build works with great smoky chimneys on it; but he will desist if the Hillcrises will recognise his family socially. They refuse, and Hornblower declares for a fight to a finish; for "the Skin Game." He will smoke them out of the place. When the Centry is put up to auction he outbids Hillcris, and buys it at an atrocious figure. Now he has the Hillcrises in the midst of his smoke spot.

There is one chink in Hornblower's armour, and he does not know it. But Dawker does, and very soon Mrs. Hillcris learns of it. Mrs. Chloe has a past; Dawker can and does prove it, thus giving Mrs. Hillcris her opportunity. Exposure is the weapon that falls into Mrs. Hillcris's hands, and she means to use it. Hillcris recoils from such foulness. This is no work for a gentleman. It is as bad, or worse, than the methods of Hornblower himself. But Mrs. Hillcris has just seen the Centry bought over their purse and she carries on relentlessly; and finally her husband succumbs. But even as he exposes his weakness, shows that his gentility is not proof against a really vital attack on his home, and stoops to pick up his wife's dirty weapons, he touches our sympathies. "Don't let's have any humbug about its being morally necessary," he says. "We do it to save our skins."

Hard, bitter, revengeful, Mrs. Hillcris carries the thing through. Chloe is brought face to face with the agents who had once employed her as a professional co-respondent; she breaks down and, later, attempts to commit suicide. Hornblower, who loved his son's wife as if she had been his own daughter, is broken utterly. Even the young people are definitely parted by the storm. Worst of all, after having joined hands with Mrs. Hillcris in swearing on the Testament not to breathe a word of the scandal on consideration that Hornblower transfers the Centry to Hillcris at a reasonable figure, Dawker, despised, flouted and insulted beyond endurance by Charley Hornblower, tells Charley the story of Chloe's shame; and Charley reviles her.

Hillcris is aghast at the thought of the depths to which he has sunk. He and his wife are as mired as

the Hornblowers; there is not a rag to choose between them. "Hypocrite," hisses Hornblower at the end, when Hillcris expresses his sorrow. The word pierces Hillcris through and through. "What's gentility worth if it can't stand fire?" he asks, as the curtain falls.

An excellent play, and the acting is evenly good—very good indeed—throughout. As Hornblower Mr. Edmund Gwenn makes the best of a splendid opportunity for vivid characterisation and powerful acting. But why particularise where all are excellent. The technique of the play shows Mr. Galsworthy at his best; but he fails in one scene. The auction scene is tedious. We miss the crowd. It is no use asking us, the audience, to pretend that we are the crowd; we cannot do it. We are generally too busy following the conflict on the stage or the fortunes of one particular player. The rest of the audience does not, or should not, exist for us. And this is a point that needs emphasis; for it is one of Mr. Galsworthy's weaknesses. We saw it in that powerful play "Justice." The trial scene there was "real"; but only occasionally were we lifted out of the police court atmosphere into the surge of dramatic emotion. In that one scene there are fourteen pages of long speeches; the defending counsel opening with one of four pages! On the other hand, in "Strife," Mr. Galsworthy assembled a crowd with real dramatic effect. The speeches were pithy—suggestions of speeches, and the crowd played up to them.

There is also a danger of Mr. Galsworthy stereotyping his characters. The hard, unfeeling and utterly ruthless cave-woman, Mrs. Hillcris, we have met before in his plays. In "The Silver Box" she is called Mrs. Barthwick; in "Joy" she is Mrs. Hope; and we find her—considerably toned down, but essentially the same—as Enid Underwood in "Strife." All these women are ready to hit below the belt, to play foul in a "Skin Game." "Rubbish!" says Mrs. Barthwick, when her husband prates of his principles. "You haven't any! Your principles are nothing in the world but sheer fright!" Persistence in exposing this type of woman admittedly common in certain high levels of society will lose its effect if it is not restrained.

The success of Mr. Galsworthy on the English stage is a considerable achievement; for English realism is rarely impressive. The baring of the soul in public is an offence to the English temperament. Mr. Galsworthy troubles our minds; he sets us to brooding over uncomfortable problems; he insists upon our seeing, not two but twenty-two, sides of a question. He gives us little pleasure, but he holds us. He even compels us to listen to him again and again.

CURSOR MUNDI.*

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

THERE is a passage in one of those deathless and delightful Irish R.M. stories that seems like the ultimate criticism of Mr. Wells's historical epic:

* "The Outline of History: Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind." By H. G. Wells, with the Help of Ernest Barker, Sir E. Ray Lankester, Sir H. H. Johnston and Professor Gilbert Murray. Illustrated by J. F. Horrabin. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

Just as the Poundlick Races are about to begin there is a diversion: "'Boys, hurry! There's a man dead, north!' shrieked a boy, leaping from the top of a bank, 'come north till we see him!'" We proceeded in the direction of the catastrophe. The dead man was even less dead than I had expected. He was leaning against a fence, explaining to Dr. Catherine



Photo by Foulsham & Banfield

At the Auction.

Mr. Athol Stewart Hillcrest, Miss Helen Heye as Mrs. Hillcrest, Miss Meggie Altanosi, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Hornblower in "The Skin Game."



Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

Hornblower surrenders.

Mr. George Elton as Dawker; Miss Helen Heye as Mrs. Hillcrest, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Hornblower, in Mr. John Galsworthy's play, "The Skin Game," at St. Martin's Theatre.

Fraser that he felt all the noise of all the wars of all the worlds within in his head. Dr. Fraser replied that she would like a more precise description. The sufferer, whose colour was returning, varied the metaphor, and said that the sound was for all the world like the quacking of ducks."

In Mr. Wells's cosmic drama the curtain rises on a chaos of weltering world-stuff smitten with perpetual rain that hisses and steams in the fervent heat. Presently, as in some super-Wagnerian opera, the curtain of cloud thins off, and we see a world of gross and fecund swamps with obscene life stirring faintly in the slime. And then we pass to aboriginal man clubbing savagely at his fellows, to Assyria and Egypt and Alexander and imperious Cæsar (here dead and turned to clay), and all the noise of all the wars of the world sounds in our ears. The ages roll away; and the curtain falls at the end on a huddle of little men haggling round a table—they are Signor Orlando of tottering Italy, Monsieur Clemenceau, called "The Tiger," but cunning and obstinately porcine rather than feline, Mr. Lloyd George, fluent, shifty, hectic, and the defeated ruler of "the country that won the war," the shattered and silenced idealist called President Woodrow Wilson; and there, in the spirit of tradesmen making a deal, without vision, without charity, without hope, they bargain away the destinies of nations; and the noise is for all the world like the quacking of ducks.

This distracted globe has been in travail for unthinkable ages, and has produced Us. From Chaos to Churchill! Was it all worth while?

To-day a million dead lie in the fields and under the waters, and a million blind and maimed creep on in pain and poverty, and still the little men haggle round their table; and the noise is for all the world like the quacking of ducks.

What a story!

It is a story no one has ever told before, a story that perhaps no one but Mr. Wells could have told in this way; and he is entitled to the highest praise that can be given to great talents greatly used. His scientific mind, his natural logic, his insatiable curiosity, his social courage, his teeming interest in life, his epic view of man, and his passion for parables—for pouring out his heart in lay sermons—all combine to make him the one man in England able to compile a history of human life and to endow it with a living interest. The highest compliment we can pay him is to say that he has filmed the world's story and made its course visible to the man in the street.

It is towards the making of such books as this in all departments of human knowledge that the first-hand research of specialists should be directed. The paradox of intellectual progress is that the more we discover the less we can learn. Once a man might take all knowledge for his province; but knowledge has grown from a province to an empire on which the sun never sets. We cannot course with the sun, and must be content to be busy in a corner, until some one with the magic of art gives us glimpses of the strange seas that we can never voyage in. After the artisans of knowledge must come the artist. We have reached a period, when these daring syntheses are specially needed in philosophy, in history, in science. The rapidly

broadening sweeps of knowledge have been accompanied by no broadening of vision. Bewildered with teeming facts and discoveries, we look on amazed, disheartened, hopeless. The world welters with knowledge, yet people were never so ignorant. Here such writers as Mr. Wells can help us. He has courageously attempted to reduce all history, whether recorded in rocks or in writings, into the compass of any man's reading, and we may now say decisively that no one can hereafter claim to be educated who is ignorant of this new "Cursor Mundi." The reader is not bound to agree with the writer's views; but he must know why he disagrees. The learned friends who have helped and advised Mr. Wells record their dissent or hesitation at many points in most valuable foot-notes, and there are numerous references that will enable the reader to pursue questions that specially attract him. But whatever our doubts about details or interpretation, here we have in six hundred and fifty pages a sketch of what every civilised man should know about the human society in which he lives and for which he is responsible.

Although I am not a learned person I want to venture a few reservations of my own. I feel that the book as a whole suffers a little from Mr. Wells's extraordinary response of mind to circumstances. He keeps pace with the times so eagerly that his Utopia of to-day is not his Utopia of yesterday or to-morrow. The book ends more as a Tract for the Times than as a History. Thus, Mr. Wells is so anxious—so righteously anxious—to discredit our contemporary little Napoleons, that he is unjust to the great original. He denounces Napoleon as shrilly as if he were denouncing the Northcliffe Press. His chapter would have been eagerly accepted as an article by the *Quarterly Review* or *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820; for the effect of his bitter invective is that readers are left with the impression that Napoleon was a monster tyrant righteously attacked by all the forces of freedom, and that Pitt, Castlereagh, Metternich, Russia, Prussia and the rest of the jackals, were the saviours of Europe. We fought against Napoleon, Pitt assured us, for one great right, Security. Security! Yes, but what security? The security of monarchs to keep mankind in chains. Regarded absolutely Napoleon was as disastrous as any other expression of military egoism; but compared with the mob of legitimists who conspired to crush him, he was an apostle of liberty:

"Napoleon! 'twas a high name lifted high;
It met at last God's thunder sent to clear
Our compassing and covering atmosphere,
And open a clear sight, beyond the sky,
Of supreme empire: this of earth's was done—
And kings crept out again to feel the sun.

"The kings crept out—the peoples sate at home—
And finding the long invoked peace
A pall embroidered with worn images
Of rights divine, too scant to cover doom
Such as they suffered—cursed the corn that grew
Rankly to bitter bread on Waterloo."

Is Mr. Wells on the side of these creeping kings? The revolutions of 1830 and 1848 were the reply of maddened peoples to the "liberty" given them by the infantry of Wellington and the hussars of Blücher, and the end is not yet. What monarchical Europe

did to Revolutionary France is being exactly paralleled in what commercial Europe has done to Revolutionary Russia. Let there be any attempt to find a way out of our predatory system, whether the attempt be made by single prophets, by groups, or by nations, and all the resources of greed, stupidity and mendacity are marshalled in opposition. There is a cult of Castle-reagh at the moment; he is openly lauded as the man who was not afraid to shoot down reformers; and I believe that Mr. Wells's violence against Napoleon will be understood as approval of Napoleon's antagonists and their view of "security." There was a Napoleon

to whom Beethoven dedicated his Eroica Symphony, though he tore up the dedication when the mummery of the Empire began. We hear nothing of Beethoven's Napoleon from Mr. Wells. I ask him to consider the probable course of European history after 1794 if Napoleon had never existed. Deserter as Napoleon was from the great movement that helped to make him, nevertheless he is identified in the popular mind with the struggle of a nation for freedom to choose its own form of government. Napoleon is the biggest advertisement the French Revolution has ever had.

The great name of Beethoven invoked above brings me to my main cause of dissatisfaction with Mr. Wells's story. Mr. Wells tells us something about Heracles, but nothing about Heracleitus, something about the Ptolemies, but nothing about Pythagoras. Lucretius is mentioned; but I cannot recall any reference to



Mr. H. G. Wells.

From a drawing by Robert J. Swan.

Leibniz or Descartes or Spinoza or Shakespeare or Milton or Shelley. And of course mere musicians like Mozart and Beethoven and mere painters like Rembrandt and Titian have no part in this world-history. Surely something serious is wanting in the story of mankind from which these makers of mind and soul are omitted! Surely Mr. Wells does not want to encourage the belief that art is a mere ornament with which the truly serious man must learn to dispense! Are the poets to be driven from his Commonwealth, as from Plato's? What is the matter with the world to-day is just that belief in nothing but material things, with its

natural opposite, a resort to the wildest superstitions of occultism. Great art, like laughter or love, is a mode of sane and wholesome life, and without it man is but a part of man, and not the better part. I believe that in the "history of life and mankind" Shakespeare is more important than Shalmaneser and Beethoven more important than Barbarossa, and I want another Mr. Wells to give us another outline of history in which the creative work of the artists and philosophers shall have its eternal and glorious place; for I have closed the present volume with admiration and amazement, but with a feeling that what Mr. Wells has written is the history, not of man, but of the voter. In the beginning of his story we hear the roar of chaos clearing into the music of the spheres; in the end we hear nothing but the noise of politics; and the sound is for all the world like the quacking of ducks.

JOHN EVELYN: 1620-1920.

By F. C. OWLETT.

ON the 31st October, 1620, at Wotton House, near Dorking, was born John, the second son of Richard Evelyn, Esquire, whose father, George Evelyn, had acquired wealth in the manufacture of gunpowder—Fortune's pretty way of securing independence and leisure to our pacific diarist. At five years of age John was sent to his maternal grandfather's place at Lewes, and became a scholar at Southover Free School, where he continued to attend until he entered Balliol

College, Oxford, in May, 1637. In 1640 he and his younger brother, Richard, went into residence at the Middle Temple, whence they were suddenly recalled to Wotton by the illness of their father, who died on the 24th December of that year. There and then ended John's dalliance with the law—"That impolished study to which (I suppose) my father had designed me." From July to October, 1641, he was adventuring in Holland and Belgium. In November, 1643, he again

left England. By this time the Civil War was in full swing, and the pressure which it seems had been put on the young man to subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant had persuaded him that it was a propitious moment for setting out on the Grand Tour. He nowhere puts himself forward as a hero and with the necessary space at our disposal it would be easy to show that he was anything but a coward. His contemporary, Halifax, might have claimed him as a fellow Trimmer, and anyhow the course steered by Evelyn through the political storms of his time has its best vindication in the famous and eloquent "Character."

The story of his wanderings through France, Italy and Switzerland, accompanied during part of the time by Edmund Waller the poet, and other of his "malcontent" countrymen, fills a fourth of the entire "Diary," and is brought to a close by his return to England in October, 1647. But not before he had been married in Paris (27th June) to Mary, daughter of Sir Richard Browne, the English Ambassador, the officiating clergyman having been the royalist exile Dr. John Earle, known to fame as the writer of "Microcosmographie." It was an ideal union, and was to last for nearly sixty years.

On the execution of the King on the 30th January, 1649, Evelyn (who in 1641 had seen fall "the wisest head in England") "kept the day of his martyrdom a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickedness." At last, on the 3rd September, 1658, "Died that arch-rebel, Oliver Cromwell, called Protector"; and Evelyn became active among those who planned the return of Charles II. He was in fact invited to go himself to Holland to bring over the King, but owing to illness had to be content with passively watching the royal entry into London on the 29th May, 1660. "I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God."

Thenceforward, for the remainder of a long life which was by no means minus its exciting passages, he devoted himself to the public service, filling an astonishing number of rôles with great advantage to the common weal. For loftiness of purpose and singleness of heart, and as a great decliner of honours and titles in an age that scrambled for them with perhaps rather more than the usual indecency, he is worthy to be held in everlasting honour.

When talking or writing of Evelyn one seldom gets very far without introducing the name of his diaristic



John Evelyn.

After a portrait by Nanteuil.

foil, Sam Pepys. The pair were very good friends, and, filling with conspicuous ability responsible offices in the State, each was identified with the development of the Navy under the Stuarts. Each committed his thoughts on private and public affairs to a diary "not for publication," and the diary of each was duly made public in the early years of an inquisitive and acquisitive Nineteenth century. There however the parallel ends; and if one may imagine Evelyn's spirit having been moved to a smile in 1818, one may depend on it that, in 1825, the ghost of his more vulnerable friend shuddered into nothingness. For the rest, Pepys, who planned to write, but never wrote, a History of the First Dutch War, succeeded in losing Evelyn's own written History of

the Second Dutch War, which had been lent for his encouragement. At any rate, nobody appears to know what happened to it (always with the possible exception of Warburton's cook).

And now a word on Evelyn's style. He has no style. This I venture to affirm in spite of the expressed opinion of an admirable stylist of our own day, who says that "He [Evelyn] was much the oldest of the new writers, and was, perhaps, the very earliest to go deliberately to French models of brevity and grace." Brevity and grace! Mr. Gosse, a right excellent judge of French literary graces, and himself an exemplar of graceful English, has been caught nodding here, and I do not sleep. Professor Saintsbury, the Jupiter Olympus of modern criticism, pronounces wakefully on the diarist, that he has "little idiosyncrasy of composition or expression. He has neither the splendour of the old style nor the precision and telling point of the new." Ruskin's praise of Evelyn's "Sylva" as the best book on forest trees of any European language or time, coming as it does from *that* wonderful master of style, may seem to lend countenance to Mr. Gosse, till one remembers, first, that in literary criticism Ruskin was always wilful, and (consequently) nearly always wrong, and, secondly, that he never ceased to deplore the fact that people read his *own* books for his fine writing, rather than for his information and teaching.

The truth is that we are not called on to regard Evelyn's work in terms of style. His aims are quite clearly discernible, and they did not lie in that direction. Such literary ambition as he had was that of the encyclopædist. He wrote luminously (and voluminously, as Sheridan would have added) on a bewildering variety

with casts were unknown before the eighteenth century. Said to have originally been in the collection of James Bindley, a bibliophile and curio-hunter, who died in 1818, this remarkable bill was first given to the world in "The Actor's Budget" in 1820. Since that it has been seriously accepted by many stage historians and is now incorporated with the absorbing story of Old Drury. In this way a wrong date has been widely disseminated for the inception of our great national theatre.

Now, after the lapse of a century, during which nobody knew of its whereabouts, this mysterious fabrication has emerged from obscurity and been acquired by Mrs. Enthoven, a lady well known to theatrical antiquaries as the proud possessor of the largest and finest collection of London playbills in the world. By her kind permission it is now reproduced in exact facsimile for the first time. Mounted for preservation on stiff paper, its soiled, worn aspect gives it an air of antiquity to which it has no claim. This is largely contributed to by the printer's over-meticulous substitution of "v's" for "u's," though he omitted to note that to be in keeping with the period the "s" in "Thursday" should have been old-faced and like a modern "f." The truth is that the able antiquary who forged the bill was not astute enough to cover up all his tracks. He was sufficiently well posted not to give to a seventeenth-century bill the amplitude which marked the bills of succeeding times, but he committed at least one vital error of omission. Whether or not the bill, as being the first announcement issued by the King's Players from the new Theatre Royal, should have been headed by the royal arms, it is at any rate certain that the bill, if genuine, would have been finished off with the then customary "Vivat Rex." Contributory, however, as are these minor flaws, demonstration of the forgery relies on external evidence.

All the details in the bill save the hour of commencing and the prices of admission were derived from Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus*, an inaccurate and rambling record of Restoration stage annals, published in 1708, when the erstwhile prompter, its author, was suffering from senile decay. Here is the erroneous statement on which the forger based, even going so far as to adopt some of the phraseology: "The Company being thus Compleat, they opened the New Theatre in *Drury Lane*, on Thursday in *Easter Week*, being the 8th Day of *April*, 1663, with the Humorous Lieutenant. *Note*, This Comedy was Acted Twelve Days Successively."

Following this Downes gives a cast of the principal characters: "King, Mr. Wintershel; Demetrius, Mr.

Hart; Seleucus, Mr. Burt; Leontius, Major Mohun; Lieutenant, Mr. Clun; Celia, Mrs. Marshal."

So complete is the resemblance between Downes's statement and the bill, it is plain that the latter must have been based on the former. Both speak of "the new Theatre in Drury Lane," both fix the date inaccurately at Thursday, April 8th, 1663, and both give the same incomplete cast of principals.

Unhappily for the forger, Pepys's Diary failed to be transcribed for publication until 1825, otherwise he would have detected Downes's blundering. But if he had taken the simple precaution to consult a perpetual calendar he would have seen that April 8th, 1663, fell on a Wednesday, not a Thursday, and not in Easter week but ten days earlier. That undoubtedly would have given him pause, because he knew enough about old-time theatrical routine to grasp that no new playhouse would ever have been opened in Lent.

The evidence of Pepys reveals the stupidity of Downes and clearly proves the bill a forgery. On May 7th, 1663, we find Pepys writing, "This day the new Theatre Royal begins to act with scenes the Humorous Lieutenant, but I have not time to see it." This must not be taken to mean that the King's Players had previously acted the play at the new theatre without scenery. It is simply a record of the fact that they then began to use scenery for the first time, their previous theatre in Vere Street having been fitted up in the old Elizabethan manner. The date of opening is confirmed by the details given by the diarist on the following day:

"Thence to my brother's and there took up my wife and Ashwell to the Theatre Royall, being the second day of its being opened. . . . The play was the Humorous Lieutenant, a play that hath little good in it, nor much in the very part which by the King's command, Lacy now acts instead of Clun."

Clun had formerly acted the title character in the play when it was given at Court by the King's Players in April, 1661, and the fact that Lacy was now substituted in it at the King's command shows how deeply Downes's memory had betrayed him.

There is good reason to believe that the forger of the bill was that great Elizabethan scholar, John Payne Collier, who besmirched a fine career by concocting many documents and falsifying others with the view of establishing theories. That Collier was a collector, among other things, of seventeenth-century bills and broadsides is known. A Red Bull fencing bill of 1663, formerly in his possession, is reproduced in that olla podrida of diversified pleasings, the "Rariora," of John Eliot Hodgkin.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief quotation from any English author to be placed over the entrance to a Free Library.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The Prize for the best lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to A. D. Johnson, of Duckpool Farm, Morte-hoe, North Devon, and C. A. Macartney, cher Mme. Michel-Vallar, 8, Grande Rue, Grenoble, Dép. d'Iserè, France, for the following :

MARCH DUST.

If he comes in winter, winter shall be spring ;
The year shall run back again, and bring the budding-time

With the blue sky showing through the rifts up aloft,
And the March dust blowing on the King's high road.

Or if he comes in spring, it shall be a fairer spring
Than ever went abroad since the waking of the world
With the clear stream flowing that was bound by the frost
And the March dust blowing on the King's high road.

But he will not come in winter, he will not come in spring ,
All things come again, but he will not return
With the green things growing through the fallen leaves,
And the March dust blowing on the King's high road.

Old folk die in winter, at the grip of the frost ;
They die in the dead time ; but I shall wait for spring ;
Wait for the knowing that I look forth in vain
Through the March dust blowing on the King's high road.

A. D. JOHNSON.

IN THE NIGHT.

Waking suddenly up
Still I listen and lie . . .
What has shaken the night,
Passing quietly by ?

Never a step in the street,
Never a wind to blow ,
Nothing stirring above,
Nothing moving below.

Yet in the midnight hour
Under the silent sky
Something came where I slept,
Passing quietly by,

Dropping out of the height,
Rising out of the deep,
Past the veil of the stars,
Through the curtain of sleep—

Was it the wings of Death
Rushing down from on high ?
Was it your soul, my soul,
Passing quietly by ?

C. A. MACARTNEY.

We also select for printing :

MAGDALENE.

The matron draws her skirts aside,
The righteous sigh ;
The maiden lifts her head in pride,
As *She* goes by

Red roses lie upon her breast,
And in her hair ;
Her eyes are dim with a soul's unrest,
And tragic care.

Her lips are stained with sin, they say,
And yet there's this :
A child cried by the road one day—
She stooped to kiss.

She dried his tears with tender hands,
Her eyes were wet ;
And He Who saw her understands,
Tho' all forget.

(Ethel E. Mannin, St. Catharines, Vicarage Road,
Twickenham.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Malcom Hemphrey (Farnborough), M. B. (Calne), Myfanwy Price (Spilsby), Laurence Groom (London, N.W.), Marguerite Sanders (London, W.), Enid M. Norman (Weston), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Nora Malleson (London, W.), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), M. D. Baynes (Stroud), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Vera K. Nation (London, W.C.), Freda I. Noble (London, E.), N. R. Saker (London, N.), W. A. G. Kemp (Northwood), Mrs. P. H. Sitters (West Ealing), F. Davidson (Bryansford), Edith Potter (Chapel-en-le-Frith), E. D. Bangay (St. Helens, Auckland), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Elsie H. Raspin (Bradford), Phyllis Erica Noble (Forest Rise), Margaret A. Fountain (Wimbledon), Grace M. Tyrrell (West Kensington), Marie R. Cross (Bristol), E. M. K. Harington (Folkestone), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Barbe H. Annaud (Glasgow), E. M. Taylor (London, N.W.), Mrs. Hearn (Florence), G. Seccombe (Exmouth), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Vivien Brett Smith (Bournemouth), Cecil Thomas (Quetta), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Netta Pollok (Glasgow), J. A. B. (Highgate), Delphine Stringer (London, N.W.), Beatrice A. Chester (Doncaster), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), Roland Goodchild (Nelson, Canada), K. R. Corlett (Lowestoft), A. P. Kingston (Willenhall), P. H. Lulham (Brighton), James Paton (Natal), Charles Edinburgh (Rugby), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), P. Hoole Jackson (Stockport), R. Scott Frayn (Timperley), Doreen

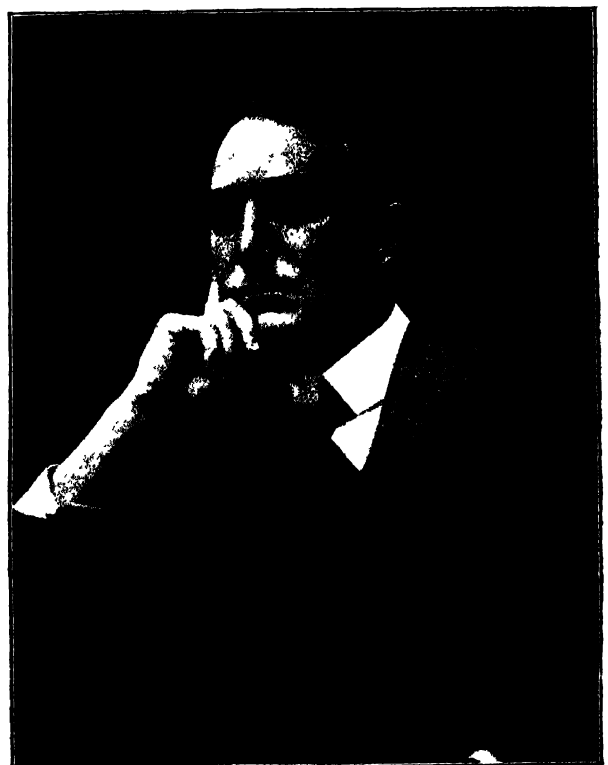


Photo by Capt. Payne, M.C.

Mr. Draycott M. Dell,

whose brilliant new romance, "Drake's Drum," has just been published by Messrs. Jarrold.



Photo by W. L. Berry

"John Knipe,"

whose successful romance, "The Watch-Dog of the Crown,"
was recently published by Mr. John Lane

Hateley (Walsall), C. L. Alexander (Harrogate), Mary F. E. Cotter (Harrow), D. A. Russell Gregg (Bristol), Francis I. Venables (Forest Hill), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Joan Warry (Dorset), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), W. S. Abbott (Oxford), Margaret Malim (Rochdale), Leslie J. Richards (Jarrow), G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), Mary A. Emerson (Whitby), Gwladys V. Smallpiece (Felsted), Gweneth Evan Jones (Brockenhurst), H. Round (Clapton), Miriam A. Coppinger (Cork), C. M. Cokes (Ealing).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to W. Swancomb, of 50, Mile End Road, Norwich, for the following:

THE SEVEN WIVES OF BLUEBEARD

TRANSLATED BY D. B. STEWART. (John Lane.)

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all "

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

We also select for printing:

BONES. BY EDGAR WALLACE.

(Ward, Lock)

" Alas, poor Yorick "

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

(M. Turner, King's Walden, Windsor.)

MY PROFITABLE FRIENDS. BY ARNOLD PALMER.

(Selwyn & Blount)

" Of his bones are corals made
Those are pearls that were his eyes. "

Tempest.

(F. Waterfield, Hagley Hall, Rugeley, Staffs.)

THE PIPES OF WAR.

BY BREVET-COLONEL SIR BRUCE SETON, BART.

(Maclehose)

" Fourpence a day for baccy—an' bloomin' gen'rous, too "
KIPLING, "*Back to the Army again*." (*Barrack-room Ballads*.)

(M. Godfrey, Brockham, Danbury, Essex.)

THE PASSION OF LABOUR. BY ROBERT LYND.

(Bell.)

" Giving too little and asking too much. "

GEORGE CANNING, *Dispatch to Our Ambassador in Holland*.

(Ernest A. Carr, 6, Essendon Road, Sanderstead, Surrey.)

THE MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY

BY A. W. MARCHMONT. (Ward, Lock.)

" Who is it that can tell me who I am ? "

SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, Act I., Sc. iv.

(Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool.)

DOMESTIC LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

BY JOHN WARRACK, F.S.A.Scot. (Methuen.)

" There's many a black, black eye, they say. "

TENNYSON, *The May Queen*.

(Annie Allen, 108, Willow Avenue, Edgbaston, Birmingham.)

III. Several of the papers sent in for this competition are disqualified because they disregard the stipulation that the record shall be of a " personal experience that has convinced the writer that human beings are or are not masters of their own fates." Some of the anecdotes are inconclusive; the few that are in the affirmative fail to make a strong case and sometimes prove the contrary; the majority are in the negative. THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Habberton Latham, of The Limes, Framlingham, Suffolk, for the following:

THE RUNAWAY.

Cycling one day, I heard a galloping behind me, and found myself being overtaken by a runaway horse in an empty cart, some five hundred yards away. The road was clear ahead and it seemed that none but myself was endangered and, rightly or wrongly, I thought my limbs of more value than cartwheels, and my life than a horse's; so, dismounting, I hastily decided to let them pass, and retreated to the hedge. But when the animal had come within about a hundred yards, suddenly I " changed " my mind, and, stepping into the roadway, waved my hands and shouted at him, with the result that, when some ten paces away, he swerved on to the sidesward. Then, as he came level with me, I made a rush, seized the reins, and, hanging on, brought him to a standstill against the opposite hedge. I turned him and led him back, and soon met a running butcher's boy who received him with many expressions of satisfaction: " Thank 'ee, sir," he panted, " I'd have lost my job over this if he'd smashed up, for I let him get away last week. " Then I rode on, but found myself meditating with anything but satisfaction on my adventure. I felt humiliated: my change of decision had, apparently, been made by some other self than the one I thought I knew—one which might have killed me. Why had I taken this foolish, needless risk? Before long I concluded that I had not voluntarily taken it, but had only obeyed instincts lying unguessed within me: commands I had no power, in the moment of excitement, to disobey. I think I was not then, and may not ever be, alone the master of my fate, but only the agent of forbears, living still or passed from life.

We select for special commendation the replies by J. Campbell (Liverpool), Hilda Fletcher (Highgate), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), Gwendolen Leijonknfoud (Bournemouth West), A. Violet Gandy (Bath), Taher S. Mahomadi (Chelsea), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Percy H. Jackson (Stockport), Elsie Johnson (Hull), Frank Clarkson (Hull), O. L. M. (London, E.C.).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Alan D. Emerson, of 7, Belvedere West, Taunton, for the following:

THE SONG OF THE BLOOD-RED FLOWER.

BY JOHANNES LINNANKOSKI. (Gyldendal.)

It is good to turn for a moment from modern English literature, with its welter of impressionism and intellectual reminiscence, and sun ourselves in the old pre-Raphaelite

charm that Johannes Linnankoski has captured in his idyll of young, handsome Olof, whom women loved too well. Olof's poetic adventures in passion read like northern Amores, but their simple candour is completely disarming. The latter half of the book, in which the ghosts of his lovers come back to haunt Olof's married life, lies gloomily in the shadow of Ibsen, until the inartistic but inevitable baby arrives to put matters right.

We also select for printing :

OPEN THE DOOR. BY CATHERINE CARSWELL
Melrose

The weakest part of this novel, otherwise a strong and skilful bit of work, is the story—it is a mere chronicle of a passionate Scotch girl's relations with men. Incidentally, we have her revolt from the narrow piety which her mother represents, but Mrs. Bannerman is an unusually interesting example of her type, a pathetic figure sympathetically drawn. It is a great pity that the development of the other characters suffers through the authoress's over-concentration on her heroine—this applies especially to the portrayal of the most attractive man in the book, Lawrence Urquhart, a shy but strong and generous nature.

(Winifred M. Davies, 148, King Street, Brynmawr,
Breconshire.)

THE RESCUE BY JOSEPH CONRAD. Dent

This romance of the Malay seas will rank as Mr. Conrad's highest achievement in literature. He unfolds with dramatic power the story of Captain Lingard, wanderer and man of the sea, who by strange ways is brought to a final stern decision between honour and passion for a woman chance driven into his life. In his treatment of the complex theme, Mr. Conrad's qualities are finely displayed, the masterly delineation of character, the wonderful "atmosphere," visualising every scene with

the vividness of tropical sunlight; and the classic perfection of style, welding the whole into a work of supreme art.

(Alan C. Fraser, "Highlands," St. George's Road,
Broadstairs.)

LEGEND. BY CLEMENCE DANE (Heinemann.)

"Legend" defies criticism. One is caught up, by Miss Dane's magic, into a smoke-clouded room, containing a group of neurotic, morbid, intensely real people flung together for an evening, and we construct for ourselves from Anita's jealous hatred, Kent's love, Lilla's patronage and the delightful "Baxter girl's" *naïveté*, a legend of as wholly enchanting a woman as ever wandered through the land of fiction. Miss Dane has done more than write an amazing novel, from the smoke and dust of dead words and faded memories she has built up an enduring portrait of the soul of Madala Grey.

(Angela Cave, Battledown Lodge, Parkwood Road,
Bournemouth.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by M. Whitaker (Carlton), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon), Annie P. Pearson (Halifax), Mabel Etchells (Wallasey), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Norman H. Johnson (Hornsea Bridge), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), A. E. Gowers (Haverill), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Hester Joyce (Liskeard), E. B. Durrant (Hampstead), F. Oliver (Melton Constable), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), E. D. Lacey (Manchester), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), Gwendolme W. Bowes (Blackburn), Sybil Sandeman (London, S.W.), K. Harvey (Oundle).

V. THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO
THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss A. J. Board,
of 43, Royal Park, Clifton, Bristol.

"Mary Rose" and "Peter Pan" Prize Competitions—See announcement on page 1.

"THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED" AND ITS AUTHOR.

BY S. R. LITTLEWOOD

AMONG all the fruits of the London theatre, so important to the future as the little play at the little Ambassador's which brought Mr. H. M. Harwood in a single step to a place absolutely his own as one of our foremost dramatists. With "The Grain of Mustard Seed" Mr. Harwood has won a kind of charter for the political play of combined sanity, humour and intelligence. There have been other achievements of the time. Sir James Barrie and Mr. Galsworthy have kept their reputations above water—no mean thing—with "Mary Rose" and "The Skin Game," both produced, curiously enough, in the same week as "The Grain of Mustard Seed."

second "Peace" season—no doubt if there is any

Bright young fellows like Mr. Reginald Berkeley and Mr. Noël Coward have written agreeable comedies

upon familiar old plots. "Ian Hay" has done something of the same sort. But we have had nothing else that emerged like "The Grain of Mustard Seed," as a definite signpost, pointing to new possibilities, a new hope and a new faith.

The great fact about it is that it flouts triumphantly a belief which has hitherto dominated the whole organisation of our theatre—namely, that "judicial" ignorance and crass stupidity about everything else except sex, food and dress-making, are to be presupposed in a normal audience. Only those who have intimately to



Photo by Stage Photo Co.

Mr. H. M. Harwood.

do with the theatre know to what an extent this is regarded as an axiom. It is the very basis upon which the whole "minority-theatre" movement is founded. It is one of the reasons why, whenever there have been any attempts to get something better than pantomime-politics of the "three-cheers-for-beer" type upon the popular stage, they have always been stultified one way or the other. They have been so either through the dramatist coming down to the supposed level of his audience, or by his trying to awe them with paradoxes in the Shavian fashion, or bombard them with preaching, as Mr. Jones and Mr. Owen did in their anti-pacifist plays. True, in "Strife," Mr. Galsworthy came through with an earnest study of class-conflict. But it is to be doubted if "Strife" could be rightly described as "popular." Apart from it, there has not been a single play during the last twenty years in which a dramatist has taken for granted that the audience is politically as well-informed as himself, and succeeded upon that assumption. For the most part the cynical old tradition still divides our playgoing public into two supposed camps—a humourless minority and a brainless majority. Its effect remains disastrous. The supposition has almost made itself true. Between alternative banalities, a vast remainder of sensible people only tends the more to stay away from our prose-stage altogether.

It is this mountain of assumed stupidity that the faith of Mr. Harwood and of "The Grain of Mustard Seed" has started to push out of the way. Mr. Harwood has believed in his audience. He has written

just as candid and sincere and well-informed a political play for them as he would for himself. The result is that people of all persuasions have flocked to the Ambassador's. They have delighted over political arguments which would have been voted anathema by any traditional manager. They have laughed over lines that are, when you came to look at them, mere statements of common-sense opinion, but are so startlingly fresh to the stage that they seem to radiate brilliance over the whole play.

As it happened, though little he had yet done had prepared us for the exploit, no one could well have been more fitted than Mr. Harwood to break down the old conventions. He inspires confidence as well as invites it. He is at once representative and disinterested. He is not a "crank." He belongs to no clique—"high-brow" or otherwise. An old Marlborough boy, son of a Bolton cotton-spinner and Member of Parliament, he is, like his fellow-playwright, Mr. Maugham, a doctor by profession—indeed, he was house-surgeon at St. Thomas's in 1916. He has varied things by being, for a time, managing-director in his father's firm. In short, he is just a good, sound blend of the professional and commercial elements in upper-middle class English life. As a captain in the R.A.M.C. he went through experiences in Egypt and elsewhere which put him in healthy sympathy with a "demobbed" world. Solid prosperity and ability lie at the back of him. His early plays—he seems to have been play-writing since he was little over twenty—were pleasant, popular, frankly "managerial" comedies. One remembers

"Please Help Emily," "Interlopers" and "Billeted" (the last of them written with Mr. Edward Knoblock) as bright trifles with some whimsies of feminine character for Miss Gladys Cooper and Miss Iris Hoey, but nothing more. A little one-act Grand Guignol play called "The Mask," which Mr. Harwood adapted from a story by Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, was of a very different type and as horrible as could be; but the horror was not Mr. Harwood's apparent contribution. Then, suddenly, with "The Grain of Mustard Seed," written while he was far away from theatres on active service in Egypt, Mr. Harwood launched forth upon his campaign of faith! How far it is from the trail of present-day accepted dramas may, or may not, be shown in the fact that, even after having had the pluck to write it, Mr. Harwood was constrained (being a comparatively rich as well as business-like man) to "present" it himself. Another decisive and encouraging feature! Since Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's essay in management years ago, Mr. Harwood is, I fancy, the first dramatist whose name has appeared as "sole lessee" upon his own programmes.

What, then, of the play itself? Brilliantly written as it is, with its now classic epigrams, like that on the reputation Canute would have made if he had waited for high-tide, the lasting value of "The Grain of Mustard Seed" seems to me to lie in the declaration and fulfilment



Photo by Stage Photo Co.

Lord Henry advises.

Mr. Fred Kerr as the Right Hon. Lord Henry Markham, M.P., and Miss Cathleen Nesbit as Marjorie Corbett, in Mr. H. M. Harwood's play, "The Grain of Mustard Seed," at the Ambassador's Theatre.

in itself of this new doctrine of faith—faith in one's fellow men. Compared with this, brilliant dialogue is a drug in the market. Jerry Weston, Mr. Harwood's triumphant optimist, with his belief that "most men mean well" and that "democracy will never be safe for the world until some one trusts the people well enough to tell them the truth," is not merely a bright piece of characterisation and a fine part for Mr. Norman McKinnel. He is at once a political and a dramatic inspiration. The play itself, as we have seen, was the product of a kindred faith to his. One has a strong suspicion that the whole science of politics, the world over, would be all the better for more Westons. Old Lord Markham, with his instinctive claim to the driver's job on the "bus of State," is a good deal more specious and, in the always agreeable person of Mr. Fred Kerr, perhaps a little flattering to his class. Still, the talks between these two—not to mention Mr. Garforth, the "moderate" man—are they not more interesting, more exciting, just because they are candid and unafraid of any misunderstanding on the audience's part, than all the crime-plots and toy-romances of a whole season put together?

Of course there is the egregious blot of the heroine. How much better it would have been if Mr. Harwood's baby-food hero could have chosen for his soul's comrade Jane Strood—the delightfully Disraelian lady whom Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis plays with such grace—instead of that merely spoiled Marjory, who seemed to me neither a girl of the period nor worthy of any of the anxious praise she gets! Possibly she might be open to cure by being told very drastically the truth about herself, and made to feel in her bones that she is a nasty-minded little hussy, unfit for the society of decent people. But why waste an audience's time over that?



The Confession.

Mr. Norman McKinnel as Jerry Weston, and Miss Cathleen Nesbit as Marjorie Corbett, in "The Grain of Mustard Seed."

It is little wonder that when Weston's election is over, the real interest of the play is done. One cares so little about the state of the heroine's amatory affairs, that even the interrogation mark at curtain-fall does not stir one's curiosity. It all goes to prove that Mr. Harwood is even more justified than he himself thought in trusting an ordinary after-dinner audience to take an interest in something else—something worth thinking over.

New Books.

GREEN APPLE HARVEST.*

"There was Cox of Haiselman's, and Pepper of Weights, and Bream of Little Moat, and Dunk of Shoywell, and Willard of Boarnsey." This sentence, slightly varied, but always charged with a loam-like odour and a loam-like heaviness, recurs frequently in Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's fine novel, "Green Apple Harvest." Her Sussex names are like a grand-bass whose rumour is always heard beneath the complexities and the discords of her ambitious but very beautiful composition. She has selected them with a talent almost as infallible in this respect as Balzac's, for she realises that a name helps not only to depict, but also to shape, character. An almost loving attention to detail may be observed on every page; so carefully and unobtrusively are the details accumulated, that the reader absorbs them unconsciously, but he has not read fifty pages before he is aware that the air he is breathing is the air peculiar to the Rother Valley, that the men and women have sprung

*"Green Apple Harvest." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)

from the Rother Valley soil, that the smells, the sounds, the dawns, the sunsets, even the moon herself, are native to that little corner of England, and to no other place. It is without effort, he feels, that she has seized on those characteristics differentiating the four square miles she has chosen from the rest of the world. In the whole of her book there is nothing alien to the place; not an observation of moment that is not plucked from the Rother Valley's heart; not a turn of speech that is not faithful to that land. But this unceasing patience is never laborious because, perhaps, it is not patience at all, but merely the result of the easy functioning of apprehensive and accurate sense perceptions. It is not only that Miss Kaye-Smith sees, hears, and even smells directly: she remembers faithfully, and records with sensitive accuracy. It is impossible to catch her out.

Observation may carry an artist far in depicting inanimate nature, but other qualities are needed for the creation of living people. Robert Fuller, drawn full-length, can scarcely have been studied direct from life. In youth he is headstrong, pagan, and even meanly selfish: a

frequenter of public-houses: a love-maker in the country lanes at night: a man who with easy sincerity will bawl a hymn-tune in chapel, and shirk his work next day. To him, after a series of amorous adventures, comes a devastating passion. Hannah Iden, the gipsy, in Robert's own words, "wurn't born to määke men happy— she wur born to määke them men." His brother, Clem, devoted and almost sister-like in his affection, is solicitous on Robert's account. "Is she sweet to love?" he asks. "Is she sweet!" retaliates Robert—and here comes to us the echo of George Borrow's voice—"Is the fire sweet? Is the winter sweet? Reckon you don't know näun of love. There's hard and soft love, säum as there's hard and soft kisses . . . there's a kind wot määkes your heart lik a broäken stoa." When Hannah has had her fill of her Gentile lover she "marries romanly," and Robert's mind, disintegrated by passion, catches fire at the torch of a special kind of Calvinism. He becomes a wandering preacher, criticised harshly by the faithful, jeered at by the non-elect, but yet feeling that he "cud bust the plääce up wud love and joy." The months pass until at last his religious duties bring him into contact with Hannah once more. More than anything on earth he desires her soul for God. He is left alone with her, and is tempted by her broken, sordid beauty. His poor, dizzied brain plays him false: a clasp and a kiss, a shriek of protest from Hannah, a murderous fight with her husband, and then six months in jail. . . . But that is not the end. His dark life staggers on to its meanly tragic close; he is ducked into a pond by his erstwhile companions, and dies ignobly, drugged by his doctor. "If Bob had only had sense," says Polly, Clem's wife, "he might have come to be a saint and martyr—who knows? He had the makings of one; but he had no sense—if he'd had sense he'd be alive now."

That indeed was Robert's prime defect. Whether driven by passion or haunted by religion, he never behaved as other men. This figure, impressive in spite of his futilities, unstable and over-sexed, is presented by Miss Kaye-Smith with a naturalistic art free from all sentimentality. She is sympathetic towards him only in the sense that she is sympathetic towards all humanity. He is a wonderful achievement, not only because he is alive and credible, but because his difficult psychology is made plain to any understanding reader. Clem is an equally convincing piece of work; a hundred subtle touches of characterisation build up a man who, though submissive and unenterprising, is nevertheless extraordinarily vivid. It is perhaps in the creation of character that Miss Kaye-Smith is strongest; her people react to circumstance truly, but often unexpectedly, and by the time we reach the end of the story, we discover that even the minor people have developed and grown by the stress of life. In no derogatory sense she may be said to be a disciple—no doubt unconscious—of Thomas Hardy. Her gift for swift landscape drawing is remarkable. Throughout her book she welds most intimately her characters into the Sussex country-side, until they and inanimate nature seem inseparable; the autumn mists are like their passionate slow aspirations, the earth is their flesh, and the wind their breath.

So fine and notable a talent has already won wide recognition, but one feels that when this writer places even more trust in her own powers, and is ready to allow her imagination to take a wider sweep, she will give us work that will stand among the highest of our time.

GERALD CUMBERLAND.

FROM THE PERSIAN.*

Among the poets who flourished during the period dealt with in the third instalment of Professor Browne's great work, Hafiz was the bright particular star. More than a century ago Sir William Jones was translating him into English, French and Latin; but a younger man of letters

* "A History of Persian Literature under Tartar Dominion (A.D. 1265-1502)." By Edward G. Browne. 35s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

declared that, for his part, he would rather have written the worst page in the Odyssey than all the stuff Sir William made such a pother and palaver on. Professor Browne objects to Jones's translations as being much too free and scarcely poetical. His flowery version of what is perhaps the best-known ode by "the interpreter of mysteries," as Hafiz is called, would warrant the criticism. It is really an amplification of a couplet which, interpreted more literally, runs thus:

"If that unkindly Shiraz Turk would take my heart within her hand,
I'd give Bokhara for the mole upon her cheek, or Samarcand."

According to a Persian historian, Tamerlane, when he captured Shiraz, sent for the poet and rated him soundly—"miserable wretch that you are"—for this professed willingness to barter capital cities of a mighty empire for the mole on a wanton's face. "Sire," replied the poet, "it was through such prodigality that I have fallen on evil days," and his ready wit was rewarded with a handsome donation. The anecdote was most likely invented; but it is a fact that the same verses were happily quoted in the original by Sir Louns Dane when an ink-blot fell on the Anglo-Afghan Treaty he was deputed to sign in Kabul. Sir William Jones called Hafiz the Anacreon of Persia, which is far from a convincing appreciation. A truer and fuller notion of the poet's rank in literature may be gathered from Professor Browne's book. Hafiz, one of Sir John Malcolm's Persian friends remarked, has the singular good fortune of being praised alike by saints and sinners, and Professor Browne does not hesitate to pronounce him the most eminent and most famous of all the poets of Persia.

Shaikh Sa'di's couplet about ten dervishes sleeping on one carpet while a couple of kings could not rest in one kingdom was quoted by Goldsmith, as an Indian proverb, in "The Citizen of the World." Both Sa'di and Jalal-ed-Din Rumi, the mystic poet whose "Mesnavi" is read all over Islam, were living when the storm of Mongol invasion burst on Persia; but for them and their writings Professor Browne refers his readers to a previous volume. Of Jami, poet, scholar and mystic, a contemporary of Caxton and Sir Thomas Malory, and perhaps the most remarkable man of genius Persia has ever produced, we get a long and admirable account. FitzGerald's translation of his "Salaman and Absal," we are told, was rather free and somewhat abridged. A more popular work was Jami's romance of "Joseph and Zuleika" (Potifar's wife), of which there is a feeble translation by the late Alexander Rogers, and a far better one by Ralph Griffith, though this, oddly enough, Professor Browne has never seen. Among less known poets he mentions Kamal of Khujand, who had Miranshah, Tamerlane's son, as a patron; Humamed-Din of Tabriz, one of whose poems might be taken as an echo of the "*Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora*" of Tibullus; Iraqi of Hamadan, a typical Kalandar; and Majid-ed-Din Hamgar, of whom this anecdote is related. He had gone to Islahan, leaving an elderly wife behind in Yezd. One day his pupil burst upon him, saying: "Good news! your lady has alighted at this house," which only elicited the surly response: "Good news would rather be that the house had alighted on her."

But Persian poets and their poetry fill no more than a portion of the volume, and many notable prose writers figure in its pages. The most eminent among them was Rashid-ed-Din, physician, statesman and historian, whose history of the Mongols Sir Henry Howorth has used to such good purpose. Professor Browne is the fortunate possessor of a collection of his letters and dispatches, and is surely right in saying they ought to be published. The oft-quoted "Institutions" of Tamerlane, which Gibbon was content to praise as the specious idea of a perfect monarchy, must be set aside as apocryphal. Of the applauded work of Mirkhwand, to cite Gibbon again, the early portions have been translated into English by a Hungarian scholar and published under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Society; but Rehtasek's version, "inaccurate and singularly uncouth," does little credit to

that learned though sometimes ill-advised body. Gibbon, too, talked about the luscious sweets of Sharif-ed Din Yezdi, and Professor Browne is inclined to dismiss him as a fulsome eulogist. Abu Sulaiman, Banakati, who wrote history a century earlier, may also be noticed here. Professor Browne says he came from Banakat beyond the Oxus, and identifies the place with the modern Tashkend. Ney Ehas, however, who was seldom, if ever, wrong about Central Asian geography, puts Banakat a good forty miles south of that town. However that may be, Banakati's "Garden of the Intelligent" was an extraordinary production in many ways, especially for its allusions to events outside the Moslem world. Professor Browne quotes his account of printing from wood blocks as practised in China, and he wrote about things that happened in countries as far remote as Poland, Portugal, France and the British Isles. Space is wanting, however, for more than a brief glance at the continuation of what promises to be an exhaustive history of Persian literature. One can only add that a right understanding of the spirit of the Middle East, such as Professor Browne's erudition should help to promote, was never more urgently needed for the settlement of problems in which this country is closely concerned.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

"LOVE'S LABOUR LOST"?*

It is not easy to see why this book was written. If it was to prove that Maupassant was the disciple of Flaubert and owes to that master's influence much that is best in his own work—everyone knew that before—Miss Riddell considers at great length and with an astonishing wealth of detail the nature and extent of the literary relationship between Flaubert and Maupassant, but all the time we are reading we keep on asking ourselves, "Was it worth it?"

Her method can best be gauged by one long quotation:

"There is some similarity between the plots of the two men. For instance, there are several stories of Maupassant's which recall 'Madame Bovary.' The first of these to be mentioned is 'Une Vie,' which is like Flaubert's novel in many particulars of plot. In both cases a large part of the story is concerned with marital treachery. In one case it is the wife, in the other the husband, who is the offender. The separate instances of unfaithfulness recorded are, in each book, two in number: Rodolphe and Emma in 'Madame Bovary,' Julien and Jeanne in 'Une Vie,' make riding a means of intercourse and seek their rendezvous in the woods and on the country-side. The 'cabane ambulante' of 'Une Vie' takes the place of the 'tonnelle' of 'Madame Bovary.' The two sinners, Emma and Julien, come to an unnatural end, a beggar being connected in each case with the catastrophe. An excursion by boat enters into the love-making of Léon and Emma, of Julien and Jeanne. In both stories the child of the heroine, a pet dog, revealing letters, play some part. There are frequent journeyings by stage-coach, by carriage, by tram. In each case the heroine changes her place of abode during the progress of the plot. Money matters exert a considerable influence in the two, there being talk of debts, of mortgages, and of selling of possessions. Emma is ruined by her own extravagance, Jeanne by the 'bonté' of her parents and herself and by the prodigality of her son. Jeanne is made unhappy by Julien's stinginess in money matters no less than Charles by Emma's wastefulness. In 'Madame Bovary' we have Lheureux and his agents who conduct the money affairs; in 'Une Vie' the Jew and others who come to Jeanne regarding Paul's debts. In both books there is the description of a public ceremony; in one the 'Comices Agricoles,' in the other the christening of the 'Jeanne.' The account of either celebration follows the course of the lovers as they walk; Rodolphe and Emma pass from place to place, seeing the various sights of the day, and finally taking refuge in the 'salle des délibérations' while the speeches are being delivered and the prizes given; Julien and Jeanne descend from 'Les Peuples' to the beach, where the christening of the boat takes place. Rodolphe makes advances to Emma, Julien to Jeanne, during the progress of the ceremony. . . ."

Such a method of classifying resemblances borders on the ludicrous. On such lines as these it would be possible to trace a close affinity between Thomas Hardy and Ethel Dell, or between Sherlock Holmes and the Book of Job.

On the other hand, once grant that this sort of thing is worth doing at all, it must be conceded that Miss Riddell has done her work well, if thoroughness is a virtue.

* "Flaubert and Maupassant: A Literary Relationship." By Agnes Rutherford Riddell. \$1.00 net. (The University of Chicago Press.)

In a chapter on her authors' theories about life she becomes interesting.

Both Flaubert and Maupassant were unhappy (there have been few great writers who were altogether happy). They lived lives of solitary laboriousness, their tastes were similar, in literature, in their passion for travel, in their liking for the grotesquely comic, and in the reciprocal attraction which they possessed towards men and women, deprived of reason. To both of them reality was odious, the world an illusion, and everything subject to an inexorable fatality. Misery or degradation is the almost universal lot of their characters. If, by chance, they portray a good woman, she is almost certain to be commonplace or stupid.

With regard to their similarity in literary procedure, Miss Riddell touches lightly but surely on their "impersonality." "L'auteur dans son œuvre doit être comme Dieu dans l'univers, présent partout et visible nulle part," such was their aim, and Miss Riddell shows how far short they both fell from their ideal. At any rate they both fulfilled the great law of novel-writing—that it is the mission of the novelist to observe and describe human passions, good and bad, without moralising or instructing. They were faithful to the creed that success in writing attends upon those who work incessantly and hard.

Had Miss Riddell confined herself to these points and not frittered away valuable pages in noting their resemblances in the use of the *mot juste*, in realistic devices, sound, odour, colour, enumerations, time indications, symbolism, and other trifles, she would have convinced us more surely of the validity of her arguments.

As it is, we return to our first point. Seldom have we read a book which showed such a scrupulous pertinacity in tracking down references, but we feel that Miss Riddell has only narrowly escaped (if she has escaped) joining that crowd of book-makers who think it important that the world should know how many times and where in the Bible the word "lamb" occurs, and in what different senses Shakespeare uses the word "dog." The point is—Was it worth it?

S. P. B. MAIS.

YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE IN RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Riley's new Yorkshire sketches are pleasantly humorous and pleasantly sentimental; but they lack conviction—call it bite, burr, pungency, what you will—



M. E. Francis
(Mrs. Francis Blundell).

and to the present reviewer, who has passed twenty years of his life in Yorkshire, they seem notably to miss atmosphere and local colour. "A Yorkshire Suburb," indeed,

* "A Yorkshire Suburb." By W. Riley. With Colour Plates by C. Morse. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"Beck of Beckford." By M. E. Francis. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

seen and described by Mr. Riley, is very much what "The Five Towns" would look like surveyed from the angle of vision, say, of Mrs. Florence Barclay. Mr. Riley writes agreeably enough in the method of the kail-yard; but this very method compels him to handle life and character with kid gloves, and Yorkshire men and Yorkshire women—of all people—are the least responsive to that kind of treatment. Those who want to know something about the county of the broad acres will learn nothing from the latest Yorkshire novelist; they must needs turn for this purpose to the books of J. S. Fletcher and of Oliver Onions, authors who, whatever their defects may be, would never dream of translating Yorkshiremen into denizens of "Cranford." It is a relief to turn from Mr. Riley's dainty, Hugh Thomson-like prettiness, to the virile and graphic art of M. E. Francis, who has never written a Lancashire story truer to the soil than "Beck of Beckford." Mrs. Blundell's new work of fiction, well-constructed as it is, is in plot simplicity itself, being concerned essentially with the struggle of two wealthy girls, a vulgar American "Dollar Princess" and a charming Lancashire lass, for the love of a young farmer baronet who cleaves, like his forefathers, to the old religion. What, however, is remarkable in "Beck of Beckford," apart from its singularly penetrating study of the survival of Catholicism in Lancashire, is the firm grasp of character which the author reveals, and her equally sure mastery of local traits and customs. Sir Roger Beck, the young Catholic baronet who takes his meals in the kitchen, talks to his labourers in the vernacular, and goes a-courting a pretty girl and spending a term or two at Oxford in the intervals of ploughing, sowing and reaping his own land, is surely one of the most consistent and original characters that have appeared in recent fiction.

W. A. L. B.

ANNIVERSARIES AND OTHER POEMS.*

When one remembers Mr. Leonard Huxley's parentage and thinks of his inheritance of science from his father and of poetry from his mother, one reads his poems prepared to apply to him the lines he has written to his own baby:

"... how strange to see
Other faces blent in thine,
Other greatness touching thee.

* * * * *
Something of a curve or line
Here revives thine ancestry.
Each on thee has laid its sign."

Yet, "Anniversaries and Other Poems" can hardly be said to revive his ancestry; for they are not of the same school as the tender love-poems of his mother, nor are they such Lucretian utterances as his father might have thundered forth had he been a poet instead of a scientist. Essentially the work of a cultured man, Mr. Leonard Huxley's verses, with their fine phrases and gracious harmonies, will give pleasure to the cultured; but they lack lyric rapture; they lack abandon; they lack creative imagination; and though they are true poetry and worthy of a Huxley, they are hardly Huxleian.

The chief themes are Nature (in the statical sense) and music. One of the most charming of the poems is about a rock-garden, and the following verses from it may be quoted as a good sample of Mr. Huxley's art:

"This tiny cliff of quarried stone
Shall bear your thoughts to craggier heights,
And these same crannied flowers revive
Visions of clearer Alpine lights.

"With purple throat and lips of gold
We saw this creeping toadflax trail
Grey stems upon the cold grey slopes
Of bare moraine or crumbling shale.

"In clefts below the gaunt ice-foot
This close-pressed saxifrage I found,
And where we rested in our climb
That starry cluster gemmed the ground."

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

* "Anniversaries and Other Poems." By Leonard Huxley. (John Murray.)

THROUGH MAGIC SPECTACLES.*

In the year of grace nineteen hundred and twenty a young man with eyes that could see (very wonderful, kind eyes) made a little book full of quaint fancies, wholesome thoughts and tender imaginings. And a marvel happened, for he took it to a publisher, who said: "Here is a beautiful book; it is clean and sane, and comforts my soul; in it there are no sexualities, no blasphemies, no profanities; so I will publish it!"

The name of the book is "The Street of Faces"; the name of the young man is Charles Vince; and the name of the publisher is Philip Allan.

The publisher sought out a man cunning with his pencil, and desired him to make drawings worthy of such a book. This he did, and behold! a volume that is a joy to handle. (Now, the name of the artist is Harvey.)

In all that Charles Vince writes there is a balance, a sanity that is very comfortable in an age of neurosis. "The Street of Faces" illustrates the old truth that London holds for him who can see pictures as wonderful as those of Ancient Rome or Modern Cairo. But it is not given to us all to see—so that we must thank Mr. Vince for letting us peep through his spectacles.

I would like to select one of his pictures for criticism, but I cannot. Each in its own way is a cameo. Yet there are phrases here and there. . . . For instance, in "On Lead Soldiers":

"I look at a lead soldier as one would look at a little piece of statuary. . . . He is the one work of art of which it can be said that ten copies of him are exactly ten times better than the original. That is the advantage of being a soldier."

Subtle, that!

Again, "Suburban Names":

"A mere wealthy commoner is content to be known as residing at 127a, in some street in the West End of London. But Lord Lansdowne and Mr. John Smith, of Bermondsey, both live in Lansdowne House; and it would probably surprise the King to know how many of his poorer subjects reside in a villa, a terrace, a cottage, or merely a 'view' called Balmoral."

Then there is the "Mystery of the Smallest House in the World," which is going to set people talking and disputing.

But perhaps what pleased me most was the picture of "Grandmother," with her silver curls. It makes one smell lavender and think of all manner of delicate things . . . old china and lace. . . . I found it well to wipe my glasses; they grow clouded, sometimes. . . .

Why "The Street of Faces"? Ah, that you shall find out for yourself. And you shall find out many other things, too; that there is a beauty in the plain, an interest in the commonplace, a pathos in the grotesque.

Charles Vince has set down many odd fancies, but there lies behind his whimsicalities a discernment that makes his book worthy to be called literature. One is tempted to say that the book is reminiscent of "The Uncommercial Traveller," but that would be untrue and unkind, for assuredly there is nothing of the copyist to be seen. Vince has a style of his own, a grace of expression that is exactly adequate.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

CHRISTIAN HUMANISM.†

There is much in this little volume that will appeal to the more thoughtful reader. It is dedicated to the author's pupil, "V—D—", and to any other mortals of inquiring mind who, having scanned the first few pages, will be so courteous as to read on to the end, ere forming an opinion about the open religion here advocated." Its object is that of helping the unorthodox and the faith-weary. And the fact that it is inspired throughout by the intensest spirit of sincerity should do much to secure for it an extensive public.

* "The Street of Faces." 15s. net. (Philip Allan.)

† "The Limits of Unbelief, or Faith Without Miracles." By Eric S. Robertson, M.A. 4s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

The case of the author may be regarded as typical of that of innumerable persons to-day, and his heart-to-heart talk with the reader should do much to enlist the confidence and sympathy of many who are realising the need of feeling their way towards a new interpretation of religion. Mr. Robertson confesses that he has "done with every religious 'system,' done with every scheme of salvation." But he is no "negativist"; and if his positivism is not precisely that of Comte, it is nevertheless in his fine conception of the human soul and its infinite possibilities for growth and development that his faith primarily centres. He does not, it is true, disavow theism; but whatever theological trend his thought may reveal, his speculations invariably result in a practical conclusion.

Some idea of the contents of the volume and the varied character of the problems with which it deals, may be gathered from the chapter headings. Of these some of the more arresting deal with "Our Need of Religion," "What Few Can Help Believing," "Man's Relation to the Universe" and "The Margin of Mysticism." But while in each case his remarks will prove suggestive and stimulating, he prefers to confine himself to what he has personally proved rather than take refuge in the policy of the phrasemongers. Though theism is implicit in his faith, he makes no attempt to solve many of the questions that have vexed the minds of some thinkers; nor, it is clear, does he believe that it is possible merely by thinking to solve the contradictions of life:

"Let any who find themselves impelled to do so, attempt to discover the origin of evil; we make no such attempt. Who does not admit the awful anarchy of evil? Yet I am wholly unable to conceive of any manly kind of earthly or heavenly life that has not choice, and does not involve overcoming of obstacles. . . . Our God remains; one distinctly felt as moving on what we must term ethical and orderly lines; calling us to high endeavour in His companionship and service; yet claiming from us moderns that His silences shall be respected, and that we are to work out the salvation of our race with much greater self-reliance than theories of supernatural atonement have encouraged."

Whatever objection the theologian may raise to such a statement, the drift of the writer's remarks is at any rate intelligible, optimistic and lifeward. The race, he is convinced, inherits a blessing which is pronounced upon all who will strive to ennoble human existence:

"Let us be content to feel the Power for Good at the back of all religions—a vital force that woos, justifies and satisfies what is best in us."

To the mere intellectualist the author's ideas may appear vague, and those who may be seeking substitutes for the creeds that they have discarded are unlikely to find this book especially satisfying. But Mr. Robertson, if he has no dogma to offer, still has the substance of religion to share. And he demonstrates that though a man may be creedless he may still have the faith that will enable him not only to live, but to rejoice in the living. Mr. Robertson is a mystic. The Cosmos, to him, is a unity. It is from ourselves, however, that all that makes life worth while—Love, Joy, Truth, Admiration and Beauty—ultimately proceed. Yet it is to correct the fallacious assumption that each man can be sufficient of himself that he writes. In community of experience and aim alone the solution of life is to be found. There are passages in the book which reveal the fact that the writer himself has had experience of the mystical consciousness. Thus, on one occasion on the "day of his release," when he was walking over an empty race-course, the conviction came to him that he was already partaking in an Eternal Life:

"Now is eternity. . . . You are not to be 'launched' into Eternity when you die. . . . This is God working. . . . This is the meaning of Earth and Life."

Those who are familiar with the writings of Professor James, and who have explored the psychological aspect of religious inquiry, will be in a position to appreciate the



Robert Louis Stevenson.

From "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Lord Guthrie (W. Green & Son, Edinburgh).

nature and quality of such individual experiences. We cannot indeed from the perusal of this book acquire the sort of faith that Mr. Robertson has achieved; but it may be that, in reading of the writer's experience many will be stimulated to explore their own souls and derive a better understanding of the essence of real religion.

R. DIMSDALL STOCKER.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT STEVENSON.*

Any man who becomes famous has had numerous friends and acquaintances, but it is curious how few in after years are able to tell us much about him. Certain incidents they remember, certain facts about the man, how he looked and his manner of saying things, but they can rarely repeat anything much of what he said. The late Lord Guthrie knew Stevenson well in his youthful days and renewed friendship with him in later life, and in his posthumous "Robert Louis Stevenson: Some Personal Recollections" he records much that is interesting and does add a little to what we know of R. L. S. But though he tells us that he was a mixture of Bohemian and Puritan, Scotsman and Frenchman, speaks of his "jaunty style of utterance," his "kindly mockery and picturesque gesture," he confesses that "of the many score of speeches, smart rather than serious, I heard him make, I do not remember a word." Nevertheless, Lord Guthrie's reminiscences of his own and of Stevenson's association with the Edinburgh Speculative Society are a real contribution to Stevensoniana, and the fact that he could not furnish Boswellian detail is accounted for by his frank admission

* "Robert Louis Stevenson: Some Personal Recollections." By the late Lord Guthrie. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Edinburgh: W. Green.)—"Echoes of Robert Louis Stevenson." By J. Christian Bay. With title page and vignettes by Axel T. Bay. (Chicago: Walter M. Hill.)

that "I had not the vision, in college days, to foresee his future fame"; and by the statement that of all his contemporaries in the Speculative Society:

"Only two have attained the highest eminence, Robert Louis Stevenson in literature, and Andrew Graham Murray (Lord Dunedin) in law. Yet I am afraid our prophecy would have been the short-sighted one: 'Graham Murray and Louis Stevenson are the cleverest men among us; brilliant fellows, both of them. But then each is the only child of well-off parents; they are far too well provided for. Besides, neither of them has the iron physique necessary for distinction at the Bar. Anyhow, they are altogether too casual to subject themselves voluntarily to the slavery which eminence demands.'"

This uncompromising candour explains at once why so much was forgotten, and increases the value of the little sheaf of memories that the book enshrines. It is well illustrated and includes some early portraits of Stevenson that have not before been published.

Mr. Christian Bay's "Echoes of Robert Louis Stevenson" offers no personal remembrances, but is an admirably sympathetic study of the man and certain aspects of his life, enriched with a good many extracts from unpublished letters. Only once do we find ourselves disagreeing with Mr. Bay, and that is when he asserts that Mr. Young E. Allison "deserves high praise for pointing out that Stevenson is wholly innocent of style." Surely Stevenson did not "play the sedulous ape" in vain, and to most of us the distinctive style that became second nature to him, however he got it, is part of the secret of his charm. There is much of thoughtful criticism and interesting narrative in these pages, and in the appendices a facsimile letter of Stevenson's and a translation of the poignant appeal to the three Great Powers of Mataafa, the King of Samoa, whose cause Stevenson championed in his "Foot-note to History." A discursive, unpretentious little book, and one that Stevenson-lovers will be glad to possess.

A TRIO OF PLAY-BOOKS.*

Of the younger Abbey Theatre dramatists, Mr. Lennox Robinson shows greatest faculty and versatility. "The Lost Leader" is a tragedy that will never be forgotten by those who were lucky enough to see it at the Court Theatre under Mr. J. B. Fagan. Lennox Robinson's "White-Headed Boy," which has been very successful in Dublin, has just been produced in London at the Ambassador's Theatre; and for its performance Mr. Fagan has enlisted Sarah Allgood, Arthur Sinclair, J. M. Kerrigan and Maire O'Neill, those brilliant stars of the famous theatre in Dublin.

Mr. Robinson's comedy is not as holding in its quality as "The Lost Leader." Its plot is of the slightest. In Ireland, when the phrase "white-headed boy," or, more commonly, "white-haired boy," is used, the never-failing meaning is that of a youth hopelessly spoiled by his parents and his relations.

Such a one is Denis Geoghegan, youngest of the six children of the widow Geoghegan. In order that he might be sent to Trinity to study for medicine, all the rest of the family have been sacrificed.

Denis returns home, having failed in his examination for the third time, and although his mother croons over and coddles him, the rest of the family, especially his eldest brother George, assert themselves. The decision arrived at is that Denis should be sent to Canada to work out his own salvation, and leave his fiancée, Delia Duffy, behind him. Delia, a girl who knows a thing or two, marries Denis by stealth, and persuades him, as a stroke of rural diplomacy, to volunteer to drive a steam-roller. At this all the family pride is up in arms, and sacrifices are renewed again, Denis and Delia winning through with a handsome dowry.

* "The White-Headed Boy: A Comedy in Three Acts." By Lennox Robinson. 3s. 6d. net. (The Talbot Press.)—"The Collar of Gold, and Other Phantasies." By Bryan Cooper. 5s. net. (Philip Allan.)—"Five One-Act Plays." By T. B. Rogers. 5s. net. (Philip Allan.)

Most of the humour of the play is supplied by an eccentric old lady called Aunt Ellen, and by John Duffy, Delia's father. The best of the fun, however, lies in Mr. Lennox Robinson's racy stage directions.

Take the author's description of the furniture at the Geoghegan's:

"'Twas got five years ago at the Major's auction. A big price they had to pay for it too. GEORGE didn't want to buy it, but the mother's heart was set on it. They got new horse-hair put in the arm-chair, the Major had it wore to the wood sitting all day over the fire, cursing the Government and drinking whisky; the six plain chairs are as good as new."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has a style of dramatic satire all his own. It is so much his own that imitators fail disastrously in endeavouring to put it to their own purposes.

Mr. Bryan Cooper is an able writer and a fine man of affairs. While he was head of the Press Censorship in Ireland, he somehow succeeded in moderately satisfying all sections of the Irish Press—and that is high praise indeed. One regrets to have to say that his book of plays, "The Collar of Gold, and Other Phantasies," is a sore disappointment. Only in the name play, which deals with the conflict of Brian of the Tributes and Malachi, King of Meath, afterwards High King of Ireland, is there the stuff of real drama with gleams of poetry in it.

The other satiric playlets, "A War-Office Jacket: An Anachronism," "The First Reading," "The Chief Secretary," "On the Struma Front," "Comrade Thompson" and "The Assize of Honour," are Shavian without being Shaw. The method employed is the humour of anachronism, but it is too propagandist to arouse amusement. The idea of Shakespeare reading one of his plays to an unappreciative audience has already been done to perfection by Mr. Maurice Baring.

That the tragic-comedy of Dublin Castle was much the same during Viscount Arthur Wellesley's brief period as Chief Secretary, as during that, say, of Mr. Augustine Birrell, is too self-evident to give Mr. Cooper's "The Chief Secretary" any aspect of novelty. The other plays are even less convincing as subjects of cynical mirth and sadness.

"Five Plays," by Mr. T. B. Rogers, is a patient effort at making bricks without straw—that is, drama without construction. "The Forfeit," though it has been suggested by that noble model, "The Silver Box," by John Galsworthy, is a weak thing, entirely deficient also in the gift of characterisation. "The Hall of Laughter" is an incoherent mixture of Morality, Allegory and Problem Play. Bad as the characterisation is in "The Forfeit," it is here utterly wanting. Mr. Lampany, the showman, and his wife are marionettes of wood and paint. The other characters are not even coloured. "Eyes to the Blind" shows a slight improvement. There is a touch of humanity in the mother who values the heedless boy at the war above the grown-up son who remains behind and keeps a root over her head. Emily, who loves the despised elder son, has also got the stuff of life.

Mr. Rogers's pseudo-historical drama, "The Saint King," might provide material for an evangelical amateur theatrical society. The last playlet, "The Heirloom," which deals with more fashionable folk, is amateurish, and contains a silly anti-climax.

LOUIS J. McQUILLAND.

BRITISH PROPAGANDA DURING THE WAR.*

Propaganda is something rather new in the scheme of British enterprise; but the Briton, though unaccustomed to it, took to it with the same thoroughness that he applied to other things in war-time. He did not like it: it was foreign to his nature to explain himself, to state that he was doing his duty as he saw it, and so on. Therefore

* "Secrets of Crewe House: The Story of a Famous Campaign." By Sir Campbell Stuart, K.B.E. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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this new weapon was at first handled rather gingerly, with the result that the full use to which it could be put was not discovered for some time. When it had been thoroughly tested, it was found to be a very valuable adjunct to the fighting arms. It may certainly be claimed that it accelerated the German downfall.

The history and development of the British propaganda as a whole during the war may some day be written, and a very interesting work it will be; but it is impossible here to say more than that it was in the beginning conducted by the Foreign Office, the Admiralty and the War Office, working independently, it is true, but in general harmony—whereas in Germany the propaganda issued by the departments always had different objects and was usually at variance. In this country, in 1918, the Ministry of Information was created, with Lord Beaverbrook in charge, with the object to co-ordinate the British propaganda in foreign countries; and at the same time Lord Northcliffe was invited to take up the Office of Director of Propaganda in Enemy Countries, with headquarters at Crewe House. Sir Campbell Stuart, who acted as Deputy-Director of the latter organisation, has written an account of the activities of this department, which started in February, 1918, and were, of course, brought to a close by the Armistice.

Lord Northcliffe's campaign was splendidly successful, as, curiously enough, the German military leaders, Hindenburg, Ludendorff and the rest were always at pains to point out. Thus, General von Hutier of the Sixth German Army stated:

"The enemy begins to realise that we cannot be crushed by blockade, superiority of numbers, or force of arms. He is, therefore, trying a last resource. While engaging to the utmost of his military force he is racking his imagination for ruses, trickery, and other underhand methods of which he is a past master, to induce in the minds of the German people a doubt of their invincibility. He has founded for this purpose a special Ministry ('The Ministry for the Destruction of German Confidence'), at the head of which he has put the most thoroughgoing rascal of all the Entente—Lord Northcliffe—who has been given billions for use in influencing opinion in the interior of the country and at the Front by means of paid agents, the assassination of ambassadors, and all the other ways in favour with the Entente."

As a matter of fact, the cost was infinitesimal—the total cost of the operations conducted by Lord Northcliffe during his tenure of office was considerably less than one-hundredth part of Great Britain's war bill.

The principle underlying all the British propaganda was truth, which was all the easier because the Allies were perfectly convinced that they were right. All statements before they were sent out were rigorously examined to see that there were no exaggerations of importance nor any false statements. The object of the propaganda sent from Crewe House was to enlighten the enemy as to the origins of the war, and to make known to the enemy, soldiers and civilians alike, the real state of affairs. The German Government might tell its people proudly that it was a nation in arms fighting against the whole world: the British propaganda pointed out the inevitable result of one nation fighting a war of aggression against the whole world; stated baldly the immensity of the British effort, and, later, the tremendous number of men and the inexhaustible supplies that had come, and were coming, from the United States. While the German Admiralty was telling of the successes of the U-boat campaign, Crewe House circulated a leaflet giving categorically information concerning the loss of one hundred and fifty U-boats. When capital was made out of the German air-raids, Crewe House issued a map showing year by year the increase of the British air forces, and the wider radius over which they could operate. The defection from the German cause first of one ally and then of another was at once made known; the breakdown of the Mittel-Europa scheme was duly chronicled, and the failure of the Berlin to Bagdad scheme; and so on.

Even while the German military forces were victorious, this propaganda had some result; when the German forces began to retire, the effect on the German *moral*

was tremendous. This Ludendorff realised very clearly, and he wrote bitterly:

"The importance of numbers in the war is incontestable. Without soldiers there can be no war. But numbers count only according to the spirit which animates them. As it is in the life of peoples, so it is also on the battle-field. We had fought against the world, and could continue to do so with good conscience so long as we were spiritually ready to endure the burden of war. So long as we were this, we had hope of victory and refused to bow to the enemy's determination to annihilate us. But with the disappearance of our *moral* readiness to fight everything changed completely. We no longer battled to the last drop of our blood. Many Germans were no longer willing to die for their country."

Ludendorff and others attacked the German propaganda for its ineffectiveness; but the true cause of its ineffectiveness was the excellent *moral* of Britain which was not susceptible to the threats or blandishments of an enemy whose morality it despised and whose mendacity had been exposed.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

VICTORIAN WORTHIES.*

The Victorian age and its giants have been receiving such severe treatment from the critics of late that it was time some one came to the rescue to prevent a new generation from growing up in the belief that there was something quaint and slightly ridiculous about the era of our grandfathers, and that the gods of their idolatry were magnified altogether in excess of their merits. The dethroning of one century's idols by the next will always be a favourite pastime of youth, and is perhaps a necessary preliminary to viewing the past in proper perspective; but the game can be overdone as our nineteenth century forbears proved when they snuffed at the poetry of Pope or the alleged heartlessness of a Horace Walpole and belaboured the period alternately for artificiality and materialism. We have changed all that during the last fifty years and in due season, as those of us who grew up in the shade cast by the imposing figures of the Darwins and Huxleys, the Newmans and Ruskens, the Tennysons and Dickens, the Gladstones and Shaftesburys cannot but believe, we may count on justice being finally done even to the humanitarianism, the earnestness, the self-reliance of the Victorians. Meantime the sixteen modest biographies which Mr. G. H. Blore has devoted to "Victorian Worthies" are something to go on with, and are delivered to the right address. Written for boys at school, who have not at their fingers' ends knowledge which many modern iconoclasts take for granted, his sketches make no pretence at the transvaluation of Victorian values, but accept those verdicts passed by their contemporaries on the worthies selected that seem likely to stand the test of time and summarise the data without which students, whether youthful or old, can neither endorse nor reject intelligently any revision of the traditional judgments. But what are meant for schoolboys should not be without their uses to children of larger growth, if only by way of refreshing their memories; especially may these miniature biographies be recommended to such folk—not few among us—who in cheerful forgetfulness of the facts welcome opinions which pull down from their pedestals the heroes of another age just because they are new and startling and irreverent and when forced on the defensive have not the arguments to justify their preference for heterodoxy.

Mr. Blore, who by the way is an assistant master at Winchester, is rather better than his word, or else has a high opinion of fifth form brains. These are really finished essays of his and no mere pieces of book-making. Nor does he paint out the warts of his characters in his portraits or fail to convey the idea that history's decisions are

* "Victorian Worthies: Sixteen Biographies." By G. H. Blore. 7s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford: Oxford University Press.)

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always in process of readjustment. His sketch of Carlyle, for instance—and Carlyle might well be taken as a fair test of any biographer's impartiality and imagination—is a thoroughly well-balanced study in which full account, though not too much, is taken of the change of attitude the modern world has adopted towards Germany and Frederick "the Great." The essayist's range is wide, covering politicians such as Peel and Bright, men of letters such as Dickens, Tennyson, Morris and Kingsley, though Morris is labelled "craftsman" and Kingsley "parish priest," men of affairs such as Napier, Lawrence, Rhodes and Morier, a scientist, Lister, a philanthropist, Shaftesbury, an artist, Watts, and a missionary, Patteson (no women you will note), and it is purposely made wide to give an impression of the rich variety of Victorian character. In his preface he makes an eloquent answer to the detractors of the era he has passed under review. Says he of the "true Victorians":

"They were more evidently in earnest (than their successors) less conscious of themselves, more indifferent to ridicule, more absorbed in their work. Idleness and insouciance had few temptations for them, cynicism was abhorrent to them. Large-hearted and generous to one another, they were ready to face adventure, eager to fight for an ideal, however impracticable it seemed. This was as true of Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold and all the *genus irritabile vatum* as of the politicians and the men of action. They made many mistakes, they were combative, often difficult to deal with. Some of them were deficient in judgment, others in the saving gift of humour, but they were rarely petty or ungenerous, or failed from faint-heartedness or indecision. Vehemence and impatience can do harm to the best causes, and the lives of men like the Napiers and the Lawrences, like Thomas Arnold and Charles Kingsley, like John Bright and Robert Lowe, are marred by conflicts which might have been avoided by more studied gentleness or more philosophic calm. But the time seemed short in which they could redress the evils which offended them. It would be a mistake to infer from such clamour that the Victorians did not enjoy their fair share of happiness in the world. The opposite would be nearer the truth. Happiness was given them in good even overflowing measure. A good conscience, a good temper, a good digestion are all factors of importance. But perhaps the best insurance against moodiness and melancholy was that strenuous activity which made them forget themselves, that energetic will-power which was the driving force in so many movements of the day."

Much of this has been said before, but it was worth saying again—so well.

F. G. BERTANY

CURATE'S EGG NOVELS.*

"The Ramshackle Adventure" is an unpretentious book which does not so much tell a story as chronicle the rather fascinating ways of George, the curate with a derelict two-seater. It is humorous and sentimental, the sort of book to read on a hot afternoon of the summer we have not had, and we are glad at the end to think of George in the living given him by the bishop, the living which would enable him to get another and a better car.

"The Ivory Fan," which is a first novel, is more interesting than "The Ramshackle Adventure." The writer has a delightful sense of colour, and the scenes on the Riviera are good. But it opens poorly, so poorly indeed, that if it had not been for the second half, the book would hardly have found a publisher. The people are dull, the conversations uncal. An ordinary middle-class hostess such as is here depicted does not, when giving a friend tea, "snort" (p. 67) at her guest's remarks, nor tell her her son is impudent and a fortune-hunter. The result of this strange behaviour is, however, equally amazing, for we are told that "Mrs. Conway pricked her ears."

So much better is the second part of this book, however, that it might have been by another writer. Catherine Arlsea, though she continues to act in an inexplicable manner, is a flesh and blood young woman, and Norman Swaine a real and attractive man. It is unfortunate that

*"The Ramshackle Adventure." By J. Champion. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Ivory Fan." By A. Heard. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Chaperon." By B. M. Croker. 8s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)—"The Sunset Gun." By C. R. Milton. 7s. net. (Melrose.)—"The House by the River." By A. P. Herbert. 8s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

the *dénouement* should from the beginning be an open secret, and that the reason given for Catherine's adventure should be unconvincing. A passionate, sometimes mistaken Catherine, would have been more credible. But that this handsome young playwright should at the emotional age of eighteen be able to elope with so charming a man as Swaine, live with him for several months, yet



Photo by Erik, Dohy

Miss Jessie Champion,

author of "The Ramshackle Adventure" (Hodder & Stoughton).

never feel for him more than friendship and gratitude, does not seem possible, nor if it happened, would it leave us with any liking for this chilly Catherine. One cannot help thinking that in real life the story would have had a different ending, and that though Swaine had faults, Catherine would have preferred him, faults and all, to the sentimental Jim or bloodless Martin.

Little did I think in the days when I surreptitiously read, and was uncritically thrilled by every novel on which I could lay my hands, that it would ever fall to me to review one of Mrs. Croker's books! To begin with, I must thank her for happy hours gone by, and also for the pleasure given by a sound, well-written, well-constructed story. Here is the brisk tale of a lady who, as the old rhyme hath it:

"Fired of playing chaperon
Went and made a chap her own"—

only in this case the "chap" was her own husband. Jealous and neglectful, he had been enabled by a carefully arranged series of coincidences to divorce her some eleven years before the story opens, but as she was, of course, innocent of the charges preferred against her, the story ends with a reconciliation. Mrs. Croker's attitude towards life is Victorian. No doubt there are still people—our aunts and godmothers—who think as do the people in this book, and it is these people who will welcome this new version of the patient Grizel.

But if it seems fitting for a Victorian novelist to continue to give us competent novels from a Victorian point of view, the same cannot be said for a comparative new-comer such as the author of "The Sunset Gun." C. R. Milton writes well, but she does not yet know wherein lies her strength, and she has accepted her standards without thinking about them. The result is a modern book written from an old-fashioned standpoint—new wine in old leathern bottles. I think that on the whole this book can hardly have given its writer much satisfaction. She probably realises how good, how really excellent are the chapters on the Dutch

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convent, and how inferior to them is the rest of the novel.

Janey, the heroine, is hustled by her grandmother into marriage with a young officer, who soon afterwards has a stroke of paralysis. Paralytics do not recover, neither do they often live more than a year or two, so when Janey fell in love with Carruthers she had only to do her duty for a space, and the reward was sure. That however would have meant no story, and consequently no book, so Janey rushes off to Europe after her lover, gets caught in the war, tries to become a nun, and the error of her ways having been pointed out to her, returns to her invalid.

Some of the Indian scenes might have been omitted; for instance that in which Janey is mistaken for a hospital nurse, and given, much against her will, the charge of a sick girl of fourteen. Because the unfortunate child has a fit, and the light goes out, Janey's nerve gives way, "whimpering with terror" . . . "after a while, agony and exhaustion brought their own relief . . . she fell fainting to the floor." Janey that is, not the Indian girl who, the author says, was enduring "violent, inarticulate pain." One hopes the little hysterical goose banged her head hard on that floor.

But C. R. Milton can do better than this. She has shown that she can. The convent scenes are most happily conceived, they have atmosphere and reality. The nuns live as do none of the other characters of this unequal but promising book.

Most people would back a healthy housemaid to get the better of it in a life and death tussle with a poet, and Emily Gaunt in "The House on the River" would probably have tripped up Stephen Byrne, and left him on the stone flags of his hall, to grow properly sober and repentant. In beginning his book with this absurdly improbable murder, A. P. Herbert has gone far towards spoiling a really beautiful thing. In all probability he did it in order to make the book sell. The public does not encourage fine work such as his, and the word publisher is not synonymous with philanthropist; but the curse of the artist is on him in that he cannot do invented second-rate incident convincingly. He is an artist or nothing, and the interest of the book does not begin until the unlikely incidents of Emily's murder are shelved by the puzzled reader, and he is free to give his attention to the finely drawn characters of Stephen, John and Muriel. Of these, Stephen stands out as a fine creation. Coward, polygamist and murderer, he yet arouses and retains our sympathy. His death is excellently done, and the song of the river is in our ears as we read, and remains with us after the book is closed. Of these five curate's egg books, though C. R. Milton's convent scenes are good, "The House on the River," so unsatisfactory at the beginning, so fascinating after, must be given first place.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

"RED SPINNER."*

What a goodly company the anglers are! From "Piscator" Walton to "Red Spinner" Senior they are indeed a most endearing lot; and it may be doubted whether any angling bookman in that long line cast from 1653 to 1920 can compete in pleasant companionship with those at either end of it. From far north of Tweed to southwest of Thames there will, it may confidently be expected, be a warm welcome for a new volume of "Red Spinner's" delightful sketches concerning that life which "is the best of any." Those who have had opportunities of angling to their heart's content, those who have had few opportunities of indulging their tastes in this direction, and those who without being themselves anglers find joy in the open-air freshness of good books about angling will unite in hailing the chance afforded them by this volume of spending some time in the company of as genial a veteran as ever cast fly or dipped pen.

* "Lines in Pleasant Places: Being the Aftermath of an Old Angler." By William Senior. 10s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Mr. Senior is an enthusiastic angler whose first volume of sketches was published five and forty years ago, and his enthusiasm for his sport, his appreciation of the scenes amid which that sport is carried on, have not abated a whit with the passing of the years; indeed, there is a hearty freshness, a personal charm about the twenty chapters that make up his new volume which might belong to the work of a gifted writer but recently converted to the joys of the gentle craft. To begin with, he discusses "angling as a real field sport," and has a dig at those folks who will not learn the difference between fly fishing for trout or salmon, and float fishing for any nibbling thing that may happen along. Yet, as he concludes:

"If sitting on a box or basket, or in the windsor chair of a punt on Thames or Lea does not involve physical exertion of a positive kind, it means fresh air, rural sights and sounds, and the tranquil rest which after all is the best holiday for the day-by-day toiler."

And moreover, as he says in one of those allusive sentences which give an additional charm to all that he writes, "there is a rapture in the stream as in the pathless woods." Reminiscences of salmon fishing on the Tweed and of bottom fishing in waters within easy reach of London, talk of fishing in America and Canada, various musings over angling exploits at home during a ride through the Australian bush, memories of sea-trouting in Norway, and of trouting in Belgium—such are some of the matters which Mr. Senior presents in his cheerful and cheering talks on paper. He has given us a fresh addition to that shelf of book-friends to which we can turn at any time for the best of companionship.

WALTER JERROLD.

A RUSTIC MUSE.*

This tastefully-bound volume holds over three hundred closely-printed pages of verse. Into a far less compact what is essential of the work of almost any of the great poets could be compressed. And the present book does not even represent Mr. Hosken's collected poems; he has at least five other volumes to his credit. We admire his industry; but so industrious a poet must not complain if, faced with so great an output, we approach his work with some misgiving. For true inspiration is a shy and fitful visitant and does not commonly scatter her gifts broadcast over vast areas of paper. Of true poetical inspiration, we are not surprised to find, there is little trace in Mr. Hosken's pages. Indeed, he himself, with complete frankness, disclaims any pretence to it and describes his own work, in Spencer's words, as

"Rude rymes, the which a rustic muse did weave,
In savage soil, far from Parnasso Mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearned loom."

But, though they lack the divine spark, there can be no doubt that these poems have sprung from a genuine desire, a genuine need, for self-expression. There is nothing forced or affected about them, and, while they are written around traditional themes and in traditional metres and are clearly derivative, there is no slavish imitation and no smell of the midnight oil. Mr. Hosken has a natural and fluent gift of verse, and he is very sensitive to beauty and to human tears and laughter. And yet: and yet: his work points all too clearly to the gulf that separates real inspiration from a merely genuine impulse for self-expression. Real inspiration is, of course, only present when there is some one thing above all others that, at the particular moment, the poet simply must express, or die in the attempt. It may be a scene, an emotion, or an idea that has him in its grip; but, for the time being, that scene, emotion or idea is the only thing in the Universe that matters. Mr. Hosken loves and describes many different scenes; he has abundant emotion, and is not lacking in thought. But never do these things do other than vaguely

* "The Betrothal of Venus, and Other Poems." By James Dryden Hosken. 8s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

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jostle one another in his mind. They disturb him, pleasantly and unpleasantly by turns, but they never fuse for one moment into a single glowing passion or idea.

"And meanwhile all my life is just a blank ;
And oft I doubt, and sometimes I believe ;
Now on a tossing sea I find a plank,
And heaven comes down my losses to relieve ;
A little while, and all is dark again ;
The deep, strong wisdom of the world I cherish,
And round my intellect I bind its chain,
But the next hour is sure to see it perish.

"I read my Gospels and I pray to God,
And feel the emptiness of human learning ;
In old religious forms I onward plod,
My soul for holiness and wisdom yearning ;
Then, when this fit has lasted for a week,
No longer, some old worldly spirit comes,
Bacon, or Machiavelli, and I seek
Beneath their tables for the smallest crumbs "

No doubt many of us could ourselves subscribe to this, the author's, confession! But in order to produce poetry a man must, after all, be supremely sure of something, if only temporarily; and it is because Mr. Hosken is not compulsively certain of anything—not even temporarily, we feel—that his work at its best can only be described as verse. But it is due to him to say that it is very accomplished and often very pleasant verse. Whether he writes of classical themes, of God, of Cornwall, or of gipsies and the open road, he writes always with grace and not infrequently with strength, and there are spaciousness and humour in his work. Such verse is not to be underestimated. We cannot always live upon the highest ridges of "Parnasso Mount." There are times when the common speech of the common man is more consoling to us than the company of the most cultured and elect, and no reader save the literary snob (from whom may Heaven in its mercy spare us!) will deny that there are moods in which he finds it difficult to rise to the sublime ecstasies of the gods of song, and is glad to fall back for a while upon "rude rymes, the which a rustic muse did weave."

GILBERT THOMAS.

A CRITIC AMONG POETS.

Art is a republic where only the undesirable aliens say "Ladies first," and however one may grudge fresh advantages to prosperity, "merit first" is still the law of Art. But as there are, as it were, seven "places" in this article, it is as well to state that the positions of the first two alone have any reference to the value of the books which occupy them.

The work of Mrs. Elizabeth Mott¹ deserves a critical separation from merely pleasing verse because of the novelty of her matter and a power of expression which would have won her smiles from great Elizabethans.

"As a bellowing kraken lifts the sea . . ."
"Stare, haggard from old orgies, megalith,"
". . . Beet by the rain as a drum"

Those are three lines from three poems, and, although two of them are but fragments of sentences, they all serve to show she has the art of capturing both ear and eye. This power is justly associated with a proper intellectual pride. Comparing "Mind" with "the brave hawk" she cries:

"Loosen her jess and fling her up i' the wind!"

and, without having anything to communicate intolerable to modern taste or morality, she writes sometimes like one to whom truth has the precision of circles and right angles. Cheerless humour, implied rather than expressed, lights her ballad of a dethroned king contemptuously left to get what good or evil he may out of the regal crown from which he is not allowed to part. "Drawn Blinds" has a harrowing pathos worthy of the prose of Miss May Sinclair; and in "Crystals," though it lacks a quality

¹ "Dryad's Trove, and Other Poems." By Elizabeth Mott. 4s. net. (Hutchinson.)

that these marvels of Nature's geometry suggest, one recognises the will to find new themes worthy of the Muse.

It is rebellion against dullness, emptiness, the chronic hunger of the senses for joy in a world where a farthing pin can give us a sovereign's worth of pain—it is rebellion, superbly lyrical and extravagant, which enamours one with Miss Iris Tree's poems.² There is more than a hint that she confuses matter with spirit and thus imports into the disintegration of the physically visible a worse tragedy than belongs to it. Like many another poet, too, she is guilty of unseemly pejoration for the sake of metaphorical effect. But scorn evokes a truly thrilling rhetoric from this twentieth century pessimist who fears that:

"Man will creep as he has always done
Along the little gutters of his greed."

This scorn is not the result of the juxtaposition of a simplicity with a simple depravity. It is unconsciously a sign of the evolution upon which desire insists as it forces the light to smart within the callosity of man. Miss Tree, far from being simple, appears to be well acquainted with the profusion that is everything to the world except the *chiar vita* and the fellowship of divine love. Her brain contains pictures of civilisation galore, and her work, in which she ranges from a swift accuracy of metre comparable with the Swinburne of "Songs before Sunrise" to *vers libre* and "prose-poetry," is rich in its glorious discontent, at times brilliantly observant, and happier than it knows. May she have many readers, especially among those whose god is Trade, whether "Free" or the other sort. And may no one have cause to write of her as Mr. Benjamin Low³ writes in tribute to an "Obscure Musician":

"So it was ever with singers; dead of sorrow
Just a heart's throb too strong"

This poet, who is another of Mr. John Lane's songsters (if a man can be called a songster who writes more as if pleasant harmony than joy in the soaring and vibration of sound were his object), knows how to convey to his pages a rather attractive impression of himself charmed by the aspect of ordinary life, thanks to his associative power. He has room in his verse for "nails not just clean," and an article of feminine attire unknown to me, called "sneakers." Yet he is distinctly a poet, exalted by passion and able to hear a sea that "gathers panic" "bellowing its woes to the bare sky." He is not, unfortunately, as clear as one would like him to be, though he has no mannerism in his occasional obscurity, if that be not too hard a word.

England is rich in nature poets who assemble pretty flowers and charming birds into pleasing stanzas. Mr. Foster⁴ is one of those gentle minstrels, and to him, as to Mr. Low:

"All lovely sights appear
The mystic porch and fading vestibule
Of visions lovelier"

Nature is like a "sister" to him, and he informs us that "Her dullest ways are full of winsomeness." His own ways are uncertain: for instance, his lines "To a Spider" are grotesquely unsuccessful, while in "After Winter" he pleases both by tune and fancy. The most interesting thing in his volume is a tragedy on a theme recalling "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the heroine being the wife of a vicar who, for her sake, broke a vow of celibacy, though he lacked spiritual force to be true to her when confronted with the fact that she had passed under the Tree of Knowledge before marriage. There are vitality of characterisation and genuine passion in this drama; but, if it were presented in bald prose, our disapproval of its gloomy extremes would outweigh our praise.

² "Poems." By Iris Tree. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

³ "The Pursuit of Happiness, and Other Poems." By Benjamin R. C. Low. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

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In "Forgotten Shrines"⁵ (a title whose suitability is questionable) Mr. Farrar, an American poet, offers a slender collection of "portraits," "songs for children," etc., revealing a soul in touch with tender, lonely, tearful (as distinct from lachrymose) mortals of either sex. He expresses admirably the pathos of a forgotten Nurse, the wistfulness of one banished by the law of Truth from the Church that was his spiritual home, the sorrow of sensual love pitied in an irrevocable refusal; and also he can write a ballad heavy with the brutality and vindictiveness of days when aristocracy and despotism were almost synonymous. In his child-poetry Mr. Farrar does not always raise triviality to a literary level, but he shows deep knowledge of a child's faith and ambition when he makes one exclaim:

"All alone, all alone, all alone!
It has such a wonderful sound."

The quest of the Magi who saw the star of Jesus Christ in the East supplies Mr. Grazebrook with the theme of a poem⁶ in blank verse which, at its best, has the interest of a fine historical novel. In fact, it would have been better if the author, whose faculty of visualisation is superior to his outfit as a poet, had satisfied himself with telling his story in prose. This I say to his credit: his portrait of Herod and the account of the night of banqueting when the sinister ruler was cowed by "Things Unclean" and "elementals' hate," submissive to Balthazar's potent magic, hold the attention of a reader who is not easily fascinated by the fictitiously "supernatural."

Sir Clive Philipps-Wolley⁷ sings of a country:

"Where the strong air works like wine in the blood,
As you ride through flowers to the knee."

He carries the spirit and banner of loyalty to England to the frontiers of her empire, and is ardent, enthusiastic, lyrical. But as one might expect of a poet, he loathes the hands whose itch for wealth produces criminal insensibility to loveliness. He is not the man who wants to find coal under bluebells, and for him there is another gold besides the mineral which jingled in pockets before the war. Canada should be appreciative of Sir Clive's verses, for he makes Canada seem as spiritually near to us as Mr. Arthur Griffith makes Ireland seem far away.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE MIND OF DANTE.*

Professor Grandgent's volume is something more than the title suggests. Experience of many works on the subject promises that a book called "Dante" shall detail the brief outline of the poet's life, shall discuss pleasantly the character of his love for Beatrice—was she vision, abstraction or woman?—and then shall describe, as fully as the limits permit, the peculiar and wonderful incidents of the "Divine Comedy," the mechanism of the mediæval Earth, Hell, Purgatory, Heaven, and so on; nearly always with deep and moving interest because of the compelling fascination of the work. Professor Grandgent is, however, older than many of his compeers. He prefers to use the individuality of Dante as a compendium, an embodiment, of the learning, philosophy, superstition, faith, science, politics, prejudices of mediæval times; and of course is justified of his adventure. What he has to say is not original but is worth re-saying; and although his conception of the mind of the Middle Ages is narrowed through his peculiarly American way of looking at ancient things, his volume is assuredly one to add to the shelf of keepable

⁵ "Forgotten Shrines." By John Chipman Farrar. 3s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)

⁶ "The Pilgrimage of a Thousand Years." By Owen F. Grazebrook. 4s. 6d. net. (Birmingham: Cornish Brothers.)

⁷ "Songs from a Young Man's Land." By Sir Clive Philipps-Wolley. (Collins.)

* "Dante." By C. H. Grandgent, L.H.D. (Harrap.)

books. In illustration of the disadvantages just alleged, we have such statements as these:

"Architecture is even now wrestling with the problem of the skyscraper, which may prove to be a not altogether unworthy rival of the Gothic cathedral and the Greek temple . . ."

and

"Terror of Hell once founded churches and convents; terror of socialism now lays the corner-stone of hospitals, libraries and schools."

Much may be conceded to the Harvard Professor of Romance Languages; but such casual incongruities of portentous utterance are far beyond the requirements of a single volume on Dante Alighieri. The clipped American-English in which it is written is also a defect. "Focust" is not an improvement on "focussed" and moreover causes some unsettlement of attention, which has sufficient concern with the motive of the book, an affair of the infinities.

So much for the deficiencies; notable enough to be named but not to be exaggerated; for the work on the whole is excellent, and puts the governing facts of the Middle Ages, intellectual, political, spiritual, as fairly and compactly as they could well be put. Professor Grandgent is of course justified in grouping the circumstances and tendencies of the time, and in finding within the written works and personality of Dante their supreme expression; the "Divine Comedy" alone being a mine of scholarship and credulities, packed to the brim with the wisdom and ignorance of those picturesque years, the wit and folly alike being in great measure inspired. This achievement is, however, not a new discovery to the lover of Dante. The poet's references to historical figures and contemporaries, whether traceable or finally baffling, will be for all time a lure to the interested and the leisurely. It is unnecessary to spend ink in giving an account of these well-rehearsed wonders.

But it is impossible to read Dante without a renewal of amazement at the profundities of old scholarship upon which our conceited world of modern thought is poised. In some respects we have not progressed even a crab's march beyond those forbears. Burton's "Anatomy" has something of a similar effect. To realise the ingenuities and daring of mediæval sages—those adventurers into uncharted seas of infinite wonder—is to recognise how in many respects brighter and better filled with ideals was that old life to this, wherein we squabble over mean things, and seem to regard the Factory System as a benevolent institution. Of course they had their intolerable conditions—a triumphantly tyrannous political church, faddists and fanciers who ran amuck in regions unplumbable; yet, still, the mistakes of the times, its barbarities, misjudgments and intolerance, seem to have been something finer, because less smug, than those we indulge in. In place of a Lorenzo, with his magnificence and encouraging love of the arts, we have the manufacturer with his millions, playing road-hog, sweater, or preposterous snob, anything, indeed, but the prince of high thought and good manners. To re-enter the universe in which Dante soared and suffered is to get back to a time of many great faults; but we have the same faults now, social and personal, woven to a meaner texture.

Professor Grandgent's volume is to be welcomed; not only for its inherent merits, but because it reopens a world which, through the comparisons and contrasts, cannot but help the fading ideals necessary to this day.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.*

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letters exhibiting the minds of some typical people during the war. It was everything we expect from Mr. Lucas, and it remains a subtle and invaluable foot-note to history. The present set of correspondents includes only one of the old, the preternaturally wise protagonist (or proto-epistolist) Richard Haven, who is wiser than ever and a little less human. The plot (if plot it may be called) is simple. A lady of forty, rich in money and friends, has a spinal accident and lies in bed for months while her friends bombard her with letters after their kind. Mr. Lucas manages, in his effortless way, to sketch their characters between the lines of their letters; but it is all just a little too carefully arranged and made. There are, of course, many Lucasian "notions," many delightful quotations, and a pervading sunniness touched with a little healthy north-easterly irony. Part of the story is Verena's difficulty in disposing of her money. We offer Mr. Lucas a suggestion. There is a kind of person to whom he once refers, not very sympathetically. Has he ever thought of the elementary schoolmaster, harassed and weary with the difficulties, inherent and gratuitous, of his public service, with comparatively long holidays to spend, and nothing to spend on them? Has the Wanderer in Venice and Florence ever considered what Wandering in Italy would mean to such a man? Verena might like the suggestion of "The Verena Holiday Fellowships."

G. S.

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However that may be, here is the biography of a man who is convinced that drink is an unmitigated evil and that he is justified in martyring the moderate drinker for the salvation of the immoderate, though probably he would not agree that mediæval Christians were justified in using the rack and the stake in order to compel all dissenters to come into *their* fold. One thing that becomes apparent in Mr. Mackenzie's narrative is that if "Pussyfoot" is "an arbitrary gent," he is also a genial and unconquerably good-humoured one. There are anecdotes in the book, besides that of the famous students' "rag" in London, that win your liking and admiration for the man, however strongly you object to the petty tyranny of his methods. But you may be a saint without being a hermit, and temperate without being a total abstainer. It is still true that:

"All things carried to excess are wrong,"

and while nobody can deny that Mr. Johnson is wholly justified in advocating his views and, by reason and persuasion, in winning others to share them, it is not certain that he is so right in choosing freely for himself and trying even by Acts of Parliament to rob his opponents of such

freedom of choice. There is something arrogant in the assumption that all men must have no option but to live by his light and put out their own. Nor are we impressed by his insistence that prohibition results in more efficient workers; we are not so much needing a system that will make men more like machines as one that will make them more human. It was not said of the super-efficient that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But right or wrong, Mr. Johnson is a brave, a big-hearted and well-meaning reformer, and this tale of his ideals and his way of promoting them is to be commended to all thoughtful readers, if only because it is alive with interest and will provoke them to consider and form their own opinions on one of the most important problems of the time.

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This is an eager, pulsing story of a girl and two men in British Columbia. Barbara Herrick's beauty attracts them both, but one is a plausible scoundrel and the other is of finer fibre. Barbara is hardly a modern Delilah, for, although she entraps Bothwell and secures his arrest, this is on account of a crime which he had committed. The girl uses her wits, with a touch of artful cajolery which is not unjustified, in order to get rid of her undesirable lover. She furthers her own ends and secures the ends of justice at a single stroke. The revenge taken upon her by Bothwell, who escapes from prison, is of course checked by the true lover, who puts in a timely appearance. Mr. Houghton tells his story vividly. The reader is carried forward swiftly and the incidents are sufficiently varied. The tale is not encumbered with moralising, but the characters are drawn with care, especially Barbara's and Sherrington's. Her passionate love is shown in its desperation, and his comes out in the resourceful, energetic measures which he adopts to save the situation, as well as in self-control and patience. The atmosphere of Western Canada is caught admirably, but we expect that from Mr. Houghton; he has accustomed his readers to skill in this department.

POOR ANGELA. By Gertrude Byron. 7s. net. (Melrose.)

To discover first-rate character-drawing is a pleasure that seldom falls to the reviewer. With not a few faults of construction, "Poor Angela" has these two eminent qualities—it is well written and is full of interesting people

convincingly and sometimes mordantly drawn. Angela Leduc was the brilliant daughter in a conventional clerical household, and at the moment when matrimony was about to set bounds to her ambitious career, an accident in the field, caused by her own proud obstinacy, left her a hopeless cripple. So began the second chapter in Angela's life. In London she gradually became a minor political celebrity, and her "at homes" were a rallying place for the Opposition and a training school for ambitious young men of the Labour Party. "Poor Angela" contrived to have a very pleasant existence, and kept her robust younger sisters in strict subservience. In fact Angela's illness became a necessity to her, and it was a bitter moment when the secret of her recovery had to be revealed. The novel closes with the opening of the third chapter in her life, when she promises to marry the bishop who had been the first admirer of her childish promise. It is a clever and amusing story with a good deal of shrewd and cynical wit.

ANNE OF THE MARSHLAND. By the Hon. Lady Byng. 3s. 6d. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

With the question of divorce occupying so much attention, "Anne of the Marshland" and its dramatic matrimonial problems come opportunely and provide food for serious contemplation. The strength of a story lies chiefly in its characterisation; the plot of this novel is slender and of no striking originality, yet holds the reader interested until the love tangle is unravelled in a natural, if not entirely satisfactory, climax. The character of Anne herself, selfish and shallow, but lovable because of her very human failings, is cleverly sketched, and one feels a mixture of contempt and admiration for the husband who suffers her infidelity with such fortitude. Lady Byng knows how to tell a good tale, and those who read her previous novel, "Barriers," will not need to be urged not to miss reading this one also.

THE GREEN EYES OF BÂST. By Sax Rohmer. 8s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

There is a town in Egypt on the site of the old city of Bubashis, sacred to Bâst, the cat-headed goddess. There, to this day, cat-human hybrids are born. Pre-natal influence caused the birth of such a daughter to Sir Burnham and Lady Coverly, and the child, supposed to be dead, was secretly brought up by a Eurasian scientist, Dr. Damar Greefe. In her teens the child was brought to England, and used for the purpose of blackmailing her parents into giving large sums for the experiments of Damar Greefe. Nahemah at certain seasons was a veritable tiger-cat. She had green eyes and could see in the dark, and could jump over walls with impunity. Consumed with resentment against her brother and the other legal heirs of her father, she egged on her guardian, Greefe, to a series of diabolical murders. It is one of these with which this story is mainly concerned, and a vastly exciting narrative it makes. Sax Rohmer keeps up the ball with remarkable zest and skill, and he has an admirable gift for suggestion and for atmosphere, which is of priceless value to one who would write tales of terror and of wonder.

THE INVISIBLE SUN. By Bertram Munn. 7s. 6d. net. (Leonard Parsons.)

The method of Bertram Munn is the method of our most up-to-date young realists, but she does not make their mistake of supposing that nothing is real except what is unpleasant. She starts before Joan Hamilton is born and deftly sketches the circumstances that were responsible for her differing so much in character and temperament from her elder sister Ethel. Ethel grows up contentedly conventional, marries happily and becomes the mother of a large family. Joan is, from her childhood, in constant rebellion against control and bent on taking her own way which is not always the way of the orthodox. After her mother's death, when she lives with her sister in Birmingham, she has chances of making what her sister regards as desirable marriages, but, though she

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wavers once, being tired of things, she resolutely rejects even the best of them because she is not the least in love and the idea of surrendering her independence is repugnant to her. Later, with a small legacy which, when she is twenty-one, comes to her from her mother, she takes her freedom, goes to London, makes new friends there of both sexes, and is presently earning her own living. The woman in her develops, she has adventures, the greatest of which might have marred all prospect of the happier ending that offers itself, only that, in Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, her life remains a pure flame, for she lives by the invisible sun within her. The story is well imagined and very well written; its characters are admirably drawn; it has charm and humour; and in spite of the name on the title page, we are convinced the author is a woman for, though its men are cleverly handled, it shows a wonderfully intimate understanding of women that is essentially a woman's.

SAUL. By Corinne Lowe. 9s. net. (Constable.)

This is a story from behind the scenes in the dress-designing world. Saul Furinski is a Russian Jew of New York, who starts life in one-room poverty and rises to a high place in the councils of Fifth Avenue. When the struggle is beginning he marries Channah Sadowsky, following the custom of her family by employing the services of a marriage-broker. His business prospers, the attentions of the buyers become flattering, and Channah watches, a little fearfully, the effect of success on the man she has married. It is a clever story with interests which run along different lines. It may be read as a novel of description, in which the dialogue and the characters support the exact reality of the picture (for there is more than one Hiram Lederhorn in a director's chair in New York City, and there always will be bullies like Mark Winotzky) or as a tale of passion in which the tulle and satin of the work-room are the trappings of romance. "Saul" is the story of the struggle behind the high-priced model in the window. It is also the justification of the struggle in the discovery of the man.

SWEET ALOES. By Elizabeth Stirling. 7s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Lady Stirling has written, in "Sweet Aloes," a slight but readable story of love and life in military circles in India. There are two colonels in the story; one, Colonel Gascoigne, is a charming man outside his own home, and anything but a charming man to his wife and family. He is, however, the father of what we may term the "second lady," pretty, smart Edna Gascoigne, who, after holding her own in spite of the narrowness of her father's purse, becomes engaged to a general. The second colonel, though never seen, plays an important part in the story. He is the father of Meg Meadows, the "first lady"; and having taken to drink on learning of the death of his wife from cholera during his absence, so report said, he lives in a secluded bungalow enclosed by a thick hedge, and threatens to shoot the first white man who dares to enter his compound. In the end, in a state of raving madness, he actually does shoot the man his daughter loves. Lady Stirling's knowledge of life in India is deftly used in this tale, and the daily round of work and pleasure is very life-like in these pages. We do not feel convinced that it would have been possible for Lady Shaw, the wife of the Resident, to remain unrecognised as the one-time girl-wife of Colonel Meadows, but as the fact restores Meg's mother to her when she badly needs comfort, we are prepared to accept it as part of a pleasant and often exciting story.

RHODA DRAKE. By C. H. Dudley Ward. 7s. net. (John Murray.)

There are other demobilised officers than "Sapper's" Bull-dog Drummond who find peace dull, and Colonel Hugh Bentley is another of those whom the Armistice has left with no occupation. He is twenty-eight, has an allowance from a war-wealthy father, and the days continue to pass while he just looks round. He dines at his

club, goes to theatres and dances, meets Rhoda Drake, and generally does his best to fill in time. The process gets a little monotonous, and things begin to drag. Then, in a moment of inspiration, the author brings the Countess Polonia Tchaikovitz into the story. The Countess is a remarkable woman, very ugly, much in the forefront of fashion, and with the kind of attraction that to look at a gargoyle offers. She has a curious influence on a shadowy individual named Chris, who wears long-shaped black boots and whose feet have no arch over the instep. The sense of mystery is well kept up and has its moments of horror in the neurotic outburst of unreasoning fear which surrounds Bentley's death. For the sake of the story we could have wished that the Countess had come into the pages earlier than she did.

THE SURRENDER AND OTHER HAPPENINGS. By Mary Gaunt. 7s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

These short stories of Mrs. Mary Gaunt are a panorama of travel, and a good deal more besides. Nobody but one who has explored the far corners of the earth and studied with an understanding heart the various races of the world could have written them. And therein to a great extent lies their fascination. From the white wastes of Alaska to the humid swamps of Africa and the splendour of a Chinese temple is but the turning of a page, yet each story grows as naturally out of its atmosphere as a flower out of its native soil. Mrs. Gaunt's short stories are exquisite examples of what the short story should be, neither abbreviated novels nor exaggerated incidents, but cameo representations of human life and character. Some are war stories, some which are too brief to claim to be stories come in the category of "happenings"; and following the trend of modern thought, the author weaves into one of the best and most enthralling of the collection—"The Temple of the Great Beneficence"—a touch of the supernatural. "The Surrender," dealing with two British officers who, with a small party of blacks, are lost in the African swamps, and fight their way through to German territory with the intention of surrendering, only to be surrendered to by the startled Germans, is a strong plot worked out in a masterly fashion, with vivid descriptions and flashes of genial humour. It is not too much praise to say that no story in the book falls short of that high level we expect to find in Mrs. Gaunt's work.

MALCOLM SAGE, DETECTIVE. By Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Probably there is no type of fiction that gives so much pleasure to so wide a circle of readers as the detective story. Indeed, its appeal is practically universal. From the errand boy to the philosopher, few can resist the spell of a cunningly-woven mystery. And now the distinguished creator of Bindle has moved towards the creation of Malcolm Sage, a keen brained gentleman whose successes in Government service during the war induced his good friend John Dene, once of Toronto and now of London, to set him up as a private investigator, largely with a view to insurance cases. In this book there are set out seven problems that were put before Malcolm Sage professionally, and the processes by which he reasoned out their solution are clearly given and explained. It is a matter for praise that the problems are not superhumanly insoluble, but good solid puzzles, offering certain tangles and complications through some of which the reader can see his way, as Malcolm Sage sees it, though, as is fitting, the reader's acuteness in spotting the guilty is not always as unerring as the detective's. The solving of the cattle-maiming mystery is an excellent example of the investigator's methods, and the discovery of the real thief of Lady Glanedale's jewels certainly deserved something better than the customary gold-mounted walking-stick with which the insurance company liked to reward the detective's prowess. There are two murder cases in the book, both ingeniously worked out, and a theft of an important and incendiary Admiralty memorandum. Malcolm Sage will be a popular detective, and it is to be hoped that seekers

for help will not mob the Adelphi, where he has his flat. By the way, it is a matter for consideration whether the gibes about the incompetency of ministers from prime ministers down, and the folly of civil servants and their typists, etc., are not somewhat moth-eaten. During the war, it should be remembered, the departments were largely staffed with "business-men" and their appendages. It is hardly fair that the civil servant should remain the scapegoat for all time.

The Bookman's Table.

NEW POEMS. By Rowland Thirlmere. 3s 6d. net (Selwyn & Blount.)

The first thing that strikes one in this book of Mr. Thirlmere's is the extreme difference in merit between such lines as

"Faithful to the kindly discipline that makes
The wild bird happy,"

and this, the last verse of a poem, "Night in London" (October, 1916), which, after describing the careless joys of those who on a raidless night emerge from their stall, and those who on the same night arrive, broken men, at Charing Cross, concludes:

"And the Picardy mud is packed with dead
But which are shadows to me—
—The lads whose laughter is quieted
Or the laughing folk I see?"

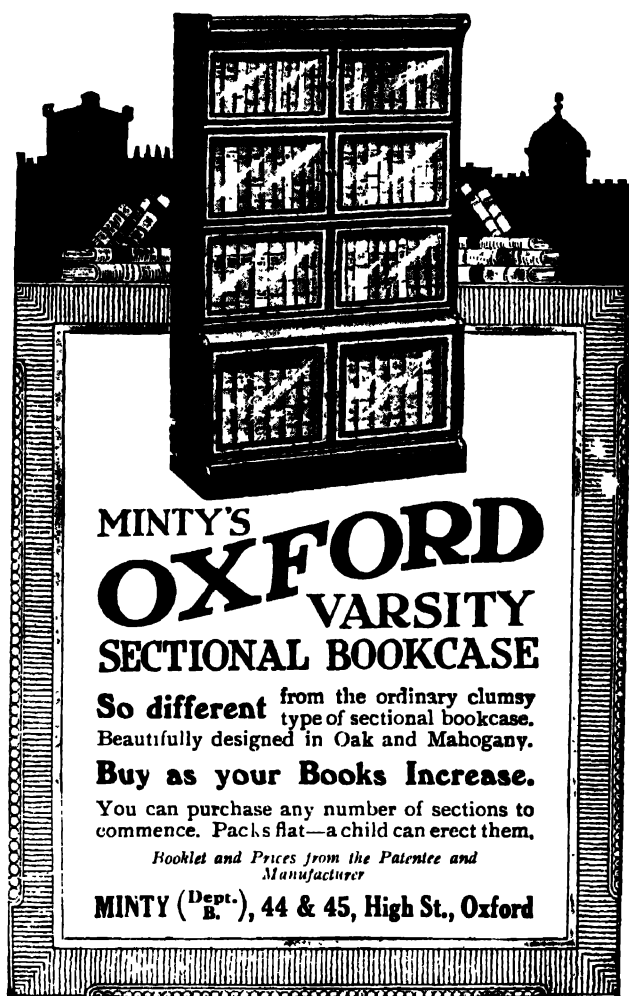
It is a pity that in so fine a piece there should be a facile play on the word "Empire." Mr. Thirlmere gives one the impression of being altogether too facile. His beautiful lines, and they are many, are submerged in lines that want pruning.

"Now I reap harvest from a cloud
And gather vintage from the wind."

is very good, and we hope that he will bring himself to rely more on those sources and less on the moralising which makes him descend occasionally to the low levels of the worst of Wordsworth; and, by the way, his Lake District dialect poems are most attractive.

BYGONE BELIEFS. By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc. 10s 6d. net. (Rider.)

Mr. Redgrove is a man of considerable scientific attainments who has written, with the authority of experimental knowledge, on such subjects as "the calculation of thermochemical constants" and on "inductive geometry." He has sought also to apply mathematical principles to the elucidation of metaphysical problems. It seems worth while to mention these facts as illustrating the quality of mind which offers in the present volume a notable series of studies not alone on Pythagoras and his philosophy, on "characteristics of mediæval thought" and architectural symbolism, but on the belief in talismans, ceremonial magic and most especially on the quest of the philosopher's stone. There are in fact two considerations of alchemy, its method, symbolism and metaphysical assumptions. They are excellent in respect of clearness and suggestive in the theories put forward. For Mr. Redgrove the old Hermetists followed the quest of "fundamental unity," which he regards as "a primary need of human thought," and he reminds us that some of the greatest intellects of the Middle Ages, Roger Bacon included, are numbered among the alchemists. We are more particularly interested, however, in his recognition of a "close connection between alchemy and mysticism," which he shares in common with



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other critics of the literature at the present day. He regards the Hermetic work in laboratories as an attempt to apply the doctrines of religious mysticism—e.g. the transmutation or regeneration of the soul—to chemical and physical phenomena. As such it proved a failure. It would seem, however, that an alternative view of the subject divides the expository literature into two branches, that which claimed to communicate supposed chemical discoveries under the veils of an obscure symbolism and that which used the same symbolism to record—for those who could read—discoveries of the spiritual order and deep inward experiences in days when such mysteries could not be discussed openly. Evidently the doctors disagree, with the result that "the closed palace of the King"—as the Hermetists call it—has not yet been opened to public view, notwithstanding the "twelve keys" of Basil Valentine, who was accounted a great artist of the work in the age of "bygone beliefs."

THE WOODEN PEGASUS. By Edith Sitwell. 6s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell)

Illusions are rudely shattered as one grows older. There was a time when we thought we knew what poetry was, even though we had never joined the glorious company of heroes who have attempted to define it; but having read "The Wooden Pegasus," we are abashed. This is poetry; Miss Sitwell says so; she evidently believes it; we retire into our shell, and admire her faith, if not her works. That may come later, when we gather what it is all about, what exotic significances are conveyed by the allusions to snow and hail in hell, and by the preponderance of fruity metaphors. (Miss Sitwell has a perfect fruitarian vocabulary—melons, apples, nectarines, peaches and strawberries are mentioned in her first rhyme, which begins charmingly, "Summer afternoon in Hell.") Let us quote a little poem entitled "Small Talk":

"Upon the noon
Cassandra died,
Harpy soon
Screeched outside.
Gardener Jupp.
In his shed,
Counted wooden
Carrots red.
Black shades pass,
Dead-stiff there,
On green baize grass—
Drink his beer
Bumpkin turnip,
Mask limp-locked,
White sun frights
The gardener shocked.
Harpy creaked
Her limbs again;
'I think,' she squeaked,
'It's going to rain!'"

The pursuit of beauty can no farther go. We have seen poetry, studied it for many years, even attempted the writing of it, but never have we drawn near to so mystical, so wonderful an achievement as this. It is inevitable, in the course of time, that our older poets shall be seen in their true colours, shall be recognised as the pretenders that they were, when tested by such golden accomplishment, such clearness of vision. Why not—the thought occurs—apply the test at once?

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate. . . ."

You know that sonnet of Shakespeare's. How poor, how uninspired it seems now that we know what real, living poetry is! There are glimpses of this old-fashioned poetry in "The Wooden Pegasus," particularly a poem entitled "The Mother," and some little lyrics, "Lullaby" and "Water Music," with three or four others, all of which we have the presumption to think charming and strong and beautiful. But we hesitate to insert even this tiny morsel of criticism, lest we be banned—by Miss Sitwell—for ever and irredeemably, with strange and exciting adjectives and jewelled, gleaming phrases like the aftermath of rockets that twinkle down the sky.

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sometime Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge. With a Memoir by SIR JOHN SANDYS, Litt.D. Crown 8vo. 8s 6d net.

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By A. W. POLLARD, Sanders Reader in Bibliography, 1915. Second edition, revised, with an introduction. Crown 8vo. 7s 6d net. Shakespeare Problems Series.

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"We reviewed this book on April 3, 1919, and we are glad to see an enlarged edition of a collection of poems so scholarly, so wise, and so agreeably handled, which have, moreover, a distinction of subject; for Mr Thorneley is fond of finding his theme in the world of science and treating it with extraordinary aptness."—*The Times*

The Influence of Man on Animal Life in Scotland. A Study in Faunal

Evolution. By JAMES RITCHIE, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E. Royal 8vo. With 91 illustrations, including many original photographs and drawings, and 8 maps. 28s net.

The animal life or fauna of a country is no fixed unit of occupation, established and unchanging, but, endowed with the plasticity of life, it carries in itself the imprints of many influences which have played upon it throughout the ages. This book was planned to unravel one important set of such influences—those which radiate from the acts of Man—and the fauna of Scotland was chosen as best suited for this purpose.

Letter Lane, London, E.C.4: C. F. Clay, Manager

The Bookman Illustrated Autumn Supplement

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY.

By W. T. STACE. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan)

Mr. Stace's "Critical History of Greek Philosophy," though it covers the whole ground, ranging from the Ionics, the Pythagoreans and the Eleatics to the Epicureans, the Sceptics and the Neoplatonists, is no mere dry-as-dust textbook retailing time-honoured opinions. It is nothing if not critical, it treats philosophy as a living force, and it is amusing in the best sense of the word. An excellent example of the author's style and method is to be found in the passage in which Mr. Stace demolishes Mr. H. G. Wells, who in "First and Last Things" says: "The proper way to discuss metaphysics, like the proper way to discuss mathematics or chemistry, is to discuss the accumulated and digested product of human thought in such matters." To which Mr. Stace retorts with great cogency:

"The comparisons between arithmetic, chemistry and philosophy rest wholly on a false parallel and involve a total failure to comprehend the nature of philosophic truth and its fundamental difference from arithmetical, chemical or physical truths. A later correct view in arithmetic or chemistry simply cancels and renders nugatory the older view. The one is correct, the other incorrect. We can ignore and forget the incorrect view altogether. But the development of philosophy proceeds on quite other principles. The system of Aristotle does not cancel or refute that of Plato. Spinoza does not simply abolish Descartes. Aristotle completes Plato as his necessary complement. Spinoza does the same for Descartes . . . The systems of Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Leibniz, Descartes, etc., are all alike factors of the truth."

THE WAR FOR MONARCHY.

By J. A. FARRER. 15s. net. (Swarthmore Press)

The war referred to is the Napoleonic war ending in 1815, and the writer's object is to show it up as corrupt and unnecessary. His philosophy is the serious and noble one of peace and the need for peace in the world, and he

points out moments when, during the twenty years' struggle, Europe could have had peace had it not been for kings and statesmen. Pitt is of course subjected to condemnation for prolonging the war, and England is pointed out as the pivot and mainspring of the coalition that was guilty of refusing peace to an exhausted and tormented world. As Mr. Farrer emphasises the fact that every time Napoleon struck down a European country, he offered peace to England, and England was guilty of refusing the overture, but went on fighting, are we to draw the parallel and regard England as guilty for refusing to make peace with Germany during "the late war" on Germany's

own terms? Mr. Farrer seems to think it wrong of Pitt to seek to impose an external will on France and Napoleon, rather than accepting the imposition of Napoleon's will on every country that was unable to overthrow him in the field. He seems to assent to the advice given by Miles in 1808 to the Prince of Wales, calling for peace to save the nation from ruin: "Leave to France the task of arranging the Continent of Europe, of which she is become the absolute mistress; *her claim, the right of conquest.*" It is indeed very hard to understand the logic of the pacificosophist. Mr. Farrer perhaps means well, but history is by no means to be accepted as it is in this volume.

THE MUSIC OF WILD FLOWERS.

By JOHN VAUGHAN, M.A. 8s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

STATUE AT COLON REPRESENTING COLUMBUS PROTECTING THE INDIANS.

From Spanish America, By C. R. Enock. (Fisher Unwin).



Taking for his text a saying of Dr. Arnold's, "Wild

flowers are my music," Canon Vaughan of Winchester has collected from various sources a number of his botanical papers, and in the present volume has given us the benefit of these reprinted pieces. The result is a most pleasant and varied entertainment, botanical learning and the utterances of poets concerning wild flowers happily commingled. Winchester and Hampshire with the New Forest and Selborne Common are the theme of several papers; thence we pass to the sand-dunes and salt marshes of the Suffolk coast. In his account of the flora of railway banks, not forgetting certain plants that persist in living on the permanent way itself, Canon Vaughan reveals a scientific interest and power of observation by no means surpassed

in the essays on the more highly favoured "Early Spring at Vevey" or "Woods in May." It is difficult to state preferences for each one of these twenty-three papers has its own charm, and all are written with an easy grace that banishes hostility and promotes good will; but

for our own part we esteem "Where Isaak Walton died" and the papers on "Fritillaries" and "Climbing Plants" above the rest.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH TOWNS: NOTTINGHAM.

By EVERARD L. GUILFORD, M.A. 4s net. (S.P.C.K.).

This is a very excellent little book in a series that is to be commended. Mr. Guilford is lecturer in history at University College, Nottingham, and his ancestors "held important corporate office more than a century ago." Justly therefore he takes pride in the past and present of Nottingham, and his story has the note of lively interest. Wisely disregarding early legends of the place and content



From Peterborough
(S.P.C.K.).

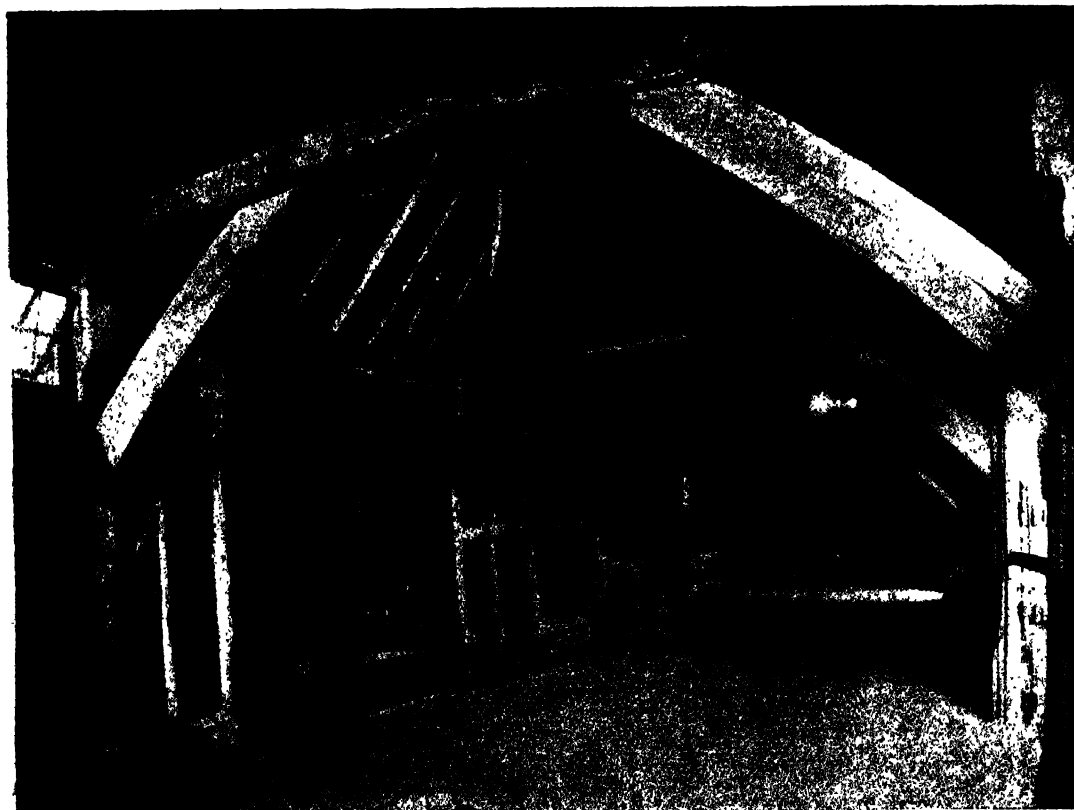
THE GUILDHALL, PETERBOROUGH.

to date the beginnings of Nottingham from the coming of the Danes in 868, an admirable summary of its political history is brought down to modern times. Additional chapters, equally well informed, are concerned with Nottingham Castle (burnt by the Reform

rioters of 1831, and for more than forty years a blackened ruin until it passed into the hands of the corporation to emerge an art museum), with local government and industrial history, with religious institutions, and with a singularly happy description of mediæval Nottingham. We should have liked some allusion to the famous cricket ground at Trent Bridge, for sport has its place in history, and the value of the book to students would be enhanced by a list of authorities. The illustrations, maps and index provided are all adequate and deserve acknowledgment.

THE FINDING OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

By Rendel Harris 6d. net. (Longmans).



From "The Finding of the 'Mayflower'"
(Longmans).

THE OLD BARN AT JORDANS.

At the present moment the interest in the *Mayflower* and her pilgrims is considerable, and so Mr. Harris's book on his recent discoveries will be welcomed and widely read. There can be little doubt that he has made out his case and that the barn at Jordans is undoubtedly constructed of the timbers of that stout old ship. Americans will therefore have a new shrine for pilgrimage in this country, if indeed they do not buy up bodily and transport it to America. There are many excellent photographs and reproductions. The book is written in a simple and straightforward style which will recommend itself to all readers, and the facts disclosed are intensely interesting to all who are interested in the story of the Pilgrim Fathers.



From *The Charm of Oxford*
(Simpkin, Marshall)
Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

From a drawing in pencil by W. G. Blackall.

HIGH STREET.

IN PERILOUS DAYS.

By CATHERINE BEARNE 3s 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

Miss Bearne has been careful that all dates, incidents and descriptions in her story should be accurate. She believes, and rightly, that children are more readily impressed by a good tale than by a more serious book. She has gleaned some of the scenes painted in her narrative from the conversation of those whose families took part in them. She has also visited an old lady who actually spoke to Marie Antoinette at Versailles, and who remembered the attack on the palace. The dear dog Bruno of the book was "a real dog, who went to prison, and behaved as described." Boys and girls will greatly enjoy this romance of thrilling days, and the experiences of the three young girls, Antoinette, Alix and Yvonne. The sketch of life in the Conciergerie is a haunting one. "The evening suppers, music and conversation lost none of their gaiety because all the company knew that night might be their last in the world." The story is somewhat old-fashioned, but we believe children will be very fond of it.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON IN 1666.

By WALTER GEORGE BELL,
F.R.A.S. Illustrated. 25s.
net. (John Lane.)

It is not a little surprising that we should have had to

wait for two and a half centuries for a first history of the most devastating and momentous experience through which London ever passed. The Plague, which preceded it, was a longer agony, more tragic, more unspeakably terrible in its effects upon the lives of men, but the Great Fire, if it spared life, laid practically all London in ashes—almost blotted out the whole city. So far we have had to content ourselves with such vivid little sketches of the enormous catastrophe as are scattered through the pages of Pepys, Evelyn, and less available contemporary writers,



From *In Perilous Days*
By Mrs. Catherine Bearne
(S.P.C.K.).

From a painting by Plioty.

THE TUMBRIL.



From *The Diary of a Sportsman Naturalist in India*
(John Lane.)

RETURNING AFTER THE BATH.

but now Mr. Bell has not only brought together all these references, he has consulted registers, letters, official and private documents, dredged assiduously in every place where information was likely to be had, and has skilfully welded it all into a connected and amazingly detailed narrative of what happened in those dread four days, from the hour the fire broke out at the baker's in Pudding Lane till, after leaping erratically from street to street, roaring and raging incessantly day and night, it burnt itself out at Pie Corner. Mr. Bell records the architectural and other treasures that were lost in that holocaust, brings you to a graphic realisation of Stuart London, which was largely a mediæval survival, and devotes interesting chapters to the restoration and rebuilding of the city, which, added to the masterly, curiously intimate narrative of the fire itself, makes this one of the most valuable as well as one of the most fascinating of all the books that have been written about London. It is a real and a moving epic story, and Mr. Bell has marshalled his facts with an imaginative art that makes them live again. The book is illustrated with numerous photographs, old English and foreign prints, and has folding plates of the ruined area, of London in ruins after the fire, and of Wren's plan for rebuilding it.



Photo by Sir J. P. Hewell.
From *The Diary of a Sportsman Naturalist in India* (John Lane).

THE LINE IN STRAGGLING OPEN ORDER, PROCEEDING TO THE NEXT TIGER BEAT.

THE DIARY OF A SPORTSMAN NATURALIST IN INDIA

By E. P. STEBBING. Illustrated. 21s. net.
(The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Stebbing has already to his credit more than one book on sport and wild life in India, and this is a worthy addition to the series. It recounts some of his experiences in Indian jungles after bison, boar, barasingh, sambhur and tiger, beginning in the latter days of last century, when game was more plentiful than it is now. His adventures were lively and various, ranging from episodes when everything went for the best for the hunter, to others in which the game had more than even luck, and he never hesitates to make a point against himself. For he is a manifest lover of the jungle and its people for themselves, not for his own triumphs, and from that arises the wisdom, ease and delight of his book. And it is delightful—no mere record of animals seen, animals killed. In fact the reader gets more fun—as the sportsman did—out of the heat and distress and fatigue of a hard day, and the success in getting on terms with his quarry,



From *The Glamour of Prospecting*,
By Lieutenant Fred C. Cornell, O.B.E.
(Fisher Unwin).

THE AUTHOR AT NAKOB,
READY FOR A LONG TRIP.

than out of the mere kill. Mr. Stebbing's book is one for both sportsman and naturalist, and as every one is to some extent a sportsman and a naturalist, one for the general reader as well. No one can fail to find delight in it.

THE GLAMOUR OF PROSPECTING.

By F. C. CORNELL. Illustrated. 21s. net.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Quite clearly the real "prospector" is as much "born, not made," as ever a poet could be. The writer of this book describes in terse, vivid fashion his excursions into all the waste and inaccessible parts of South Africa in search of copper, gold, diamonds, emeralds and the like. Strange places and strange adventures, starvation, thirst, physical dangers, hardships, hairbreadth escapes from most unpleasant fates fill his story. Over and over again he nearly lit upon fortune, but some mischance sent him the wrong way, and other men had the luck. Still and for all that, the book is no hard-luck tale; it is obvious that Mr. Cornell enjoyed everything, or at any rate would not have cared to escape the toils at the cost of giving up the free, open life and the unconquerable hope. He gives us a very admirable notion of South African lands, and their almost unimaginable wealth of mineral treasures.



From *In the Clouds Above Baghdad* (Cecil Palmer).
By Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Tennant.

ON PATROL.

THE TROUT ARE RISING.

By B BENNION. Illustrated. 10s 6d net. (The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Bennion is not unknown to a considerable public as "B. B." of *The Field*, where his articles on fishing have won him many friends. He will keep them all, and win more through this delightful book of fishing sketches, so rich in good memories and in good advice to boot. It is a commonplace that the art and practice of fishing is one of the most fascinating known to mortal man, and Mr. Bennion feels all its fascination and can convey it in words. He himself commenced angling at five years old, which to the purist may seem a trifle late in life though not hopelessly so. It may be contended that not later than four is the proper age to be entered on sticklebacks, that is for one who is to be a serious performer with the rod. It is no less exacting than piano playing, properly envisaged. However, Mr. Bennion made up for lost time, and never trifled away his opportunities subsequently. Hence his enchanting chapters on fishing in South Africa, capable of rousing envy in the bosom of any but the most honest and noble of men, that is to say, all fishermen. For good gossip, good stories, good cordial tone and good practical advice this book is one to be recommended highly.



From *The Trout are Rising*
(John Lane).

BROKEN COLOUR.

By HAROLD OHLSON. 8s 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

Here is a book for the idler, the dilettante, the lover of quaint and charming people, who do unusual things, and break out in unexpected and delightful sayings. Mr. Ohlson has made a good study of his artist hero Hubert, and his lovable companions, James and Angela, who adored the young vagabond. For Hubert worshipped such gods as the fire on the hearth, and the changing shadows on the sea; and consorted with men of old clothes and new ideas. As for James, he was also an artist, living in Bloomsbury. (In his sitting-room the mantelpiece was given up entirely to the bronze figure of a young girl made by a very great man indeed.) It was a terrible day for the peaceful trio when Hubert discovered he had fallen in love with a rich man's daughter. He was obliged to go and be civil to a dreadful uncle of his who ran an office, and who couldn't bear unconventional youths living in studios among dust and beauty. Mr. Ohlson would have made a better book if he had tightened up his plot a little. It is wandering to a degree; but there is such a friendliness and attraction about its pages that it does not seem to matter.

THE HEX RIVER, NEAR
WORCESTER.
A TRANSVAAL STREAM.



THREE-COLOUR COVER DESIGN (REDUCED)

From wrapper of "The Girl in Fancy Dress," by J. E. Buckrose
(Hodder & Stoughton).

EXTERIOR TO THE EVIDENCE.

By J. S. FLETCHER.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Even if you are in rather a languid mood when you take up this book; even if you believe that you are not particularly fond of detective yarns, you will be conquered by the fascination and mystery of the story as it is unfolded. Mr. Fletcher writes with a touch of distinction; the characters are all delineated with clearness, and the whole thing, though horrible, is always possible. How did the elderly gallant, Sir Cheville Stanbury, come by his death up at Black Scar at midnight? And how was it that so many people were afoot that right on the moor—the French governess, to

whom Sir Cheville was engaged, the lawyer Birch, the lynx-eyed confidential clerk Bradwell Pike, the heroine's father, Lucas Etherton, and also the hero's mother, Mrs. Stanbury? A button off Mrs. Stanbury's coat, by the way (a unique button), was found close to the spot where the victim lay. It was all very sinister, and there was a will involved and also some plans of a great secret invention made by Etherton. Very neatly does Mr. Fletcher shift the suspicions of the reader from one to another likely person, working the whole thing up in a masterly way. The quiet power of the last chapter (in which the guilty individual is allowed to sit quietly near the expert investigator while he tells his tale, and is made gradually to realise that the game is up) is impressive.

THE KILLER.

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.
8s. 6d. net. (Hodder)

This author's name conjures up for us one unforgettable book, "The Silent Places," in which was revealed with wonderful simplicity and skill the horror and the charm of the North-West. It was with the keenest expectation, therefore, that we turned to this book of stories and sketches of old days in Arizona. The opening story, which gives the volume its name, reveals Mr. White's power of description as strong as ever. It is a grim story, this, of Old Hooper, the man with the blood lust, but the grimness is relieved by many fine touches of humour and vivid characterisation, the latter at every point conveying to the reader the satisfying certainty of intimate knowledge and truth. Of the rest of the book we would mention only the section called "The Ranch," which consists of fourteen very charming descriptive papers of a holiday spent at a hospitable and old-fashioned Californian ranch. Here again the reader has the comfortable sense of listening to a master of his subject who is able to reproduce for us the picturesque and simple happenings of a mode of life that very soon will be no more. For the fiat of civilisation has gone forth, and the thrilling days of cow-boys and punchers are ending with the advance of barbed wire and the motor-car.



From *The Influence of Man on Animal Life in Scotland*
(Cambridge Press).

CATCHING A BADGER.
From a coloured plate dated 1820,
after H. Alken.

THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON.

By PADRAIC COLUM
Presented by WILLY
POGANY. 7s. 6d. net.
(Harrap.)

The old, old Celtic stories are here in an old, new way. The matter of Celt and Gael grows more and ever more beautiful in the over and over telling. Here, let us say, is the hundredth version, and it is like a lake of fair memories in summer tide, full of the blue sky. There is the tale of the Swan Maidens, and she who loses her coat becomes a great providence in Faerie for the King of Ireland's son. There is the tale of the Sword of Light, a variant from Peredur folk-lore, and the tale of Gilly of the Goatskin, who is the very kin of Peredur. There is the tale which is strange and terrible, of the maid Shun and her weird of love, like an echo from the old mysteries. There is also yet as one among many left over a story before and behind her "Unique Tale"; but we have met it in other manners of language, times without number. Now it happens that Mr. Padraic Colum has not only the Gaelic spirit, but the mantle of its inspiration is upon him. He has done therefore a certain work of alchemy and the old lore lives again in a new form. He has also drawn myths together, has worked them one into another and embedded them in the chief story of "The King of Ireland's Son." The result is a folk-romance—long, beautiful and noble—having also a beginning, middle and end, an ordered plan throughout. It is the best Gaelic story-book which one has seen these many days, and it should have a place in the annals of Faerie through generations and years. Well done, therefore, thou good and faithful Gael.

MOUNTAINEERING ART.

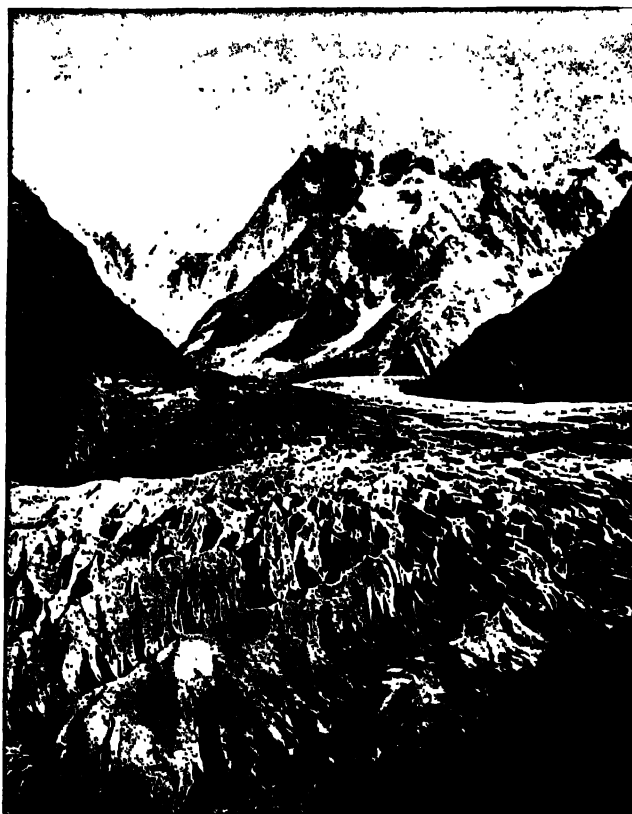
By HAROLD RAEURN.
16s. net. Illustrated.
(Fisher Unwin.)

It is true, as Mr. Raeburn warns his readers, that as



From *The King of Ireland's Son*
By Padraic Colum.
Illustrated in colour and line by
Willy Pogany
(Harrap.)

THE CREATURE CAUGHT HIM
IN ITS LONG ARMS.



From *Mountaineering Art*
By Harold Raeburn
(Fisher Unwin).

THE SEA OF ICE AND THE
GRANDES JORASSES.

mountaineering is the art of "getting up and down mountains," it must always be the outcome of long practical experience, united to natural aptitude, and cannot be properly acquired from the pages of a book. But there is a great deal to be learned from the printed page and from illustrations about equipment and technique. And it would not be easy to better the notes and advice as to technique and equipment contained in this volume, the outcome of more than a score of years' experience on all kinds of rock and snow and ice. Mr. Raeburn tells you what you ought to have, and why it should be one thing rather than another seemingly as good or better; for instance, his dissertation on boots is wise, full and convincing, and so on ropes, crampons, ice-axes, rucksacks, etc. In everything he aims at making mountain climbing safe and happy as a sport, and he is eminently practical. He describes typical climbs in Britain and in the Alps, showing the sort of hazards and difficulties to be negotiated, explaining the various methods of climbers of different experience and capacities.

The whole book is a happy blend of the severely practical and the interestingly discursive, and will interest the old hand as much as it will prove helpful to the novice.

A CRY OF YOUTH.

By CYNTHIA LOMBARD.
8s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

The scene of this unconventional romance lies in Italy. A young American girl, Margaret Randolph, bent on seeing life, is a lady's help in a Roman boarding-house. A chance meeting with a young Franciscan results in a mutual and ardent love. Felice Estori was a scion of a famous patrician house, and his novitiate was the result not of inclination, but of a stepfather's greed. These circumstances made him disposed to listen to temptation, and the tempter soon appeared in Maurice Fauvel, a free-thinking artist of generous impulses, who admired the



From *Awakening*,
By John Galsworthy.
Illustrated by R. H. Sauter
(Heinemann).

TITLE PAGE.

strikingly handsome couple, and determined to extricate Estori from his monastic life. He contrived to bring them together in a remote mountain home of his own, and here the lovers found their paradise. Days of sorrow and disillusionment came, their child was brutally killed by motorists, and doubt was sown between the lovers. Margaret returned to America and Estori to his cell, but fortune was kind to them. Margaret became a rich woman, and Estori succeeded to the headship of his family and was released from his vows by the Vatican. The weakest part of a not very credible story is the portion dealing with a dwarf and a hidden treasure.



"HE SPOKE AS IF HE WAS FIRST COUSIN TO SO MANY MICROBES AND GERMS THAT I BEGAN TO GET NERVOUS"

From *The Line's Engaged*
(Jarrold).

Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

By ALEXANDER MACKENNA, D.D., and H. ELVET LEWIS, M.A. 12s. net. (Religious Tract Society.)

On September 6th, 1620, three hundred years ago, the *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth, carrying the Pilgrim Fathers to find a land of freedom, and the site for a city of God, in that great, almost unknown world on the far side of the Atlantic. In truth they were "architects of the future," and the liberty for which they sought was "free communion of the human spirit with the Spirit of God." This is their memorial volume, prepared for the tercentenary, telling of those who went and whence they came in England. The first draft, so to speak, was given to us—now long ago—by Dr. Mackenna and is here altered and expanded, to



From *The Password to Fairyland*
(Simpkin, Marshall).

A HIGH WIND.

Reduced colour illustration.

real advantage, by Mr. Elvet Lewis. With coloured plates and many drawings and photographs, Mr. Charles Whymper has made it a thing of beauty in pictures. The adventurous story of the Pilgrim Fathers becomes a more living thing when we read it, looking at the same time on the "homes and haunts" which they left, on Gainsborough, Scrooby, Standish and Standish country, Boston in Lincolnshire, hallowed scenes of Cambridge and Corpus Christi, and the old, old town of Droitwich. We move through these places in the text, and they stand before us in the pictures. But the condition of things in all of them went from bad to worse, because of the persecuting days; and so it comes about that we pass with the Fathers to Holland, and here again the illustrations are aids to realisation of their life for a season in Amsterdam and Leyden—a dream-world of silent water-highways. It was at Leyden that they planned their quest across the seas, because they found no abiding-place in the Low Countries. It was from Delft that they sailed in the *Mayflower* to Southampton and then to Plymouth, preparing for the long voyage. There they tarried and thence they sailed, with how much hanging on their fate we know better than they did. Mr. Lloyd George says truly in his prefatory words that such a volume as this is of living importance, now that "the closer union of Great Britain and America has come to mean so much" for the world's future.

THE DIARY OF OPAL WHITELEY:

Written between the ages of six and seven.
7s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

Opal Whiteley is a mystery. "Born about twenty-one years ago—when or where, we have no knowledge." She lost her parents before her fifth year, and there is nothing to give any clue to who they were except two copybooks that held their photographs, but which "were taken away from Opal when she was about twelve, and have never been returned, although there is ground for believing that they are still in existence."

Opal was given to the wife of an Oregon lumberman and was brought up by her. Now Opal kept a diary, beginning in her sixth year and continuing to the present without serious interruption—a diary written on scrap-paper of all sorts. When she was over twelve years of age a foster-sister "unearthed the hiding-place of the diary—a hollow log in the woods—and tore it into a thousand fragments."

Opal kept the fragments and many years later was persuaded by the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* to piece them together for publication. "The complete manuscript," says Mr. Ellery Sedgwick in the preface, "comprises more than 150,000 words. There are upwards of 70,000 which can be ascribed with certainty to the end of her sixth and her seventh years, and which are printed in this volume." Viscount Grey of Fallodon has contributed an introduction, a charming introduction calling attention to the vivid interest in and feeling for the beauty of the world and the life in it which are displayed in the diary.

An English reader can have no hesitation in saying that if Opal Whiteley had been born and bred a "happy English child" this diary would be unmitigated spoof. English children of six years of age would not produce 70,000 words of laborious printing in capital letters, done in spare time seized from school and household tasks, nor is it easy to credit that an English girl would make 150,000 words suffice for six years' diary between six years old and twelve, if the first year took up 70,000 words and more. And few English children could at the age of six create and spell such a list of personifications as Opal made of her animal and vegetable friends: "Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon, a pet turkey; Alfric of Canterbury, a sheep; Anacreon Herodotus, a lamb; Aphrodite, the mother pig; Cynewulf, a sheep; Dallan Forgail, a sheep; Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides, a lamb; Orderic, a sheep." There are ninety-nine of these

characters, a stupendous array for a child of six—if she were English. And what observation! "Elsie is a very young girl"—a young married woman who to an English child of six must appear very grown up indeed. "I have thinks it must be wonderful happiness to be married. I have seen the same joy-light in the eyes of her tall young husband." But then Miss Opal Whiteley was an American young lady even at six years old. And we know what energy and "punch" that means. And we admire. Just consider the diary of one "to-day." It fills between 3,500 and 4,000 words, all done in large, straggled, printed

capitals by an industrious little American girl of six at the close of the day whose doings are chronicled therein. It causes the English reader to bow in reverence—youth will be served, especially American youth.



From *The City Curious*
(Heinemann).

IT SEEMED TO THEM THAT MEN GREW
UPWARDS AND NOT TOWARDS THE GROUND.

Story for children. Told in English by F. Tennyson Jesse.
Illustrated in colour and line by Jean de Bosschère.

WATER PLANTS: A STUDY OF AQUATIC ANGIOSPERMS.

By AGNES ARBER.
Illustrated. 31s. 6d.
net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This work reflects no little credit on English botanical study as well as on Dr. Arber, who has devoted the past ten years to the subject of aquatic plants and research into the problems of their evolutionary history. It is commonly agreed by botanists that Aquatic Angiosperms are derived from land ancestors, and have adopted the water habit at various times subsequent to their first appearance

as Flowering Plants. A study therefore of these plants affords very decided advantages in the possibility of tracing changes of structure and habit and development due to the new environment. The problems involved in the reproduction and dissemination of water plants are both intricate and far-reaching, and Dr. Arber dedicates a considerable section of her book to these questions. One of the most notable features of the book is the beautifully-drawn illustrations, nearly two hundred in number, in themselves a most valuable collection. There is also a bibliography of the subject extending to seventy pages, which should prove immensely useful. Dr. Arber's book is a landmark in the territory of the study of aquatic plants, and will remain a standard work on which future research will very largely be based.

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1920

LAUGHING WATER.

By ETHEL TURNER. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Turner writes with the old magic. Her sketch of quite an "ordinary mother" in this book is enchanting. When Mrs. North, plain and dowdy, fell ill, everything went to pieces. And one night Baby seemed ill, and Juliet, his small sister, was nearly at her wits end. Baby wept for his mother. "He continued to regard the door with wet, expectant eyes. . . . But there was a hopelessness now in the sobbings; the long watched door had not even yet yielded the large familiar figure that had been at his instant service day and night ever since he had opened his eyes in this world." They thought he had pneumonia. Then Mother appeared out of the sick-room " . . . just the same round, calm mother of their lives. She wore the same blue silk padded dressing-gown that had flitted in to them for years on cold winter nights, when they had had bad dreams." Besides this happy picture of family affection, there is more than a hint of a very young love story, told with that delicacy and skill characteristic of the authoress. Lots of fun, a merry tale, with the young folk all up to date and cheery and plucky. The description of how they all worked to make the life of the charwoman brighter is excellent.

DEREK GASCOYNE.

By CLIVE DESMOND. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We have all read the Anglo-Indian story whose plot grows drowsy in the heat of the Indian sun. In particular, the tale of the young subaltern's flirtation with the Colonel's wife has no more freshness and vigour than the individual writer puts into it. In "Derek Gascoyne" Mr. Desmond uses old material because it suits his immediate purpose.



From *Laughing Water*
By Ethel Turner
(Ward, Lock).

"DON'T SAY THE BOOTS HAVE
DISAPPEARED AGAIN," SHE SAID



From *No Defence*
By Sir Gilbert Parker
(Hodder & Stoughton)

THREE-COLOUR COVER
DESIGN (REDUCED).

He is concerned with bigger people than Archie and Mildred, whose joint folly causes disaster to their friends, but his Derek has just the kind of large-hearted, simple sense of honour that will keep him silent when his cousin's reputation is at stake. Suspicion falls on him, he resigns his commission and comes home to enter the political world. The author is specially successful in this part of the book, and the months which drag slowly for Derek and for Diana, who has misunderstood his silence, pass very quickly for the reader. Mr. Desmond writes easily and has the threads of narrative firmly in his grasp. Very clever is his study of Sir John Mitcham, who runs a party in Parliament for the underhand control of a secret vote. The book will be opened with pleasant anticipation by those who enjoyed "Intrigue."

THE HEART OF UNAGA.

By RIDGWELL CULLUM. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is an excellent yarn. No disrespect enters into the choice of this term which by use and wont is consecrated to tales of the Far North-West. Many exciting stories have dealt with that famous body of men who police these lonely parts, but the adventures of Steve Allenwood are as fresh as they undoubtedly are arresting. It was all a bit of the day's work for Steve to be sent at short notice on a two years' journey into unknown land to unravel the murder of two whites, leaving his baby girl and his flighty and discontented young wife to the hazards of a lawless community. Steve's journey was partly in vain, for he found that the whites had murdered each other; but he found also a marvellous tribe of hibernating Indians, who passed the winter in a trance produced by a mysterious drug. On his return Steve found his home deserted, and after years of fruitless pursuit of his wife and her lover he devoted his life to searching for the home of the mysterious anæsthetic.



From *The First Sir Percy*,
By Baroness Orczy
(Hodder & Stoughton)

COVER DESIGN IN COLOUR
(REDUCED).

MARTIN CRUSOE.

A Boy's Adventure on Wizard Island.

By T. C. BRIDGES 6s. net. (Harrap.)

This is a book that will surely delight the hearts of many boys, and girls too. It tells of the adventures of Martin Vaile, aged seventeen, among mysterious islands in the weed-choked Sargasso Sea. He is an expert aviator and wireless telegraphist, and the wonders of modern science enter largely into the tale. The discovery of an aged professor living in the lap of luxury on a lonely rocky island in the middle of the sea, fierce attacks by Norsemen from the neighbouring island of Lamuria; adventures with prehistoric monsters that still survive in the unplumbed depths—all these and many other excitements go to make up a story that is very readable indeed, and that has not a dull page. All ends happily, as it should. It is very lucky for Martin and also for Prince Akon of Lamuria, whose champion he becomes, that Martin is not only an expert bomb-thrower, but can manufacture bombs with great success. But then at seventeen he "was not only a first-class pilot and a certificated wireless operator, but he had a wider knowledge of general science, of electricity and of chemistry, than most men of double his age." The book ought to stimulate an interest in these things; though it is to be feared that few boys will be able altogether to emulate Martin Vaile. The story is told in commendably simple and straightforward language.

PEACE RHYMES OF A PADRE.

By G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

One should not dogmatise about poetry. The rose is not the only flower in the garden, and those wild things that grow outside under the hedges are often as

beautiful as any that the gardener cultivates. A superior critic the other day said he found "*Paradise Lost*" tedious, but he was wrong in taking it for granted that Milton was to blame for that; and critics being what they are it is possible some might be misled by Mr. Studdert Kennedy's modest prefatory intimation that he is not "quite a real poet." It all depends on what you mean by real poetry. The simple lyrics of Burns and Barnes are as real poetry as the more exquisitely finished songs of Tennyson or Shelley. All poetry is real that has some beauty of thought or feeling at the heart of it and clothes that fancy or emotion in the splendid or the homely language that effectively reveals it. The colloquial simplicity of these "*Peace Rhymes*" is an essential part of their poetry. Mr. Kennedy has a Kiplingesque vigour and vividness of style, but a broad, unorthodox philosophy of life that is rooted in his own experience, and that he expresses with extraordinary force and outspokenness. He puts above knowledge such blind faith in God as men must have in their leader if they are to have any hope of victory:

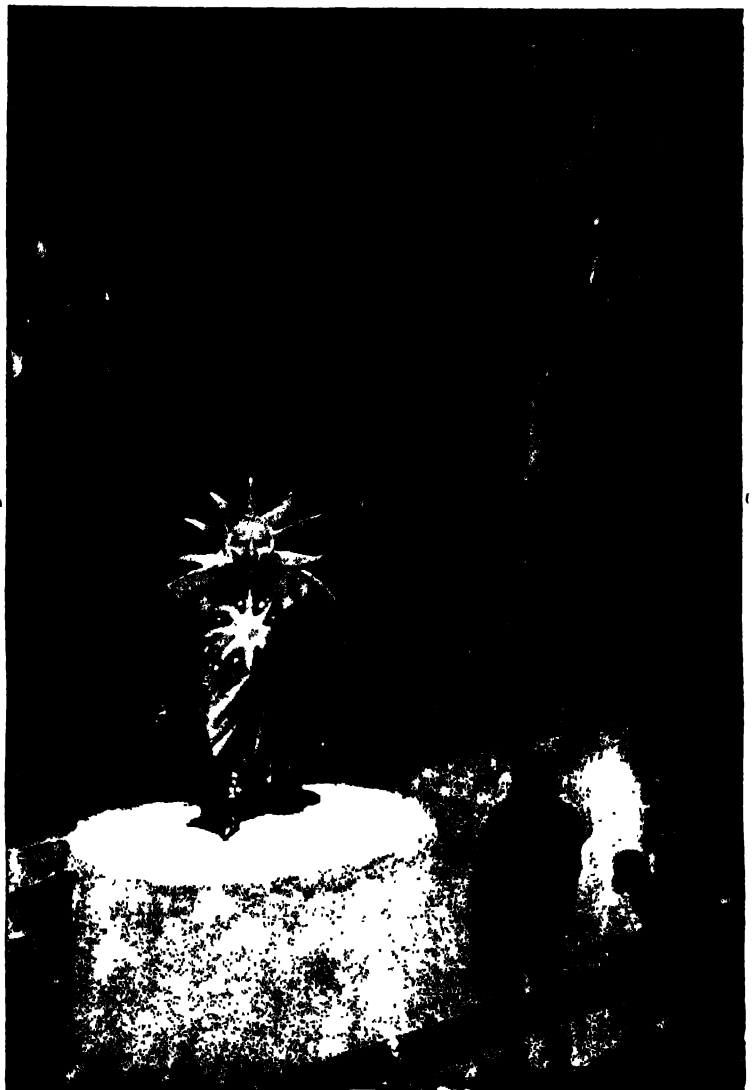
"How do I know that God is good? I don't.
I gamble like a man. I bet my life
Upon one side in life's great war . . ."

There is a poignancy of pity and pain in the sharply contrasted pictures of "*Indifference*":

"When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged him on a tree,"
but

"When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply passed him
by. . . ."

The suffering and pathos of common life are in "*The Pensioner*," "*A Gal on the Streets*," and others, and a righteous anger and bitterness in "*Idols*" and in "*Dead and Buried*"—this last, perhaps the strongest and most



From *Martin Crusoe*,
By T. C. Bridges
(Harrap).

MARTIN KNEW THAT THIS WAS
A PRIEST OF THE SUN.

moving poem in the book, a cry from the dead, a powerful protest against what the diplomatists are making of the peace for which others fought and died. It is stark and terrible in its condemnation, and says without flinching what many of us feel needs saying in these days. The "Peace Rhymes of a Padre" are worthy to stand beside those "Rough Rhymes" he wrote during the war; they are not the less poetry because they are largely topical and mean more than does most contemporary verse, and make their meaning uncompromisingly clear.

BLACK BARTLEMY'S TREASURE.

By JEFFERY FARNOL. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Here is another stirring romance of the good old days by the famous author of "The Broad Highway" and "The Amateur Gentleman." On this occasion he has chosen to transport his readers back into the adventurous times of the seventeenth century, when pirates roamed the seas and highwaymen the land, and life was held of smaller account than in these present tame, too civilised days. When the story opens Martin Conisby, Lord Wendover, is dragging out a miserable existence as a galley slave aboard the Spanish ship *Esmeralda*, into which unhappy position he has been betrayed five years before by a hereditary enemy, Sir Richard Brandon. The ship is attacked by an English vessel, and he seizes his chance to escape. He returns to England a free man, brooding on his wrongs, with no thought in his heart but to seek out his enemy and avenge himself. But Sir Richard Brandon has been taken prisoner by the Spaniards; and Martin finds only Brandon's daughter Joan, a beautiful, gentle girl who had been his playmate when they were both children. He then falls in with one Adam Penfeather, who tells him a tale of treasure hidden on a far away, deserted island by Black Bartlemy, a notorious pirate, now dead. Eventually Martin and Joan are cast away upon the treasure island together, and live a primitive life of seeking for food and learning to make weapons and utensils out of the materials that they find on the island. They fall gradually in love with one another, as was to be expected.



**From Other People's Waste-
paper Baskets
(Elliot Stock).**

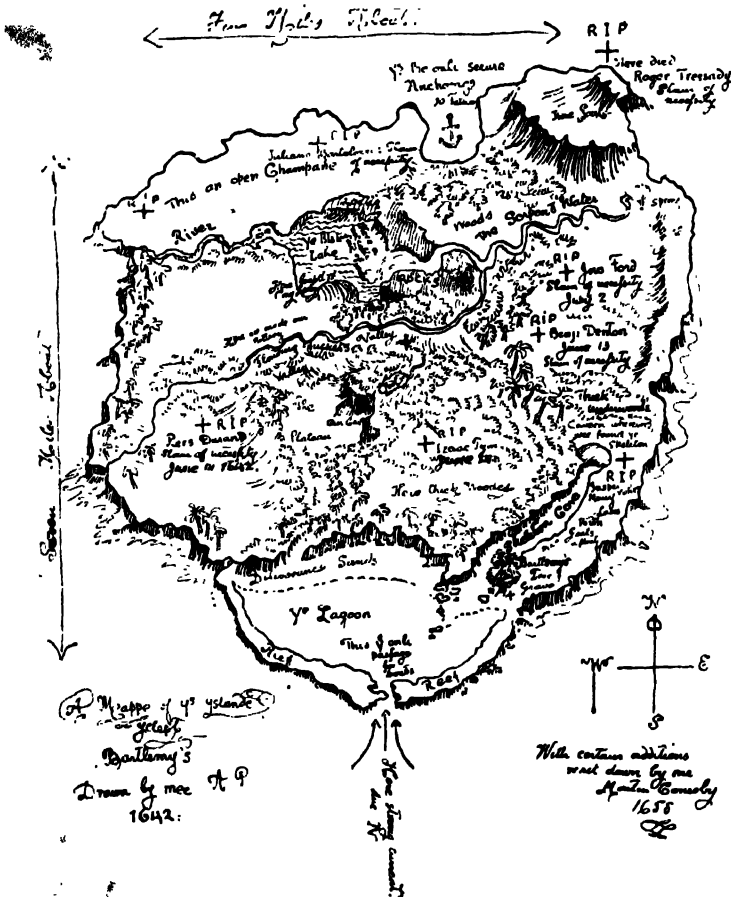
**THE SNARK THAT HAD A
FONDNESS FOR BATHING-
MACHINES.**

But that is not by any means the happy end of their adventures. This is no simple love tale, but a story derring-do and high adventure. There are many encounters with desperadoes, much bloodshed, alarms and narrow escapes from death or torture before the story of Black Bartlemy's treasure is ended. And the "happy ending" that Mr. Jeffery Farnol surely has up his sleeve is not reached in this volume. "Here, then, I make an end of the narrative of Black Bartlemy's treasure," says Martin Conisby on the last page, "but how and in what manner I came to my vengeance is yet to tell." We look forward expectantly to the telling.

**FROM OTHER PEOPLE'S
WASTE-PAPER BASKETS.**

By A. E. CUTFORTH. With Illustrations by C. CATHERALL.
7s. 6d. net. (Elliot Stock.)

The letters rescued from the "W.P.B." by Mr. Cutforth, *alias* Peter Brown, are not written on one theme nor to one person. But before we have reached the end of the volume we know that the writer of them is a keen mountain-climber, and we know, too, that thrilling and alluring though he finds the peaks of Switzerland, his heart is not less thrilled by the friendly peaks and hills of Lakeland. "Do you know," he writes, "a Swiss meadow which for colouring can beat the slopes of Fleetwith when the sun shines on the heather and bracken after the rain? Do you know a Swiss valley which for peaceful beauty can rival Rothwaite and Seathwaite? Can any milky glacier torrent compare with a single one of the hundred crystal becks that thread their way down the Cumberland fells? Do you know a Swiss precipice that looks more grim than Pillar Rock when you stand at its base on a stormy day?" And as he has been successfully up and down the Matterhorn not so very long before, he might easily have been dazzled by its glory. The illustrations vary in merit. They hold ideas but are not strong in "drawing."



*From Black Bartlemy's Treasure
(Sampson Low).*

ADAM PENFEATHER'S MAP OF THE ISLAND.

THE COURTS OF IDLENESS.

By DORNFORD YATES. 7s. net.
(Ward, Lock.)

If certain books are suitable for certain days "The Courts of Idleness" has a twofold value, for it is just the book for a warm, breathless day in summer, when a would-be reader wishes to be amused without labouring for the amusement: it is also just the book for the grey, sodden day when the would-be reader needs something gay and light, with the sound of infectious laughter in it. These stories as stories do not greatly matter: the scenes are gay and beautiful, or quiet and beautiful—but always beautiful; the men and women are gay and beautiful, also good-tempered, kindly, flippant, easy in manner and address. The dialogue is "badinage," when "badinage" is appropriate—and it almost always is; and when there comes, just once or twice, a thread of tragedy, it is revealed in few words. It would be unthankful carping to complain that all Mr. Yates's men and women are alike—all one large, understanding family. It is such a pleasant family to know; its members meet, walk together, travel together, dine together, play together, and have their



I drew this of (Maria) Lady Rylestone at Althorp March 1891.

From The Autobiography of Margot Asquith, A DRAWING BY MRS. ASQUITH.
which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing.

pleasing adventures together in the Courts of Idleness. But when—as is almost invariably the truth—these persons are called upon for stern duty, they are ready, brave and self-forgetful to the last breath. There is much to be said for a training that produces this forgivable "idleness."

NOT FOR FOOLS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards)

Mr. Bradley is a tailor, and a prosperous one, who tells us he pays "thousands a year in taxes," and as a business man with a stake in the country's affairs, and a sincere desire for his country's good, he thought it well that the country should know what he thought of the war, and the autocratic bureaucracy that was crushing and misgoverning and wasting the youth and the resources of England and the Empire. And to secure wide publicity he published his views in advertisement columns of certain journals, for which he paid at the proper rates. These views, he tells us, met with universal acceptance, were widely canvassed, and heartily agreed with by practically all who read them, and immense numbers of persons wrote to approve and applaud. He has now reprinted them, with additional matter, and with illustrations. It is a little strange to find him claim that everybody agrees with him, and yet he warns "the majority" that the book is not to be read by them. And in one of his "aphorisms" he declares: "My views on any subject can be stated in five words: 'I disagree with most people.' This is no proof of insanity." One marvels how these declarations can be reconciled. He tells us that he put "the truth" to the British people. Clearly he is no jesting Pilate, and had no misgivings as to what truth might be. To him it was his personal view on any subject, which he no longer hesitated "to express when I have such wonderful proof that 99 per cent. of the nation is in agreement." There was a gentleman of minor distinction in the Church who once delighted a company by declaring that it was "a great comfort to know that he had exactly the right views on religion." Mr. Bradley must have no less comfort in his knowledge of the truth.



From Snakes and Ladders: A Child's Fantasy,
By W. J. Ferrar.
Illustrated by Warwick Goble
(Daniel)

SWIFT
LIGHTNING.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a notable addition to the dramatic stories of wild animal life in the rugged and primeval lands. Swift Lightning is a wolf, but a wolf that twenty generations back had a Great Dane for ancestor. And in him the Great Dane had come to life again, in his great size and strength, his massive chest, his way of holding his head, and deep down among his sheer wolfish instincts, in a glimmering of chivalry and affinity with man. This feeling towards mankind was one he could not understand or catch clearly, but every now and then the dog floated up to the surface, differentiating him from the wolves of the pack. Up in the barren Arctic tundras he ran with the pack, now well fed, now lean and pined with utter starvation, enduring the terrific cold that sinks to fifty and sixty degrees below zero, and even drops to where mercury cannot follow, and where no human life can hold out against it in the open. Fights with other wolves, battles with polar bears, encounters with huge musk-oxen, with caribou, enormous owls like eagles, terrible quests for food, friendships with wolf and she-wolf—all these Swift Lightning knows. But always, through his splendid wildness and fitness for the wild, there was unknown and unexplained the call of the tame. No wolf could be wholly his friend, the friend of the Great Dane in him, no she-wolf wholly his mate. How



From *Three Real Bricks*,
By T. E. Grattan-Smith (*Harrop*)
Illustrated by Savile Lumley.

MEL ON THE TOWBOARD.



COVER DESIGN IN COLOUR.
From *Drake's Drum*,
a striking romance of Elizabethan Days, by Draycot M. Dell,
just published by Messrs. Jarrold.

he found Firefly, the masterless collie, and persuaded her to follow him, and live the wild life with him, and how gradually he came to know man, and finally to throw in his lot with man, is well told and of thrilling interest.

DELILAH.

By PAUL TRENT. 4s 6d net. (Hayes)

A typical daughter of Eve is Dawn Odell. Brought up in the country, isolated, she devotes herself in unsparing fashion to her father. But when he dies, leaving her lavishly provided with the good things of this world, she begins to long for a wider and more varied life. This has been foreseen by her wise parent, who made it a condition that she should stay at home until her aunt and guardian arrives from India. Into Dawn's solitude, though, penetrates a man of the world, rich in experience, and the girl becomes infatuated with him. Her guardian faces the situation with courage and tact, but the thoughtless niece disregards advice and warnings, continues her own wayward course. The fiancé is genuinely in love and, although deeply involved elsewhere, is not a bad man. They are married, but the expected happiness somehow fails to materialise. She longs for him to dominate her, and when he does not do so, tries his patience to the utmost. Gradually the couple drift farther and farther apart as Dawn embarks upon one unreasonable escapade after another without check or hindrance. Friends grasp the position, and urge the husband to be firm, put his foot down. An actress, who at one time meant much to him, tries to regain her old place in his affections. A crisis is reached at home, he asserts himself and determines to end it all. Tempted to the breaking point, he is just about to surrender when the alert old aunt, who has followed events with unerring judgment, intervenes and rescues him. The conclusion opens up a vista of unalloyed bliss. The narrative displays evidence of keen observation, careful craftsmanship and ripe experience.

BRUCE AT BOONDERONG CAMP.

By LILLIAN M. PYKE. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Bruce was quite a problem. In the first chapter we find he has cut pieces of rose-coloured silk from his sister's best kimono, to make wings for his model airship! "You see," says his father, thoughtfully considering the general freakishness of the lad, "we lost one boy, and that makes his mother feel she can't deny this one anything." But it was the ruin of Bruce. He spent all he had on tuck, and made himself and others sick. He shirked his home work, and brought excuses. He couldn't be bothered with sport—it was too much fag. And wouldn't join the Scouts because it was too much like hard work. Yet at heart he was a decent kid, and the parents hit on a capital plan for him when they sent him off to Boonderong Camp, where he had to rough it and learn all about life out of doors. There is an admirable glimpse given of an experimental school kept up in the wilds, where Bruce finds himself—a school with a clever master, who seizes very sensibly on the ambition of the child, and helps him to develop it. Bruce wanted to know how to build airships, and was told: "It only requires study in the branches I have indicated to enable you to put together a very fair model." He worked, after that, with eagerness and pleasure.

THE KING'S PASSION.

By AMY J. BAKER (MRS MAYNARD CRAWFORD) 7s. net
(John Long)

The king chosen as the hero of this novel is Edmund of East Anglia, who was slain by the Danes in the ninth century, and is counted as a martyr in the Church Calendar in that he died a Christian, refusing to deny his faith or acknowledge the gods of the Norsemen. The great monastery at Edmundsbury and the many churches dedicated to his memory are evidence of the honour in which King Edmund was long held, and Mrs Maynard Crawford has depicted him as a very gallant and chivalrous man, every inch a king; devout withal and of high courage. For heroine, Frea, true daughter of a viking, bravely fills the part, and Biorn, double-dyed traitor, is the villain of the piece, meeting the doom he deserved. If the novelist takes



From *Bruce at Boonderong Camp*
By Lillian M. Pyke
(Ward, Lock)

A FEW TRIPS SUFFICED
TO INFLAME HIS HANDS.



From *Little Treasure Island* (Hodder & Stoughton).
By Arthur Mee.

THREE-COLOUR FRONTISPIECE (REDUCED).

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1920

liberties with history, and makes the conversation suggest a somewhat later period, that should not displease the reader. For, after all, given a story with a powerful love interest, and the appropriate amount of local colour, what more can the reader desire? And such a story Mrs. Maynard Crawford has supplied in "The King's Passion."

THE SOLVENT.

By DOUGLAS GOLDRING and HUBERT NEPEAN. 7s. net. (Daniel.)

Whether the discovery of a means of making gold and the threat to disclose this secret to all the warring Powers would have had the effect it has in this story of terrifying a leading member of the British Government who is faced with the prospect of that disclosure if he refuses to exert his influence to end the war and make peace, is more than the present reviewer can say. And the timely melodramatic death of the strange old Irishman, O'Carolan, who has made this discovery, is rather a blot on an otherwise distinctly clever if rather too bitterly and sometimes too narrowly censorious political novel. There is not a disinterested politician in the book—perhaps there is none in life—and if there is more talk than incident, it is interesting talk, with a satirical edge to much of its commentary on current affairs that is piquant, though occasionally it savours more of pique and prejudice than of serene judgment. A book to be read, both for its shrewd delineations of character and its shrewd handling of latter-day problems.

DICK LESTER OF KURRAJONG.

By MARY GRANT BRUCE. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

A gay story of Australian life for boys and girls. There is a sunny freshness about it which will attract from the very start. Dick is such a manly small boy, and his



From Dick Lester of Kurrajong,
By Mary Grant Bruce
(Ward, Lock).

"GREAT SCOTT! THERE'S
A CAMEL"



From Bulldog Drummond,

COVER DESIGN.

By "Sapper" (Hodder & Stoughton), recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

mother so charming and sympathetic, and the book opens so well with the preparations for Dick's holiday from school. He is to go a trip to Western Australia to meet the father he loves. The trip on board the big steamer is described with great gusto. We hear how Dick even went to help the stokers, besides making friends with everybody. He also dived into the sea, to save a naughty baby who fell overboard. Later, in the course of his adventures on land, he was again in danger of his life, and for a time the writer leads us to believe that Dick will never walk again. But Miss Grant Bruce does not keep us sad for long; very soon a great spine specialist looms on the scene, and Dick is left cured, after a big operation. This is really a delightful tale.

EDUCATING PETER.

By W. P. LIPSCOMB. Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN. 9s. net. (Constable)

In his new book the author of "Staff Tales" tells of the doings of a young man of means and no special interests. Peter, to put it plainly, is a mug, in the language of an earlier generation he is a pigeon for the crows to pluck. He is introduced to us when fleeing from the attentions of a pursuing female, and that flight is made a recurring *motif* throughout his subsequent trying time. He is induced to put his money into various promising "propositions"; he is fleeced at snooker and cards, and having lost his all in a moment of desperation attempts suicide, and then is induced to enter into a strange compact with two other unknown would-be suicides, that the trio shall "make away" with each other. Having done this he learns that he has come into a large fortune, and a succession of farcical episodes follow during which he is trying to dodge the consequences of his foolish compact. It is all lively and amusing, a kind of farcical-tragedy—farce for the spectator and tragedy for the very foolish young man, being "educated." Any sympathy which the reader might have for the foolish Peter and for the girl who completes his education is somewhat marred by Mr. Bateman's half-dozen droll pictures which are rather pictorial comment on lines chosen from the story than illustrations of it. Mr. Bateman's talent as a humorous draughtsman is unquestioned, but they do not "belong" in a story which to be successful should, if only for a reading-while, impress us with the idea of its possible reality.

ROUND ABOUT EGYPT, AND OTHER THINGS.

By A. BERESFORD HORSLEY. 5s. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

These are light and amusing sketches on various subjects, but chiefly on a journey to Egypt and incidents on the way and in Egypt itself. Mr. Horsley keeps wide open eyes, and eyes that are quite able to appreciate the humorous aspect of whatever comes within their ken. His observations on the barber's shop on the liner that carried him to Port Said will come very much home to every one who remembers the extraordinary conglomeration of wares exposed temptingly in these extravagant floating emporiums—soap, sealing-wax, leather goods, stationery, jewellery—anything that you may want or that you most certainly don't! He had experiences in Helouan



MR. WILLIAM GARRETT.

whose new novel, "The Secret of the Hills," published by Messrs. Jarrold

with the natives that confirm the average opinion held of those agreeably untrustworthy folk, although he testifies that they are excellent in all their relations with one another, and estimable in many ways. There is a very pleasant chapter on the selling of carpets, a note on hotel gardens that makes one sigh for all that beauty, and a very delightful

memory of duck shooting in the Fayoum—the picture of the two village boys plunging into a pond after a wounded duck and chasing it like spaniels, for the sheer fun of the thing, is a little cameo of considerable charm and feeling.

THE SECRET OF THE HILLS.

By WILLIAM GARRETT 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds)

He saw her first, brilliant and beautiful, at the Oriental Café. He was Guy Fenton, athirst for adventure, adrift in London with little money left. He wished to know more of Marion Freeland directly he set eyes on her, and the wish was to be quickly realised. That very night, returning to his home in the fog, Guy blundered into the wrong house—the house where Marion was. He found her uncle cruelly done to death. In his pocket-book there was a mysterious jotting about a hidden treasure, and Fenton, hungry for danger and anxious to help the distraught girl, determined to investigate. And after many things had happened, he got to Scotland, and among the wild hills in a dark cavern behind sand, he actually discovered a very satisfactory treasure indeed. In an age-blackened box, there were chains of gold, collars of gold studded with a variety of gems, platters of beaten silver, lavers, basins, rosaries, rings, loose sapphires and pearls. ("This little jeweller's shop is worth more than half a million dollars," remarked our hero's friend.) A scrap of paper revealed the fact that they were part of the lost glory of James II of Scotland. A brisk, unpretentious tale, never for a moment boring.

THE CHARM SCHOOL.

By ALICE DURER MILLER. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Miller, as every one knows, has a very light touch with her fiction, and "The Charm School" is certainly

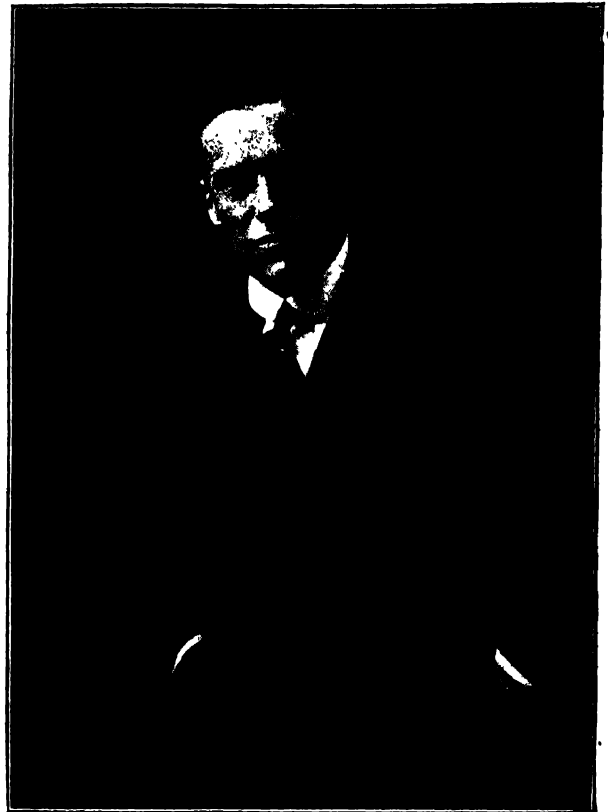


Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

CAPTAIN A. BERESFORD
HORSLEY, C.B.E., J.P.,

Author of "Round About Egypt" (Selwyn & Blount).

not the least entertaining of her stories. Surely the world is subtly changing if we may judge of young people as the novelist depicts them, for the old hypocrisies seem to be vanishing. Or is it that the novelist invents daring episodes thinking them possible if not altogether probable. For instance what would an old lady of forty years ago say of a girl who, in answer to a comment by an attractive young man upon her agitation, replies: "Yes, I am—not exactly afraid—but I love you—I love you terribly."



Photo by Vandyk.

MR. ANTHONY LUDOVICI,

whose new novel, "Raw Virginity," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.



THREE-COLOUR COVER DESIGN
(REDUCED)

From the wrapper of Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel,
"Spring Shall Plant," which has just been published by
Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Elise says this without any encouragement to love-making, and yet she is beautiful, lovable and charming; and Austin Bevans, who receives this confidence is as downright and straightforward as herself. He is besides the principal of the school where Elise is being educated, having inherited it from an aunt. When he receives this legacy he, wanting money, decides to run the school according to his own ideas; not as an introduction to a college career, but as a school in which to teach womanly charm. As Austin is "of the most extraordinary beauty—not only of face but of figure . . . with eyes of the clearest sky-blue, in surprising contrast to his bronzed skin and black hair and lashes," the effect on the girls may be easily imagined. Austin believes himself to be in love with another girl, which helps him to exercise restraint over Elise; and there is a vociferous uncle, Mr. Johns, and a very collegiate mistress to be severe upon Austin, all of whom help the fun along. It is needless to say that this is a very good and amusing story.

THE TRIUMPH OF NATIONALISATION.

By SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

This book is dedicated "To the Servants of the State," who, it is claimed, organised victory for the nation when the great men of the world of Individualism were ready to declare that our case was hopeless. It certainly makes hay of much of the unreasoning denunciation of public servants—bureaucrats!—now so commonly indulged in. "As early as 1915," we are told, "responsible men of great ability

satisfied themselves that we had shot our bolt and could do no more." They were wrong. According to Sir Leo Money they were wrong because they had gauged the country's chance on the possibility of carrying on under the general "disorder" of "private enterprise." The "practical possibilities of national organisation" they could not conceive. "The true powers of the nation" were realised, and victory was achieved "by Nationalisation." This book is the mass of evidence collected, and amazingly well arranged, to justify this considerable claim. One of the first, as it is certainly one of the most important, things considered is the physical fitness of our people. During one period of the war, 2,425,184 examinations were made—of men who should have been in the prime of life—and it was found that only one in three was physically fit! The "possibles" among the rest had to be "nationally" repaired. In commerce and industry, we are told, there was lack of technical training, a contempt for science, little co-ordination or organisation on national lines. Then came the trial of Nationalisation. "We have been driven bit by bit, against our will," said Mr. Runciman, then President of the Board of Trade, "to suspend the easy flow of purely voluntary action." Private enterprise was interfered with everywhere; the railways were controlled; munitions were produced on a national scale; shipping was later controlled; the food supply was nationally organised; in a score of ways the State became a provider and purveyor of goods. How this was done, and with what effect, this book sets out to explain; and certainly no one living is more competent than the author to attempt to justify the claim made in the title.



From The Dogs of China and Japan in Nature and Art
(Heinemann).

PLEASURE-BOX ANNUAL.

Edited by GEORGE GOODCHILD. 6s. net. (Hayes.)

This is a new children's annual, and every child who is lucky enough to get a copy will find inside this "Pleasure-Box" a wonderful store of good things. There are stories for very young children; stories for those a bit older than very young, and stories for quite elderly children. The stories are of all lengths and all kinds—exciting, mysterious, fairy and fantastic, and non-fairy everyday stories. There are also all kinds of verses, about all kinds of things from rabbits to door-knockers. Then there is a one-act play which every child who reads it will want to act. Pages of music, called "The Children's Ball," which consists of favourite old game-rhymes set in a simple form for singing and playing; shadow-graphs, puzzles, and a maze called the Ogre's Castle, are other fascinating items of the book. And last, but in no sense least, there are the pictures. On practically every page there is a picture—pen-and-ink or coloured. "The Pleasure-Box" is simply overflowing with pictures. Where there is so much that is delightful, it is difficult to pick out any one thing for particular mention, but with regard to the illustrations room must be found to refer specially to the drawings by Jaxon, which are, without doubt, of unusual merit—beautiful drawings, dainty and Rackhamish—the kind of work one turns back to look at again and again.

JUST NOW.

By ALICE MAINWARING and GEORGE LONGRIDGE, C.R. (Wells Gardner)

Letters to a lady on life in general. Miss Mainwaring is responsible for twenty-two epistles, and they are well worth reading, being wholly natural, full of sense and humour. She quotes interesting things from many modern authors, and is earnestly religious. "I began to dream what life might be here and everywhere if Christ were



From *The Land of the Hills and Glens*,
By Seton Gordon
(Cassell)

A TIREE WOMAN SPINNING.



From *Sports and Sportsmen* (No. 1),
the new magazine published for the Olympic Press, Ltd.
(Messrs. G. Heath Robinson and Birch).

THE LIONESS WAS COMING TO
HER KILL.

THE BOOKMAN. AUTUMN 1920.

the one Guest, looked for and welcomed." Again: "Do not think that life suffers from the delusion we have, that there is coming at some time a period of unlimited leisure, when all the things that should be done to-day can be done with ease and enjoyment without interfering with the everyday duties that now fill our hours." This leads on to an interesting discussion. Father Longridge's subjects are "Church Troubles," "Vocation," "Retreats," "The Love of God," "Christian Marriage." On the Ministry of Women he says: "Is it permissible to admit women to the Priesthood? To this question the answer is plain—which is no. The Church has no such custom." This will show the attitude he takes to such matters. The little book is genuine, and Miss Mainwaring's work is unconventional and charming and sincere, and we wish the volume well.

BOOK-PLATES.

By FRANK BRANGWYN.
£2 2s. net. (Morland Press.)

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, in a foreword to this beautiful volume, writes on British effort with regard to book-plates. He tells us that we are making up for lost time; we promise soon to be in the van, thanks to the many brilliant stylists who now devote their time to the subject. "In fact," says he, "a happy future is dawning for these fine things, and the time must quickly come when no book-lover worthy the name can deny himself a work of art to link him with his book, long after his eyes shall read and his hands embrace it no more." The right book-plate should be a line between the personality of the owner and the treasure it adorns. The examples here by Brangwyn are extraordinarily impressive; rough yet elegant, powerful and harmonious. The frontispiece, a man with a patient wrinkled face, looking up from some book of wisdom with grave glance, has above it the words "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." It is wonderful. The lettering in these plates goes always fitly with the design. Mr. Brangwyn often makes play of the name of the reader, thus "Rivers" shows a river, and "Edith Green" shows leaves. There is cunning and force about the "H. Stokes," and much vigour in the bright brown-and-white man's profile against his book, in "J. Hazell." The back of a damsel gazing at a spider's web ("Estella Canziani") has lovely lines. Altogether a collection to cherish.

THE SIN OF GODFREY NEIL.

By PETER BLUNDELL. 8s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

* The earlier stories by Mr. Peter Blundell have been of a more or less definitely humorous character, exploiting the somewhat ridiculous ways and pretentious talk of Eurasians. "Love Birds in the Coco-Nuts," "The

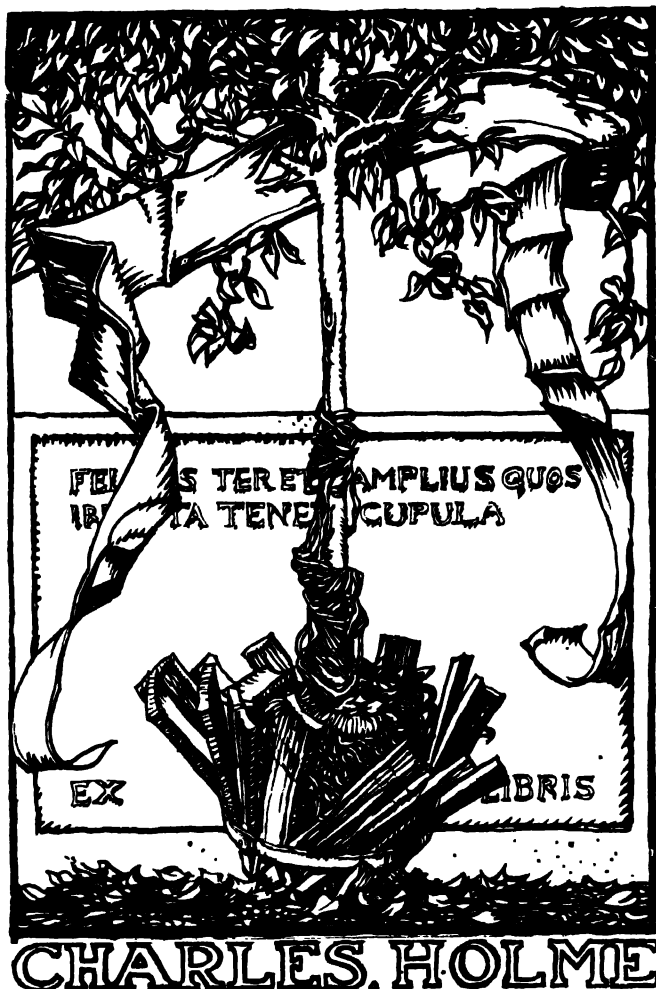
Finger of Mr. Blee" and the more recent "Mr. Podd of Borneo" all were in varying degrees concerned with such. In his new novel, however, Mr. Blundell has taken a more strongly dramatic, even tragic, theme, and has proved not less successful. It may even be thought that the new story is the strongest work he has yet done. Though there is a fairly wide public ready to appreciate humorous fiction, it is probable that the more serious, dramatic story informed with what is termed "a strong human

interest" appeals to an even wider public. Such a story is that which Mr. Peter Blundell has given us here, a story of diverse characters set amid surroundings of the Far East, with varied interest and strong emotion running through it. His Godfrey Neil is a young man somewhat weak of character who seeks to get out of one difficult situation by plunging into another; and as his friend Summers puts it somewhat cynically: "To live successfully a life of evil requires considerable strength of character. The weak man gets swamped. In fact to be good is the weak man's safest method of cutting a respectable figure in life." With Malaysia as background the author gives a vivid impression of contrasting members of the scattered British colony there, from Governor to missionary, from ambitious young man to sunken derelict.

THE CROSS PULL.

By HAL G. EVARTS.
8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This delightful story of a wolf-dog is a great find to the weary reviewer, and must, we are sure, command a large sale among the animal-loving public. In the first chapter we have a fine, weird description of the wolf-shiver. "There is one note to which a man may listen for a thousand nights, and on the next he will inevitably nestle a trifle closer into his bed-roll when it sounds, and feel the same chilly prickling of the skin along his spine. The far-off note of a lobo always carries an added ache of loneliness to the man in the open." Now, Clark Moran, the wild hunter, found a wolf-pup, and this is the tale of his taming, and his devotion to a good master. When Moran first caressed the young creature, he felt the first stirrings of the inner conflict—the battling for supremacy between the wild blood and the tame—that would influence his every move through life. "The yellow coyote eyes were bright with suspicion; the sensitive lips writhed up, exposing the ivory fangs of the wolf, but the yearning of a dog to be loved by man held him from sinking them deep in the hand that was now within easy reach." This is a wonderful dramatic history of life in the open, and most lovingly and shrewdly has the picture of Flash been drawn, with a background of lonely hills and many rivers. There is a girl in the book, and a very happy ending for the adorable wolf-dog.

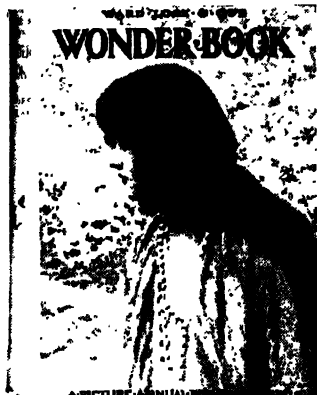


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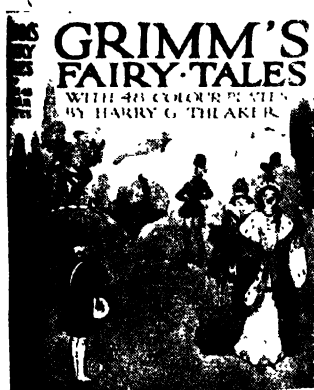


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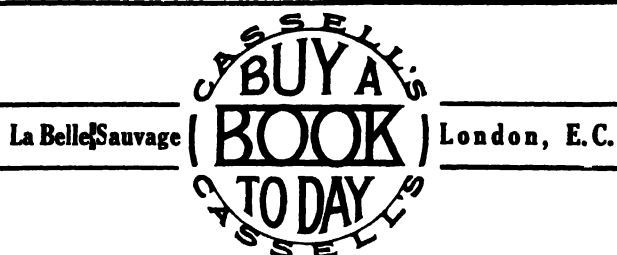
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN

250 GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITION.

The increasing cost of book-production is, in these days, raising very serious difficulties for the author as well as for the publisher—especially for the author who is unknown.

It has always been part of THE BOOKMAN'S programme to look out for new talent and encourage young authors of promise and, in the adverse circumstances that face them at present, we have decided to offer

A Prize of 250 Guineas for the best First Novel.

For the purposes of this Competition a "first" novel is defined as one by a writer who has never before had a work of fiction (other than a volume of short stories) published in book form.

Full particulars of the Competition will be sent on application, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to The Editor, THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

The December BOOKMAN, our Special Christmas Number, will contain a series of beautiful presentation plates in colour and in black-and-white; a Portfolio of Colour Pictures; four fully illustrated Supplements dealing with the new books of the season, and, in addition to all other usual features, a series of articles on Sir J. M. Barrie and various phases of his dramatic art by G. K. Chesterton, Alfred Sutro, Gerald du Maurier, Hilda Trevelyan, Fay Compton and Sheila Kaye-Smith, and a symposium on "Barrie and the Stage" by Sir Squire Bancroft, Jerome K. Jerome, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, "Rita," J. E. Buckrose, Harold Begbie, Arthur Rackham, Beatrice Harraden, Sir Oliver Lodge and the Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P. The illustrations will include drawings and photographs of scenes and characters from Sir James Barrie's plays. As, owing to mechanical difficulties, the Number cannot be reprinted, our readers are urged to place their orders without delay.

One of the most important of this autumn's announcements is of the publication in fifteen volumes of an edition de luxe of the works of Lord Morley. It will contain a portrait of the author from the painting by the Hon. John Collier, and will be uniform with Messrs. Macmillan's edition de luxe of Tennyson, Pater, Hardy, etc.

A new book of lyrics by Mr. Laurence Binyon, "The Secret: Sixty Poems," will be published this



Mr. G. R. Stirling Taylor,

whose new book, "Modern English Statesmen" (Allen & Unwin),
is reviewed in this Number.

month by Mr. Elkin Mathews, who has also in the press a small book, "A Sequence of Seven Sonnets," by the Hon. Evan Roberts.

Two long and interesting literary partnerships have been severed by the death, within a few weeks of each other, of Mr. Egerton Castle and Mr. Charles Norris Williamson. Mr. Castle had written romances, plays and other books before he began to work in collaboration with his wife; but Mr. Williamson, after doing a lot of good journalistic work on the staff of the *Graphic*, and editing *Black and White*, only discovered himself as a novelist after his marriage to a charming American writer, Miss Alice Muriel Livingstone. Their long succession of very up-to-date novels of life in London, on the Continent, in America and elsewhere, reflected their own travels about the world and cosmopolitan outlook, and have vied in popularity with the picturesque old-time romances of Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle.

The Swarthmore Press has published a new edition of "Words of Pain," a striking volume which discusses the great problems of religion and everyday life in a series of letters written by a woman in the thirties who was definitely aware that she was approaching death.

"Children's Tales from the Russian Ballet," by Edith Sitwell, with eight four-colour reproductions of scenes from the ballet by I. de B. Lockyer, will be published immediately by Messrs. Leonard Parsons.

Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, who celebrated the centenary of their foundation last month, have arranged to continue the experiment that they tried last winter when they retained the services of Mr. S. P. B. Mais to deliver a series of lectures to their selling staff on "Books and their Writers." A new series of lectures was commenced on the 14th October, when Sir R. Baden-Powell, K.C.B., delivered an address in the lecture hall of the new W. H. Smith building in Portugal Street, on "Our Boys." Amongst others who have arranged to lecture there during the winter season are Mr. W. J. Locke, on "The Writing of a Novel"; Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, on "Book Reviews"; Mr. Sidney Dark, on "Makers of Modern Fiction"; and Lord Haldane, on "Character in Business."

"A New Activity?" an exhaustive treatise on Mrs. Dickinson's discovery of a new Radio-Activity, with a special chapter devoted to radium itself, by Frank A. Hotblack, is announced by Messrs. Jarrold.

"Charles Bradlaugh," an admirable study of the man, his personality and his career, by the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, has been added by Messrs. Watts & Co. to their Life Stories of Famous Men series.

Messrs. Nelson are publishing a compact, up-to-date work of reference, "The New Age Encyclopædia," edited by Sir Edward Parrott, assisted by

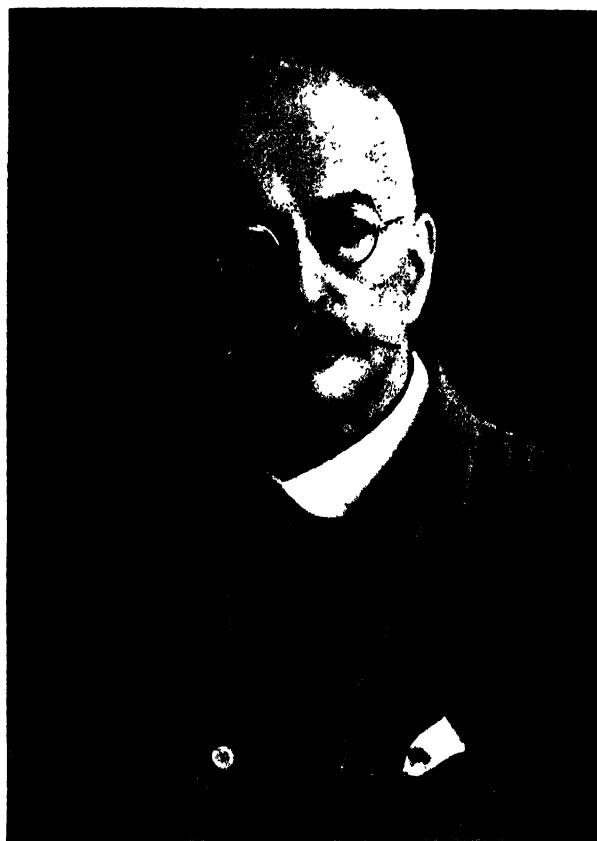


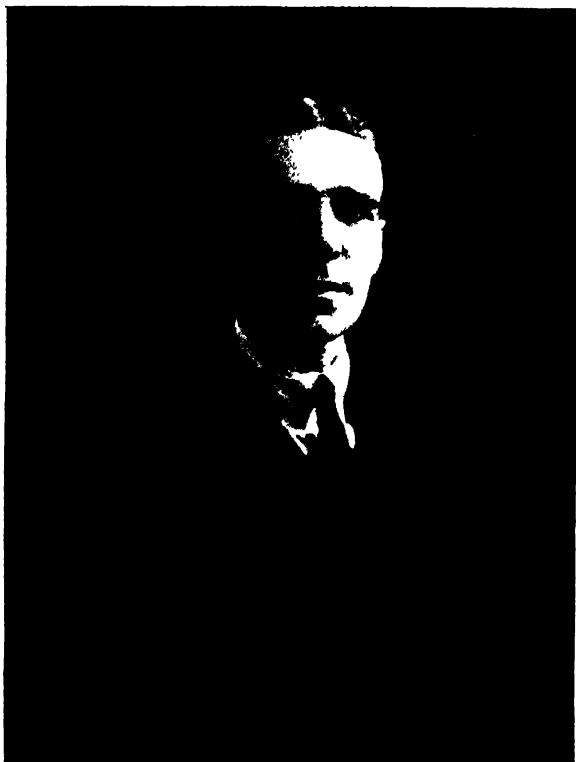
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Everard R. Calthorp,

whose new book, "The Horse as Comrade and Friend," is
published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

a large staff of experts. It is to be completed in 10 volumes (3s. 6d. net each). The two first, published last month, are handy in size, neat in appearance and their concise, well-written articles, illustrated with useful maps, diagrams and pictures, are thoroughly up to date and reliable.

A little collection of poems by Mr. Thomas Sharp, published last month by Mr. A. C. Fifield, under the title of "A Score in Metre," will be welcomed by all lovers of devotional verse. There is deep sincerity, as well as poetry, in Mr. Sharp's work, as those will know who have already made acquaintance with it in the *Cambridge Magazine* and other periodicals.



Mr. Thomas Sharp.

One of the poems in his book ("Nicodemus") has been adapted as a hymn by the Presbyterian Church of England.

Mr. Robert J. C. Stead, the Canadian poet and novelist, whose "Kitchener and Other Poems," "The Homesteader" and "The Cow Puncher" won him a wide circle of English readers, has been spending a well-earned vacation in this country. An incidental object of his visit was to arrange for a cheap edition of his novels, of which three have been published, and a fourth is in the press. In Canada Mr. Stead enjoys the distinction of being a "best seller" both in prose and verse, and in serial form his stories reach millions of readers. His new novel, "Dennison Grant," will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton this month.



Mr. E. Heskeith Hubbard, A.R.W.A.,

the landscape painter and etcher, who founded The Print Society. The Society has just published a book "On Making and Collecting Etchings," of which Mr Hubbard is the editor.

The new Rackham book which Messrs. Heinemann publish for this Christmas is the old fairy story of "The Sleeping Beauty," retold and amplified by



Mr. Robert J. C. Stead.

From a photograph taken by Mr. W. T. Cranfield on board the *Prince Frederick Wilhelm* last August.

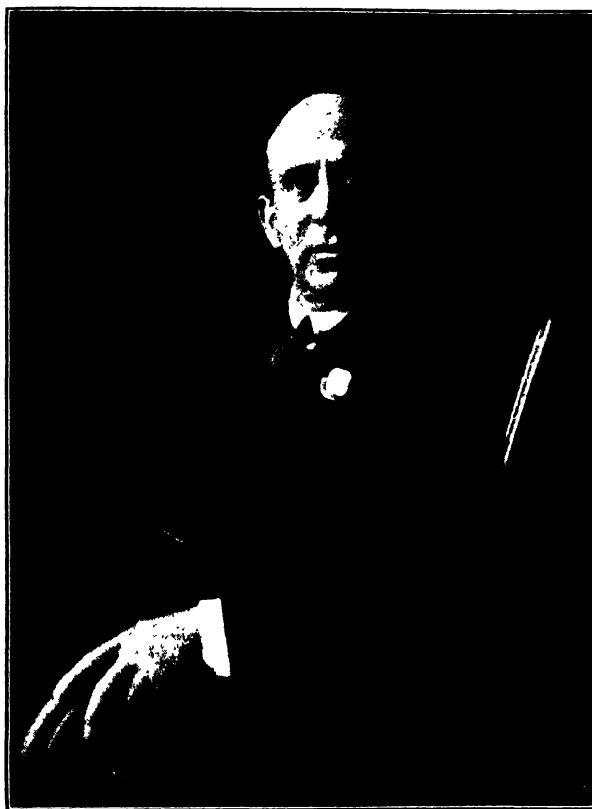
Mr. C. S. Evans, and illustrated by Mr. Arthur Rackham in colour and silhouette.

Messrs. Heinemann have published a cheap edition of "Nash and Some Others," by C. S. Evans (2s. net), a book of stories that for their delightful humour and understanding of the mind and heart of boyhood were ranked by the critics, on their first appearance a few years ago, with Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age."

By the death of Mr. William Heinemann London has lost one of its most notable publishers, and one who maintained throughout his career the highest publishing traditions. The fact that a book is] "a Heinemann book" has long been in itself a recommendation. Mr. Heinemann was that rare combination, a sound man of business and a sound judge of literature; moreover, he was never afraid to take risks and back his opinions. Not a few young writers owed something more than their start to his discernment and generous encouragement, and it is in keeping with the genuine interest he had in literature for its own sake that under his will he has left half of his residuary estate, subject to the life interest of his mother and two sisters, as a gift to the Royal Society of Literature for the establishment of a foundation or scholarship fund, to be called "The Heinemann Foundation for Literature"; its purpose being to help in the production of literary work of real value. Fiction is not to be excluded from the competitions, but the judges are requested to bear in mind that the testator's intention is primarily to reward those classes of literature that are least remunerative—poetry, criticism, biography, history. The will also leaves £500 to the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland; and £500 to the National Book Trade Provident Society, of which Mr. Heinemann was President from 1913 to 1919.

There was a time when the name and work of John Clare, "the Northamptonshire Poet," were familiar to all lovers of poetry, but of late he has

fallen rather out of remembrance. Interest in both will be revived by "John Clare: Poems Chiefly from MSS.," which Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson has in the press. The book has been edited by Edmund Blunden and Alan Porter, who have made their selection largely from Clare's hitherto uncollected fugitive contributions to local papers and notably from hundreds of poems he left in MS., including a number of remarkable lyrics written by him while he was in the Northamptonshire Asylum and now for the first time published.



Mr. William Heinemann.

A new novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, "From the Vasty Deep," will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson. It is, as its title suggests, a story with a strong psychic interest.

"Modern Men of Mark," by Mrs. Stuart Menzies, which Mr. Herbert Jenkins publishes, tells, with a wealth of anecdote, the romantic life stories of Lord Northcliffe, Lord Leverhulme, Lord Armstrong, Sir Richard Burbage, Sir Joseph Lyons, and others

whose work has contributed to the greatness of the British Empire.

"Who's Who in America: 1920-1921," will be published shortly by Mr. Stanley Paul.

"Rising Above the Ruins in France," which Messrs. Putnam publish, is written by Mrs. Corinna Haven Smith (a daughter of Major G. H. Putnam) and Mrs. Caroline R. Hill, who were engaged on war work at home and abroad from 1915, and after the Armistice devoted themselves to re-establishing normal life in the devastated areas.

"Venus and Mr. Vulcan," which Messrs. Heath, Cranton are to publish, is a novel by A. E. Cropper and Malcom Treacher, two London journalists, one on the staff of a great daily, the other a frequent contributor to the *Connoisseur*.

Mrs. B. M. Croker, whose death we regret to record, was one of the brilliant group of women novelists (which includes Mrs. Flora Annie Steel

and Mrs. Penny) who have done so much to familiarise English readers with Anglo-Indian life. She lived for fourteen years in India and Burma where her husband, Lieut.-Colonel John Croker, of the Royal Scots and Royal Munster Fusiliers, was on service. Her latest book, "Odds and Ends," a collection of short stories, was published recently by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Miss Dorothy Brandon's picturesque romance of the twelfth century, "Beau Regard" (Andrew Melrose), was originally written as a play, and Miss Edith Goodall had arranged to produce it at a London theatre this autumn, but owing to the theatre famine it has been impossible to find a house for it. If, when it does appear, the play gets as good a reception as the novel is getting the author will have every reason to be gratified.

"Forward from Babylon," a new novel by Mr. Louis Golding, which Messrs. Christophers are publishing, presents an interesting picture of Manchester life, in vivid contrast to Captain A. E. Agate's brilliant "Responsibility." Mr. Golding is a poet of distinction, and Mr. Moulton's assistant editor of *Voices*. "Forward from Babylon" shows him as the latest recruit to the Manchester Grammar School of novelists, in the line of succession to Mr. Gilbert Cannan and Mr. Harold Brighouse.

Captain Eric Reid, M.B.E., whose striking novel of life in Siam "Spears of Deliverance," Mr. Stanley Paul has published, is still a young man, though he writes out of the fullness of a varied experience acquired in the Far East and in Africa. He was born in Ceylon thirty-four years ago, educated at Aberdeen University and King's College, London, and speaks eight European and Oriental languages. He went to Siam in 1908 as a student interpreter, and before long became British Vice-Consul there, resigning that post, in 1912, to become editor of the *Siam Observer*. When the war broke out, most of his readers and subscribers being Germans, attempts were made to use the paper for purposes of German propaganda, and his successful resistance of these brought him three letters threatening his life, after which he worked on the Wild West plan, with a loaded revolver in the editorial drawer. Throughout the war he was on active service, first on the North-West frontier of India, and later in German East Africa. His earlier essays into authorship were "Chequered Leaves from Siam," published some years ago, and an amusing comedy, "The Haven of Peace," produced with success last year at Dar-es-Salaam.



Photo by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

Miss Dorothy Brandon.

Miss Christine Chaundler has shown real and charming gifts as a writer of stories for children, and has written another and a very delightful one in "The Thirteenth Orphan," which has just been published by Messrs. Nisbet, with illustrations by Honor Appleton. Miss Chaundler was born at Biggleswade, and her understanding of children is explained by the fact that, the eldest of a large family, she was conscripted as story-teller in general

**Mr. Louis Golding.**

to all her younger sisters and brothers. At an early age she wrote little plays which were performed locally; then, after she had contributed fairy tales to the magazines, Miss Cecilia Brooks prompted her to write full-length stories, and she emerged as a writer of books. She was educated at Queen Anne's, Caversham, and St. Winifred's, Bangor, where she says she had her first taste of fame "as a writer of pretty bad verse" on topical subjects.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Two books that you would do well to read in succession—because they deal with different sides of a subject about which so many intelligent men so profoundly disagree—are Mr. Coulson Kernahan's "Black Objects" (3s. net; R.T.S.) and Mr. David Gow's "Spiritualism: Its Ideas and Ideals" (2s. net; J. M. Watkins). Mr. Kernahan brings a very powerful indictment against spiritualism. He does not much concern himself with the frauds of dishonest mediums; his case is that the attempt to communicate with the dead is plainly and sternly forbidden by the scriptures; that it undermines the mental and moral stability of those who devote themselves to such practices; and that it is so opposed to all Christian teaching that its triumph must necessarily mean the subjugation of Christianity. He drives his points home not only with a passionate conviction but with a marshalling of evidence and a logical deduction from it that are not to be lightly put by. He takes the gloves off when he comes to handle the doctrines and statements of Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and other leaders of spiritualistic thought



Miss Christine Chaundler.



Captain Eric Reid, M.B.E.
(Military Division), Indian Army.

whose striking new novel, "Spears of Deliverance," has just been published by Mr. Stanley Paul.

and, even though you may think him at times too sweeping in his condemnations, his book is undoubtedly one to which serious consideration is due.

Mr. Gow is the editor of *Light* and an acknowledged authority on matters spiritualistic, and certain of the articles in his "Spiritualism" answer and seem to rebut some of Mr. Kernahan's accusations. To him spiritualism is "a magnificent philosophy"; he does not admit that mediumship is "unhealthy and unnatural," but argues that even if it were "it is a thing we must go through with. It is 'the only way'"; for he holds the aim of spiritualism to be "to proclaim the proven and provable truth of the existence of an Unseen World of intelligent human life and the possibility of communication between that world and our own." That the quest is beset with danger is no reason, in his view, for abandoning it. Who shall decide when these doctors disagree? One can only commend both books and leave the reader to use his own judgment.

Sir George Greenwood is neither a Baconian nor an orthodox Shakespearean; he ploughs a lonelier furrow and is contented to hold that William of Stratford did not write the plays, and that the bard of Avon was no swan. In "Shakespeare's Law" (2s. 6d. net; Cecil Palmer) he apparently leaves this vexed question severely alone, but all who know his mind in these matters will suspect that he has an ulterior motive in seeking to establish that Shakespeare had a profound knowledge of the law. To tell the truth, the knowledge of the law exhibited in the plays, so far as Sir George discloses it, does not seem to be anything beyond the understanding of an intelligent layman of those times. It may look more difficult to us, because most of the legal terms used are now more or less obsolete. If the author of the plays could not have known such law as is in them without being a lawyer, he must have been too dull a dog ever to have written them at all. Professor Watson, in the current *Nineteenth Century*, offers as much evidence that Shakespeare began as a schoolmaster as Sir George can produce to prove that he was never educated.

THE READER.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

BY JOHN FREEMAN.

OF all contemporary English poets Mr. A. E. Housman is the simplest and the most inimitable. Cleverness may copy cleverness, subtlety simulate another subtlety, fantasy flatter fantasy; but the directness of the lyrics of "A Shropshire Lad,"* their truth of imagination, their honesty of phrase, cannot be borrowed for a moment without detection. Some have assumed the manner, some have confessed a debt by their titles, but in each case is the true attribution clear—"school of A. E. Housman." And "A Shropshire Lad" remains single and sufficient.

It is, of course, in one sense and avowedly a local poetry. But since Englishmen are not Englishmen in and for the sake of a particular county alone, this poetry has an acute interest not only for Shropshire men, but also for the larger multitude of others whose affection for that county may be based primarily upon nothing broader than an allusion in Milton's "Comus." Even Shropshire men may admire their great river a little more proudly for this allusion, to which A. E. Housman has added in repeated phrases. He indeed quickens the reader's memory of this river not merely by casual references, but also by evidence that his references spring deeply from his historic sense, as in "The Welsh Marches":

"High the vanes of Shrewsbury gleam
Islanded in Severn stream;
The bridges from the steepled crest
Cross the water east and west.

"When Severn down to Buildwas ran
Coloured with the death of man,
Couched upon her brother's grave
The Saxon got me on the slave.

"The sound of fight is silent long
That began the ancient wrong;
Long the voice of tears is still
That wept of old the endless ill.

"In my heart it has not died,
The war that sleeps on Severn side;
They cease not fighting, east and west,
On the marches of my breast."

That grave sensitiveness to ancient and ever-living impressions is a characteristic of this true poet, who

* "A Shropshire Lad." By A. E. Housman. (Grant Richards.)

draws from the very names of remembered places—Bredon and Ludlow, Clee and Wrekin—the nourishment of his mind; those names hanging in his ear like a mother's diminutives in a grown man's. Hence a feeling of blessed intimacy grows and flowers amid these few-score lyrics, and penetrates the mind in the way of the simplest of precious things.

Tenderness, however, is far from being all, and indeed is scarcely predominant. Sometimes grimness appears as frankly as in Hardy's poems:

"Lovers lying two by two
Ask not whom they sleep
beside,
And the bridegroom all night
through
Never turns him to the bride."

Elsewhere—and quotation alone will show clearly the special character of this poetry—the same note of sharp reality is expressed:

"And sure enough beneath the
tree
There walked another love with
me,
And overhead the aspen heavens
Its rainy-sounding silver leaves;
And I spell nothing in their stir,

But now perhaps they speak to her,
And plan for her to understand
They talk about a time at hand
When I shall sleep with clover clad.
And she beside another lad."

It is not, in these lyrics, the violent disillusion of youth, but rather the steady perceptiveness of mature and tested manhood; not so much that something has disappeared, but that something has been gained. This steady, level view of life—of passionate, abundant life within a small radius—has the supreme virtue of truthfulness; fancy is not brought in to give a glamour that fidelity does not afford. A. E. Housman has found it easy to avoid a false romanticism.

It is in considering this fact that a further circumstance is quickly noticed—the moral interest of the book. Sensations here are related to conduct, acts to consequences, as sharply as in the external manifestations of life. The fifty-first lyric is a complete illustration, and spares me the awkwardness of paraphrase:

"Loitering with a vacant eye
Along the Grecian gallery,
And brooding on my heavy ill,
I met a statue standing still . . .

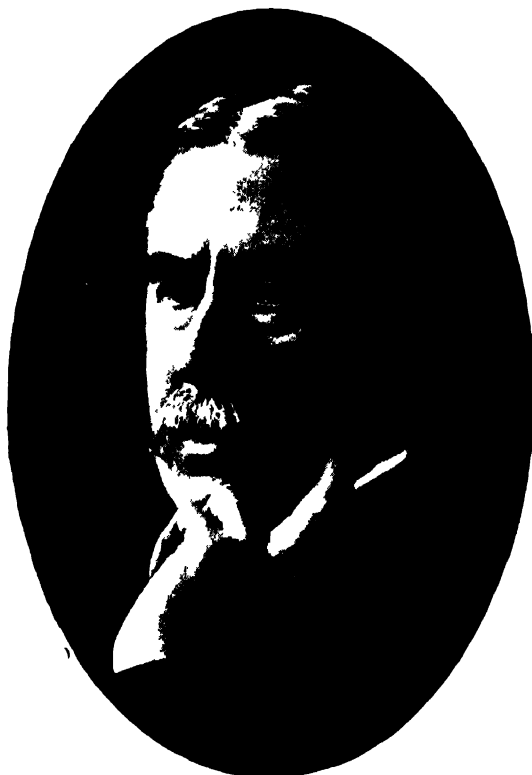


Photo by I. O. Hoffé

A. E. Housman.



Photo by Van der Weyde.

A. E. Housman,
1894.

Kindly lent by Mr. Grant Richards.

" . . . He stood and eyed me hard,
An earnest and a grave regard :
' What, lad, drooping with your lot ?
I too would be where I am not.
I too survey that endless line
Of men whose thoughts are not as mine.
Years, ere you stood up from rest,
On my neck the collar prest ;
Years, when you lay down your ill,
I shall stand and bear it still.
Courage, lad, 'tis not for long ;
Stand, quit you like stone, be strong.'
So I thought his look would say ;
And light on me my trouble lay,
And I stepped out in flesh and bone
Manful like the man of stone."

More deeply yet does the moral interest sink in the poem containing this exact and concise couplet :

" The mortal sickness of a mind
Too unhappy to be kind."

It is the very depth of sombre tragedy.

Other things remain to be noted ; first, that A. E. Housman has renewed our ballad literature, as in the eighth lyric, with Maurice among the hay—" and my knife is in his side."

" My mother thinks us long away ;
'Tis time the field were mown.
She had two sons at rising day,
To-night she'll be alone."

Secondly, he repeats the elegiac note, and repeats it supremely in the forty-sixth lyric, which it would be shameful to cut from. Lastly, he has the bright lyric felicity which preserves the work of so many English

poets—a Herrick and a Marvell, a Wotton and a Beddoes—against corruption and oblivion. This stanza is famous :

" Wake : the silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims."

Other readers will know other perfect stanzas and phrases ; most readers will know dozens.

The renown of this poet is a singular thing. Nearly all those who love his poetry love it solely on account of " A Shropshire Lad," which is all that can be quoted from here. A smaller number will know their author as a scholar. That his contribution to English poetry should be confined to a single volume and such a rare later lyric as that which appeared in *The Times* during

**A. E. Housman.**

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Grant Richards in the summer of 1916, in Cornwall.

Kindly lent by Mr. Grant Richards.

the war, concerning an army of mercenaries, is a subject of constant regret. But the regret for what we lack does not mar our thankfulness for what we have received from A. E. Housman.

I ought in conclusion to say that many lovers of this poet must have thanked, silently or openly, the publisher of " A Shropshire Lad " who issued the book—how many years ago I cannot now remember, but my own copy was bought in 1904—at the price of 6d. Only English classics have ever been published in so cheap and charming a form.

LADY GREGORY.

By C. E. LAWRENCE.

THERE is a wonderful woman in Ireland, doing a work which has already spread geniality and ideals far over the English-speaking countries this side

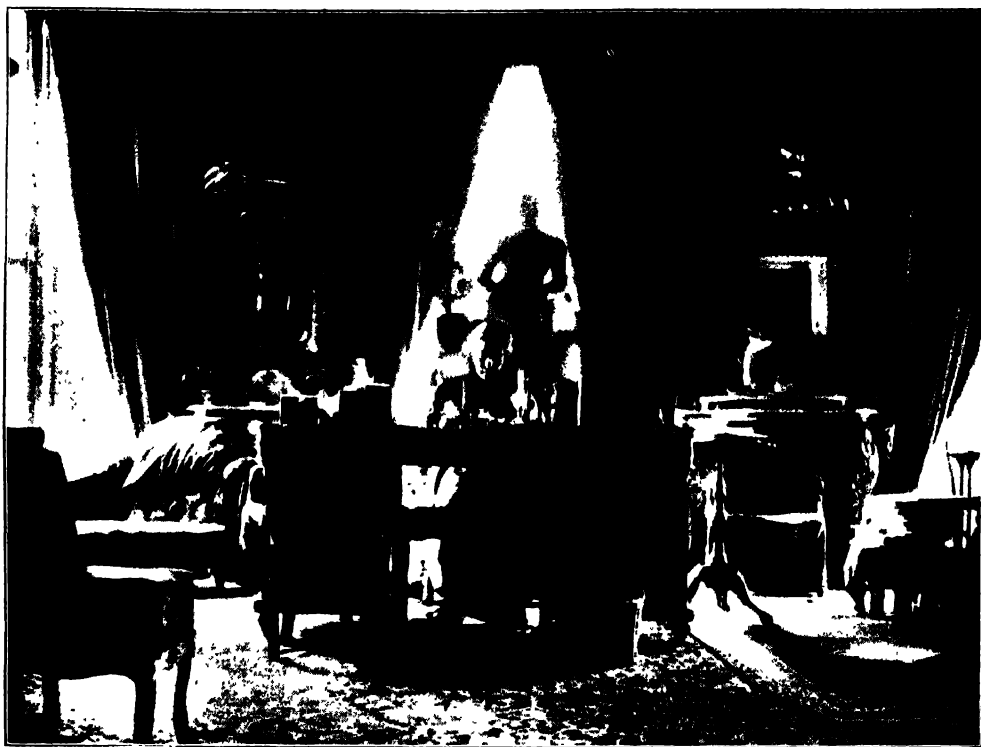
and that of the Atlantic. Gazing on a world in havoc, with its better aspirations endangered and the great requirements of duty, citizenship, brotherhood too often

subject to the measures of the market-place, it is a joy to look towards Gort and see there a new lamp burning with a flame of inspiration fed with old visions, and to recognise that for this quickening which helps all who think with the English language, we have to thank

Augusta Gregory, the

Lady of Kiltartan. Nineteen years ago she edited a little book in which was expressed the ideal of "a new Ireland rising up out of the foundations of the old, with love and not hate as its inspiration." How necessary, and more than necessary, is that ideal now when the thick-head politicians are busily making there a wilderness!

The Lady of Kiltartan she may be called, because that Barony in County Galway has been the source and centre of her main inspiration. From the mouths of beggars, pipers, travelling men and such pleasant company, from the stone-breakers, drivers, herdsman, fishermen, seaweed gatherers on the wild coast, from old remembering mouths in the workhouses, she has charmed much illuminated wisdom and many of the tales which make her Cuchulain cycle a fit and true shelf-comrade to the immortalities of Malory. It was with the heroic myths of Ireland that she effectually began her work, and a great beginning it has proved. That Cuchulain, Emer, Finn, Deirdre, Gormleith, Conchubar, Brian, Maeve, Aoife and the other mighty shadows of a wild dawn were not forgotten in print is true, for industrious scholars had been at work, translating and collecting versions, and many versions, of the thoughts and doings of the kings, warriors and witches, with their loves



Lady Gregory at home.

Seated at the table on which all her plays have been written, but by some irony of fate when Mr. G. Bernard Shaw took the above snap-shot she was writing a character for a kitchen-maid

and hates, of the cloud-years before the records of history; but the songs and legends were scattered in serious papers and portentous volumes, often they were written in the catalogue-jargon of the schools; were indeed scientific treatises rather than human documents. Lady Gregory added her quota to the

mass, and then she set to work, linking, co-ordinating, editing, imbuing the old tales with wit and imagination, and then telling them in the only language possible to their expression—Kiltartanese, a warm language, radiant with humour and vision, in which a natural homeliness was merged with a proud and simple dignity and poetry. Kiltartanese is a living discovery; through its familiar music the ancient heroes live and are convincing.

The cycle begins and ends in a period beyond that reached in the Morte d'Arthur, for it closes with the religious

triumphs of Blessed Patrick of the Bells, while the super-titanic achievements of Cuchulain, that mighty hero of Ulster, were played out, fought out, in the earliest pagan times, on the immediate morrow of the coming of the Fianna, when there were amazons and it was no disgrace to a man to fight with a woman and slay her if he could. Witches weaved their spells and took on sudden disguises, the Sidhe rode on the winds, and the elements entered into the shapes of familiar things to overrule the destinies of mankind. A magic older than the enchantments of Merlin worked many wonders. Even the shields of the warriors sang or roared with triumph or rage. And the heroes fought. How they fought! It is a mighty and thrilling story Lady Gregory tells of the fight at the ford between



Lady Gregory.

Ferdiad and Cuchulain, "with the flames of the hero-light shining about his head." It was the final meeting of enemies who loved each other, and throughout acted with chivalry. But Maeve had wrought the harm. "My grief, it is hard to trust in women!" They fought for days from dawn of morning until fall of night, when they rested, kissed each other, gave each other food and drink and helped to the healing of one another's wounds; and then on the morrow renewed the fight with a growing fierceness and intensity:

"So close was the fight, that the Bocanachs and Bananachs and the witches of the valley screamed from the rims of their shields, and from the hilts of their swords, and from the handles of their spears. So close was the fight, that they drove the river out of its bed and out of its course, so that it might have been a place for a king or a queen to rest in, so that there was not a drop of water in it, unless it dropped into it by the trampling and the hewing the two champions made in the middle of the ford."

But at last the end must come. Ferdiad, with great strokes, forced his way through Cuchulain's guard and reddened the ford with his blood. Then, desperate, Cuchulain called to his charioteer, Laeg, for his famous spear, the Gae Bulg, and it was floated down the stream to him and he caught it with his foot . . . and so to the great end of Ferdiad. There is love as well as anger in these pages, with laughter and tears and the imaginative mourning of high souls. When Cuchulain, in his turn, had finished all his fighting and was just a man's body

with a great memory and no more, his wife, Emer of the sweet words, bade them make a wide, very deep grave. She laid herself down beside her Cuchulain, put her mouth to his mouth, and said: "Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of the men of the earth, many is the

woman, wed or unwed, envied me till this day: and now I will not stay living after you." It would be so easy to continue a delight, culling the beauty of phrase and thought, of high emotion and chivalrous service, from these hero-books of "Cuchulain and Muirthemne," "Poets and Dreamers," "Gods and Fighting Men" and "Saints and Wonders," that we might never get to those other departments of Lady Gregory's literary gifts and labours of which there is call to speak.

Conjoined with the great fables, merged with them in the same immortality of enduring memory, is the folk-

lore from which she has taken and—faith!—has printed in the "Kiltartan History Book," "The Wonder Book," and some of her plays, stories, views and judgments of men and things, old, recent, new; all characteristic of their origin and touched with an inspired simplicity and a frequent incongruity which successfully overleaps the trammels of truth and art. They break the law and they keep it. The Kiltartan peasants from whom these words were taken have an intuitive consciousness of the essential unity of things. They know that the invisible is even truer than the evidence of our senses; and somehow, easily, reasonably, can rightly associate fairies and angels with railway-trains and, let us say, the boot-blackening. Nothing to them is vulgar—except vulgarity. Whatever tangible realities we may conjecture matter not a whit, for all are effects of eternity to Kiltartan, whose people see the soul of a thing rather than its surface, and correlate that soul with other spiritual aspects in an infinite community. It was not Maurice Maeterlinck who showed to them this wonder, which, also, was not hatched as recently as "The Blue Bird." The folk of Kiltartan are a people of unconscious paradox; they commingle shrewdness and other-worldliness in a manner that must baffle the unimaginative. "The History Book" is especially amusing and illuminating; with its gossipy quaint beliefs which never can die any more than, in the Kiltartan mind, Parnell can die or is dead; as surely, too, as Daniel O'Connell will

live in the hearts of these faithful. "O'Connell's voice you could hear a mile off, and it sounded as if it was coming through honey." Time and again the great genial patriot, a man of helpful heart and hands, shines in this record. "O'Connell wore his hat in the House of Commons, what no man



The lake at Coole.

From a photograph by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Mrs. Shaw is in foreground.

but the King can do. He wore it for three days because he had a sore head, and at the end of that they bade him put it off, and he said he would not, where he had worn it three days."

That Lady Gregory's investigations amongst the peasantry of the West of Ireland is no idle business but has a scientific value, is proved by two volumes of "Visions and Beliefs" (Putnams) recently published. From the eloquent mouths of ancient women and men—Mrs. Casey is the queen of the collection, a book might be made about Mrs. Casey—Lady Gregory has gathered

and written down views, inspired, on supernatural ways and things. Is it dream; is it truth seen through the inspiration of vision? Either, or both, or more! To these imaginative people the fairies —*They*—are actual. They ride and race horses out of the sea, enter houses to borrow (convey, the wise it call) milk and potatoes. Sometimes they reward with gold, true metal to the faithful believer; but to the incredulous or impatient it proves cow-dung. And when the young and the beautiful die, it is not death they partake of but a translated life. They have been taken by *Them* to live, labour and bring forth babies to the Fairy folk. Often in the shadowed

salience of the night the bereaved have seen the dead mother creep back to suckle with her ghostly breast the loved little one who remained when she was taken. This realisation of the unity of the unseen with the visible, of the spiritual with the bodily, alters with majesty the conception of existence. Immortality inherits a new meaning. Mortal ears are conscious of the echoing horns of Elfland. On the other side of the river of the soundest sleep is the reflex of this life with perhaps more humour, wisdom and brightness than are known to these gossips of the wilds and mists, the lakes and the mountains which Robert Gregory, who gave his life for duty, put upon canvas with heart and power and vision. The Banshee plays a less part in these narratives of the supernatural than might have been expected, and proves more definite than her convenient appearances in irresponsible fiction had promised. Often this terrifying foreteller of death was recognised as a country woman with a red petticoat, wielding an influence not only eerie, for, as a spinning woman records in these veracious pages, she was capable of giving "a slap on the jaw." The ease with which we English can misread the Irish mind is surely established by this book. A people blessed with a sixth —or is it a sixteenth?—sense of close and direct communication with the life invisible and of magic readily available to initiates, how can we measure them by rule of thumb or the textbooks of politics? As well weigh moonshine in a grocer's scales, or put off a moneylender with a book of sonnets. These important volumes of "Visions and Beliefs" are evidence of their author's versatility and industry, as also will be the forthcoming *Life of Hugh Lane*, her nephew, the "Image-Maker" who tried to give a tangible ideal to Ireland; and will yet.

Through her work for the Abbey Theatre, Lady Gregory has made her Kiltartan garnerings, of hero-legends and of simple folk-lore, especially practical. Not yet can the story of her service to the theatre, in and out of Dublin, be fully told, for it is still in the



Lady Gregory.

From the portrait by Gerald Kelly

making and the growing. The idea of a National theatre in Ireland was not entirely hers. The thought had been shimmering in other minds, and those fine, unforgettable actors, the brothers Fay, had endeavoured transiently to make the movement march. However, Lady Gregory, whose imagination is linked with an excellent sense and a practical determination—she can, at once, see with the artist and hope with the box-office—made the possibility actual, a fact. She was helped with earnest lieutenants and good plays, poetical and farcical; but it was hard collar-work for the pioneers until Synge, the particular genius of the Abbey Theatre, came along and upset the

conventions. There is no need at this thirteenth hour to tell of the rows in Ireland and America, foisted on "The Playboy of the Western World." Moreover, it is herself as a playwright that must here be thought of. Lady Gregory's work for the Irish theatre has been extensive and variable of kind and quality. It has passed the test of the footlights and is very good reading at home; and if every play, as with "The Image," has not entirely reached its author's aim, there are many that have absolutely hit the gold. For her work possesses the paramount vital essence—without which greatness is impossible; as with it all is possible—it has the essence of human sympathy, that touch of the eternal and divine, which is able in one eloquent pause or phrase to win the delight of laughter or the gentle touch of tears. The spirits of farce and comedy—Lady Gregory archly protests that all her comedy is regarded as farce—with the Muse of tragedy move about the stage of her imagining, to the loud mirth of "Spreading the News," "Hyacinth Halvey," "The Workhouse Ward," "The Jackdaw"; the humorous irony of "The Rising of the Moon," with its very excellent curtain, and the dark pathos of "The Gaol Gate." The historic plays touch deeper chords of passion and regret; while "The Canavans," "The White Cockade" and "The Deliverer" treat of periods in Irish history—the Jacobite, the Elizabethan—which have been curiously overlooked by the writers who hold their mirror up to nature and call its reflection the Drama.

So, in small measure, for the work; as for the woman, to know her is a joy and an inspiration. Witty and humorous, with a sympathy eager to find outlet in helpfulness, she makes friendship a possession richer than mines of gold. What she has done for Ireland—for England and America too—cannot be weighed or measured. It is as actual, yet as elusive, as sunshine or the happy visions of her own people. Sometime; we despair over Ireland; but we need not despair over Ireland so long as the happy, distressful country produces such as she—the gifted, gracious and ever-lovable Lady of Kiltartan.

POLITICAL PROFILES.*

BY WALTER SICHEL.

MR. TAYLOR has written a very suggestive and amusing study. Taking some half a dozen typical English statesmen, from Cromwell onwards, he has essayed to show us what statesmen meant and what statesmanship means. His charm is his unconventionality and his power in profile. For none of his portraits are taken at full length or in full face. They are profiles artistically sketched with a background of learning and flashes of intuition. Down they tumble, the accepted idols, from their stereotyped shrines—all save Disraeli (who now can drag that genius down?) and Robert Walpole, who here appears as the beau-ideal. Much that he has to say is both new and true, but a great deal else—must I say so?—is the reverse. For his mastery of material is not supreme, and he proceeds on presumptions almost amounting to prejudices. For him a leading statesman is only the foam on an ocean, an emanation more than a pilot. Everybody is an expression of the nation's will. Only, since a nation is for him the "people" we are reduced to wondering what "the people" is. On his own showing it is something very constantly unpopular, and, while he rightly pronounces Cromwell to be an expression of the new moneyed interest, he belauds Walpole, who was that interest's triple extract, to the skies, and yet belittles both the Pitts, who stood for a commercial Empire, (and Walpole expressly disdained "the people") to the deeps. According to his theory Napoleon, for example, could never have saved an anarchic France. Moreover, he is often unacquainted with the earlier conduct of his prodigies—notably in Walpole's case—though his faculty for "mile-stoning" his vignettes and showing them as branches of a family tree is perhaps the most original part of his achievement. None the less the work is far more than any fugitive fancy. He sees clearly and he writes as clearly as he feels. His English is lucid as well as lively, and he has made real contributions to true biography. His characterisations are certainly not mural and moral tablets.

Perhaps his Cromwell is the best. In his advent he discerns the turning-point when the Middle Ages were confronted by the middle classes. In Cromwell's autocracy, too, he notes a less disinterested repetition of Strafford's and he appreciates the past perspective of monarchy. When he notes that Cromwell was no "democrat" we are driven to ask what a "democrat" signifies. In the end—and the same applies to his disrelish of Burke—it usually means a capricious tyrant. Where Cromwell differs from the common despot such as Robespierre or Lenin is that he had large views and loved his country. He aired no allegiance to the universe and never acted on abstracts. But he was just as ambitious as the ungodly and the conventicle's cant sat ill on him. Mr. Taylor does not quote that letter of the Venetian ambassador which describes how he apologised for and dropped his Puritan language to a fifth-monarchy deputation. Nor does he—how should he?—remember that penetrating criticism of his foreign

policy by Bolingbroke who points out that never till the very close did he favour the true course of the moment—a Spanish alliance.

When we come to his Walpole space forbids us to detail the apparent delusions into which he has fallen. Walpole is his honest broker and Walpoleism—the statecraft of comfortable though bullying compromise—the golden mean. Golden it certainly was. Originative, imaginative, as our author seems to believe, never. Has he forgotten that during Anne's reign Walpole took bribes for his servants and cheerfully went to the Tower? Has he forgotten that in 1731 he exceeded even his intelligible vindictiveness against the brilliant Bolingbroke by a charge which he must have known to be false? Or how he blundered in foreign policy till—rightly or wrongly—a truly national ebullition drove him into war? Has he forgotten that Disraeli himself stigmatised Walpole's excise as an "odious tax levied not only on the luxuries but the necessities of the people," or that "Sir Blue String voted against the repeal of the Schism Act because he wanted to conciliate the High Church." Robert Walpole was shrewd, steady, and full of common sense. He was not puzzled or ambiguous like Harley, but he lacked both vision and inspiration, nor can the common testimony of street-ballads be adduced on the one side without citing that of those on the other. As for Horace Walpole—so idealised by Mr. Taylor—he was a charming and witty *flâneur* with a pungent style that formed a sort of ornamental icing on the cake of Dr. Johnson's common sense. But he was no more "Ultimus Romanorum" than a master of the ceremonies is a hero. For all his talent he was ever the extreme pink of a *petit-maître*.

On the whole tribe of Pitts our author is as hard as he is gentle with all the Walpoles. As regards the supposed "Pilot that weathered the storm" in many respects to our thinking he hits the mark. But of Pitt the great he is far too censorious. Disraeli once said that Chatham resembled "a forest tree in a suburban garden." Every one knows the faults of the great man who pointed the way to colonial expansion—the continuation of Bolingbroke's fine dictum in the *Patriot King* that the Colonies should be Britain's farms. To dwell on Chatham's theatricality and acquisitiveness in some directions is to omit what raised him above the valets around him—his fire and formidable force. To single out his suppressed gout is to ignore the use he made of it. If he was loose in knowledge he was tense in action, and the penniless cornet of horse succeeded in stirring the national feeling by an intuition and resource that no schooling can engender. His attitudes appealed, and they focused public opinion. As regards his son Mr. Taylor might have added that it was Dundas who really screwed him to the sticking-point, but he has omitted the spell of youth in estimating his influence. Doubtless the Pitts were "out to get" and all of them started as Whigs. But they did not belong to the Revolution Families, nor were they accommodaters like the Walpoles. They may have been buccaneers but

* "Modern English Statesmen." By G. R. Stirling Taylor. 10s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

they were not horse-copers. Nor do Mr. Taylor's strictures on "empire" seem to take account of the long race for sea-power between France and England. To Burke he shows little charity. No doubt there are many weak points in the armour of a sage who was a "Bedlamite," given over often to paroxysm though seldom to paradox. There was of course, too, sometimes a behind-the-scenes shiftiness about him. But why he should be denounced for grappling with a Jacobinism utterly repugnant to all the nation, save a clique of free-thinkers, who were freer than they were thinking, passes understanding. About Warren Hastings, about the India Bill, about most of the new Whig experiments he was wrong, but the scholar and political student who began by doing the thought for Rockingham was right surely in breaking away from and breaking up every abettor of disintegration and chaos. Fox was the naughty schoolboy whose dominion had been Burke, but Burke ended by flogging Fox and the "friends" of every country but their own. The French Revolution too favoured an octopus-centralisation fifty times more strangling than the French Monarchy's. *L'État, c'est nous*. Moreover, Burke's works will always abide as true interpreters of our old Constitution. He is its Justinian.

Mr. Taylor's "Disraeli" is in many ways perceptive, but not in all. He is puzzled by "duality." I have written so recently on this theme both in these columns and, at length, in the *Edinburgh Review* that I do not wish to repeat myself. If, however, Mr. Taylor will re-read "Alroy" and "Endymion," he will find something of this duality explained. Every one of us is "dual" or even triple, but most men are a compound of insignificants. Disraeli was both doer and dreamer. The dream often exceeded the deed because its realisation was prevented, but the deed often realised the dream. Take "Sybil" alone. Over twenty-three statutes of sane social improvement attest both action and attitude. Disraeli was a born romantic and in the best sense a born aristocrat. He himself has said that his leanings were more "popular" than democratic, and he has described "a pretentious, underbred, half-educated man with all the commonplaces of middle-class ambition which are humorously called democratic opinions." For what unreined Democracy, democracy as a class, means is difficult to define—"the rule of one class, and that the least enlightened." Was "Not this man, but Barabbas" "democratic"? And "Democrats" are usually second-hand—either } doctrinaires or demagogues.

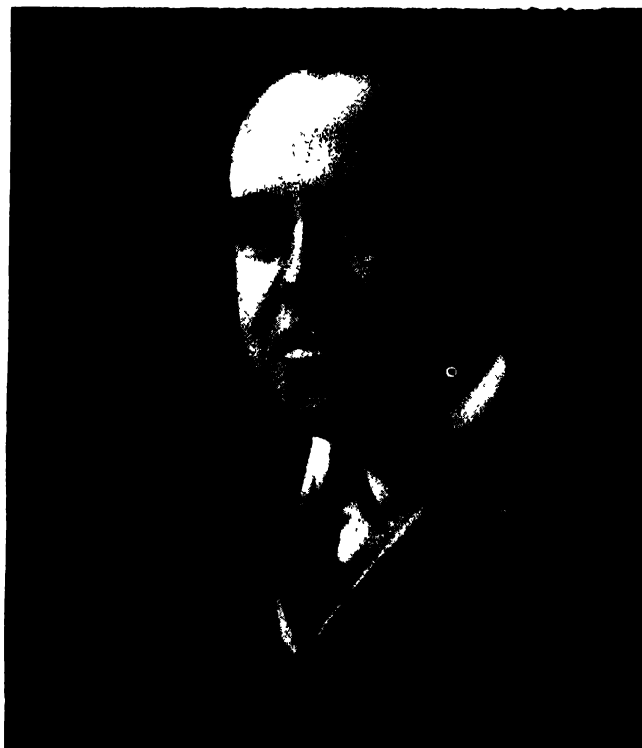
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

BY BRIAN PHILLIPS.

WHEN a novelist has written fifty volumes he is commonly described as voluminous; but it is well to remember that fifty of to-day's novels would not, in average length, make twenty of yesterday's. It is more informing, then, to say that though Mr. Oppenheim has written much the public is still asking for more, and that though as an artist in sensation and mystery he has many rivals in modern fiction, he stands among them unrivalled. In any event, to start with a kind of prejudice against what the economists call excess of output is almost like begging the question. Quantity should help towards an estimate instead of hindering it. There must be special qualities in Mr. Oppenheim's books that have encouraged him to persist and beguiled the public into appreciation. He has been so long now in command of the lending libraries that he is not likely to be dispossessed during the present generation. He stands serene and undisturbed between the super-critics who scoff at fertility, and the bookstall acolytes who hail circulation and prosperity as the signal reward

of still more signal merit. And somewhere with this miscellaneous triad, like the pea among the thimbles, hides the truth for all to seek. Let us consult the author first.

You soon learn from Mr. Oppenheim that he has no royal road to point out to the beginner, save perseverance and the old bombardment of editorial desks. He was eighteen when his first story appeared in print, and twenty when he published his first novel. Since then he has put in thirty years of writing fiction, and he confesses that its fascination comes as fresh as ever. "At fifty-three," he says, "I sit down to commence a new story with exactly the same thrill as at twenty. For every story has about it something new. The lure of creation never loses its hold. Personally, I cannot account for the fact." Then after describing his method, a rough division of his time into recreation and work—usually dictation to shorthand in summer and a typewriter in winter—he confesses a tolerable acquaintance of both sides of the Atlantic. But the verdict is that he could be perfectly content to spend the rest of



E. Phillips Oppenheim.

his days in London :—" Half a dozen thoroughfares and squares in London, a handful of restaurants, the people whom one meets in a single morning, are quite sufficient for the production of more and greater stories than I shall ever write. The real centres of interest in the world seem to me to be the places where human beings are gathered together more closely, because in such places the great struggle for existence, whatever shape it may take, must inevitably develop the whole capacity of man and strip him bare to the looker-on, even to nakedness. So the cities for me."

Fourteen of the novels that stand to Mr. Oppenheim's name all prophesied the war in one form or another, and wherever he finds admirers, they are certainly not in Germany. Friends who had long twitted him on this particular foible, declared when the war arrived that there would now be nothing for him to write about, but he ventures to take a very different view. "Now that the cataclysm is over," he says, "the stage is being set for even more tragic happenings. So long as the world lasts, its secret international history will combine to engage the full activities of the diplomatist and suggest the most fascinating of all material for the writing of fiction. Of actual story-writing during the war, I imagine that there was very little. We novelists went about our accustomed jobs, storing up ideas, and collecting material. There was one period, I remember, in the autumn of 1918, when a well-directed bomb upon the Ministry of Information might have cleared the way for the younger novelists, at the expense of Arnold Bennett, Buchan, Dion Calthrop, Temple Thurston, Hugh Walpole, and myself. To-day we are all back at our work, none the worse, perhaps, for the wonderful interregnum."

In another touch of confidence Mr. Oppenheim said : "I was born in 1866, married in the States twenty-five years ago, and have one daughter. My chief interests outside my work are the theatre, travel, sports and games of all sorts. I enjoy my country life by the sea (North Devon) and my club life in London, and the thing I like better than anything else in the world is writing stories." When asked what he thought of the future of fiction as affected by the film, he replied : "I am quite sure that fiction will survive the present conditions. The indulgence in fiction is a firmly established corollary to the daily life of all human beings. Stories were sought for and told by word of mouth (and paid for) two thousand years ago, and the reading of fiction still provides a most simple and natural exercise for the demands, subconscious perhaps but inevitable, of the imaginative side of human nature. The film has come into partnership with the presentation of fiction through print, but it can never become its rival. In these days of greater stress, the mind demands more relaxation and the film supplies it, but no pictorial representation of a story will ever take the place of the written lines to the confirmed novel reader."

That point of balanced interest between the two sides of the Atlantic suggested another query. One has heard people on this side say Mr. Oppenheim was born in America, but people on the other side admit no doubt at all about his being English. This doubt of where he belongs reminds one of the seven cities that disputed about the birth of Homer ! But at any rate, it is worth

while quoting what our author has to say about this inter-continental sympathy, especially as it may clear up some misapprehension as to what raises or removes the barrier between the two audiences, English and American : "Stories that are freed from local conditions, which place in the forefront the primal forces of life, command exactly the same attention from English as American readers. Why not ? I have been in America a good deal, although I live in England, and I have never found any difference in the manner of thought or the ideals between the men and women of the two countries. They want the same thing out of life and they go the same way about it, and, provided your canvas is broad enough, you can appeal equally to New York or London. Think of the greatest of our English story-tellers—Conrad."

Mr. Oppenheim can certainly invoke the war in justification of the many warnings he has hurled upon us. Whether he chose the best audiences for awaking to the facts, or how far he set those facts in the proper light, offers room for conjecture. What is certain is that he long ago created a kind of barrage or smoke-screen of his own where the wily Boche lives and moves and has his being in a hundred different shapes. His chief handicap is that there are only two sexes ; otherwise the duplicity of the Hun might have been multiplied to infinity and beyond.

Some will tell you that "The Wicked Marquis," one of the least sensational, is the cleverest and most delightful of his novels ; but you may take up any of them—"The Plunderers," "Mr. Lessingham Goes Home," "The Strange Case of Mr. Jocelyn Thew"—in the certainty of finding excellent entertainment. Once you are under his spell you have no desire but to read on and see him unravel his mystery, for Mr. Oppenheim has the wizard gift of so subduing you to his imaginings that you no more question the probability of his highly ingenious plots than the spellbound wedding guest could think of doubting the veracity of the Ancient Mariner.

"The Great Impersonation," his latest novel, is a commanding piece of work. It has the element of Teuton treachery, the manorial family veiled in mystery, and the inquisitorial spies Mr. Oppenheim has used to subtle purposes in other of his novels. But once you accept these conventions of his and, in this case, the speaking likeness to each other of the two adventurers, there is no end to the fascination with which you watch the tale develop. After marvelling for many chapters how a German baron could be such a finished master of colloquial English, and so successfully step into his victim's shoes, it turns out we were all wrong. We ought to have been wondering how an Englishman could enter the confidence of the All-Highest and his gang, and convince them he was the baron. It is all delectably mystifying till you arrive at the solution ; and the avenues of print are lined with the fabulous beings that Mr. Oppenheim has invented and mated or martyred to make a reader's holiday. All this by way of showing the mountains of difficulty he sets before himself, and how easily he surmounts them.

He is to be congratulated in that, much as he has written, his new book is a real advance on anything else

he has done. He retains to the full the power of telling a rattling story. He has beguiled many a tedious hour with his racy and varied inventions, and his hand is so far from losing its cunning that what remains to

be emphasised above everything is that he performs his inventive wonders with a new finish, coolness and dexterity. He is far and away our most accomplished master in the type of sensation story he has made his own.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. NOVEMBER, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

'The Prize Page,' THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.
Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I. A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best reply, in not more than three hundred words, to the question. If it were possible for you to spend an evening with any famous author of the past, which one would you rather meet, and why?
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

- I.—The Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to S. M. Isaacson, of 16, Lexham Gardens, W.8, for the following:

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1920.

Lest we forget! Indignant, we deny
So vile a charge, too shameful to endure:
Yet in our hearts, are we in very truth
So sure?

We do forget sometimes; for life is hard,
And sordid cares and standards which defile
Make us lose sight of those fair things that are
Worth while.

Dare we forget, who through Their sacrifice
Alive, unscathed, in this dear land remain,
Freely inheriting the peace they died
To gain?

Can we forget? Not those from whom are fled
All joy and sunshine, from each day its mirth,
Wanting the voice they will not hear again
On earth.

When we forget— not willingly, God knows,
But in the turmoil of life's headlong flight,
May He in mercy keep the knowledge from
Their sight.

We also select for printing:

THE COTTAGE OF MY DREAMS.

Far on the distant height there gleams
The Little Cottage of My Dreams,
Swept round by mighty seas of Pain,

And when the last sad wave has rolled,
When you are old and I am old
There we shall meet again.

The seeds we sowed in bitter tears
Shall blossom in those later years
And all the hedges shall be set
With Peace and Charity and Truth—
Fruition of our vanished youth—

But, Heart, shall we forget
The sorrows of the way we trod,
The pain that led us back to God,
The griefs that made us wise?
When Time has taught me how to live,
And God has taught you to forgive,
The Gates of Paradise

Shall roll apart, and we shall find
That all the joys we left behind
Have blossomed just beyond our sight.
For as we trod the paths of pain
God gathered in our whitening grain,
And as, athwart the night,

We come to meet Him, side by side,
Like little children, shorn of pride,
When all our loneliness is past,
And humbly ask to be forgiven,
Then shall we find the Gates of Heaven
Roll back for us at last,

And, lighted by Eternal Beams,
We'll find the Cottage of My Dreams
Where all our sins and sorrows cease.
There shall we find the hopes we knew,
There shall our fancies all come true,
And Pain shall bloom in Peace.

(Lucy Malleon, 25, Auriol Road, W.14.)

HELEN.

Low o'er the silver mirror on her knees
Fair Helen drooped, and in its breath-dimmed lake
Saw her white beauty smeared and blurred and dull,
And spoke, her voice all shaken then and full
Of fierce, swift-leaping fear: "How shall it be
With Helen when this firm and radiant flesh
Is quenched and sodden as dead lotus bloom,
And this gold hair that winds men in its mesh
Is dank and sad as rain-swept olive trees,
And this gay mouth, whose smile proud thrones can shake,
Is ripe no more for kisses, mirth or wine,
Or shaped an arch for stream of song divine,
But sagged and broken, numbling of the tomb?"
Then Paris, shocked with pity, answerèd,
His burning gaze upon her cameo face . . .
"While plum-blue nights shall lock in mystery
The eternal secrets of thy night-deep eyes,
While moons shall bare their whiteness to the skies,
While song and flight of birds hold still their grace,
And poppies, redd'ning, startle the close-ranked grain
So far less golden than thy web of hair—
So long thy loveliness shall weave its snare,

Each day, each season, thou shalt live again,
With every springtime shalt transcend the tomb
To brush with deathless lips the orchards' bloom.
. . . While these things linger, Helen triumphant be,
Since with such wonders none may match save thee."

(Diana Patrick, Woodstock Cottage, Wallingford-on-Thames, Berks.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Helen Mitcham (Limehouse), K. E. Douglas (Ipswich), Claude Sterne (Streatham), Leslie M. Priest (Norwich), Faith Hearn (Florence), Laurence Groom (London, N.W.), M. C. Smith (Bournemouth), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), M. Mitchell (Edinburgh), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Pauline Clough Young (Claygate), Violet D. Chapman (Bath), M. B. (Calne), Muriel Grainger (Hampstead), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Jack Albyn Goad (London, W.), J. A. B. (Highgate Hill), Edward Stone (West Hartlepool), Angela W. Williams (Maidstone), Kersasp H. Kanga (Bombay), Phyllis Erica Noble (London, E.), C. A. Macartney (Paris), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Paris), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Una Malleon (London, W.), Ethel M. Hewitt (Streatham), P. E. Ballantyne (Southbourne West), Freda Isobel Noble (London, E.), P. H. Lulham (Brighton), Ethel Burney (Hampstead), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Doreen Hateley (Walsall), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), L. Yarde Bunyard (Allington), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), John Dronsfield (Prestwich), H. Drury (Streatham), Muriel (St. Leonards-on-Sea), R. Wintour (Maidstone), Joan Calder (Battersea Park), Gwladys V. Smallpeice (Felsted), Mary F. E. Cotter (Boscombe), Lorna Keeling Collard (Wincanton), N. R. Saker (Wood Green), Leslie D. Cockerill (Forest Gate), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), L. Scott Stevens (Bournemouth), F. E. Fleming (Shrewsbury), D. A. Pattinson (Northallerton), Delphine Stringer (London, S.W.), A. W. Wall (Nottingham), J. R. McCallum (Birmingham), Edward D. Lacy; E. A. Jenkins (Pontypridd), David Thomson (Oxford).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells, for the following :

THE LAPSE OF THE BISHOP. BY GUY THORNE.
(Ward, Lock.)

"Reclined in the gutter we found him."
BARHAM, *Not a sous had he got.*

We also select for printing :

THE FORBIDDEN TRAIL. BY HONORÉ WILLISIE.
(Butterworth)

"It followed her to school one day,
It was against the rule."

WORDSWORTH.

(Arthur Pollard, 134, Manchester Road, Accrington.)

EXTERIOR TO THE EVIDENCE. BY J. S. FLETCHER.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la,
Have nothing to do with the case."

W. S. GILBERT.

(J. H. Price, 2, Middle Temple Lane, Temple, E.C.4.)

"PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON. BY F. A. MACKENZIE.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"A grave, steady man not addicted to grog."
"THE BAGMAN'S DOG."—*Ingoltsby Legends.*

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

A CRY OF YOUTH. BY CYNTHIA LOMBARD.
(Appleton.)

"Come into the garden, Maud."

TENNYSON.

(G. Gardner, 9, Chislehurst Avenue, North Finchley, N.12.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation suitable for placing over the entrance to a Free Library is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent, for the following :

"Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race."—W. CHANNING.

The replies received have been numerous and varied (though certain very familiar passages have each been chosen by a score or so of competitors), and we select for special commendation those sent by W. H. Porter (London, S.W.), Margaret Nora Lilley (Leicester), P. J. Thomas (Oxford), W. Crampton (Stretford), E. G. Horner (Surbiton), Constance Tidman (Erith), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), Dorothy Cooke (Reading), M. C. Stanley (Sale), J. R. Sisson (Wallasey), Helen Auxilium Bruce (Sunningdale), Agnes Knight Cross (Bangor), Norman H. Jones (Birmingham), Louie H. Freeman (West Southbourne), T. Jones (Colwyn Bay), E. L. Fayster (Croydon), H. G. Walker (Manchester), Alice Greenwood (Maida Vale), Mrs. Gun (London, W.), Mrs. R. Mair (Guildford), Hilda Fletcher (Highgate), E. E. Wood (London, S.E.), J. S. Smith (Nottingham), Eileen Earle (Birmingham), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Kate Johnson (Bradford), Gwendoline W. Bowes (Rishton), K. Harvey (Oundle), Edith M. Dean (Clare), E. J. Corke (Halifax), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.O.W.), M. Whitaker (Barnsley), Alfred O. George (Allerford), Mabel E. Dronsfield (Prestwich), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to B. Noel Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following :

TENSION. BY E. M. DELAFIELD. (Hutchinson)

Miss Delafield is a clever satirist. In "Tension" she gives us a devastatingly true portrait of a certain type of woman. Lady Rossiter's pose of universal loving-kindness is so assiduously cultivated that it even deceives herself: under its cloak she contrives to stir up the staff of the local commercial college until the tension thus created reaches snapping point. Her husband, disillusioned and cynical, successfully concealing his few remaining ideals, is perhaps the most convincing figure in the book. But the lesser characters, from the flighty authoress of "Why, Ben!" to that amiable egotist Mr. Cooper, are amusingly drawn.

We also select for printing :

NOTES ON A CELLAR-BOOK. BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.
(Macmillan.)

This book resembles very much that with which it is chiefly concerned—good wine. It is mellow; it is very good; it soothes; and the wit sparkles continually through it. Mr. Saintsbury has done many things and has apparently drunk many fine wines. He leaves an excellent and memorable record for coming generations, and we think that a no more subtle blow than this book could have been dealt at prohibition. Of course it will appeal only to a limited circle, but to those few there is indeed a treat in store, and our thanks are due to Mr. Saintsbury.

(C. Dawson, junr., Llandudno, North Wales.)

THE MUSIC OF WILD FLOWERS.

BY JOHN VAUGHAN, M.A. (Elkin Mathews.)

It is an astonishing but wholly veracious statement that, in the midst of all that is sordid and materialistic in to-day's life, the attraction of wild flowers, with all their fascination as well as variety, was never so keen or so widespread. Perhaps it is the Nature Study lessons of the elementary school, perhaps the opportunities which have been given

for holidays and travelling into the "free" gardens of the earth—the appreciation has come. Therefore this book will find its market. It is vivid and full of life, easily readable, full of new and yet containing the old things.

(A. E. Gowers, 12, Broad Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent by Viola Banks (London, W.), G. Ralton Barnard (York), A. M. Count (King's Lynn), Vincent Hamson (Luton), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Maude R. Fleeson (Withington), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), W. Swayne Little; M. C. Smyth (Bournemouth), T. Owl (Southport),

Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), Winifred M. Davies (Bryn-mawr), Emma Burgess (Douglas), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Queenie Scott Hopper (Whitley Bay), H. M. Creswell Payne (Newquay), Gwendoline W. Bowes (Blackburn), Edward D. Lacy (Manchester), O. M. Baker (Warwick), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), E. A. Douglas (London, S.W.).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. E. Dionsfield, of 23, Sedgley Avenue, Prestwich, Lancs.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARGOT ASQUITH.

BY STEPHEN MCKENNA.

MODERN literary criticism is too often stultified by the obstinate determination of the critic to have a book written in his own way or not at all. Sympathy with the author's method is no more common than understanding of the author's design. The reception which has been accorded during the last few months, to the serial extracts from her autobiography must have given Mrs. Asquith a foretaste of the reception which will be accorded to the complete book; and it cannot be said that much understanding or sympathy has informed the judgment of public and private critics. Egotism, bad taste and want of restraint have been brought as charges against the author of a book which bears on its title page the motto, "Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid wooed by incapacity."

In the preface the authoress admits frankly "my only literary asset is natural directness." Not only in literature but in life this natural directness, evident on every page of her autobiography, is the explanation and key of Mrs. Asquith's temperament. In a character-sketch of herself she says: "I think I am deficient in one form of imagination. . . . I have a great longing to help those I love, which leads me to intrepid personal criticism; and I do not always know what hurts my friends' feelings. . . ." But, if her directness has invited criticism and brought her enemies, it has brought her also, by the score, friendships of which any

woman might be proud to possess a single one. The summary of her life, drawn up in 1906, records "An unfettered childhood and triumphant youth; a lot of love-making and a little abuse; a little fame and more abuse; a real man and great happiness; the love of children and seventh heaven." And the record is rounded by the aspiration: "an early death and a crowded memorial service."

It is necessary to understand Mrs. Asquith's attitude to life before attempting to judge the book in which she sets forth passages of her own life with a candour for which she has already been attacked and will, no doubt, be attacked again. As companion to the motto already quoted she could have added the famous and favourite

sentiment: "They say. What say they? Let them say"; as commentary on the critics who gave her "a little abuse" and then "more abuse" she may take credit for refraining from any assault on those who have fought her politically or traduced her privately. The autobiography is the statement of a woman who from her "unfettered childhood" has loved and practised "natural directness."

This attitude once realised, it is easier to understand the inclusion of certain material which has offended her critics, for they and she will ever be divided over the problem what must inevitably be included in any biography and what must no less inevitably be



Margot Tennant, aged 20.

From "The Autobiography of Margot Asquith" (Thornton Butterworth).

* "The Autobiography of Margot Asquith," 25s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

excluded from all; she has been taken to task for admitting the world to the death-bedside of a sister whom she loved, though this leave-taking has already been described for all the world to read; she has been attacked for making public, in her own lifetime, a love-affair, but she may well retort that an autobiography which omits all reference to it is no autobiography. She must write the book her own way; and, if "natural directness" be her "only literary asset," the book could have been written in no other way.

That this is too modest an estimate of her literary powers is proved on every page. There is wit, perception, vitality, a sense of the dramatic, a firm clarity of outline and a delightful neatness of finish: the account of her first meeting with the Duke of Beaufort is inimitable, and it is to be regretted that she uses her great gifts for description so sparingly, for, though there is admirable portrait painting, there are too few of these *tableaux*. To many readers, one picture of this kind is worth many pages of old letters and of dialogue less vital.

In her selection and arrangement of material Mrs. Asquith is not so successful. When Mr. Balfour was told by some one who had seen him in her company: "I hear you are going to marry Margot Tennant," he replied: "No, that is not so. I rather think of having a career of my own." Though Mrs. Asquith is one of those to whom inevitably a high career would come unsought, her burning interest in everything great and small that concerns herself and her friends occasionally distorts her perspective and leads her to publish letters, conversations, description and judgments that, in the opinion of many, can have but little importance for the general public to whom this autobiography is addressed. Not only is Mrs. Asquith "the most brilliant hostess," as Shane Leslie judged her in "The End of a Chapter," not only has she enjoyed "a triumphant youth"; she was for nearly ten years the wife of a prime minister and has been the mother and stepmother of the most brilliant family in England. Some of us would gladly exchange her memories of early days in Scotland for a more generous contribution to later politics; the "love-making" might well have been sacrificed to a little history. And here all critics must agree that the title does little justice to the book or to its author: "The Autobiography of Margot Asquith" ends with her marriage, and the history of her life in Downing Street from 1907 to 1916 is left untouched. This, it is understood, will be described in a later volume, though the present one does not say so; and the reader, unwarned, may cry in his haste that the autobiography of a prime minister's wife reads frivolously if an embargo is placed on politics.

While it is reasonable enough for politics to be postponed, it is not so easy to find a reason for Mrs. Asquith's general lack of arrangement. She would be the first to regard herself as an amateur, and her autobiography was written under grave disadvantage of time, but her inexperience of construction leads sometimes to woeful confusion. Chapter VIII opens with a character study of the authoress in 1888 and passes by way of a letter from Jowett and a projected paper to a discursus on friendship and a list of the people who, twenty-eight

years later, provided roofs for the family when Mr. Asquith left Downing Street at ten days' notice. A tribute to Lady Wemyss prepares the way for the conversation, correspondence and delineation of Jowett. This chapter has been chosen at random; wherever the book is opened, there is the same difficulty in discovering whither, in chronology, geography or subject, Mrs. Asquith has darted. For casual reminiscences this may be well enough, but that which proclaims itself an autobiography demands architectural proportion and arrangement. Were the authoress insensible to form, this shortcoming might be pardoned as a thing inevitable and incurable, but her descriptions—at their best—reveal an instinctive feeling for form.

At the end of her first meeting with the Duke of Beaufort, who promised her the coveted blue habit hitherto reserved for women who owned coverts, Mrs. Asquith asked: "Do you always do this sort of thing when you meet anyone like me for the first time?" The Duke replied, "with a smile, lifting his hat": "Just as it is the first time you have ever hunted, so it is the first time I have ever met anyone like you." This is the first time that any one has met a book like "The Autobiography of Margot Asquith." It cannot be judged adequately until the second volume has appeared, for to many readers the political history will be more engrossing than this personal record of much that is important only to Mrs. Asquith. Within her present limits she has put forth a book which is as well-written as it is ill-arranged: the sketches of her "triumphant youth" are matchless, her pictures of Gladstone, Jowett, Alfred Lyttelton, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour are an important contribution to the understanding of these men, there are new letters and poems never before published, and at last we have an account of "The Souls" from their most inspiring and one of their most famous members. All who stand outside that celebrated gathering will wish that this, the first true account of it, had been longer; but, as many of the members are alive and in exalted public positions, a fuller history may have been impracticable. For all her candour, for all the glowing light of personality under which nothing about herself remains trivial or begins to be irrelevant, Mrs. Asquith has only disappointment for those who hunt for indiscretions.

Many readers of this outspoken book will be surprised by the words, "I shrink then, as I do now, from exposing the secrets and sensations of life. Reticence should guard the soul and only those who have compassion should be admitted to the shrine"; but the parodist who made Mrs. Asquith say: "Reticence! What words you use!" must give her high credit for the dignity of her occasional silences. She alludes, indeed, to the fanatics who, in the heart of the Home Rule controversy, tried to cut her; but for the less frank enemies who intrigued her husband out of office, for the hysterical mob who called her pro-German and for the people of "low intelligence and high credulity" who screamed obscenities at her in law court and press, she has no attention to spare. In this generation no woman has been so foully and cruelly attacked; in no generation has the attack been met with such silent and dignified contempt.

New Books.

EDUCATION FOR EVER.

Professional lecturers sometimes concern themselves about what they call the Span of Education. There is little difficulty about the beginning. The cradle forms a comfortable starting point—though enthusiasts would go still farther back and accept Froebel's suggestion of the Annunciation. At the upper limit, twenty-four to twenty-five years of age appears to commend itself as a suitable time to leave off formal education. But social reformers are not content with this, and seem to be harbouring the fatiguing conception that education ought to go on from the cradle to the grave. They speak of the common fallacy that education belongs only to the earlier years, and Mr. Cranage makes our blood run cold with the assertion that he has "known excellent students over 70 years of age." Naturally the word *education* may be used in widely different senses, and it is obvious that in the book before us* adult education begins just where the "young person" ceases to be technically entitled to be so called. It has the peculiarity of not being an entirely isolated work but a sort of commentary on or exposition of the Report of the Committee on Adult Education. Some of the contributors were themselves members of the committee, and all of them because of their special experience are entitled to speak with authority on the subject. Probably they are right in supposing that a bound book will attract more readers than a Government Report, even though that report is legibly labelled Cd. 321, 1919. But while they believe that they are able to make the presentation more effective than a Blue Book can, the contributors recognise that the report itself must be read. One of them in fact finishes his article by telling us that he wishes us to learn from the Interim and Final Reports of the Adult Education Committee rather "than to expect in this place an endless catalogue thereof." But why "catalogue"?

Report and book alike appear to be based on the assumption that "in all adults there is a capacity for continued education of a high order, granted the right method of approach": so the greater part of the book is devoted to finding and describing this approach. Perhaps the authors do not clearly enough realise that the many agencies they describe—extension lectures, tutorial classes, reading circles, mechanics' institutes, Sunday schools, adult schools, labour colleges—are all closely related to the disadvantageous circumstances of certain social groups, and that age limits are necessarily influenced by this fact. Further, it is doubtful whether culture can be kept separate from the circumstances under which it is acquired. Mr. Greenwood tells us that "the problem is not how to get the articulate workers to absorb the culture of a higher social class, but how to enable them to evolve a culture of their own." This is wholly admirable, but I have searched in vain throughout the volume for traces of an attempt to apply the principle laid down. The culture after which labour is striving more or less intelligently will no doubt differ from the conventional culture of to-day. But in the meantime labour is too much concerned with the economic struggle to have time for much development in other directions. It would be unfair to say that labour's use of education will be "tendencious and biased," but it cannot be denied that labour, like every other class of the community, tends to use education to further social and other ends that are not quite disinterested. It is therefore a little doubtful whether the Report is right in its recommendation that "the State should not refuse financial support to institutions, colleges and classes merely on the ground that they have a particular 'atmosphere' or appeal specially to students of a particular type. All that it ought to ask is that they be concerned with serious study." On the whole, the writers in this book support the recommendation, and they are able to point to certain

* "Cambridge Essays on Adult Education" Edited by R. St. John Parry. 12s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

almost parallel cases in which bias is not barred from Treasury support. But certainly more guarantees must be provided before the principle should be extended. As a matter of fact, however, so long as the voluntary system is so highly esteemed by the educational representatives of labour, there will be little danger of unfair subsidising of propaganda. The writers in this volume are firmly convinced that only by voluntary effort can adult education be carried on successfully. This does not mean that government grants with a reasonable amount of consequent supervision are to be refused. But we are told that the moment a system becomes highly organised in detail, the life goes out of adult education. Mr. Mansbridge indeed makes the very unexpected point that the more complete organisation of education in Scotland has proved a hindrance not a help to adult education there. "Even mechanics' institutes, though founded in Scotland one hundred years ago, achieved more power south of the Tweed than north of it."

In a very sympathetic chapter Mrs. Huws Davies deals with the place of women in adult education, and says some rather surprising things, not the least startling of which is that one of the chief objections to men and women studying together is "that women never get a word in." The University Extension Movement is thoroughly well treated both historically and critically: and the book closes with "A Student's Experience," in which an elderly student gives an account of the extension system as it strikes the working-class student. In spite of its somewhat ecstatic style it supplies a creditable specimen of the results produced by this form of teaching.

JOHN ADAMS.

LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND.*

That Mr. Arthur Mee has the rare gift of understanding children, of knowing how to appeal to their imaginations and their hearts, the enormous success of *My Magazine* and *The Children's Newspaper*, which he founded and edits, bears unimpeachable witness; and in "Little Treasure

* "Little Treasure Island: Her Story and Her Glory." By Arthur Mee. Illustrated in colour and monochrome. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

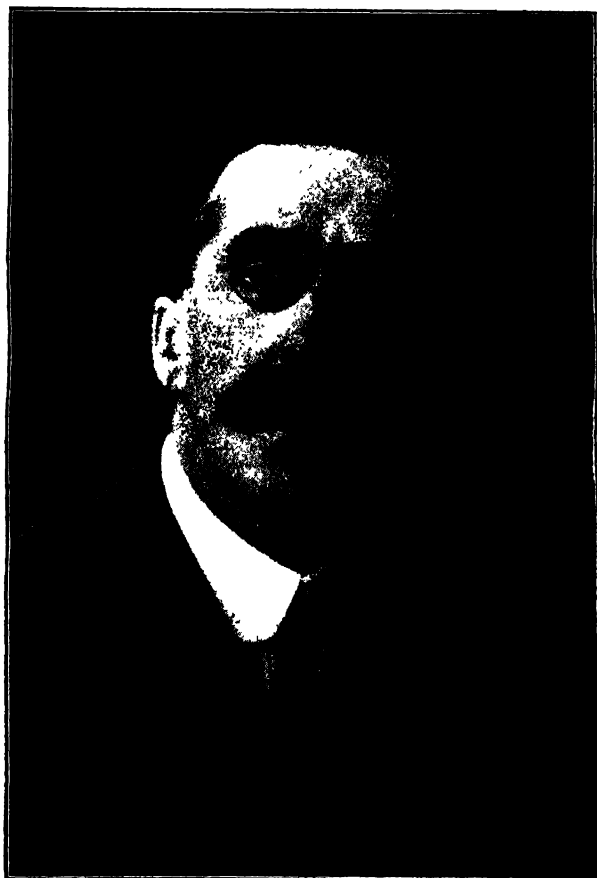


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Arthur Mee.

Island" he has made excellent use of that gift to turn history—the history of our own country from its beginnings down to the present day—into stories that younger readers will find as fascinating as any fictitious romance that was ever written for them. Facts are only dead when they are handled by a dull man; Mr. Mee shows them in action with all the life and interest that belong to them, and is able to do so simply and easily because he is himself so obviously and keenly interested in them. He has not only learned that

"... truth in closest words may fail,
But truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors"—

he has learned also how to embody it in such fashion that wherever it enters in it will carry pleasure and its own welcome with it.

Here you have history with no smack of the school about it; no dreary marshalling of dates and cataloguing of kings and tuneless rattling of the dry bones of incident and event; Mr. Mee loves England and rejoices in her, and the events and the men he selects to write about are such as matter and have real significance in any story of her greatness. "The Tale the River Tells" takes you a twenty-mile walk along the banks of the Darent in Kent and unfolds with a panoramic, swiftly-changing vividness and colour the motley life that has flowed down the valley by the riverside from the earliest recorded time—how the men of the Ages of Stone and Bronze were followed by the soldiers of Rome, by Danes, Saxons, Normans, warring or at peace, and how from all these mingling races the modern English have evolved. A chapter on "How they Brought the Good News" tells of the dawn of Christianity in Britain and grows into the beautiful story of the Venerable Bede. There are glamorous chapters on the world-old wonders enshrined in London's museums; on Raleigh, on Shakespeare, and how much of its glory our Empire owes to them; and, coming to our own era, there is "The Very Heart of the Island," to explain something of the workings of the Government offices in Whitehall, and a series of graphic and often poignant sketches of divers phases of the vast war from which we have just emerged.

But Mr. Mee is too true a patriot to be a blind one and does not shrink from showing other sides of the picture. It is well that those who will be the men and women of the future should read his passionate denunciation of the cruel and stupid greed that inspired our business men of the near past to enslave the children and drive little ones of four years and upwards to toil in their mines and factories so that they might have cheap labour and larger profits, for you may depend it is the memory of these things that underlies much of the labour unrest and rebellion that the whole community is suffering from now. It is a good lesson to enforce—we are paying to-day for the wrongs our fathers did, and to-morrow our children will have to pay for any that we are doing.

But though, as Mr. Mee says, "it is not true that there has never been a stain upon our flag," it is true that "in all the strivings and yearnings of multitudes of men it has been on the side of everlasting light. In the coming up of the world from barbarism to civilisation it has been on the side of humanity," and he justifies that claim in the stories of his book—a live book, and one so deftly done that it makes knowledge as entertaining as a fairy tale and will be read by children for the sheer delight of reading.

THE ARBUTHNOT FAMILY.*

The Scots are well known to be very partial to an ell of genealogy, and so the numerous members and connections of the notable family of Arbuthnot should welcome this excellent and detailed chronicle of their clan. The author is Sassenach, it is true, and merely an Arbuthnot by marriage; but she was born an Evelyn of Wotton,

* "Memories of the Arbuthnots of Kincardineshire and Aberdeenshire." By Mrs. P. S.-M. Arbuthnot. With 25 pages of Illustrations. 63s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

and gives valid reasons for undertaking the record of a Scotch family:

"She had the good fortune to grow up in a house whose proudest possessions were its Stuart relics, and such influences are apt to turn one's thoughts early in the direction of Scotland, as to a spiritual home, which, in the long, expectant hours of childhood, lay mysteriously beyond the boundaries of the known and the actual."

It will be surmised that Mrs. Arbuthnot is an ardent Jacobite, as befits the chronicler of a family who consistently supported, and suffered for, their legitimate kings in the eighteenth century. She recovers the Lost Cause by the light of wan romance, and pleasant, indeed, to the reader it is to wander again in that brave land of long ago, and forget for a time the present horrors of Soviets and Direct Actions and Big Threes.

The Arbuthnots descend from Hugo de Swinton, who in the twelfth century acquired the lands of Aberbothenoth, which became the patronymic of the family. A later Hugh, known as "Le Blond," was the hero of Scott's ballad of the falsely-accused Queen of Scotland, and the slayer of the Dragon of Pitcarles. Yet another Hugh Arbuthnot has a ghastly story darkening his memory. It is said that he and his followers, desiring to placate the Regent Albany, in 1420 seized John Melville, Sheriff of the Mearns, at a hunting party in Garvock. They cast the victim into a huge cauldron and, bringing him to the boil, each consumed a portion of the hellish broth.

To come down to more recent generations of the family, one of the most notable members was Charles Arbuthnot who, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was British Ambassador to Turkey. The war with France caused trouble in 1805, and Arbuthnot left his post and joined the small English fleet which was lying off Tenedos. With it he participated in that gallant forcing of the Dardanelles, which was certainly a great feat in view of the difficulties the English Navy experienced in the same place over a century later.

The second wife of Charles Arbuthnot, the Ambassador, was Harriet Fane, the lady who dominated so completely the Duke of Wellington, and who was the confidante of his most secret political plans. It was apparently an intellectual friendship only, though Society regarded the Duke as Mrs. Arbuthnot's special property, and she herself termed him "my legitimate property." Her husband was perfectly contented and evinced no jealousy. He was, in fact, Wellington's most valued man friend. The trio were constantly together, and the only unhappy person was the Duchess of Wellington, who was unwanted and slighted in her own homes. She was undoubtedly very badly treated by her husband. The poor, meek Duchess gave up the contest in 1831, and died. Her brilliant and successful rival followed her to the grave three years later. The two widowers lived on alone together to extreme old age. Charles Arbuthnot died at Apsley House in 1850. It is a strange story, as strange almost as Nelson's relations with Emma and Sir William Hamilton.

Mrs. Arbuthnot provides a real, pulsating, human drama when her book records the amazing case of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot, whom John Carden, of Barnane Castle, Tipperary, attempted to abduct by force in 1854. He was a rejected suitor, and endeavoured to seize the young lady one Sunday when she was driving home to Rathronan. Two of her sisters and a governess were also in the carriage. A most terrific struggle took place, the governess waging a very pugnacious part—striking Carden violently and repeatedly in the face, which was covered with blood. Irish retainers of both parties rushed up and joined eagerly in the fray. Carden's attempt was frustrated and he fled. At once he was pursued and captured. He was tried, and condemned to two years' hard labour, and he served his full term of imprisonment. But public sympathy was with him, and the Irish ladies sighed for such a gallant and determined lover. The cold-blooded heroine of the story never married, and in later life was devoted to good works, which perhaps were her penance for the passionate and melodramatic experiences which had marked her youth.

In recent years the family has been worthily upheld by Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot, who perished with his ship, the *Defence*, at the Battle of Jutland; Brigadier-General Sir Dalrymple Arbuthnot, and many others. This family record is a credit to its subject, as well as to the author and publishers.

S. M. ELLIS.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.*

So long ago as 1878 Professor Thorold Rogers stated that the agricultural labourer possessed five or six more qualifications to the title of skilled worker than did the artisan. Forty years later the House of Commons was startled by the equally true, if ironically made, statement of a member that it was more difficult to replace a skilled carter than a cabinet minister. Yet, after all these years, in spite of the lessons learned from (or, rather, taught by, for they apparently have not been learned) the experiences of the war, we are still content to treat Hodge with rather less respect than we show towards the beasts that he tends. In a vague way we all realise, of course, that the agricultural labourer is still scandalously ill-paid and overworked. But we need the relentless facts so ably marshalled by Mr. F. E. Green in this excellent book to bring home to us the real depths of our national shame.

Now what are these facts? Let us go back fifty years. From 1853 to 1862 the average weekly wage for an agricultural labourer in England and Wales ranged from 9s. 11d. to 11s. 1d., whilst the average price of wheat per imperial quarter was from 53s. 3d. to 55s. 5d. No wonder Mr. Prothero called this period the "Golden Age of English agriculture." The farmers and landowners would no doubt agree with him; as for the labourer—but he always found a grave somewhere when worked to death. These are, however, figures only of the labourers' wage; what did they mean in food? The usual food was potatoes, dry bread, greens, herbs, kettle-broth, weak tea, and sometimes a little bacon. There was no meat except on Sundays. Kettle-broth consisted of bread soaked in hot water, seasoned with a pinch of salt, perhaps an onion or a spoonful of milk, and this "seems to have been the common food in the southern counties." As for the styes misnamed cottages in which the workers were housed, let Cobden speak.

"At Stourpaine, in Dorset, one bedroom in a cottage contained three beds, occupied by eleven people of all ages and both sexes, with no curtain or partition whatever. At Milton Abbas, on the average of the last census there were thirty-six persons in each house, and so crowded were they that cottagers with a desire for decency would combine and place all the males in one cottage and all the females in another."

Thus it was their collective will, comments Mr. Green, which protected them from moral degradation.

It was to alter such conditions that Cobden thundered forth his living words. Later, in the early seventies, Joseph Arch took up the task. He organised the half-starved country labourers and declared war on the farmers and landowners. Some town workers and a few newspapers helped him; but against him were the almost solid ranks of that rural trinity of oppression—the squirearchy, the clergy, and the farming class. Though Arch had one or two initial successes, he was soon countered. Indeed, for a generation the agricultural worker's condition improved but little. Now there are signs of new life. Trade unionism has taken firm root. The young men have come out of the Army with broader views and squarer shoulders. They are dreaming of better things, discussing and organising. But they will have a hard row to hoe yet. The old spirit of slave-driving is not dead in rural England; still, the labourer's power grows. How it grows and how it will be wielded a perusal of this invaluable book will show.

R. K.

* "A History of the English Agricultural Labourer, 1870-1920." By F. E. Green. 16s. net. (King.)



Mr. W. H. Davies,
1920.

A portrait by Laura Knight.

From "The Song of Life, and Other Poems," by W. H. Davies (Fifield).

W. H. DAVIES'S POEMS.*

Probably none of our Georgian poets is likelier than Mr. W. H. Davies to survive the century. He is far from faultless; several surpass him in technique and delicacy of finish, but almost alone among them he has the spontaneity which is beyond art and that indefinable quality which we loosely describe as genius. Most of his distinguished contemporaries have talents that are well under control, but he is the irresponsible servant of his gift; they have an aggressively modern air, but he has his roots in the past and the best of his poems are as fresh as this year's roses, and as old-fashioned. He is curiously personal, but never self-conscious; you do not feel that he has cast about for a theme and then sedulously hammered it into rhyme with the scholar's knowledge of the rules of the game. He does not so much seem to go after his subject as to take it as it comes to him; any passing sight or casual fancy serves his turn, and the perfect simplicity of it is matched with as careless a simplicity of expression. This latest book of his is as characteristic of him as his first. If he is starkly and gruesomely realistic at times, as in "The Rat," he can put the quietest charm of poetry into such a lyric as "Bird and Brook":

"My song, that's bird-like in its kind,
Is in the mind;
Love—in the mind;
And in my season I am moved
No more or less from being loved;
No woman's love has power to bring
My song back when I cease to sing;
Nor can she, when my season's strong,
Prevent my mind from song.

"But where I feel your woman's part
Is in the heart,
Love—in the heart;
For when that bird of nine broods long,
And I'd be sad without my song,
Your love then makes my heart a brook

* "A Song of Life, and Other Poems." By W. H. Davies. With a frontispiece from a portrait by Laura Knight. 5s. net. (Fifield.)

That dreams in many a quiet nook
And makes a steady, murmuring sound
Of joy the whole year round."

The very inequalities and occasional infelicities of such verse as Mr. Davies's are inseparable from the magic of it; they accentuate its unpremeditated naturalness. He is like a man who talks unreservedly and unaffectedly of whatever he happens to think and feel; so doing he inevitably says some commonplace things in a commonplace way, and the beauty of his song is that its perfections flow from it as easily and are as native to it as its imperfections. It was the same with Herrick and with Blake, and if one were to venture upon prophecy it would be to say that his place in the poetical hierarchy will not be far below theirs.

BEERBOHM TREE.*

Receiving their plaudits at once, often in inordinate measure, while still the curtain is raised on the scene of their rehearsed endeavours, actors—puppets of this wooden O—are rapidly forgotten when the play is done. Artists who create are lucky if they get the reward of applause at any time; but with the actor it is here and now; thunders, clapping of hands, paragraphs, photographs, the easy adoration of the many. And then, some shuffling of the scene and—farewell King! The shining phantoms of the limited, limelit hours have become phantoms fading, gone. Biographies of actors, as a rule, because of this rapidity of eclipse, make dismal reading. The turning of the pages is so like the disinterring of rose-leaves, wrapped in press cuttings of extravagance.

Tree was so well-known and recent a producer and player that this book should have better fortune than most of the kind. Its plan is excellent, and the choice of the "inimitable Max" for pilot of the team of eleven contributors is of the nature of an inspiration. Unfortunately, there is not enough of him. With his inside family knowledge and many years of attendance as a critic at the theatres, he should have expanded his sixteen pages to many more; while Lady Tree, whose pleasantly intimate contribution occupies more than half the book, might well have omitted the expression of opinions; for, as with so many other leading ladies of the profession, the critical note is lost in dizzy ecstasy. Roses and pearls are cast with spendthrift hands. She can hardly mention a play, player or performance, without adjectival extravagance; and as few of us did not witness some of Tree's productions, it is possible to check these enthusiasms, and know that many do not hold good.

Sir Herbert was a man of eager and bold conceptions; but often their realisation was beyond his grasp. Even his happiest and most successful endeavours were marred by blots of bathos or misjudgment. Henry Irving, from whom so much of his inspiration was inherited, could not have outdone the taste and beauty of some of Tree's productions and scenes; yet in the very heart of the poetry the wrong note was sometimes struck with a blatancy intolerable. The antics with the turnip-head ghost in the beautiful "Twelfth Night"; some of the dull buffoonery in "Much Ado," the intrusion of the mannikin in the revival of "The Darling of the Gods," the return of Sir Peter Teazle to dance in the minuet after he had left the scandalmongers in disgust—such were frequent faults which marred the illusion it is the province of the actor to produce.

It would, however, be wrong not to recognise Tree's merits in certain respects. He was a very great showman; lavish, daring, constantly wooing the manifold tastes of the public with a pleasant variety. The success with which he filled the colossal His Majesty's is at once a tribute of praise and of condemnation. His own art grew attenuate there. His best personal triumphs were gained on the small Haymarket stage; and no one who saw his Paul Demetrius in "The Red Lamp" would give a fig, by

comparison, for his Benedick, Ulysses, Shylock or Macbeth. At the same time even the vast stage of His Majesty's, which destroyed the essential subtlety, could not prevent his scoring splendidly as Caliban and Falstaff, parts unforgettable to those who witnessed them—and that, when the plaudits are ended, is the best immortality an actor can hope for.

For the man, the tributes of his friends are enough; and they loved him. Plenty of stories are going the round (they do not appear in this book) which show him on occasion tart of tongue and not suffering bores and fools as gladly as those fools and bores could have wished. But a man must be measured by the warmer standards, and we know that Herbert Tree to many was lovable. Of his wit this book has ample testimony. His epigrams have salt enough to bear a frequent reading; and sometimes they were spontaneous—"Of all the arts love is the greatest." "Flattery gives us winged feet." "To sacrifice an epigram on the altar of tact is the last martyrdom of man." "Epitaph for atheist, 'j'y suis, j'y teste.'" "He is an old bore; even the grave yawns for him." "Cynicism is the humour of hatred"—and so on; variegated illustrations of a clever and happy mind. His work in America for England during the war was that of a patriot. This volume, his literary monument, in which Mr. Bernard Shaw's acid tribute is especially delightful, makes a convenient record of one—of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy—who according to his lights served the public generously and gladly.

C. E. L.

A TRAGIC MASTERPIECE.*

The saying that love is blind is only very partially, if at all, true. That love seems blind to the faults of the beloved may be but a seeming, after all. That it is more wideawake to the virtues of the beloved, virtues that the mere outsider overlooks or disparages, is perhaps indisputable. And this wideawakeness is surely enlightening rather than blinding. "I can't make out what she sees in the fellow," we remark. And of course we can't. But if he were in love with us, and we with him, we should both reveal more of our best selves to one another, and thus get to know one another better than anyone else knows us.

I fancy that this idea underlies the theme of Mrs. Dawson-Scott's new novel. I have read it twice. My first hasty reading left me with an impression that it was mainly a study in degeneracy; my second more deliberate and considered reading, that it is a study in regeneracy, and that its final conclusions are resolved in the alembic of love.

The central figure of the story is the girl Roma. It is through her eyes that we see what passes during the three days in which the whole action of the story takes place. She is already unknowingly in love with the young, strong, clean peasant-farmer, Tavis Hawke, who tells her bluntly, "You feel alive, but you aren't." And at once the flickering light of love in her is kindled to a bright flame in the light of this man's love. Even yet, however, she does not understand. But her vision is clearing. She is beginning to wonder, to ponder. Very soon she is beginning to discover that there are things and beings in this world outside her average commonplace experience: beings hardly human, who do things that are worse than bestial. Beings of perverted instincts whose sole joy in life is the gratification of vile impulses so unnatural as hardly to be described as passions or even lusts. Sexless, sterile beings. The broken-down old man, Llyr Pendragon, alone shows lingering traces of a vanished vigour in insensate outbursts of rage and violence. His son Hendre, whom Roma in her simplicity is willing to marry until she learns the revolting truth about him, and the girl Clarice, daughter of another of the old man's degenerate sons: these two are alike crafty and subtle, loving the darkness rather than the light because their deeds are evil.

* "Herbert Beerbohm Tree: Some Memories of Him and of His Art." Collected by Max Beerbohm. 21s. net. (Hutchinson.)

* "The Headland." By C. A. Dawson-Scott. 9s. (Heinemann.) *

Only a great artist in literature could have triumphed over the difficulties of a theme which must have devolved, in any less sure hands, into ghastly farce. It is Mrs. Dawson-Scott's supreme sense of proportion and balance, her delicate handling of light and shade, her force and her reticence, and above all her essential sanity, that go to make of this book such a memorable achievement.

It is not a book for those who funk both life and death. It is a strong, brave book for men and women.

EDWIN PUGH.

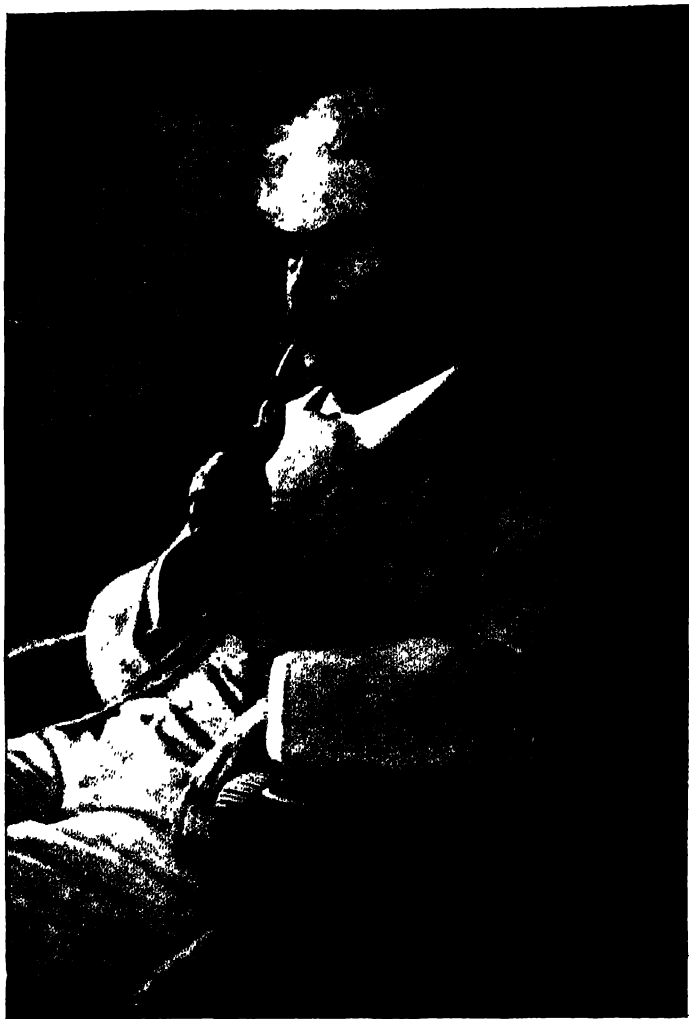
MARK TWAIN'S LETTERS.*

"I love to think of the great and god-like Clemens" Kipling wrote to Mr. F. N. Doubleday, the American publisher, in 1903. "He is the biggest man you have on your side of the water by a damn sight, and don't you forget it. Cervantes was a relation of his." Perhaps there may now seem a little extravagance in that eulogy, but few of us would have thought so in the days when it was written. A new generation has risen and set up new idols, and the old are not what they were. Even we who were nearing middle-age in his later years, when his fame was at its height, find the laugh gone out of much of Mark's humour, and that there are not more than two or three of his many books that we can re-read to-day with the delight and admiration they moved us to at first. But this was to have been expected. As Mark Twain says in one of his letters, neither Dickens nor Scott means the same to us at fifty as he meant to us when we were young and less critical: "Nothing remains the same. When a man goes back to look at the house of his childhood it has always shrunk."

But if most of his books have shrunk, or seem to have shrunk, the man himself has undergone no real diminution. The spell of his personality is as potent as ever, and you cannot read these letters without realising the charm and bigness of it and feeling all your old allegiance to him renewed. There is a more natural whimsicality, a mellowed humour in the things he wrote to his friends than in much that used to tickle us in his professedly funny books; there is something wonderfully poignant or lovable in the wistful tenderness or quaint playfulness of whatever he writes to his wife and children or about them; the shrewdest common sense underlying his droll or tolerant or bitter commentary on life and the ways of men, and an uncompromising outspokenness in all his judgments literary and otherwise. Some of his best letters were to W. D. Howells and, though he did not praise even him indiscriminately, his admiration for Howells's work matched his glowing affection for the author. "If your genuine stories can die," he wrote, "I wonder by what right old Walter Scott's artificialities shall continue to live."

Scott, however, never appealed to him. In a letter to Brander Matthews he puts a dozen devastating questions, beginning, "Are there in Sir Walter Scott's novels passages done in good English—English which is neither slovenly nor involved?" and goes on, "Brander, I lie here dying, slowly dying under the blight of Sir Walter. I have read the first volume of 'Rob Roy,' and as far as chapter XIX of 'Guy Mannering,' and I can no longer hold my head up nor take any nourishment. Lord, it's all so juvenile! so artificial, so shoddy; and such wax figures and skeletons and spectres. Interest? Why, it is impossible to feel an interest in these bloodless shams, these milk-and-water humbugs. . . ." But he persevered with his reading and a few days later wrote again saying he had passed from "Guy Mannering" to "Quentin Durward," and "it was like leaving the dead to mingle with the living: it was like withdrawing from the infant class in the College of Journalism to sit under the lectures in English literature in Columbia University," and then, having been forced to praise, adds, "I wonder who wrote 'Quentin Durward'?"

* "Letters of Mark Twain." Edited by Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. 18s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)



Mark Twain.

From "The Letters of Mark Twain" (Chatto & Windus).

Whether he is right or wrong in such judgments is of no moment: what holds you in the letters is their amazing vitality; he interests you because he is so intensely interested in himself and everything about him. With Mr. Bigelow Paine's admirable preface and connecting notes throughout they make the most intimate, enjoyable and enduring biography of Mark Twain that has been or is ever likely to be written.

THE LOOKER-ON.*

It is the fate of the philosophic temperament that it too often paralyses action: its interests are so many, its perceptions so quick that he who is blessed with it spends his days in comment and criticism rather than in creative work. He suffers from a content of the spirit and a discontent of the mind: he will question the arrangement of the universe and the plans of reformers, but he rarely thinks of applying his disturbing standard to his breakfast or his income. Mr. Mallock's natural tendency to a great degree of intellectual criticism and a rather complacent satisfaction with the world—a pleasant if narrow one—of gentlemanly society was not noticeably affected by his education either at Oxford or at his private tutor's. He is even now unconscious of how much he missed in the world with which he was most familiar. He was most familiar with its comfort and its beauty, and he dislikes the thought of admitting that there was anything which should make uneasy those who enjoyed that comfort and that beauty. He is quite sure that in his childhood, in the forties and fifties, there was no distress among the agricultural labourers in Devonshire, there was "no hint . . . of any distress temper which was calculated to provoke protests of any sort or kind against the established order."

"Memories of Life and Literature." By W. H. Mallock. (Chapman & Hall.)

He believes he was right in thinking that the "rural counties of England" were "the scenes of an idyllic and almost undisturbed content." Well, the opinion of one Charles Kingsley, also not unfamiliar with the West of England, was scarcely in accordance with Mr. Mallock's: and I would suggest that, in so far as the peasants were content, their idyllic peacefulness was not unconnected with the savage cruelty of legislation such as the Game Laws, and also with the recollections of the fate that overtook the first effort to form a rural trade union in the neighbouring county of Dorset. It was natural that the peasant hesitated before effectively expressing his grievances, when that expression entailed transportation for seven years.

It may seem ungracious to begin one's review of an entertaining book with this note of criticism, only I believe that no one can properly appreciate Mr. Mallock's keen resourcefulness as a critic unless he is aware of the blind spot in him. Temperamentally Mr. Mallock is unable to believe in forms of discontent and revolution which threaten his accustomed world; and when he has proved, as he has so often done, that such forms of revolution—whether in economics, in theology or in politics—are illogical, he proceeds to behave as though they had had no existence. He is continually, in all his books, overestimating the power of pure logic and underestimating the power of passion, of revolt, and of that common sense which refuses to be satisfied with statistics when it needs bread. This Mr. Mallock is only interesting as a survival. He represents a society which had distinction, beauty and dignity—distinction purchased by others' humiliation, beauty acquired by a steady ignoring of prevalent sordidness, and dignity held only by a denial of humour. It is significant that in this long book, dealing very amply with Mr. Mallock's economic writings, there is no mention of a little tract, a corrosive, definitive little tract called "Socialism and Superior Brains," written by a certain George Bernard Shaw.

There is, however, another Mr. Mallock—a Mr. Mallock whose wit very nearly achieves wisdom, whose sense of pathos at times gets near poetry, and whose zeal for Toryism approaches the dignity which attaches to Jacobitism. Mr. Mallock's theological work there is no need to discuss. It is the work of an outsider. What Pío Nono once said of Pusey is far truer of Mr. Mallock, but he is like a bell which rings people into church but remains outside himself. The aspects of Mr. Mallock which are valuable are those which are illustrated in his early books, "The New Republic" and "The New Paul and Virginia," and by his novels in so far as they contain critical comment on society. Mr. Mallock belonged by birth to the squirearchy; he moved in the small world of London society, and remembers the days when it was as hard to get into Claridge's as into Boodle's or Brook's. Of that old world he gives us a picture, drawn with skill and affection. His description of Denbury Manor in the days of his great aunt, Miss Margaret Froude, is a little masterpiece of etching, from the beginning with its recollections of Walpole and Wyatt (the bad Wyatt of Salisbury Cathedral notoriety), to its suave ending, descriptive of the old eighteenth-century furnishings which

"... were there, not as survivals of the past, but as parts of a past which for the inmates had never ceased to be present. They were there as the natural appurtenances of a lady who, so far as I knew, had never been near a railway till a special train was run to convey mourners to her funeral."

Mr. Mallock was at no public school, but at Balliol, *regnante* Jowett, he was one of the best-known undergraduates. There he began to apply his quick and critical mind to the efforts of the liberal to reduce Christianity to a system which would enable dons to enjoy, without believing it. The result of that application is to be found in two books which still are readable. "The New Republic," modelled, he tells us, on "The Republic of Plato, the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter and the so-called novels of Peacock," was an amazingly successful effort to reproduce, with just the least touch of caricature, the opinions of Jowett, Huxley, Tyndall, Matthew Arnold, Pater, W. K. Clifford and Ruskin, who alone among them all commanded Mr.

Mallock's sincere and whole-hearted admiration. The book is in literature something akin to what Max's caricatures are in art: it is a *tour de force*, which Mr. Mallock has never again equalled, and its success, although partly one of scandal—all the men I have named are introduced under the thinnest of disguises—was thoroughly deserved on the book's merits. The success of the book secured for Mr. Mallock a great welcome when he came to London. He saw and met 'everybody.'

There are many good stories in the earlier chapters of the book, but in later ones Mr. Mallock deals a little too exhaustively with his own works, giving an analysis of some of his novels. His position as a novelist is not easy to define. He has connections with the pure society novel of Disraeli; but his best work shows more interest in abstract thought than is displayed in Disraeli's. He never attains the sober competence of Mrs. Ward, nor the bright, challenging audacity of Hugh Benson; and he unfortunately forsook the short, light form of his early books for a heavier and more morose style.

Mr. Mallock's book leaves the reader with the impression of an artist who has been diverted from his proper work. That work was satire; but something in Mr. Mallock's character—something entirely creditable to him—prevented him from being contented with satire. There is in him something of that spirit which Kipling describes; something of the modern disease which Ibsen pictured in his great canvas of Rome in Julian's time. He doubts his doubt: he is neither sceptic nor believer, and all his later writings are coloured with a certain hesitation not of the mind, but of the spirit, which renders them strangely irrelevant.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

AN APOLOGY FOR NOVELISTS.

A certain publisher is now sending out cards with the question: why do you read novels? But far more to the purpose would be the inquiry: why do you write them? For a good many people who ought to have examined themselves on this point have apparently neglected to deal with it, judging by the floods of worthless stuff now pouring from the press. These novels are indeed a challenge to an honest writer who, as a novelist, would fain think he is supplying something that serves a good purpose, other than the one of merely paying his expenses. For if his work is foolish and undelightful, the novelist does not justify his existence even if his sales run into millions. Before the bar of honesty it is not enough for him to say, "The public swallow my rubbish greedily." A novel is a piece of service only if it gives the world something beautiful; or, on a lesser level, if it opens the sympathies to an unfamiliar chapter of life; or again, if it is calculated to take one away for a time to a better world than that circle of mean cares which draws lines on almost all the middle-aged faces one meets to-day. This third head is obviously the most misleading one, for there are a thousand ways of amusing the silly—by making them sillier than they were before; worst of all, there is the way of amusement followed by the mere purveyor of "risky" stuff.

The books on the list under review* are in themselves examples of the classes here described. For "A Tale That Is Told" has the mellow autumn beauty that at times reminds one of Gissing's "Henry Ryecroft" in its tone; "Catherine Herself" is a queer "case," and a most unusual one, of the interaction of a strong nature on a weak one; "A Girl For Sale" has a measure of fun about it, especially for the tired or mentally enfeebled, and "The Passionate Spectator" is a story that disguises the true quality of the dish by its highly-flavoured seasoning.

* "A Tale that is Told." By Frederick Niven. 9s. net. (Collins).—"Catherine Herself." By James Hilton. 8s. net. (Unwin).—"A Girl for Sale." By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson).—"The Passionate Spectator." By Jane Burr. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Niven alternates in his writing between adventure tales and the leisurely, old-world Scotch atmosphere where he is so much at home. "A Tale That Is Told" is finely written in the meticulous style suited to its supposed narrator, a dealer in rare editions in Glasgow. As such it has time for the most delicate effects in humour, in character and scene. As a family study of dignified Scotch life in the section of society where "divines" practise oratory and the art of making the best of both worlds, it is quite a beautiful piece of work. The vigorous portrait of the Rev. Thomas Grey, D.D., is worthy in its humour and truth of a place beside the old men in Stevenson's portrait gallery. Dr. Grey, though just on the safe side of humbug, is lovable in every inch of him. And if the other folks, his children and his wife with the alabaster effect, are less striking, it is simply because they are in themselves among the crowd of more shadowy characters who actually make up the vast majority of the human race. There is a sorrowful truth in this story of the generations that pass, of the benediction then dignity even communicates to old walls and gardens, which makes one think better of all life since it can produce anything so pleasant. Mr. Niven amply justifies his existence as a novelist, for he possesses humour, insight and a gift of form in construction which is quite delightful in days when the "slice of life" is apt to be but raggedly hacked off the romance writer's loaf.

"Catherine Herself" is a very surprising first novel, one that is actually capable of giving a shock to a woman reader, so remarkable is the knowledge displayed by its author, who, we are told, is a young man of eighteen. Yet the knowledge shown is of the character of a woman! And, although there are certain weak points where the illusion fails once or twice, the whole is original, suggestive and full of intuitive perception. The subject is the tale of a girl's life, a girl of the lower middle class who is keyed up to energy, ambition and self-control by a man of character who, unknown to himself and to her, actually galvanises her into a display of power entirely foreign to her real nature. When he drops her in self-defence, or in selfishness, she reverts to her natural state of slack inertia and satisfaction with the third-rate. One pays this young writer the high compliment of asking oneself, is this true psychology? Is it possible that some of the displays of artistry we perceive on the stage and elsewhere are the results of another's suggestion? There is in "Catherine Herself" no Svengali business, no claptrap, but all is told in a manner that is simple, direct and excellent. This is a novel that holds the attention because it is a good story as well as a very interesting essay in the psychology of suggestion.

Of Mabel Barnes-Grundy's novels over half a million have been sold. The reason for this is a fact in the mentality of the young girl. For the success, which started with "Hilary On Her Own," rests on the recipe used in the composition of all these tales. In this the centre is almost always a young girl who is just as charming and amusing as every girl would like to think herself. She is forced, like thousands of girls, to get her living in the rough-and-tumble of to-day. She gets it in the original ways that every girl would so gladly discover for herself did the structure of the world give her the chance, as unfortunately it does not. After funny straits, the Barnes-Grundy heroine, in which all these thousands of other girls see themselves, always comes up smiling with the right man at the end of her cute little fishing-rod. This is exactly the sort of position in which nine out of ten girls would like to imagine themselves—if only they possessed the necessary invention. Failing this, they buy a Barnes-Grundy novel and enjoy the delight of seeing themselves the centre of the kind of "stage" they can understand. And all this without the mental energy required to invent it. It is this fact that makes such stories mentally enfeebling. In the old days a girl learnt some sort of mental facility from having to dream her own dreams, as a child learns invention by making his own toys, or a man braces himself by playing football and not by looking on. Now, after Caxton's

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unfortunate invention, the principle "Every girl her own dreamer" is no longer honoured. It is a pity.

In the "Passionate Spectator" the idea developed is that with full freedom women will take up the position supposed to be claimed by the majority of men in regard to love and marriage. There will then be one moral standard for men and women: but it will be the low standard of the man, not the ideal standard the woman has tried to defend for so many centuries. Not only will marriage be repudiated freely, but even within it other adventures will be sought by women, sometimes openly, sometimes secretly. It is assumed that this will lead to joy, to greater health and happiness. The scene of the sketch is fixed in middle-class life in America, and the heroine passes from one fever fit to another, ultimately setting out to practise deception on her husband in a way that was very well known in the past, but is here, for the purpose of the argument, assumed to be highly original. The book is monotonous in incident and stiff and wooden in characterisation. It is also an instance of feeble thought. "He made me understand that sex adventure was only one of the million adventures that men have. Women, poor dears, know only the one" And this is the fact that utterly condemns the theory at the back of "The Passionate Spectator." For the woman here pictured is a being incapable of any other adventure than the one of sex, except that once, by an amazing effort of daring, she goes off on a week's walking tour. Her brains being drowned in a sea of emotionalism, there is nothing she is fit for save the everlasting monotony of sickly indulgence. For her there are no great adventures, no worlds to conquer, no science, art or politics to follow. But for men there have always been these worlds, and that is why, as a sex, they have kept their heads above water even with the present standard of their morality. "More brains, O Lord, more brains," is the only possible aspiration for women who are too stupid, too much enslaved, to realise that to immerse themselves in emotionalism is to destroy in themselves every chance of fullness of life.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

PHILOSOPHY AND FAITH.*

Posthumous works are a risk. If an author has left manuscripts sufficiently finished, it may often be a pious duty to publish them after his death, provided that they are properly edited. Were it not for this, how little we should possess of Dr. Hort's writings, for example? But it is not so with the materials which have been at the disposal of Mr. Wilfrid Richmond for this book. It is indeed two books, printed together, and neither is a book, neither half of the volume was intended by the author for publication in this form, and the nexus between the two is not obvious.

The first part consists of about a hundred pages filled with extracts from notes of lectures and from sermons which have been already published. These are woven into a seeming unity by the editor. To many they will recall Dr. Scott Holland's most congenial and satisfactory contribution to religious thought, his early sermons. Hutton's praise of them in the *Spectator* was amply justified. They were overflowing with language, but the preacher had real ideas under his eloquence, and his warm interest in human life always proved attractive. When he became speculative or theological, it was his instincts rather than his argument which were helpful. He tried to justify the energy and fullness of life by faith in the Catholic Creed and the sacramental system, believing that thus alone could the world be interpreted rationally. From this he drew an inspiration for social progress, especially in his later days; for him "faith" involved a fearless sense of fellowship, and he preached this in season and out of season. Well, these pages are reminiscences of Canon Holland at his best. To people who have forgotten or who do not care to consult his volumes of sermons, they

* "The Philosophy of Faith and the Fourth Gospel." By Henry Scott Holland. 12s. net. (John Murray.)

will prove a useful summary. Still, a summary is less than a living utterance. And the author was himself in jets of eloquence and appeal rather than in a coherent, sustained argument. He had more of the seer than the thinker.

The second part of the book, on the Fourth Gospel, deduces from it ideas of philosophy and faith and truth which lay in Dr. Holland's mind. As a contribution to the serious criticism of the subject, they are negligible. What we get in these scattered notes is the judgment of a sensible outsider upon a problem of technical criticism. Dr. Holland has some acute criticisms to offer, such as would occur to a keen mind. But these pages do not suggest that he was ever inside the problem of the Fourth Gospel. He wished to find in it the final and first-hand interpretation of Christ, charged with an insight and authority to which the Synoptic evangelists could not lay any claim. The Johannine authorship was therefore an axiom rather than an inference for him, and the difficulties raised by this hypothesis were no more to him than "superficial enigmas."

It is suggested that "this volume may be followed by another, prepared by the Rev. N. S. Talbot, containing some of the very full notes taken by him of Dr. Holland's professional lectures, supplemented and corrected by transcripts of Dr. Holland's own notes." In the interest of Dr. Holland's reputation, we hope that this project will not be carried out. To judge from the present volume, we should say that Dr. Holland's printed books contain any ideas that he had it in him to express. His work along this line was done, before he came to Oxford. Let his reputation rest with his earlier books of sermons.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

THE CAPTIVES.*

Nearly eleven and a half years ago I selected a book called "The Wooden Horse" from a "batch" of novels which had found their way to my study to be reviewed for a weekly paper, and I remember to-day, as I take up "The Captives" with more knowledge of the author, how good it was to find a steady, sincere, finely conceived piece of literary fiction amid a pile of indifferent stuff. I remember, with some pleasure, that the review I then wrote was not without the feeling that Mr. Walpole would take a high place among our novelists. Since then most of his novels and stories have come my way, and the impression of strength and fineness continues unbroken.

It would appear that most of the characters in this latest volume by Mr. Walpole are "captives" in one sense or another, but I hesitate to burden him with the assumption of a "message" or a "purpose"; it is much better to admit, without imputations of a moral "lesson"—fly in amber, sting in tail—that here is an excellent novel, mature in thought and in style experienced, meet for its companions. The heroine, Maggie Cardinal, is a captive to the very end: the daughter of a good-for-nothing rector, she finds, after his death, some sort of a home with two aunts in London, and it is here that her most literal thralldom begins. But her spirit is never broken, however greatly her physical liberty may be restricted, and the mistake of those two amazing aunts was to imagine that they could trim strong young wings to their own low and level flight. For they belong to a sect whose members watch for the "Second Coming" and worship strangely in a fearsome chapel, attended principally by servant-girls and nondescript women lost to a healthy sense of sex, and seeking outlet for emotion in melancholia and hysteria. One is inclined to think that this by-way of religion is exaggerated slightly for the sake of effect and contrast; but the point is a small one, and I have formed one of the congregation in communities almost as desolate—to my sorrow and ultimate wisdom perhaps. Aunt Anne is the one who takes charge and rules the household; she is a wonderfully drawn character. Calm, lost in her ideal, always contemplating some presumably fair spiritual

* "The Captives." By Hugh Walpole. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

vision, she is of the stuff of which fanatics are made; her very outward semblance of austerity gives her a certain authority and power of control over others. To her, Aunt Elizabeth is merely a foil, unimportant and weak and ready to be demonstrative when she gets the chance to be alone with poor Maggie.

Simply from lack of experience in life—she had read practically nothing and was a genuine child of nature—Maggie endures this gloomy prison of a house for years; and only when she has fallen in love with the son of the presiding minister of the sect does she begin to live largely. Martin Warlock was a waster, who valued women little save for what variety they could bring; he had travelled, had seen the world fairly thoroughly, and, as often happens in real life, found himself captive in turn when he met the strange girl who was as innocent as the day. He has two redeeming points—he is devoted to his father, and he tries hard to “back out” when he finds that this time, with Maggie, it is the “real right thing.” With the utmost freedom, she gives her heart to him, and nothing that he can tell her of his past, nor his candid statement that he will probably tire of her after a time, can assault her passion with the faintest hope of success.

To such a nature as Maggie's, situated thus, life was bound to show an ugly side. Martin goes abroad; a young clergyman falls in love with Maggie; she marries him, having told him that she can give him only affection and that she will never forget Martin. The result, of course, is tragedy in the parsonage at Skeaton-on-Sea to which Paul Trenchard takes his wife. Into the prolonged duel between Grace Trenchard, his sister, and the new mistress of the household, Mr. Walpole has put some of his best work; it is excellent comedy—the comedy that lies close to tears.

To sum up, if I want beauty, I shall turn to “The Wooden Horse” again, but if I want strength, assurance in technique, life in grim earnest, and invigoration, I shall read, after a judicious interval, “The Captives” once more. And in doing so I shall note how far Mr. Walpole has advanced in mastery of his chosen art, and hope that I have not missed “The Figure in the Carpet.”

WILFRID L. RANDALL.

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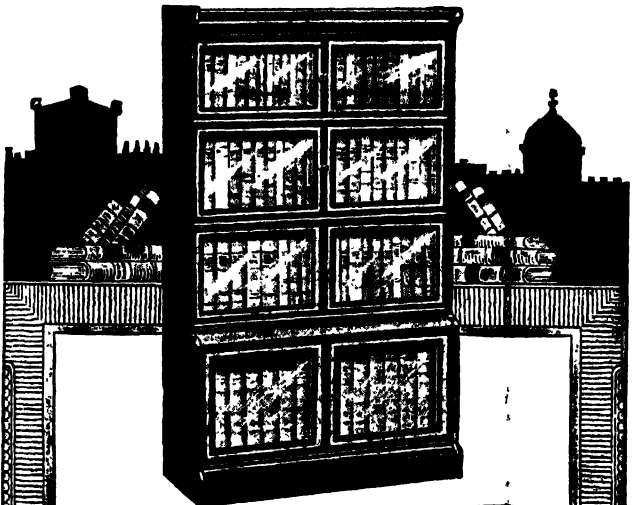
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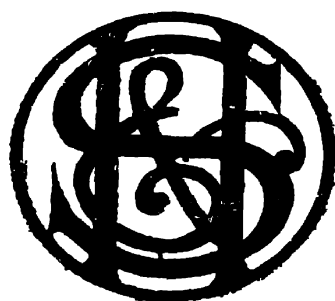
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THE BOOKMAN

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

1920



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**NEWS NOTES. NOVEL NOTES. RESULTS OF ZANE GREY PRIZE
 COMPETITION, ETC.**

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"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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DECEMBER, 1920.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

It is gratifying to ourselves and will, we trust, be not less so to our readers, that we have been able to issue this year the largest Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN that has made its appearance since the war came to make all things difficult for us, and some impossible. We think too that in artistic and literary quality this Christmas Number will compare with even the best of its predecessors. In its preparation we have been much indebted to

copyright owners, to whom we make due acknowledgments elsewhere. In dealing with the dramatic art of Sir James Barrie, we have given prominence to "Mary Rose," both because it is one of the greatest, most wonderfully imaginative of his dramas, and because it is the play that holds the stage at this time, and no play in London is drawing such large and enthusiastic audiences as go nightly to witness it at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Percy Macquoid's subtle skill in arrangement and decoration; the scenery of those masters of scenic art, Messrs. Joseph and Phil Harker; and the haunting, exquisitely appropriate musical preludes and interludes of Mr. Norman O'Neill have combined to render it another and one of the most artistically beautiful of the many triumphs of production that have been achieved under Mr. Frederick Harrison's management. Our thanks are due to Mr. Harrison for kindly offering our special artist, Mr. Leo Bates, facilities for making his character sketches from "Mary Rose," and to Mr. Norman O'Neill for lending us (by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Schott & Co.) two manuscript pages of his music for reproduction in facsimile.

Mr. Norman O'Neill, who is conductor at the Haymarket, is the son of G. B. O'Neill, the artist, and had his musical education at Frankfurt-am-Main. He has done much distinguished work as a composer of orchestral and chamber music, songs and piano pieces, and came to his latest, and perhaps greatest, success with "Mary Rose" after writing the music for four Shakespeare plays—the "Hamlet" of Martin Harvey; the "Julius Caesar" of Henry Ainley; Mr. Trench's production of "King Lear" at the Haymarket, and for Mr. James K. Hackett's "Macbeth," at the Aldwych theatre. Mr. O'Neill wrote also the music for two plays by Lord Dunsany, "The Gods of the Mountain" and "The Golden Doom" (both produced at the Haymarket), and, amongst others, for two fairy plays, "Through the Green Door" and Maeterlinck's masterpiece, "The Blue Bird."

We would remind intending competitors that our 250 guineas First Novel Prize Competition



From a copyright photo by Mr. Holbrook Jackson (1908).

Mr. W. H. Davies
and the cottage in the Weald
where his "Autobiography"
was written.

Frontispiece to fifth edition of "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," by W. H. Davies, with Preface by G. Bernard Shaw (Fifield). This edition contains a special Note by the author and five poems.

closes at the end of this month, and they should write at once for particulars to the Editor of *THE BOOKMAN*, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

ZANE GREY COMPETITION.

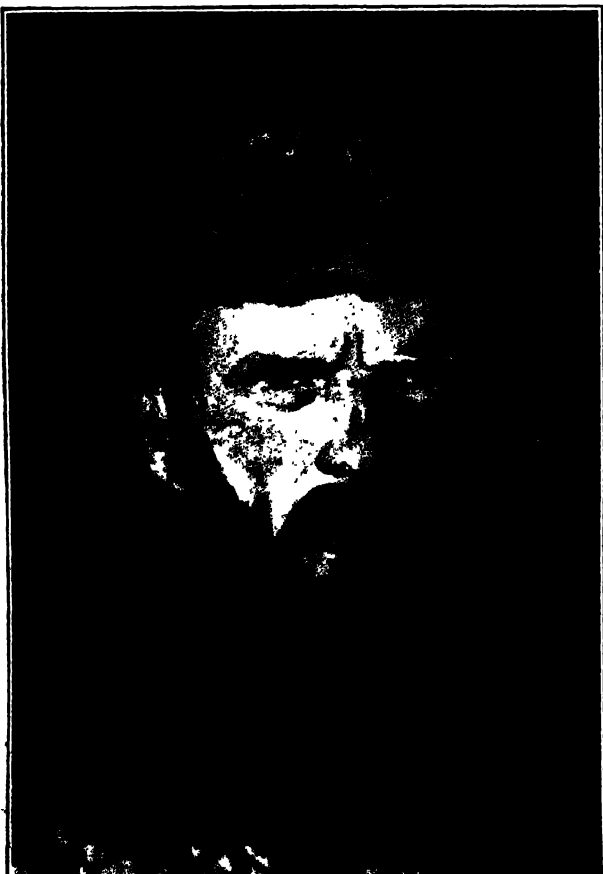
For readers of Zane Grey's great romance, "The Man of the Forest."

In this Competition, which closed on September 30th, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, offered a First Prize of Ten Guineas, and Five Prizes of Two Guineas each for the best answers, in not more than five hundred words, to the following question: "In your opinion would a marriage between the highly-civilised Helen and 'The Man of the Forest' be a permanent success? Would she revert to his primitive conditions, or he become assimilated to her (conventionally) higher grade?"

The keenest interest has been shown in this Competition by Zane Grey's multitudinous readers in all parts of the world, and after careful consideration of the many replies received, the judges have made their awards as follows:

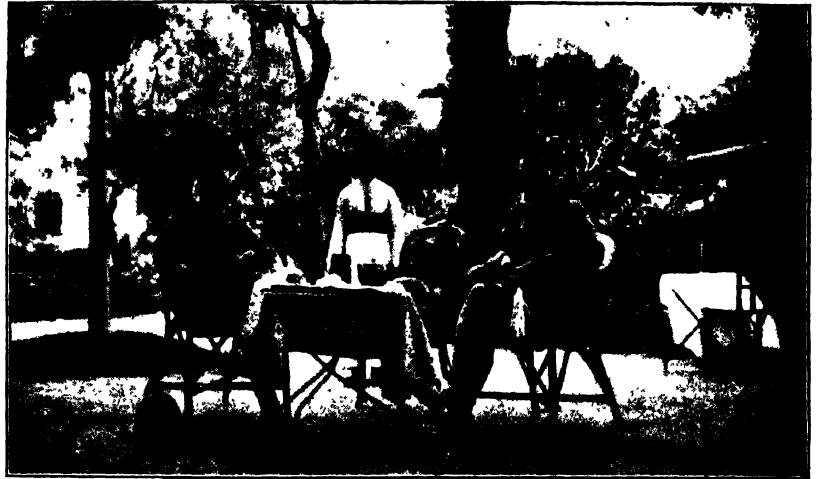
FIRST PRIZE OF £10 10S. awarded to:

D. MacLaughlin, Breezemount, Coleraine, Ireland.



Mr. D. H. Laurence,

whose new novel, "The Lost Girl," Mr. Martin Secker is publishing.
From a Portrait Sketch by Jan C. Juta.



Mr. Bernard Muddiman
(right),

whose admirable study, "The Men of the Nineties" (Danielson), was recently reviewed in *THE BOOKMAN*, and is now in its second edition.

PRIZES OF £2 2S. EACH to:

Robert J. Shaw, Retford House, Dewsbury Road, Leeds.

Miss M. Brock, Summerseat, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire.

G. A. Stockfeld, Harlech, North Wales.

Mrs. L. Gethin Hughes, Broomlea, Church Road, South Farnborough, Hants

Thos. Powell, Clairwood, Neath, South Wales.

AND TWO CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £1 1S. EACH to:

J. Mante Danson, c/o. Messrs. Ofori Brothers, Kaforidua, Gold Coast, West Africa.

J. H. B. Vasseron, c/o. A. F. Williams, Helystr, Maitland, C.P., South Africa.

A considerable majority of competitors are agreed that the marriage between two so apparently unlike each other as the refined Helen and the rugged Milt Dale, the "Man of the Forest," would for the reasons they offer prove a permanent success.

If Mr. MacLaughlin's opinion is more cautious, less emphatic than that of some of the others, it carries the same conviction. "All the probabilities are in favour of a marriage between Helen and the 'Man of the Forest' being a permanent success," he writes. "To begin with it has a sure foundation—Love. Each, in her or his own way, has been fairly tried. Her early training has let her see the practical side of life, and her later experiences have widened her views, opened her eyes to the stern realities, and given her far more than the ordinary girl's experience of the worst phases of human nature. . . . No woman could have gone through experiences such as she had with the 'Man of the Forest,' and proved his unselfishness and capabilities, without having added to the natural feelings of love and affection which he inspired in her a deep respect for him which is bound to be

lasting. There are equally strong grounds for believing that the marriage would be a happy one for the 'Man.' His love and admiration for Helen are not founded on passing fancy or passion. . . . Though he had no experience of women he was no fool. He studied and learned slowly the beauty of Helen's character, and his admiration became a matter of conviction, founded on deep respect. There was added the stimulant of Love, and there is no doubt he would start his married life on the right lines and with the earnest determination to make it a success. The question may be asked—Would it last? Would not his earlier training, his more or less uncivilised life in the woods unfit him for settling in the regular life of a master of a ranch?



Miss Grace Stebbing,

whose new story, "Elmhurst Wakes," Messrs. Jarrold are publishing.

These objections would have force if he had married a city girl and adopted town life. . . . His life on a ranch would not hurt his natural or acquired instincts," and "he had learned to have so much respect for his wife, so much appreciation of her intelligence and judgment, that there would always be, besides the tie of natural affection, the lasting link founded on an intelligent understanding of her merits. So far as the future of any newly married life can be foretold, the chances in this case are altogether favourable."

If Mr. MacLaughlin's opinion is the more carefully weighed, the more searching, Mr. Robert J. Shaw's is to the point and unreservedly optimistic. Of course the marriage would be a success, he says. "No one could doubt that; they were made for each other. Probably nowhere in the world could either of them have found partners better suited to



Mr. Thomas Moulton,

whose novel, "Snow Over Liden" (Heinemann), is to be published this month. Mr. Moulton is the editor of *Toucan* and a contributor to "Georgian Poetry."

each other, notwithstanding the different conditions under which they had hitherto lived. They were both fine characters," for all their differences of temperament and upbringing, and "when personalities like these meet, and fired by a spark of love



Photo by Alice Mills,
Melbourne.

Mr. Bernard Cronin,

whose new novel, "Timber Wolves," has been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

they coalesce, they form as perfect a whole as can be expected in this world. . . . Devoted, loving, and striving to do good, I predict for Milt and Helen Dale a long and useful life."

Miss M. Brock predicts an "unqualified success" for the marriage. "In love, as in all other crises of life, instinct rules. . . . Conventionally, Milt Dale was a savage, but in his deeper nature he was as highly civilised as the greatest man in the world. Helen loved him because she saw in him all that she admired in a man."

"The match between Helen Rayner and Milt Dale should," in Mr. G. A. Stockfield's opinion, "turn out to be an ideal one. Her life as a school teacher and the conventions surrounding it were the result of circumstances beyond her control and not necessarily most congenial to her. The readiness with which she fell into the ways of the bush and her aptitude for the life clearly showed that she was eminently suited for it."

Mrs. L. Gethin Hughes answers the question in the affirmative, and holds that "sooner or later Helen's superior intellectuality will completely overcome the 'natural physical instincts' of the woodsman. It was a struggle between the 'natural physical man' and the 'complex intellectual woman,'" and instead of Helen's lapsing into primitive conditions, "his life would henceforth be lived in the environment of the higher and nobler civilisation which Helen had introduced into it."

Two things, in Mr. Thomas Powell's judgment, would operate to make the marriage a permanent



Mr. Otto Rothfeld,

whose new book, "Women of India" (Simpkin, Marshall), is reviewed in this Number.

success: "The personality of the man himself" and "the gradual and progressive influence of Helen's society."

Mr. J. Mante Danson considers the marriage would not be a success because Helen would not adopt the rougher habits that had become natural to the man, and he would, in time, come to resent her superiority, and she to look down upon him as uncivilised. It is a point of view, but on the whole we do not think Mr. Danson works it out quite convincingly.

Mr. J. H. B. Vasseron is, we think, nearer the mark in suggesting that they would be happy because they had great qualities in common, and the differences between them were superficial, and that, loving each other, she would find it easy to come down a little towards his lower or simpler ways, and he to rise a little towards her more conventional refinements of habit till they met on a happy level that would satisfy both.

The results are not only highly creditable to the vast majority of our competitors, but a remarkable testimony to the fascination with which Mr. Zane Grey's novel presents its very natural problem in human character.

"Elmira Wakes," a new story by Grace Stebbing, will be published this month by Messrs. Jarrold, her earliest publishers. Miss Stebbing, who has written

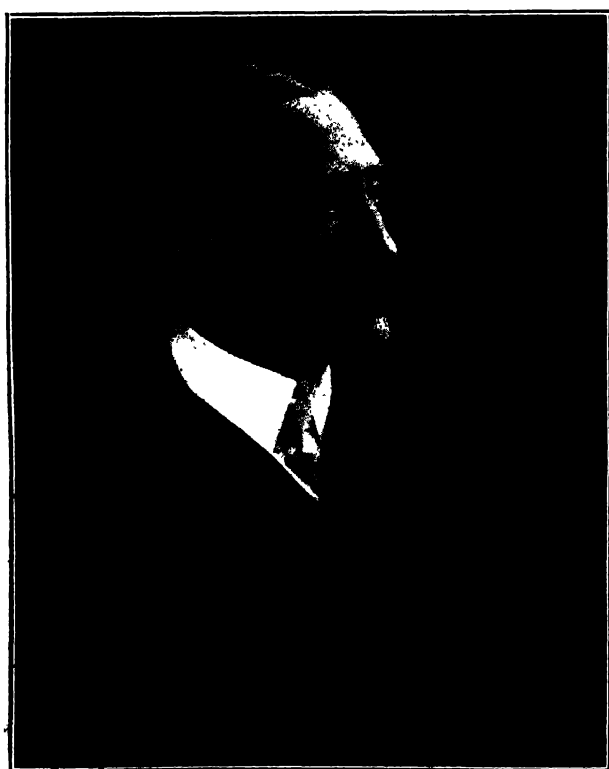


Photo by Lafayette.

Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor,

whose new book, "The Charm of Kashmir" (Longmans), is reviewed in this Number.

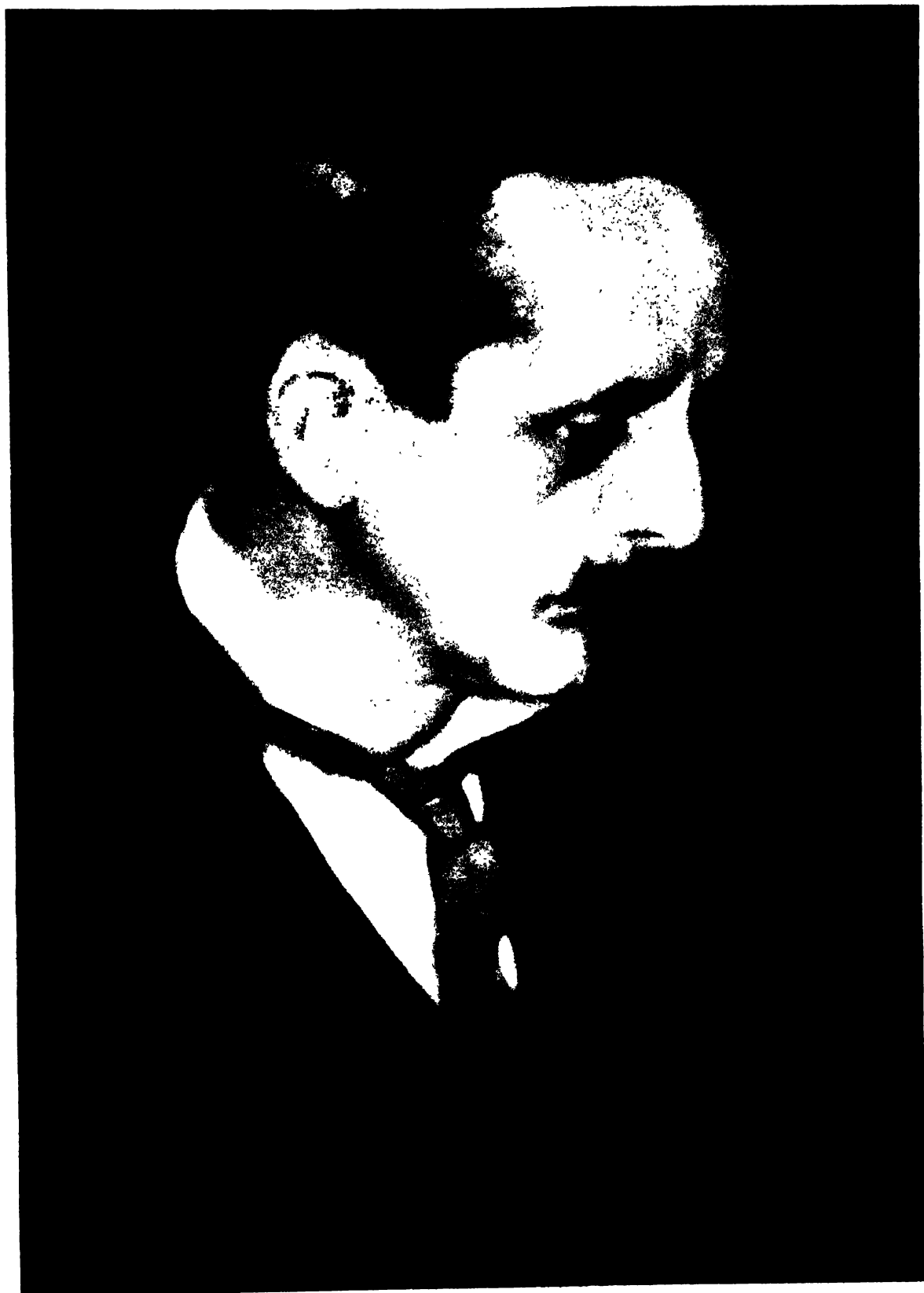


Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn

J. M. Barrie

many popular stories for boys and girls, is now eighty years of age, and still retains the vigour and enthusiasm of youth. "As an author of many books," she says, "and of some thousand and more published articles on almost every subject under the sun, from a criticism of some of Gladstone's political ventures to instructions on how to scrub floors, I think the thing that gives me most pleasure is the fact that a tale I wrote when I was seven appeared in print, with nothing altered but the spelling, when I was over thirty."



Mr. Hamilton Fyfe,

whose new novel, "The Widow's Cruse" (Leonard Parsons), is reviewed in this Number.

contains an original poem for each month of the year—the poems touching on various aspects of friendship, all with some real qualities of feeling and expression. "The Friend to Friend Kalendar" is an ideal little book of greeting or remembrance for one friend to send to another, especially at this time of year.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Dion Boucicault, with whose kind permission we reproduce Mr. Frank Haviland's drawing of Miss Hilda Trevelyan as Wendy.

Mr. Joseph Shaylor's "Friend to Friend Kalendar" has become a recognised and very welcome Christmas institution. The 1921 Kalendar has just been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall (1s. 6d. net). It is artistically produced and, in addition to postal rates and other useful information,

"The J. M. Barrie Calendar" (published by Cecil Palmer) is an excellent compilation by Robert Williams, giving a quotation from the works of Sir James Barrie for every day of the year, with a brief biographical note at the beginning, and a useful bibliography at the end.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER.

A VERY rapid success in literature has been made by a young man from a young land. Canada has been busy about many things; but books have not hitherto been a main attention of the Great Dominion—certainly not books of fiction.

Mr. Arthur Beverley Baxter attained popular success with his first book, "The Blower of Bubbles," published by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers in 1910. Seldom has a collection of short stories met with such approval in three countries—England, America and Canada. His ambitious novel, "The Parts Men Play," will firmly establish his reputation as a fictionist.

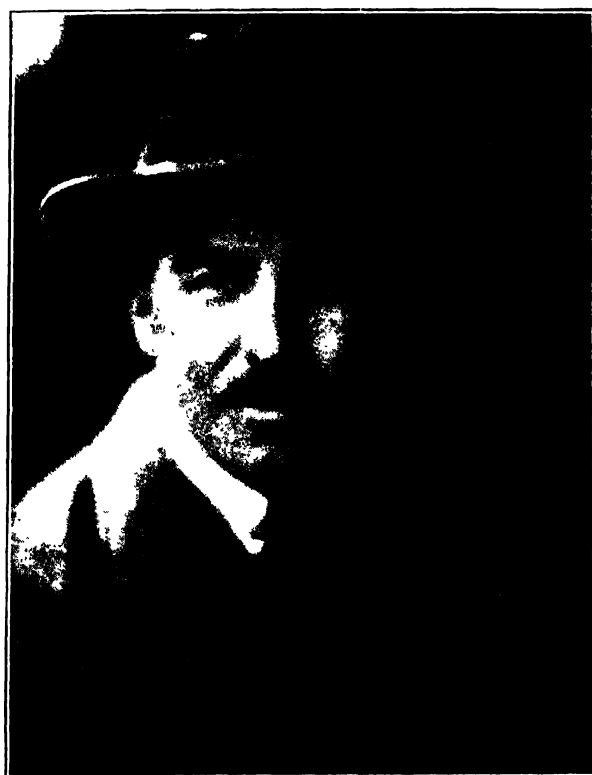
Before dealing with these books, it is necessary to get back to Mr. Beverley Baxter's first causes. Born some twenty-nine years ago in Toronto, the future storyteller's first inclinations were towards music and art. As a boy he had a very good alto voice, which later became a tenor. The voice was well

trained, and the young singer made a considerable reputation, notably at a recital given before the Duchess of Connaught at Government House, Ottawa. When he later discovered that he was not fated to become

a Caruso or a John McCormack, he took to playwrighting with easy versatility. The confidence was not unwarranted, as at the age of nineteen, a play of his, "The Feminist," was accepted by a New York producer—who went bankrupt just prior to the night of production. "It was a very awful play," admitted Baxter; "the bankruptcy was an intelligent anticipation."

His next appearance was as Conductor of the Toronto Musical and Dramatic Society, but he kept on writing plays of an ephemeral nature whose main merit lay in a quite vivid inspiration: he even had the courage to be an actor.

Gradually, however, he was finding himself as a teller of tales. He had written about twenty short stories, when Mr.



Mr. A. Beverley Baxter.

T. B. Costain gave him the opportunity of a special commission, "The Mad Hatter," for *McLean's Magazine*, one of the best periodicals in America. It should be an encouragement to other young writers that none of the preceding twenty stories had evoked from editors anything but polite rejection-slips.

Then came the most important event in the lives of many millions of people, including the young Canadian writer. For over four years Arthur Beverley Baxter served with the Canadian Army. While in hospital in France in the summer of 1918, he wrote an extremely fascinating story, "Mr. Craighouse of New York, Satirist," which found welcome in *Chambers's Journal*. Up to that time our author had only conceived of his fiction in terms of magazine stories; but as the terrific significance of the war was increasingly borne in on him his ambitions rose higher.

On a momentous day when on leave in Edinburgh he called on the douce house of Chambers, and saw there Mr. Charles Chambers and Mr. George Morris. Mr. Chambers bluntly said: "I don't understand the modern short story, Mr. Baxter. I don't know why the author writes it; and still less do I understand why the editor buys it. If, however, you can give me something which seems to me to be literature, I shall be glad to do business with you." Before this Mr. Baxter had been in total ignorance that just such an editor existed in any part of the globe.

"Mr. Craighouse of New York" was duly forwarded, and elicited a note of congratulation. "Petite Simunde" and "The Blower of Bubbles" created a similar good effect. A decision was arrived at to publish the five long-short stories which met with approval in *Chambers's Journal* in book form. The volume bore also the imprint of Appleton for America, and of McClelland and Stewart for Canada.

Mr. Baxter's long novel, "The Parts Men Play," had the same triple publishing-parentage. The first impetus came from Mr. Rutger B. Jewett, now Vice-President of Appleton's Publishing Co., who, when in London last year, met Mr. Beverley Baxter, and asked him if he would undertake a modern romance dealing with Anglo-American relations from a frank and friendly point of view. All readers of "The Parts Men Play" will agree as to the frankness and friendliness, and will admire the tactful way in which both countries' mutual faults and virtues are contrasted.

Before dealing with "The Blower of Bubbles" and "The Parts Men Play," I would like to give Mr. Baxter's readers and his prospective readers an inkling of his methods and characteristics while engaged in the work of creation.

For a long time before writing Mr. Beverley Baxter has got the plot, or the nucleus of it, in his head. The story is generally suggested by some combination of circumstances in life. His theory is that something presents itself to the physical or mental vision which is incomplete; and that it is the duty of the fictionist to complete it for good or ill. This is purely his own theory, the plan by which his tales come.

In writing "The Parts Men Play" Mr. Baxter found he was getting about too much socially; and his hero was acquiring a different mood each morning as a consequence of the night before; so Baxter sought shelter

in a quiet room, devoting himself to an unbroken study of his subject.

On completing his novel, he came over from Canada in January of the present year as Literary Editor of the *Daily Express*. He owns that journalism has fascination for him, but declares that close pursuit of it is a dreadful menace to the spirit of the artist; that constant glorification of the ephemeral has a tendency to destroy the real perspective of life.

His great ambition as a fictionist is to write in such a way as to illuminate ordinary, commonplace life: he is a romantic realist.

"The Blower of Bubbles" (Chambers; 1919) has had a great and merited success in three countries. Its five stories are far out of the ruck of the humdrum and conventional. They are written with that deceptive lightness which suggests short spells of happy and undisturbed inspiration. It is this quality of seeming frivolity that gives a charm of youth to things of gravity. The emotionalism which runs through them never really beaches the reader on the sands of sheer sentimentality.

"Petite Simunde" is a subtle and delicate study of a French peasant girl and a dangerous French-Canadian—a study the more subtle because the two main characters are so obviously primitive. "The Airy Prince" reminds one of a gay and loving adventure of R. L. Stevenson's "Florizel of Bohemia." "The Man Who Scoffed" and "Mr. Craighouse of New York, Satirist" contain the best lesson in the world—that there is a great deal in life, after all.

It is by a second book that a writer is judged. Mr. Beverley Baxter's "The Parts Men Play" (Chambers; 7s. 6d. net) places him among the chief of Canadian novelists and as a very considerable figure in the ranks of English writers. The novel is a strong, clear-cut contribution to serious fiction.

Lord Beaverbrook in a Foreword defines Mr. Baxter's position: "A Canadian lives in a kind of half-way house between Britain and the United States. He understands Canada by right of birth; he can sympathise with the American spirit through the closest knowledge born of contiguity; his history makes him understand Britain and the British Empire. He is, therefore, a national interpreter between the two sundered portions of the race."

It is to Mr. Baxter's honour as an artist that the novel he has written has no suggestion of propaganda; but it is quite certain that his book will have a great and illuminating influence on Anglo-American relationship.

Austin Selwyn is the central figure of the book; is the observer and *raisonneur*; he is, mayhap, the author himself. A young man of culture and broad views, England appeals to him in many ways as the cradle of a great civilisation; but he sees many things in English life which shock his clear Bostonian serenity. His observations of London life from the highest grades to the lowest are keen and understanding. More surprising still, his views of the life of New York are as devoid of favourable prejudice, or any kind of false illusion.

There is a fascinating love story in "The Parts Men Play"; but it is the men who count. The outstanding figures beyond Austin Selwyn are Dick Durwent, a drunken weakling with the breath of God in him, and

Gerald van Derwater, an American idealist, reserved and chivalrous.

Austin Selwyn is so fiercely opposed to the crime of war that, from the depths of his heart, he writes literature which helps to keep America neutral, and makes him despised of all his friends, American as well as English, who see only in the great conflict a struggle between angels and devils.

The finest chapter of a remarkable book is that in which, at a supper of old Harvard men, Douglas Watson, mutilated by war, asks what America has done with her soul, and Gerald van Derwater rises in a mad riot of men who are seeing red, and explains why the great Republic delayed so long in coming to the aid of the

European Allies. It is a magnificent piece of pleading.

Selwyn becomes a fighting man, but at the end of things his original faith remains. To his unborn son he leaves a deadly but almost forgotten fact which every nation on God's earth will some day surely realise: "Civilisation has murdered ten million men." Let the men of the future look to it that mankind's Gethsemane shall not come again. To attune the spirit of man to the spirit of Christ is as much the mission of the writers and poets as of the churches. Arthur Beverley Baxter, as the years go on, may spread the message far to the children of the world's new day.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

MISS ANGELA BRAZIL.

IT is more difficult to make a reputation as a writer for the young than as a writer for grown-up people. Perhaps that is why, comparatively, so few authors of the former kind survive among the immortals. And perhaps the difficulty arises, in the first place, from the fact that while we are young we are less influenced by the critics: we do not read any book merely because it is considered necessary that persons with a claim to literary taste should have read it; we read, as everybody ought to, for our enjoyment, and therefore read only what we enjoy, and no intellectual snobbery restrains us from proclaiming our taste or lack of it and throwing aside at once the books that bore us.

Therefore, when a writer for younger readers is successful you may know it is not because he has been smart enough to make effective use of some noisy topic of the moment, nor because he has been sedulously boomed into notice by a group of friendly reviewers, but simply because he has had the art to write a book in such fashion that it has really captured the hearts and minds of the readers for whom it was written. You can't trick the children, in these matters, so easily as you can their adult relations: they are not to be swayed by the opinion of the boy next door, but want what pleases themselves, and will take nothing else. There is no pretence about their admiration, and the writer who wins it has the satisfaction of knowing that no outside influence,

nothing but his own gifts as a teller of stories, has enabled him to do so.

That has been the pleasant fortune of Miss Angela Brazil. She found her public at once with her first book, "A Terrible Tomboy," which was published in 1905 by Messrs. Gay & Bird, and later by the Oxford Press, and each succeeding book has added to her popularity until one may safely say that no living writer of fiction for girls has a larger or more enthusiastic circle of readers. But the discovery of her gift does not date from the appearance of her first book; she was telling stories long before she began to write them.

Born at Preston, of Irish and Scottish ancestry, Miss Brazil was educated at Ellerslie College, Manchester, and afterwards studied figure painting at Heatherleys' studio, in London, and landscape painting in Wales. As a small child she was immensely fond of impromptu acting to any home-audience that would consent to listen, and of "making up" stories and telling them to her companions. She remembers, when she was ten, attending a dancing class and occupying the intervals between dances in telling tales to the immediate

circle round her. On one occasion, a little six-year-old, sitting on her knee, was called away to practise her steps, but wanting to hear the end of the story that was in progress she clung to the narrator and, howling lustily, made something of a scene. Whereupon Miss Brazil was gently



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Miss Angela Brazil.

but firmly given to understand that dancing was the object of the class, and she must in future restrain her inventive energies. But she finished the story, presently, in the dressing-room, with the children squatting round about her on the floor, putting on their boots, and the nurses who had come to fetch them waiting impatiently on the outskirts.

Another of Miss Brazil's early recollections is that on the last day of term at school, when she was eleven, after the examination lists had been read out and there was still an hour to spare, her form mistress offered to read aloud to the class, and asked, "Would you like that?" There was dead silence; then a voice called out, "Let Angela Brazil tell us a story!" The mistress looked surprised, but at once assented, and the girls hoisted Miss Brazil on to the top of a desk and sat round anyhow to listen. "I think the teacher stayed too," says Miss Brazil, "but I was far too interested in my story to bother about grown-ups, who were outside the charmed circle of childhood and never appealed to me as an audience. Even now I feel the same. The children are my readers; it is for them I write, and I don't trouble about grown-up critics. I hate books written ostensibly for children, but really with an eye to the general and older public."

She finds that her best critics are the schoolgirls themselves. They frequently send her charming letters, telling her which of her heroines they like best, and why, and which books please them most. One little girl, in such a letter, paid her the delightful compliment of adding, "Please don't *ever* write for grown-up people, because we like to feel you belong entirely to us." Almost all the happenings in her books have some foundation in the experiences of herself or her friends. Her family used to have a country cottage in a beautiful spot in North Wales. She generally spent her summer holidays there, and there she wrote all her earlier books, a studio in the garden serving her as a literary "den." The cottage had originally been a farm, and was part of an ancient monastery dating from the fourteenth century.

"A Terrible Tomboy," that first book of Miss Brazil's, was written at the cottage, and largely described the scenery that lay all around her. She wrote it purely as a venture, knowing nothing of literary ways nor how to approach publishers, and having nobody who could tell her. She sent it out on chance, and it was accepted, and so well reviewed, and sold so well, that she felt encouraged to go on, and wrote "The Fortunes of Philippa." This happened to be a school story, and made such a strong appeal that Messrs. Blackie, who published it, asked her to write more school stories, and so by chance she fell into the particular line of work

from which she has never since departed. "I enjoyed my own schooldays so entirely," she tells you, "that they seem a fount which never runs dry."

One of her two latest books, "A Popular Schoolgirl," is largely about the Cotswolds. She never absolutely "locates" a story, but the "spy-hole" which figures in one chapter of this is situated in Malmesbury Abbey. It is so inaccessible that it is seldom shown to visitors, but she bribed the verger to let her scramble up and look at it, and was so taken with it that she told him she should have to put it into a tale. Her other new book, "The Princess of the School," contains first-hand reminiscences of Sicily, where she once spent a very happy winter and attended the peasants' fair, which has a place in a chapter of that story.

It is her genuine sympathy with young people and her love of associating with them that preserves the freshness of outlook and intimacy of understanding that are such pronounced characteristics of all Miss Brazil's work. And it will interest her multitude of young readers to know that all her writing is still done at a little desk which was made for her when she was nine years old. On this she did her first lessons, wrote her school essays, and, at the age of ten, did her literary duties as editor of a manuscript magazine; so she has come to regard it as a sort of mascot.

But Miss Brazil's intellectual activities are by no means limited to writing stories. She is keenly interested in painting, music, natural history and archaeology. She lives now at Coventry, and is, moreover, Honorary Secretary of the Coventry City Guild for the Preservation of Places of Historic Interest; Vice-President of the Y.W.C.A. (Coventry Branch); an Associate of the Girls' Friendly Society, and Member for Coventry Cathedral of the Diocesan House of Women (Warwickshire). As Secretary of the Coventry City Guild, she has recently been busy helping to arrange a local museum, and has (to interest the young folks of the city) set aside one case for bygone children's toys. Among the collection are dolls over eighty years old; a child's tea-service of 1790, and old children's books (one dating from 1695 and printed in black letter) which are quaintly different from the story-books of to-day. In all which you glimpse something of the secret of her power over the younger generation; she does not merely dream about them, but knows them and lives and works for and among them in very practical ways. Withal, amid these varied occupations she manages to find time for literary work, and is making great progress with another tale of school life, and has mapped out five others, one of which will have its scene laid in romantic surroundings in "Red Devon by the Sea," where she has lately been gathering material for future use.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

As we have to go to press with the Christmas BOOKMAN before the 14th November, we are unable to announce in this Number the results of our usual monthly Prize Competitions. These results will be given in our January issue, and the time for sending in for the November Competition is extended to the 14th December.



QUALITY STREET.

From "QUALITY STREET."
By I. M. BARRIE.
Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.
(London: George & Shoughton, Ltd.)

PHOEBE: "HE IS SO FEARLESS, SUSAN, HE HAS SMOKED HIS PIPE IN THIS ROOM."

THE READER.

BARRIE AS AN ARTIST.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE most perfect play of those I have seen, among the beautiful plays of Sir James Barrie, is the elvish comedy called "Dear Brutus." I am ashamed

to say that I have not seen all the others; but I have seen enough to know that none are without elements that may be better than completeness. I am by no means sure that the most perfect play is necessarily the best play; especially as Sir James Barrie is not the sort of poet whose point is perfection. A play by Barrie may be a classic; but it is



Photo by Central News

Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

never classical. But the drama of "Dear Brutus" contained a combination of those original ideas which he alone attempts, caught up in a unity that he does not always achieve. The very title was an inspiration; and all the more an individual inspiration for being also a secret. It may seem almost paradoxical to suggest that secretiveness can be turned into a successful stage trick. But that innocent and natural secretiveness, which is a part of the author's personality, really helps him in the preparation of a surprise. I can imagine him overhearing people puzzling over the programme, finding Brutus in the title and looking for that noble Roman in vain in the dramatis personæ; and I can conceive him remaining silent, with a sort of meek malice mingled with his instinctive speechlessness; much as he described himself as listening to another man's praises of his brother Henry. Or was it Robert? We ought really to be exact about the gentleman's name; since he did not exist, and his name was all he had.

Sir James Barrie is the most diffident of men and the most impudent of artists. I mean by impudence a sort of impossibility; a sudden steepness in the story as it winds its way through strange countries, to which I know no parallel, and which I find it very difficult to describe. The combination of a shy temper with a shameless fancy is indeed not so unnatural as some may think. I have met that walking paradox in a few other famous figures. Among all the brilliant men I have known, I have never met a man more genuinely modest than Mr. Max Beerbohm. Having a great sanity of self-criticism, he is quite capable of positive humility; but his artistic reputation has been that of a sort of dandified gamin, whose cheek was the top note of

insolence and irreverence. But in the genius of Barrie, I think, there is something much more really complex and contradictory. There is a perversity of fantasy which reacts against fantasy itself; a rebellion in fairyland. If Max made a topsy-turvydom it would be really topsy-turvy. There would not be one tree left standing the right way up by mistake. He is a rationalist even in unreason; and the wonderland would have something of the harmony of one of his eighteenth-century gardens. His Mad Hatter would brush his hat as carefully as Beau Brummel; and would never allow it to be smashed on his head for a practical joke. His March Hare would never be made an April Fool. But in Barrie the imagination works in ways which nobody can expect, even if he is expecting the unexpected. He has a way of being sometimes above himself and sometimes below himself, and often beyond himself, in the only possible sense of the silly phrase about being beyond good and evil. There are things, both good and bad, in his plays which I know not how to describe except by saying that they seem to be put in by somebody else; and yet, as the saying is, by somebody else

of the same name; and the same nature, only more so. Perhaps this is what is meant by inspiration; but it is a good thing that everybody is not inspired. Sometimes I feel these things merely as inartistic; sometimes I suspect that they are only incongruous in the sense of being too ironic. The truth is that Barrie is a very typical Scot; and there is an error about the international cross-purposes between the Scot-man and the Englishman. It is not so much that he cannot understand a joke as that we cannot understand his jokes. Nevertheless there is a deeper and more



Photo by Foulsham & Bantfield.

Miss Pauline Chase as Peter Pan.

delicate truth, generally misinterpreted, in the statement that a Scotsman jokes with difficulty. It is not so much, as the old phrase goes, that it needs a surgical operation to get the joke into the Scotsman's head. It is that it requires an operation to get the joke out of his head. And Sir James Barrie is a brilliant and slashing surgeon, who has operated on himself.

But there is something wild and unearthly, as of the skirl of pipes or the shrillness of "Caller Herrin'," about Scottish as compared with English laughter. And this appears clearly in the nonsensical masterpieces of the two nations. In the English work of Lewis Carroll, for instance, there is a sort of tidiness which can be realised by comparing it with the glorious and coloured chaos of "Peter Pan." For instance, the Scottish imagination does not draw the line so clearly between the real and the unreal world. I was always moved to a sort of mental mutiny by the dog who acted as a nurse to the children in an ordinary nursery. It would be hardly necessary to go to the Never Never Land, if real life contained things so singularly never-never as that. It seemed to me to be inartistic, strictly speaking, that the domestic foreground should be almost as fantastic as the fairy background. But that may possibly be merely because I am English. I am as English as the young lady who bore the unfortunate English name of Alice. Alice found a wildly different world on the other side of the Looking Glass; but she found the ordinary

world on this side of the Looking Glass; and it was a very ordinary world. It contained, if I remember right, nothing more exciting than a kitten. Now if the kitten had taken out a little brush and comb, and begun to do Alice's hair for her, we should be prematurely surprised. Yet that action by the cat would be an exact artistic parallel to the action by the dog. It is a matter of taste, I take it, and possibly, as I suggest, a matter of national taste. I can enjoy the dog in the nursery as much as anybody, and admire the man of genius who conceived him; but I think I admire him as a distinguished foreigner.

Of course there is much of this beautiful bewilderment, and overflowing of boundaries, in the whole drama and in the whole work of the dramatist. "Peter Pan" is more of a dream for adults than for children; it is more full of memory than expectation or decision. I have known children a little confused by it; because it is not quite logical enough for childhood. It is not a fairy tale; it is simply fairyland. It comes to us in a fragmentary form; because that is the form in which our own old dreams about pirates and Red Indians come to us. But there was something more than the dissolving views of "Peter Pan" in that little wood which appeared and disappeared in the background of "Dear Brutus"; it rounded our little lives with a sleep; and maintained, while it transfigured, the unities of time and place.

J. M. BARRIE AND THE STAGE.

BY ALFRED SUTRO.

SIR JAMES BARRIE told me once that, at the time when he was writing "My Lady Nicotine," he had practically never smoked at all; had merely, in

an amateurish way, toyed now and again with a cigarette -- and hadn't liked it. But his friends smoked -- a tobacconist's shop interested him -- and the rest came. His "imagination supplied all the smoker's sensations: in his imagination he was a devotee, and no cigar was too black for him.

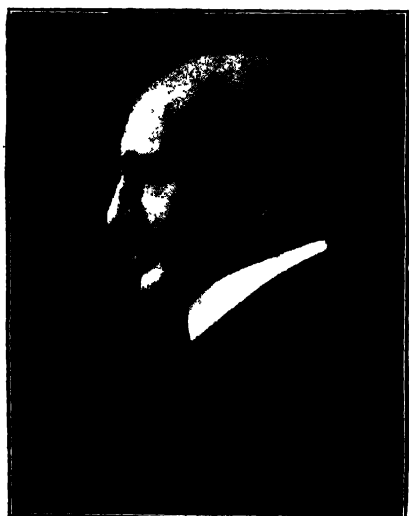


Photo by
E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Alfred Sutro.

My first meeting with him was when "Peter Pan" was about to be put into rehearsal; he read to me a series of instructions he had drawn up for the guidance of the actors: these instructions were almost as deliciously humorous as the play. He wrote them as easily as he had written the play -- with the same keen enjoyment. For of course he *was* Peter, the wise child -- and a wise child he has remained to this day -- with a touch of genius, which does not fall to the lot of all wise

children. And what an achievement is "Peter Pan"! What an achievement to have written a play that all children love, generation after generation -- and a play to which the Olympians, the grown-ups, are so glad to take the children! I wonder how many actresses have played Peter: played the part for a year or two, then outgrown it, and been succeeded by another, and then another, and another. . . . And so it will go on: for, whatever may be the fate of the modern clever play, "Peter Pan," which is so superbly non-clever, will endure and continue.

Many years ago I took Maeterlinck to see Barrie at his flat in the Adelphi. Asked to write his name on the whitewashed wall of the study, Maeterlinck added, above his signature, "Au père de Peter Pan, et au grandpère de L'Oiseau Bleu." This was probably no more than a graceful compliment -- but there is something of the wise child in Maeterlinck, too: and Peter, if he had thought of it, might have said, like Tyltyl, "there are no dead."

There is an audacity in Barrie, a cool daring that is almost unique. He ventures to put things on the stage, do things on the stage, which any other author would declare to be impossible. Was there ever anything so preposterous as Lob in "Dear Brutus": Lob who appears and vanishes, weeps and groans under the table, and hops about like a squirrel? And yet, somehow, Lob was a real person. They were all real persons in "Dear Brutus," a play which I hold to be the finest written for many a year. Its philosophy was so simple,

so unobtrusive, so near to the heart of things ; it came so curiously home to oneself, to one's own hopes, one's own gladness and sorrow ; it had so naïve a charm, was so delicately wistful, moved one so naturally to laughter and to tears. There are few scenes in any play more poignant than the one in which he who for half an hour had believed himself to be a father discovers that there is no child, that the daughter whom he loved so dearly never had been.

Audacity ! Who but Barrie would have dared to put " Mary Rose " on the stage ? I am not claiming that the play is faultless ; one could pick holes in it, if one would—but that is the critic's business : mine is to marvel at the imagination that could conceive Mary Rose, this girl who is suddenly snatched from the world, and returns, after many years, unchanged and unaltered, in her freshness and youth, to find herself forgotten by those whom she loved so dearly, who had once so dearly loved her—forgotten, and almost unwelcome ! Who but Barrie would have dared to begin at the end, and then pilot us backwards, with extraordinary mastery, through all that had gone before—till we return to the scene with which the play had opened—and understand. " Mary Rose " may not be flawless, but no one who has seen the play will ever forget its haunting cadences, its strangely pathetic glimpses into the other side of things.

The art of the drama, like all the arts, is undergoing changes, and many of the most notable plays of the day make appeal only to the cultured few, and not to the great mass of theatre-goers. These plays serve their admirable purpose ; it is well that there should be writers who, seeking only to express themselves and the thought that is in them, leave out of calculation the

commercial value of their work and turn a deaf ear to box office blandishments. It is the rare good fortune of Sir James Barrie that he is most attractive—and to all classes of theatre-goers—when he is most truly himself ; like Dickens, he finds his way without effort to the heart of the people ; like Dickens, he possesses the common denominator that is given to so few who write.



Photo by Ellice Watery.

Miss Pauline Chase and Mr. Gerald du Maurier in "Pantaloone."

J. M. BARRIE, THE TRAGEDIAN.

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.



Photo by Reginald Haines.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.

TO me, one of the most remarkable things about J. M. Barrie (he will excuse me—but I cannot call him Sir James) is his high position with a people which has grown too small for tragedy. The fear of tragedy is characteristic of us now—it came first with the rise of the middle classes at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The castle and the gutter have always accepted tragedy, but Laburnum Villa, Surbiton, clicks its neat gate

in her face. Now in these post-war days, when tragedy sits on so many middle-class doorsteps, Laburnum Villa not only clicks the gate but pulls down the blinds. We get rid of her, as in England we get rid of most things, by assuring ourselves she is not there, though a few brave souls, such as the Marriage Law Reformers, have gone so far as to cast the mantle of Mrs. Grundy over her and make her at least respectable.

Things being so, I am astonished at the popularity of Barrie, the great tragedian. Of course I know it is partly due to his cleverness in disguising himself as a humorist. "Barrie is so amusing," says Mrs. Smith, and forgets that she generally comes home from a Barrie performance with a sopping handkerchief in her bag. Another reason is probably that Barrie's tragic themes are so vitally tragic that many people do not consciously see any tragedy in them at all. "Peter Pan," for instance—what is there of tragedy in "Peter Pan"? Nothing, except that it is a child's dream, fulfilled only

in the Never Never Land. Then there is "Mary Rose." The muffled sobs of the audience are heard above the voices of the players, but I think they are crying chiefly because Mary Rose has lost her child, whereas the real tragedy of Mary Rose (I respectfully ask J. M. Barrie if this is not true) is that she has lost Faery Land, to which she so tragically and inevitably belongs that even her son's arms are her exile. . . .

This is Barrie's art, then—he can handle that most tragic of all subjects, Faery Land. Faery Land is tragic to us now, because we are banished. Barrie puts the tragedy of our exile before us, and the worst part of the tragedy is that we don't see it. "Mary Rose . . . Mary Rose . . ." cries the Island that Likes to be Visited to each one of us, but our tragedy is not that, like Barrie's wonderful girl, we hear the cry and obey it, but that we do not hear it—because we are trying to live on

two pounds a week or with somebody else's wife, or any other little thing that we call tragedy.

Barrie is a merchant of dreams, of broken bubbles. As he shows us their lovely colours, and sets us laughing and snatching at their vanishing shapes he does not ask us for our tears. If we shed them it is because some half-conscious half-forgotten thing in us is stirred by his magic and wakes for a moment—giving us scarcely more than a pleasant thrill of exile. It is this lightness of touch, this brightness of vision, which blinds us to the fact that we have in our midst a great tragedian. That we receive him when we would receive no other, when we would kick out Sophocles and Æschylus, merely shows his genius. He has been inspired to see that the greatest tragedy of human life to-day is that its tragedy cannot be faced, that it can only be shown us by a trick—the trick of laughter.

J. M. B.

BY GERALD DU MAURIER.

"A PLAY is as good as it's acted." A well-known dramatic author once said this to me—I will not mention his name, in case he denies having said it,

and perhaps he didn't. Anyhow, that's what he said. Perhaps it was a very obvious remark. At the same time if one sees Shakespeare badly acted, it is not Shakespeare that suffers, it is the audience. But with a slightly written play, that has situations requiring delicate handling, the author is at the mercy of his

back, and either gets a roar of laughter, or a lump in the throat, or causes some one to leave the theatre, and take to drink!

It is never wise to flout Barrie's suggestions at rehearsals—after all, he has written the play, don't you know—and when he removes his pipe from his mouth, and expresses an opinion that the heroine ought to wear a moustache in the love scene, it is best for the producer to leave the stage for a minute or two, smoke a cigarette, and trust to Providence. As likely as not, there will be a leading article in *The Times*, saying that the most poignant moment in the new Barrie play was when Jean decided to shave.

When Barrie is at his best, and hitting the ball far and true, he is difficult to beat. In my opinion, he achieves this in the first act of "What Every Woman Knows." I remember hearing it read, and glowing with satisfaction like a gourmet after a good omelette. When the first night came, I was almost sick with fear that I should spoil the part of John Shand. I need not have worried; nobody could spoil it; that would be an achievement in itself.

For sheer fun, from an actor's point of view, give me James Hook, on the deck of his own ship, putting the gaff into his crew. That is life at its fullest. My one regret is that it was not written thirty or forty years ago, with Henry Irving on the bridge. I should have lived in the gallery, or died in the attempt to get there—and the author would have been in the wings. Ellen Terry as Peter Pan, and Irving as Hook, would have pleased Barrie, and the play might have lived. As it is, we have had to put up with mere camp followers, amongst whom, I am proud to say, I happened to be first.

Once or twice I have known Barrie take a fancy to a member of the company who was playing quite an insignificant part, and it is then he must be watched closely. It may be a fat man with a queer-looking eye, at the back of a stage crowd. In a day or two, J. M. B. will be down at rehearsal with some closely-written, quite illegible, sheets of notepaper, and say, "I want



Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

depicters (please forgive this word) and must stand and fall by his producer. Not so J. M. Barrie; his plays are like the royal and ancient game of golf—either you can play, or you simply cannot. I have had the privilege of reading some of them before anyone else, with a view to production, and I have very often not got away from the tee at all, used the most horrible language, and helplessly thrown away the club, or rather the manuscript. But always, I have taken it up again, knowing that I was but a humble and very erratic player of the game. To work for him, and play for him, and produce for him is always a pleasure, the sort of pleasure one gets from guessing an acrostic, or trying to think of some one else's name, and at last remembering it before falling off to sleep. His rather shamefaced way of saying that he doesn't quite remember what he meant by such-and-such a line, and cutting it out, is not altogether to be trusted. The line usually creeps



Photo by Histed.

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.

somebody to speak these lines"; the man is dragged from his obscure position, and taught to utter them, with great difficulty, which he does for the run of the play. When the piece comes off, he naturally thinks he is a born comedian, and goes about looking for engagements for the rest of his life. There are lots of us about; I have been rather lucky.

Barrie was very pleased with the father and daughter scene in "Dear Brutus," of the original MS. of which I am the happy possessor. One day, whilst waiting for him, I was trying to stand on my hands against one of the tree trunks—I had just seen a little boy doing it in the street—I was wagering Miss Faith Celli, who played the part of Margaret so charmingly, that I could do it with a little practice. Barrie appeared at the side of the stage, thinking we were rehearsing a scene in the play; he looked very pleased and said, "I rather like that, but I think Margaret ought to copy you." It was with great difficulty that I persuaded him that this bit

of business would not be very effective—but one never knows, he might have been right all the time.

Charles Frohman was a great admirer of Barrie and all his works. I remember once sitting behind him in the stalls at a dress rehearsal. It was the last scene in "Peter Pan." You could just see the tree-tops, and the orchestra was playing John Crook's delightful music—no word was being spoken. I whispered in Frohman's ear, "I think that is the best scene in the play"; he gave a curt nod, and remarked with conviction, "It is the best scene in any play." This is perhaps rather a left-handed compliment to the author, but there it is.

It is my ambition in life to produce many more of Barrie's illusive works, and I hope I shall be allowed to do so. That is why I hope that he will never read this rather ridiculous article; on the other hand, I do not really think he would care a button, as he knows that none of the things I have said about him are quite true. (N.B.—They very nearly are!)

MAGGIE, WENDY, CINDERS, AND SOME OTHERS.

BY HILDA TREVELYAN.

I HAVE the vividest recollection of the wonderful first night of "Peter Pan"—the night when I first played Wendy—I shall never forget it, and thinking

of it now makes me live it all over again. I have played Wendy many times—the subsequent Christmas rehearsals at the Duke of York's, when it was from year to year revived, were like happy family parties—but the charm has never worn off. Whenever I was Wendy it seemed as if all that has come into my life since my childhood,

story is true, and the thing you have to guard against is doing anything that shall destroy their trust in you and their belief in it, for once they begin to have doubts about it their pleasure in it goes.

For that reason, though I had letters from countless numbers of children—charming letters overflowing with love for Wendy and the keenest sympathy with her in all her adventures—I would never accept any of their appealing invitations to go and have tea with them, even when they were backed by invitations as kind and as urgent from the mothers of many of them—sometimes very important mothers indeed. I had some of my small admirers occasionally to tea with me at the theatre, where I could sit among them still dressed as Wendy, but I knew it would be a mistake if I went to their homes and they found that instead of being a real little girl I was more or less of a grown up, and I took care not to disillusion them like that. One little boy, I remember, wrote a most pressing invitation: "Dear Wendy, I want you so much to come and see me," and then added abruptly, with the odd inconsequence of childhood, "How



Photo by Rita Marlin.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

all my experience, had suddenly dropped from me, and I felt no older than Wendy herself.

Children are the severest of critics, but if you satisfy them no adult audience is so whole-hearted in its appreciation. The fairies and all the dainty or grotesque fantasies of "Peter Pan" are very real to them, and unless you can make-believe with all your heart, enter unreservedly into the spirit of the thing and do and say just what in such circumstances they feel you ought to do and say, they see through the pretence and are not to be taken in by it, and not to be pleased by it. It is not merely a stage-play to them; all the characters are real boys and girls and men and women, nothing is impossible and every bit of the



Photo by Bassano.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan

in "A Kiss for Cinderella."

high can you climb up a tree?" More than one little girl who wrote entreating me to call and see her, recollecting a scene in the play, concluded with, "And, dear Wendy, do come in your nightie."

After my first season in "Peter Pan" I played Richardson in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and later, when it went on tour, took the part of Amy, and had the privilege of acting with Miss Ellen Terry and, naturally enough, I felt at first a little nervous. There is a scene in that play between mother and daughter which I was to act with Miss Terry and I wondered how I should come through the ordeal. But my nervousness vanished as soon as I came in touch with her. Her own art is so natural and sympathetic that I found myself answering her lead instinctively. Her personality permeated the whole part without any conscious or unconscious effort. I imagine that a musician playing with another and a great musician must know the delight I experienced in acting in her company. Instead of being anxious I found myself at once perfectly at ease, all my nervousness vanished and I was eager only to do my best.

I have loved every part I have taken in the plays of Sir James Barrie, but none more than the part of Maggie Wylie in "What Every Woman Knows." Yet

just at first it almost frightened me, not only because I felt the beauty and greatness of Maggie's character, but it was necessary for me to master the Scottish dialect in order to present it. I went North on purpose to study the dialect, and though I am afraid the result was far from perfection, I know that at least one person must have considered it was right, and he was a Welshman. For, later on, when I was acting in a Welsh play in London, a man among the audience was heard to remark: "Well, indeed, a while ago, when I heard her playing in 'What Every Woman Knows,' I would have sworn she was Scotch, but now I know she is Welsh, whatever!"

My first appearance in any Barrie play was as Babbie in "The Little Minister"; and my last was as dear "Cinders" in "A Kiss for Cinderella." I succeeded Miss Boucicault as Moira in "Little Mary"; and I have also played in "The Admirable Crichton"; "The Twelve Pound Look," and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." I can only repeat that from first to last I have loved every part I have taken in these plays, but more than even Wendy and "Cinders," who come next in my affections, I love the wonderful part of Maggie, in "What Every Woman Knows," and always think that I spent with her some of the happiest times of my life.

"MARY ROSE."

By FAY COMPTON.

YOU want me to say something about "Mary Rose"? Well, but I am not sure I have anything to say of it, except that I think it the most beautiful and wonder-

fully imaginative play that has been put on the London stage for very many years, and that I feel it a great honour to be entrusted with the leading part in it.

When I first read it I was charmed with the "strange pathos of the story, and was not in the least surprised when I found how powerfully it appealed to the

clusive fantasies, but I am contented to take it all as a simple, moving tale of human happiness and human sorrow. They say "The Island That Likes To Be Visited" stands for the spirit world, for the land of the unknown which subtly lures the thoughts and fancies of all of us; but I prefer to take it literally, as one of those magical, haunted places that folk-lore and fairy stories accept as realities—a place that is under the spell of the fairies who carry Mary Rose away into their invisible wonderland, as they carried away Kilmeny in the Ettrick Shepherd's ballad. When she comes back, she has no remembrance of where she has been, but the experience has, in subtle ways, made her different from normal persons. Then when she revisits the island and vanishes again after the birth of her son, isn't it natural, in the many years that follow, that her father and mother should cease to grieve and, except at times, forget about her? It is absurd to say, as some do, that this is a cynical and a cruel touch; isn't it the truth? And what a miserable world it would be if it were not!

Then for the finish. I do not for a moment believe that, as has been suggested, Sir James meant that for a covert rebuke to spiritualism, hinting that communion with the other world brings misery on the dead as well as on the living. Mary Rose, returning again from fairy-land, after many years, as young as when she was spirited away, is bewildered to find her husband so much older, and her parents grown such elderly people; and she dies still yearning to see the son who was a child when she left him, and this desire is so great that she haunts the old house, restlessly seeking him. He



Photo by Rila Martin.

Miss Fay Compton.

play-going public. I don't think it is the curious supernatural element, the eeriness of certain of its scenes, that takes such a hold on people; it is just the intense, poignant humanity of it all, the wistfulness and the delightful humour, that give it its extraordinary fascination. "Mary Rose" is, in fact, another of Sir James Barrie's stories of what every woman knows, and every man.

Its inner meaning? Oh, yes, I know some folk are puzzling themselves to discover interpretations for its

had run away to sea, you remember, and when, at last, he comes back as a big, bluff man in the Australian Army, she does not know him, and he, realising that it is not him, but the child of her memories she is looking for, mercifully refrains from disclosing his identity.

Doesn't this mean that he leaves her to go on haunting the old house uselessly ever after? No. I think that, though she is not aware that she has found her son, she goes away in the end, with a dim, subconscious feeling that she has found what she had so long been seeking. Besides, you must not overlook the suggestion of that moment, near the close, when she falters and cannot recall what it is she was looking for—as if, with the passing of time, spirits, like human beings, were comforted with the boon of forgetfulness.

Anyhow, as I say, I accept it all simply as it is told, and feel we may be grateful for the genius that can imagine so perfect a story for us. Of course, it is possible to read inner meanings into every great thing in literature;

it is part of its greatness that it suggests to every one so much more than it tells. There is the story of Perseus, for example: do you suppose the Greek poets meant it to have the allegorical meanings that modern students have given it? To them, I am sure, it was only an amazing romance of a hero, some gods and a woman, to say nothing of the sea monster, but because we no longer believe in the gods of the early world we—or some of us—try to transform it into a fable full of hidden significance, and those who no longer believe in fairies are trying to do the same with "Mary Rose." But I don't want to do anything but believe in fairies again when it is Sir James Barrie who writes of them, and so I have no difficulty in taking "Mary Rose" as a beautiful and enchanting story, and I'm sure that is the best way to enjoy and to understand it. There are still, you know, more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in most of our philosophy, but I, for one, am glad that Sir James can dream of them in his and tell us his dreams.

THE PLAYS OF SIR J. M. BARRIE.

BY SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT, THE RIGHT HON. J. R. CLYNES, "RITA," BEATRICE HARRADEN, HAROLD BEGGIE, MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, SIR OLIVER LODGE, J. E. BUCKROSE, ARTHUR RACKHAM, AND JEROME K. JEROME.

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT:

Let me, in answer to the question as to which play written by Sir James Barrie I like the most, say this: "The Little Minister," "Peter Pan," "The Admirable Crichton," "What Every Woman Knows," "Dear Brutus," enchanted playgoers in their turn; but, to my mind,

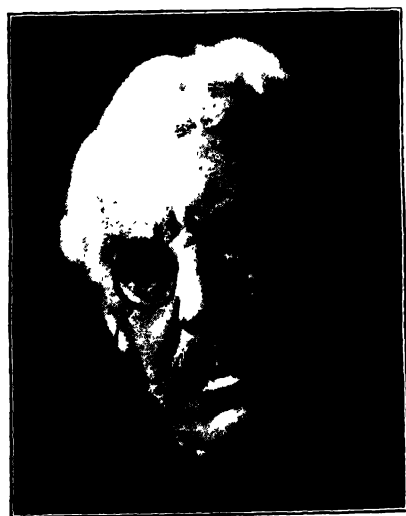


Photo by Claude Harms.

Sir Squire Bancroft.

"Mary Rose" leaves us far deeper in the little wizard's debt, although there are many clever people—ardent lovers of the theatre—to whom the fairy story of everyday life does not in the least

appeal. I can only suppose they are too "material" to accept the "impossible." To them it is a sealed book; that is their loss. To those to whom it does appeal the gain is great, granted that Romance is still their proud possession and their tears still tremble near the lids.

I have seen the play many times, and hope to see it again and again. I frankly own that nothing on the stage has ever so strangely affected me as the return of Mary Rose, unchanged, from "The Island that Likes To Be Visited," to her changed and aged parents. I bow to the solemn note of the play—Never ask for them to

come back. Of course it is all "impossible"—just as "Rip Van Winkle" is "impossible," and, to name loftier examples, just as the doings of Portia and Puck, Rosalind and Viola, Ariel and Miranda, are "impossible." It is in my second childhood, as it was in my first—to use the words of "Mary Rose," "Lovely, lovely, lovely"—to visit the haunts of the fairies and to share their dreams.

SQUIRE BANCROFT.

THE RIGHT HON. J. R. CLYNES:

The work of Sir J. M. Barrie has not been merely work for the stage. It has in one sense been work for the State.

For his dramatic and literary labour collectively has lifted both fellowship and citizenship and done much to improve the good-will and humour of many thousands of people.

I single out no particular play in work which altogether is too good to be criticised by any discrimination of mine.

J. R. CLYNES.

MRS. DESMOND HUMPRHEYS ("Rita"):

Sir J. M. Barrie's work stands out distinctly from that of any other modern dramatist by reason of its original methods. It is curiously impersonal and yet sympathetically human. It seems to play around the various kinks and cranks of humanity, yet never present them with harsh judgment, or unkind intent. I admire his art so much that I find it difficult to make special choice of any special instance of its charm.

Perhaps my favourite play is "What Every Woman Knows," because in that particular play he appeals to the little spice of vanity in every woman's nature, her consciousness that she is reading a man's weakness, playing on it, and yet exalting him in his own estimation. In "Mary Rose" we see the same femininity hiding the same sense of power. It is wonderful how Barrie does it. The art is so delicate, so interwoven with the material displayed, that it defies description.

It is art, of course; the art with which the painter presents his subject, coloured and visualised by the *media* of his own personality; the power of sympathetic insight into the soul of things; of reaching to depths hidden from ordinary vision. But it is very wonderful, and very beautiful. One leaves the theatre after witnessing a Barrie play with a surer belief in the goodness of humanity, in the influence of woman, and the joy and loveliness of little children.

To paint and teach such things is to be in tune with things spiritual as well as material. To be, in fact, the one and only Barrie!

"RITA" (MRS. DESMOND HUMPHREYS).

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN:

I think the only thing I have to say is that "The Admirable Crichton" is the play of Barrie's which I admire most. It is many years since I saw it, but it has always lingered in my memory as a most delightful piece of work.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.



"They were swept away on the arms of the impatient Captain."

From "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Hugh Thomson (Hodder & Stoughton).

HAROLD BEGBIE:

For me the genius of Barrie lies in the extreme gentleness with which he makes us feel, in an age overwhelmed by economics, that life is beautiful and the universe wonderful. His voice is never strident; his gestures are never pugilistic. He sees humanity rushing away from the sources of happiness, but does not fling himself in its path to be trodden underfoot. Instead, he sits down by the eternal springs, takes a reed from his pocket, and blows so sweet a strain that many detach themselves from the herd and are content to wait a little longer for the millennium.

Men have ceased from the immemorial search for a theory of the universe. Agnosticism has become indifference. Instead, then, of the big thing, Philosophy, we have the little thing, Politics; and instead of the austere thing, Conduct, we have the revolutionary thing, Materialism. In such an atmosphere the stage has largely lost the inspiration which gave it glory in an earlier age. It is either attempting to solve little social problems or ministering to the animal instincts of the baser sort of men. It has forgotten that this wonderful earth belongs to an infinite universe, and that man is a creature torn between two worlds. Footlights surround the trough. Beyond the trough is nothing but the trapdoor of annihilation.

Barrie does not challenge this materialistic phase. Either his heart is too gentle or his mind too calm for the violence of battle. He is like those greatest of the sons of men in his gentleness towards the human race, the founders of religions who never grew heated in their teaching and who set up no machinery for the propagation of wisdom. Nothing, I imagine, can so move his smile as the criticism of those distressed minds absorbed in sex-problems and convinced of their own greatness that he is himself a Peter Pan who has never grown up. He knows that the Kingdom of Heaven must be received like a little child, and finds himself happier in that kingdom than in the scullery of the house of life. Like Ruskin, he does not so much wonder at what men suffer as at what they miss. For him the earth, and so the stage, is full of wonder.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD:

Unfortunately, I have not seen all Sir J. M. Barrie's plays—not "Dear Brutus," for instance, which some people consider his masterpiece. Of those I have seen I like best "What Every Woman Knows," and "Mary Rose," which is not only beautiful, but has a haunting thrill to it. Of course there is the immortal "Peter Pan"; but that is not so much a play as a joyful happening, such as Valentine's Day was in one's youth or the waits on Christmas Eve at midnight, just before Santa Claus came down to fill one's stockings—it's that sort of thing. The strength of his plays surely lies in their humane qualities. His people are alive, no matter how fantastic their doings. And he has so much humorous understanding and such

infinite tenderness, with an underlying sadness, that one goes away from the theatre with a comfortable but occasionally chastened feeling, more content with the world, or at least more tolerant.

LUCY CLIFFORD.

SIR OLIVER LODGE:

Sir J. M. Barrie's view of social problems, depicted in "The Admirable Crichton," interested me very much, and it was obviously an exalted play. So was his more recent psychological study called "Dear Brutus." Like every one else, I admire the genius that can take up a simple-sounding theme and elaborate it into a drama of vivid human interest.

OLIVER LODGE.

J. E. BUCKROSE:

Sir James Barrie is a great writer, but there are others as great in every kind of work which he has done, and yet he occupies a niche all by himself in the minds of his contemporaries as well as in the literary history of his generation. How has he been able to do this at a time when really good writers are plentiful? That is a question which must interest every lover of literature no less than the particular admirers of Barrie's works, and I think the reply can only be found by seeking through the memories of our own childhood.

If we can remember, even faintly, how we felt on going far enough into a deep wood to be aware of its silence—not afraid, exactly, and yet thrilled by the sense that nothing was too fearful and delightful and wonderful to happen—we are getting "warm," as the children say at hide-and-seek. We are coming close to the hiding-place of that secret.

For by some inward power that Barrie has kept from childhood, he can still feel about life as we did about the wood. And, alone of all who write, he can make this delightful wonder shine through his plays, so that those of us who are grown up greet something which we knew once long ago and never expected to meet again; while the children themselves recognise gleefully and at once, things they are feeling now.

But the author of all this pleasure has to remain somehow a stranger in the world, just because he possesses a quality more than the rest of us, and so is different. He will always go on giving the impression that he was born in some tall, forlorn tower in Fairy-land and has never been quite at home here—despite the



Lord Loam (shaking hands).
From "The Admirable Crichton," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Hugh Thomson (Hodder & Stoughton).

The Monthly Gatherings.

How do you do, Rolleston?

fun and sympathy and deep knowledge of human nature with which he writes of life.

J. E. BUCKROSE.

ARTHUR RACKHAM:

Except to say what a very great joy Sir James Barrie's plays always are to me and that, if I have with difficulty to make a choice, "Dear Brutus" perhaps gave me most pleasure of all. I don't think I can make any more remarks that you would like to quote in THE BOOKMAN.

ARTHUR RACKHAM.

JEROME K. JEROME:

The great asset of Barrie to the English stage lies in his being able to get sentiment over the London foot-lights. Most of us have tried it, and most of us have failed. But for Barrie the present-day drama would be given over entirely to cynicism and brutality. Barrie alone has the genius to force the public to listen to kindness, tenderness and pity. What the stage will be like when he is gone I dread to think. My prayer is that the catastrophe may not occur in my time.

JEROME K. JEROME.

WHAT THE AUDIENCE THINKS.

"MARY ROSE" AND "PETER PAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

RESULTS.

These two Competitions have aroused very great interest and the response to them has been not only numerous but, in the case of "Mary Rose," very satisfactory. So many of the brief essays are so well done and admirably suggestive that it has not been easy to arrive at a decision, but after careful consideration, for the best interpretation of the inner meaning of

"MARY ROSE"

we have awarded the First Prize of Two Guineas to the Rev. George Gardner, Archdeacon of Cheltenham, of Applegarth, Cheltenham, and the Second Prize of One Guinea to Margaret A. Fountain, of Levana, Wimbledon Park, S.W.19, for the following:

The dominant idea indicated elusively in "Mary Rose," not indeed by actual words but through the interplay of character upon character, seems to be nothing less than this—a suggestion of the profound separation that must lie between existence in time and existence in eternity.

The heroine, by a perfectly legitimate use of the old conventions of fairyland, is removed for a number of years into some hidden realm, where ordinary modes of spiritual and physical growth are inhibited. Just so, when fruit is

placed in a cold storage, a stop is put for a time to the normal process of ripening. Piteful tragedy ensues when poor Mary Rose comes back to her old ways and surroundings. Her friends, and in particular her baby boy, have moved on to new planes of life and interest, while she dwells only in the past.

A further deduction is inevitable. Suppose that one removed by the accident of death from the changing life of humanity does not, as it were, enter a cold storage, but passes into an existence where mental and spiritual progress are carried on with extraordinary vigour. Plainly, any return of such a being to his former environment could only involve misconception, bewilderment and pain. This being so, there may well be reasons in the very nature of things why our separation from departed friends has, for the present, to be irrevocable and insurmountable.

In the assertion and the partial justification of this age-long and perplexing fact of mortal experience, I seem to find the underlying, if unexpressed, thought at the back of Sir James Barrie's delicate fantasy.

GEORGE GARDNER.

For Mary Rose the island is the "beginning of loveliness"; it is a "bit of heaven fallen down splash into the loch." For us it may represent the land of our dreams, our highest aspirations and most beautiful imaginings.

Many of us visit it, as Mary Rose did, at the dawn of womanhood, when we get our first glimpse of the mystery of Life and Love and come back changed. She is very near it again at her betrothal, and nearer still when she has a husband and little child. Love was the most beautiful thing she had found on the island, and it was the voice of a still higher Love in the Unknown which called her away from her husband and child.

After twenty-five years she was found on the island "with such joy in her face as she slept that it was a shame to waken her." But she was awakened and brought back, by non-comprehending people, to the old life in which now she had no place.

"Do you think she should have come back?" is the question put to the bereaved souls in the audience who are hungering for a lost Mary Rose. For her reappearance in the material world necessitated the readoption of her old body, with its brain cells stored with unchanged memories. This world of change is no place for such, hence the shock and sorrow for all concerned. Called away by the voice of Love to the greater heaven of which the world of imagination is but the threshold, she was happy. Driven out of the world by Fear and Distrust she could not find the island straight away. Its call was only heard by her again when, as before with Simon so now with Harry, Love drove out fear of the Unknown.

MARGARET A. FOUNTAIN.

From among the large number of replies received, we select the following for printing, and to each of the writers we send a consolation prize of a book:

In his play of "Mary Rose" I think Barrie intends to convey, in the most tender, delicate and wistful way, a warning against modern spiritualism. Of course when Mary Rose is called by the fairies to that happy world of play which



WENDY'S STORY

From "Peter and Wendy," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated by F. D. Bedford (Hodder & Stoughton).

might be taken to represent the place which we call Paradise, there is no attempt on the part of her husband or parents to use supernatural means to bring her back. But Barrie would seem to be striving to show his belief that the dead, when they leave us, suffer an arrest of development: the child remains a child, and the old grow no older for the years that pass.

We develop and grow away from them (though not necessarily forgetting them or loving them less), and if we try to bring them back a great gulf of thought and feeling and experience divides us from them which can only bring pain and dissatisfaction to both.

Furthermore, in bringing them back we may awaken memories and longings for that which they formerly held dear that may hold them earthbound and prevent their spirits passing back into peace and rest. Thus we see the returned Mary Rose with awakened memory asking for her child, and, later on, as a pathetic, little, wandering ghost, searching, ever searching, for that lost baby of hers, and held back by that longing and that search from the land of peace and play from which she has been exiled.

Thus, surely, is Barrie's warning to those sorrowful ones, wives and mothers and the rest, who long and strive to call back into communication with earth the lost beloved ones whose loss has broken their hearts and left desolate their lives. Every day time widens the gulf between us and our dead, and if we call them back who knows of what happy peace we may be robbing them?

(D. K. Boileau, Woodford, Chantry Lane,
Grimsby.)

The idea of the play may have been suggested by 2 Corinthians xii. 2-4.

1. Perhaps the most useful inner meaning appears to be that, human existence being uncertain—any meeting with a person being possibly the last—every one should be treated by us with the same kindly consideration as we should desire we had practised were we to hear of their death or apparently hopeless separation. This lesson learned would sweeten life's relations and prevent unavailing remorse.

2. One moral is that the return of the departed (supposed to be or actually dead) would not be an unmixed boon. After years, we should be so altered that the meeting, being a disenchantment to the visitor, would be strained and unhappy.

3. As Mary Rose's removal and experience away from the island left a happy impression upon her, so that she did not fear to return to the island, so should the prospect of our departure from earth at any time not alarm us. The best is yet to be to the believing.

4. Any of us may hear the call (as Mary did, of and from the island)—the call of duty or the unseen—that made Abraham quit Mesopotamia and journey to Canaan, and William Carey sail as first Protestant missionary to India.

5. The play represents the departed as not growing any older. We shall thus be able to recognise them as we have known them.

6. It is shown that the departed never forget those they have left on earth, but long for reunion (Mary's spirit was searching for her baby).

(Dr. A. Bruce Low, 1, Holden Road,
North Finchley, N.I.I.)

The true fairy tale is simple and gay; it never points a moral, nor has it an inner meaning save that with which we ourselves invest it. But try and reduce a fairy tale to terms of the workaday world, and at once the doors fly open to an infinity of questions, for humanity is both complicated and sad.



in "Peter and Wendy" by J. M. Barrie
Illustrated by F. Bedford (Hodder & Stoughton)

That, to my mind, is the whole mystery of "Mary Rose." We could laugh at "Peter Pan" in the days of our youth, for it is almost pure fairy, but now its author gives us something more suited to our stouter years, a wistful legend of the Gaelic fireside, plays around it with his ingenious fancy (this shall be no crofter's brat, but a gently-born Southerner child whom the Little People claim), and finds that, after all, his theme is tragic. Some may say he wrote it to comfort those who have lost their loved ones, to show the folly and futility of wishing them back on earth again, but surely it is permissible to imagine that he tackled it in a spirit of pure literary curiosity, and afterwards did his best to deal tenderly with the problem of the poor little time-displaced ghost he had himself evoked.

And what is the lesson of the play save a warning to us all to skim lightly over the surface of things—not to ponder overmuch on the fate of Starkey in the crocodile's interior, lest it should be upsetting, nor linger too long on haunted islands, nor probe too deeply in the mysteries of worlds beyond our ken, nor, if we would not weep, rake over the ashes of an old wives' tale to conjure up the piteous figure of a Mary Rose.

(Helen Vaughan Williams, 5, Endsleigh Street, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.)

Supposing there were an island on the outskirts of Paradise, an island geographically placed in the Hebrides but on the spiritual plane forming a link between this world and the world unseen, an island that could be visited from time to time by certain chosen ones who could hear the call of the invisible world and who during their stay never grew old—ought those who had visited the island



Some one outside has been whistling to Tweeny.

From *The Admirable Crichton* by J M Barrie

Illustrated in colour and black and white by Hugh Thomson (Hodder & Stoughton)

to return to their earthly life again? If they did what would be the effect on themselves and on those who loved them?

It is some such question as this that Barrie has set himself to answer in "Mary Rose." "Mary Rose" is not primarily a play with a purpose, it is primarily a work of art. But every true work of art teaches something. The lesson that "Mary Rose" teaches is that the relations between this world and the next are too delicate to be tampered with.

If spiritualism could succeed in its efforts, if materialisation beyond the wildest dreams of mediums could take place, our earth would be peopled with pathetic figures like that of Mary Rose when she returns (still a girl) to find her parents grey-headed and her boy husband a middle-aged man.

The distraught ghost in the last scene, wandering in search of her baby, is the necessary corollary of the former heart-breaking return in the flesh.

We cannot with safety try to reverse the engines of eternity. "I shall go to him," said the grief-stricken king, "but he shall not return to me."

That is the appointed way. To try another is to court disaster.

(Jane A S Edwards, Rosherville Vicarage, Gravesend.)

It is always an impossible task to explain genius and in "Mary Rose" we feel rather than understand its true significance.

I think the author is trying to show us the misery of "coming back." In spite of her first childish adventure Mary Rose goes back to "the Island which likes to be visited" and from thence she is spirited away, leaving her friends to mourn her as dead. Then, just as those she has left are beginning to resign themselves and to forget, she comes back to reopen old wounds. Her return brings only pain to herself and to them, and her grief is so pitiful that when her old father says "Do you think she ought to have come back?" one longs to cry out, "No! A thousand times, no!"

Even when she crossed the great divide her poor spirit cannot rest but comes back to search and search until she has even forgotten the object of her search and does not know when it is ended. This return is the saddest of all.

The only "coming back" in the play which is even partly happy is the return of the soldier son, and it is only the results which are happy—he finds sadness enough in it

It seems to me that in "Mary Rose" Sir James Barrie has opposed the modern spiritualists who say, "Let us bridge the gulf and the dead will come back to us." He says "No! the cost is too great! Let there be no coming back!"

(D A Taylor, 25, Ramsden Road, Balham, S W 12.)

To most of us, during childhood, the fairy music calls, to eyes unclouded by the mists of reality the enchanted islands gleam brightly as the tangible world around us. Often, as we grow older, the motley carnival of life blinds our eyes to the delicate fantasies our ears are no longer attuned to the call of the Unknown, which is the voice of the mysterious world within ourselves.

Then, one day, the airy fluting returns, in some moment, perhaps, of overwhelming joy or sorrow, for in such moments the soul stands naked and defenceless, before the eternal verities. Barrie, it seems to me symbolises in Mary Rose the immortal youth of the soul. Age only reaches us through the external senses, our bodies grow old, we behold upon our faces the relentless tracery of the years. Involuntarily we exclaim, "This, this is not I!" Unknowing how or why, we realise that from the Infinite

we came, into infinity we pass, bearing the impress of our earthly sojourn, whether of good or ill.

The final lesson which Barrie seems to suggest, is resignation to the irrevocable law of that which, for lack of better definition we name Death. Would the soul be happy should it return to earth? Surely not. Return would mean unutterable loneliness. New interests engross those who remain, bodily changes alter almost, or entirely, past recognition. The greatest courage is needed not to face death, but life.

The most terrible curse imaginable would be to outlive our beliefs, our hopes, our aspirations, the foolish lovable fallacies which go to make up the sum of our humanity. Better the call whilst life is at its height when the sun shines, the flowers blossom and all things are yet possible.

(G Laurence Groom, 1, St Mark's House, Regent's Park Road, N W 1.)

One does not seek to interpret a sunset or a beautiful sonata because the essential fascination of these things lies in the fact that their appeal varies for each individual. Similarly, to the true Barrie-lover the idea of analysing and dissecting him is a desecration only to be equalled by arriving late for a performance.

In this instance, any attempt at explanation must turn upon where Mary Rose passed those twenty-five years, and this secret is so carefully guarded that it is evident Barrie would have each solve the problem for himself. We know that no physical explanation is permissible, otherwise she would have returned middle-aged and the terrible ending would have been avoided. It follows, therefore, that we must go to the supernatural for a solution, which means that we may theorise but not dictate.

Seek, with Cameron, to drag the story into 'the cold light of remorseless reason,' and at once it falls to pieces, and countless difficulties arise. There is no satisfaction that way, and in the process the delicate texture of the fantasy is torn to shreds.

At two points pre-eminently is the play at one with human experience. In the boundless pathos of Harry's poignant utterance "How strange that you who know so much can tell so little!" is voiced the bitter disappointment of so many who believe that they have got into touch with their departed, while the old father's piteous question, "Is it well that the dead should return to find us changed?" finds an echo in the secret feeling of most people regarding the attempted recall of spirits. We know that we shall go

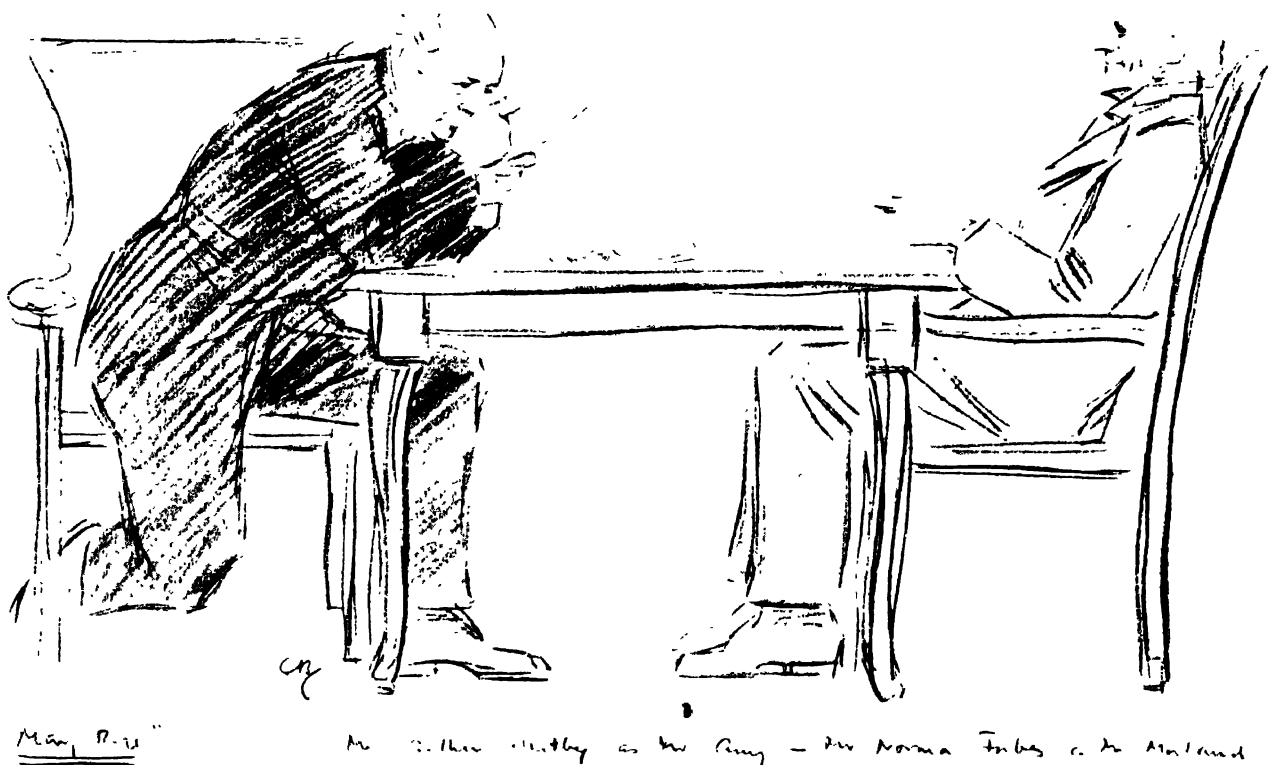
SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1920.

"MARY ROSE"
By J. M. BARRIE

*Character Sketches by our
Special Artist MR. LEO BATES*



Mr. Leon Quatremaine as Harry





"May Anne"

New May Series



"May Rose"

For Santa Claus in a Gown

to them, but we would not have them return to us; and if the author *did* intend any lesson—which is doubtful—I believe that it is this.

(S. M. Isaacson, 16, Lexham Gardens, W.8.)

It is doubtful whether Sir James Barrie wishes to convey or inculcate any "lesson" by means of this play, which is purely a fantasy. Sir James revels in the fantastic: his mind is steeped in fairy lore, and he has in "Mary Rose" given free play to his fancy and imagination: he has, so to speak, thrown the reins on the neck of his hobby-horse, and allowed him to wander at his own sweet will "in the realms of faery."

Mary Rose must be assumed to have had, from birth, some affinity with the fairies; had it been otherwise she would never have responded, when a child, to the fairy summons. The call would have passed her by unheard and unheeded. After she was allowed to return, and live, for a space, among mortals once more, it was inevitable that she would, at some time, again receive the call to go back to fairyland, but in the meantime she has a son of her own, and being half mortal as well as half fairy the maternal instinct predominates for a time, and she cannot rest indefinitely among her fairy kinsmen—she is impelled to return to her child. But, fairies having no sense or knowledge of time, Mary Rose does not at first realise that while she has been away her baby has grown up, and that her own parents have grown old, and hence the touching and rather tearful scene that follows.

It must, I think, be assumed that during the interval before the final act of the play Mary Rose has again been recalled to fairyland, but the longing to see her child is so strong that she once more returns and haunts her old home, vainly seeking her child whom she still thinks of as an infant in the nursery. When at last she meets him, and he has taken her on his knee, as she had always hoped he would, her grief is assuaged and she is content to go back and live again among the fairy folk for ever.

Pure fantasy from beginning to end. No "lesson"; only a fairy tale charmingly told, and helped in no small degree by delightfully appropriate and suggestive music, and clever stage effects and perfect acting

(Alexander H. Capern, 70, East Sheen Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.14.)

People who strive to interpret inner meanings and lessons from J. M. Barrie's "Mary Rose" are usually the sort of people who would like to run electric trams over Dartmoor and prefer a field full of cauliflowers to a copse full of wind-flowers. Everything, they say, is meant to be of some use, therefore leave no stone unturned, and no moments idle till you have discovered that use. You can interpret the inner meaning of a suet pudding—a judicious mixture of nutritious ingredients skilfully manipulated and produced periodically to sustain and fortify the human

frame—logically you ought to be able to interpret as easily the inner meaning and lesson of the west wind when it comes a-kissing you in the early morning, after its frolic over the heather and wild thyme. So they cudgel their brains and discuss and argue, and finally satisfy themselves that they have captured the West Wind, and put it in a bottle and labelled it. And naturally they are annoyed and dumbfounded when two minutes after they hear its rippling laugh amid the poplar leaves.

Meanings and lessons are still being attributed to "Mary Rose," and the British public—as greedy to find morals as the duchess was to proclaim them—congratulates itself with each fresh discovery. But the echo of the author's laugh mocks them as the wail "Mary Rose" haunts them, and they know they have not convinced themselves.

Why? Because "Mary Rose" contains no inner meaning; no lesson. It quite simply conveys to us, just this—Mystery, the unknown, the inexplicable exist, they are blended with the ordinary lives of ordinary people, and if we don't accept them as part of ourselves—well, we shall never understand the inimitable charm of Sir James Barrie.

(M. E. Rotton, 45, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.)

All we who know and love Barrie's books and who have been to "Peter Pan" again and again cannot express our real feelings towards his genius and understanding of children, but never have we been as mystified till we saw his wonderful play "Mary Rose." Many of us have seen



Kensington Gardens.

From "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," by J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham (Hogarth & Stoughton)



Arthur Rackham 1912

They are so cunning.

From "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," by J. M. Barrie
With illustrations in colour and black-and-white by Arthur Rackham (Hodder & Stoughton).

it several times, and most of us come away still more puzzled, feeling we cannot rest till we have discovered the author's inner meaning. It is a play which might have so many interpretations, and it seems incredible that Barrie has no lesson for us in it. The general idea seems to be that the Island signifies "Death," but if this is the case, believing that the dead watch over those they have left on earth, Mary Rose would not have looked for her son as a baby when she returned home after an absence of twenty-five years. Another interpretation may be that however much we may wish for the dead to come back to us, and however much they may want to return to earth, we should none of us be happy if we could be together again.

It is a play which sets us thinking more and more each time we visit it, and my impression is that the author means to express the eternity of love. Each time Mary Rose vanishes she does not realise, on her return, that she has ever been away because the love for her parents, her husband and her baby goes on just the same, and it is only when her soldier son makes himself known to her and satisfies the mother-love that she can return to the Unseen World at rest; and so the author shows us that love, real love cannot be destroyed by anything, not even death.

(Michael Stonestreet, 13, Hillcroft Crescent,
Ealing, W.5.)

Have you seen Mary Rose?
What does he *mean* by it?
One hears the question on all
sides. And what *does* he mean
by it?

In the sense of what inner meaning does "he" intend us to extract and apply to ourselves as a "lesson"; why surely, nothing at all.

Sir James Barrie is a poet, not a preacher.

Mary Rose is not entirely new. She has her predecessors in Mary Bruin, in Kilmeny; nevertheless she appears to us in all the arresting power of a revelation because she is the perfect interpretation of a perfect inspiration. Delicately conceived, she is delicately wrought, unmarred by over-emphasis. "I too will something make and joy in the making," sings the Laureate, and thus, it seems to us, is the author's inner meaning underlying "Mary Rose."

But the world in general is too sophisticated contentedly to accept so simple a thing of beauty, at its face value. It must needs probe for some ulterior depth of meaning of infinitely less worth.

"Mary Rose" is essentially poetry and therefore free from didacticism. If we must draw a moral let it be this:

Certain souls, poets, pagans, dreamers, mystics, pursue their lives less in relation to the world they live in, than in obedience to some unseen influence. Be that power God, Nature, or what you will; when it calls, they cannot choose but follow. As certainly will they return, inasmuch as they leave with us some

hostage to infinity. But they have no root with us and we may no more hold them than we can harness the West Wind.

"Mary Rose" is fashioned of the stuff that dreams are made on. Need we inquire its suitability for Sunday wear?

Oh! generation of Psycho-analysts, leave us a little gilt on our gingerbread.

(M. E. Morris, Orestone, St. Mary Church, Torquay.)

It seems almost like pointless violation to probe for an inner meaning beneath the delicate fantasy of Sir J. M. Barrie's latest play. The practice of setting up an obvious moral as a sign unto the Gentiles is largely obsolete. It is as well, however, to seek for the firm rock of some definite idea whereon the great dramatist must have built his faery structure.

To construe the spiriting-away of Mary Rose in any common light is fundamentally absurd. If there is any answer to the problem, it lies on a higher plane than ours. Yet the play partakes in no way of the pure allegory of "Dear Brutus," which does not tempt us to explanations because it is so completely a fairy tale.

The theme of "Mary Rose" recalls "A Well-Remembered Voice," in which Barrie intimated that, whilst he put no faith in the spiritualistic séance, he did believe most

deeply in the Life Hereafter. Beyond that he did not go at the time; but in "Mary Rose" he makes a step forward. It is indubitable that he means us to understand that the periods during which Mary Rose was absent were spent in Heaven. Only—she can tell nothing of her experience because she does not realise it. Those who know the most, tell the least. . . . In that perhaps lies Barrie's attitude towards the present position of spiritualism: there too rests the root idea of "Mary Rose."

(Alan D. Emerson, 7, Belvedere West, Taunton.)

We specially commend the replies from Ila Hearn (Croydon), H. E. Boisseau (Muswell Hill), J. Darbyshire (Carlisle), F. M. Wood (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Mabel A. Rowe (St. Albans), Mona B. Dodds (Ashington), Mabel W. Hanger (Hampstead), F. E. Fleming (Shrewsbury), B. C. Westup (Surbiton), Alan C. Fraser (Broadstairs), E. C. G. (London), V. D. Goodwin (Lyndhurst), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Edna Norman (Salop), V. L. Paris (Southsea), Kitty Gallagher (Bootle), Victor S. Pritchett (Bromley), M. G. Turner (Windsor), Hannah Richardson (Forest Gate), Vera V. Smyth (Stoke Newington), L. L. Rossiter (London, E.C.), Dorothy L. Beards (Birmingham), "Lyndhurst" (London, N.), Madeleine Constance Munday (Newbury), M. Pesci (London, N.), F. Kemp (Westminster), Millie V. Gregory (Ballham), A. M. MacCrimdale (St. Ives), Dorothy Cass (Barnsley), F. Southworth (Hampstead), Doris M. Wade (Southport), E. M. Daniel (Chichester), Lillian Wildash (Strood), May King Smith (Beaconsfield), Julie Hunt (Bedford Park), Doris Trampleasure (Ballham), M. Terry (Ulverston), Margaret French (Tulse Hill), Delphine Stringer (London, S.W.), R. M. Stoloft (Cricklewood), M. Brown (Shetfield), R. B. Sadler (Ballham), Stella Whitaker (East Sheen), Irene Greenwood (Maida Vale), Madeleine North (London, S.E.), Cynthia Gamble (London, S.W.), Margaret McIntyre (Oxford), Ada M. Hudson (Highgate), Mildred Leon (London, S.W.), Mary Harmsworth (Kensington), Ismay Trimble (Muswell Hill), Ethel M. Jones (Nantwich), Dorothy M. West (Acton), Elsie Williams (St. John's Wood), E. W. Caldwell (Ilford), Dorothy Ogden (Prestwich), L. M. Haslam (Canterbury), E. E. Taft (Hirwain), G. J. B. Mission (Newport), M. C. Barnard (London, W.), "Basanos" (Harlesden), Kate Fricker (London, W.), M. Bowden (Stowmarket), D. P. Shaw (Bedford Park, W.)

Perhaps with so many juvenile authors publishing books that not only command success but deserve it, we had expected too much of our Competition for younger

readers. Nevertheless, it has produced an extraordinary number of replies, and for the opinions on

"PETER PAN"

from competitors under fourteen we award the First Prize of a Guinea and a Half to Charlie Assheton, of 30, High Street, Hampstead, N.W.3; the Second Prize of One Guinea to Heather McIntyre, of 6, Winchester Road, Oxford, and the Third Prize of Half a Guinea to Bernard Collins, of 8, Thirlmere Road, Streatham, S.W., for the following:

I thought the play was very nice indeed, but when Peter was flying I could see the wires that were attached to his shoulders. They could be seen quite plainly and I did not like that because I wanted to think that they were really flying. Peter Pan and Wendy were very good, but I wished Peter was a real boy instead of a girl.

The pirates were very fine and noisy and just what I thought they ought to be like.



A Fairy Ring.

From "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Arthur Rackham (Hodder & Stoughton).



One of the paths that have made themselves.

From "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Arthur Rackham (Hodder & Stoughton).

The crocodile was very, very good—it looked like a real one.

The dog Nana was very clever.

I thought the funniest bit of all was at the beginning, when Nana puts the children to bed and Michael won't take his medicine and Wendy thinks that their father ought to take his, but father only pretends to take it.

The prettiest part was at the very end where Wendy goes to help Peter to do his spring-cleaning in the little house on the tree tops, but the part I liked best of all was where the pirates are on the ship with the children and Wendy. I wish I could fly like Peter Pan, and never grow up.

CHARLIE ASSHETON
(aged 9 years).

"Peter Pan," written by J. M. Barrie, is a very popular and a charming piece of work. I think it ranks first in the long lists of pantomimes in the minds of many children, at least to me it does. With grown-ups, too, it is a great favourite.

Peter Pan is a lovely little boy. He is very human in some things, whilst there is something very fairy-like in other things. This, I think, adds greatly to his charm. Wendy is such a dear little mother to them all, and yet she is only a child like them (the lost boys). John and

Michael are real "boys." They love adventures, and the author seems to know just what they would feel like, and what they like.

The Lost Boys seem to have something very pathetic about them, I always think. That they should never have known any mother, and that they simply worship Wendy, always makes me feel so sorry for them. But they are boys nevertheless, as we can see by their love of adventures.

Captain Hook is a real pirate. He forms a sort of lurking danger, and greatly adds to the excitement of the story. How pleased every one is when he is swallowed by the crocodile!

The story is loved by old and young. It has a funny side, for instance, when the crocodile swallows the clock; and it has an exciting side with the pirates in the foreground; and it has a sad side, when the children return home for instance.

HEATHER MCINTYRE
(aged 13 years, 4 months).

Although it bears a somewhat unmeaning title, the tale of "Peter Pan" is very interesting and hence very popular. If you ask anyone, from a child to an old man, "Do you know anything about Peter Pan?" you very rarely meet with an answer in the negative. This story has a part for every one—fairies for the girls; pirates and Indians for the boys, and literary skill, which is very appealing to the grown-ups. A great feature of the last-named is the way the words are put so that a child can understand them; and yet not tiring and babyish to the older people. Although it has its good points, this tale might have a few improvements

made: for instance, the Lost Boys might have been carried away, when they were very young, by eagles or vultures from their homes and dropped in the "Never, never land," where Peter Pan, who has been shipwrecked about a week before, had been living. Also in the end Mr. and Mrs. Darling should come and settle and start a colony on an island not far from the "Never, never land," where they could easily communicate with Peter. My reason for saying this is because the sympathy of the children always is with Peter Pan, and as this is the case they would say, "Poor Peter! how hard it must have been for him to talk to anyone." In the book I think that Mr. Darling is the best character because he shows real life in his ways. Wendy is the best in the play, I think. The best part of this (tale and play) is the fight in the pirate's ship.

BERNARD COLLINS
(age 11).

We select for printing the following replies from two young South African competitors. They could not be entered for a prize, as their letters did not arrive until a week after the closing date of the competition, but as an acknowledgment of two good attempts we are sending a book to each of them:

I think "Peter Pan" ("Peter Pan" the play, not the person) is just lovely. So does mother. Mother likes the part

"Mary Rose"

Prelude to Act II.

Norman O'Neill

Andante

Clar.

pp legato

Harp

Cresc.

mf strings

rit

f

Copyright 1920 Schott & Co. London.

Facsimile of Mr. Norman O'Neill's manuscript

By kind permission of the publishers,

Poco agitato

Mary - Rose

0300

pp Transgusto

Voices with closed lips

Alprrm

ppp clar

Mr.

Mr.

Copyright 1922 Schott & Co. Ltd.



THE PLAYERS MR. NORMAN O'NEILL.

of the Prelude to Act II of "Mary Rose."
Messrs. Schott & Co.



Copyright of "The Spheres."

In the centre is Peter Pan attacking Hook, Wendy Moira Angela Darling, and the other pirates are having a hot time of it at the hands of Michael Darling and the other members of Peter's band.

Peter Pan defies the terrible Captain James Hook on board the Pirate Ship.

Drawn by F. Malenia.

where Wendy says, "A cradle is such a homely thing in a house," but I like the part at the end where Mr. Darling lived in the Kennel and "up in the tree tops."

Peter is very brave and a born leader, but still he comes to the window to listen to stories.

Captain Hook is just what he should be, ugly, cruel and hot tempered. The boys in general are happy little fellows with no one to stop their pranks.

Wendy is the motherly little girl that children love. I can just imagine that poor Starkey struggling with a lot of babies, and dropping one every minute. As to Nanna, lots of mothers would be very thankful for such a nurse. I do think, though, that Mr. Barrie could have spared Peter the trouble of crying, but perhaps he is not so brave in the land of mortals as in the Never, Never, Never Land.

The fairies extract great attention for every child loves a fairy tale. To do Tinker Bell justice, though she was jealous of Wendy, she saved Peter's life, and he had good cause to love her. I am sure that Wendy and Peter were grateful to Tinker Bell for putting the house in the tree for them, though how she managed it I cannot tell. Perhaps she got the mauve boy fairies and the white girl fairies, and the darling little sillies who don't know what they are, to help her. I think it is very probable.

I believe that every one who has read "Peter Pan," or seen it in a play, simply loves it, especially the children, and that they think Mr. Barrie a very clever man. I do.

(Florence Hofmeyr (aged 9 years, 2 months),
c/o Katherine M. Hofmeyr, Box 2001, Cape Town).

"Peter Pan" is very cleverly thought out.

What is very nice is that the ways of Indians, Fairys and Pirates are put together.

It is rather funny John has only one name, Michael two and Wendy three.

I do not think a Pirate would ever become a sailor in the English navy, but perhaps he would.

Mr. Barrie explains everything very well and always finds a good name to give his characters.

I like the last bit about the lights and I have been longing to know exactly what the blue lights are.

(Mary McGregor (aged 9 years), c/o A. M. McGregor,
M.A., B.D., U.D.M., D.R. Church, Three Anchor Bay,
South Africa.)

We also select for special commendation the replies of Doris Kent (London, W.), Harry Evans (Brighton), Herbert Smithers (Scarborough), Jane Littmore (East Dulwich), Mabel James (Southend), Robert Thackam (York), Willie Yalden (London, E.), Benjamin Wilmot (Richmond), T. Headley Matthews (Sheffield), M. Hammerton (Ayr), Edward Morris (Carlisle), C. Skinner (Uxbridge), Dick Edwards (Bristol), Robert Mackenzie (Glasgow), Alice Phillips (Leeds), K. Rickman (Highgate), Julie Pethick (London, W.), Horace Smith (Newcastle).

WALTER DE LA MARE

BY JOHN FREEMAN.

THE poetry of eighteen years is contained in these two volumes* by Mr. de la Mare, and the opportunity of surveying it as a whole is welcome. In a day when sudden lights blaze in our firmament, and fade or burn but dully after the briefest incandescence, the faithful upward curve of Mr. de la Mare's poetry is a thing for thankful wonder. Many of the poems are the lightest jets of song, momentary linnetlike notes; some are hardly more than childish or elvish babble; few are obscure or visibly overweighted with thought; and yet there is probably not a single one of the nearly three hundred pieces in the present collection, how brief, how light, how fantasied, how grave soever, which is not clearly and unhesitatingly distinguishable as the music of Walter de la Mare.

It is no shallow consistency. His prose writings (which also demand collection) show even in their defects as well as in their excellences the same activity of imagination, and the same alertness of intelligence. In the pages of *The Times Literary Supplement*, *The Saturday Westminster*, and in these columns also, the least skilled reader would have little trouble in identifying reviews and articles by the signature of style; and indeed it is to be admitted that the prose style often reveals a far less perfect, a far less instantaneous fusion of the imaginative with the intellectual, than the poems reveal. From the imperfection of that fusion, and not from the absence of one or the other element, has it followed that the prose (of critical articles in particular) has often been too whimsically idiosyncratic, sometimes too elaborately refined and refining, too amorous of the

adverb, too hostile to the monosyllable. But in "Henry Brocken," a deliberately "derived" yet not unoriginal book, and in "The Three Mulla Mulgars," a child's fantasy in which the author supplies all the poetry and the adult reader all the moral, there are passages which the most critical will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest; and in one other novel, "The Return," there are pages which show how completely that desired fusion of imagination with intellect, the seeing with the understanding, can be achieved in prose by a master of verse, and how poignant, how intolerable, may be the presentation of the human spirit at odds equally with seen and unseen worlds. And in all these prose writings (let me repeat) the same music is heard, the same fingering is discernible, the same evocation is achieved, as is heard, seen, achieved with finer success in the poetry.

"Evocation"—right as the word is, it must not mislead us. It is easy to speak of spell, magic, glamourie, but the use of these words does only a little to help us in distinguishing the chief elements of Walter de la Mare's poetry. The immediate and the long-pondered, the sudden-flashed and the slow-smouldering, the briefly-heard and the infinitely-echoing—the equal importance, the mutual dependence of these extremes is the perpetual mystery of art. That mystery is so freely and candidly displayed in these poems, and is yet so hard to explain, that quotation is at once easy and essential. But quotation will not so easily show how steadily this mysterious mutual dependence of the spontaneous and the deliberate has developed from "Songs of Childhood" in 1901 to "Motley" in 1918; yet it is precisely this faithful development which is so astonishing to those who pause in their running to read. "Songs of Childhood,"

* "Poems, 1901 to 1918." By Walter de la Mare. 2 vols., 27s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

perhaps, is little to our purpose; it is as derivative as a first book need be, and its "magic" as inconstant as its depth is variable; indeed the severe revision of the second edition is the author's own avowal of inequality and imperfection. It was not, in fact, until "The Listeners" appeared, in 1912, that the dual or parallel development of which I am speaking became perfectly clear; a movement which "Peacock Pie" (1913) and "Motley" simply showed more swift and vivid. This is from "Martha," in "The Listeners":

"And her beauty far
away
Would fade, as her
voice ran on,
Till hazel and
summer sun
And all were gone:

"All fordone and
forgot;
And like clouds in
the height of
the sky,
Our hearts stood still
in the hush
Of an age gone
by."

"Our hearts stood
still in the hush of
an age gone by"
—it is the attained
goal of the unpre-
dictable journey.
Here the fusion is
complete and final.
As beautiful, and
stranger, is
"Arabia":

"Sweet is the music
of Arabia
In my heart, when
out of dreams

I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn
Descry her gliding streams;
Hear her strange lutes on the green banks
Ring loud with the grief and delight
Of the dim-silked, dark-haired Musicians
In the brooding silence of night."

But nothing earlier or later has a more consummate loveliness than "The Song of Shadows" from "Peacock Pie":

"Sweep thy faint strings, Musician,
With thy long lean hand;
Downward the starry tapers burn,
Sinks soft the waning sand;
The old hound whimpers couched in sleep,
The embers smoulder low;
Across the walls the shadows
Come, and go.

"Sweep softly thy strings, Musician,
The minutes mount to hours;
Frost on the windless casement weaves
A labyrinth of flowers;

Ghosts linger in the darkening air,
Hearken at the open door;
Music hath called them, dreaming,
Home once more."

It would be impertinent alike to reader and author to dwell upon the ardour of imagination which the first stanza uniquely preserves, in the harmony of sound and colour. . . . If I forbear quoting from "Motley," the

last of the books included in this collection, it is because choice is all but impossible: hard indeed would it be to find half a dozen poems which do not support the argument of the continuous development of both the unconscious and the conscious faculties of this poet.

Of the world in which this pure, loyal and delicate Muse dwells I have as yet said nothing. It is a world of physical strangeness, but a world in which Blake would be more of an alien than Coleridge, Shelley more uneasy than Vaughan. It has a green depth, warm and soft shadows; it is a world for the released mind to plunge into and press through; a world in which finite merges into infinite, and mortality

putting on immortality is still sad with reverting dreams. Walter de la Mare revives the old sense of the title of poet, for he is a "maker" not only of poems but of a world of which his poetry is the only truth. Farewells in that world are a little more piercing than welcomes, twilight is sharper than day, colour is subtlest in its expiring glow, the sweetest and most human sounds are falling echoes. The exploration of this world, the discovery of its delights and satisfactions, the suggestion of its meaning and neighbourhood, the apprehension of its transience and insecurity—it is in this that the author of these poems has performed a work which of all living writers he only might attempt. In his devotion to poetry, to that bright and obscure image, idea or essence of which poetry itself is but echo and shadow, he is purely religious; and that is, I think, his final distinction.

THE THREE STRANGERS.

"Far are those tranquil hills,
Dyed with fair evening's rose;
On urgent, secret errand bent,
A traveller goes.

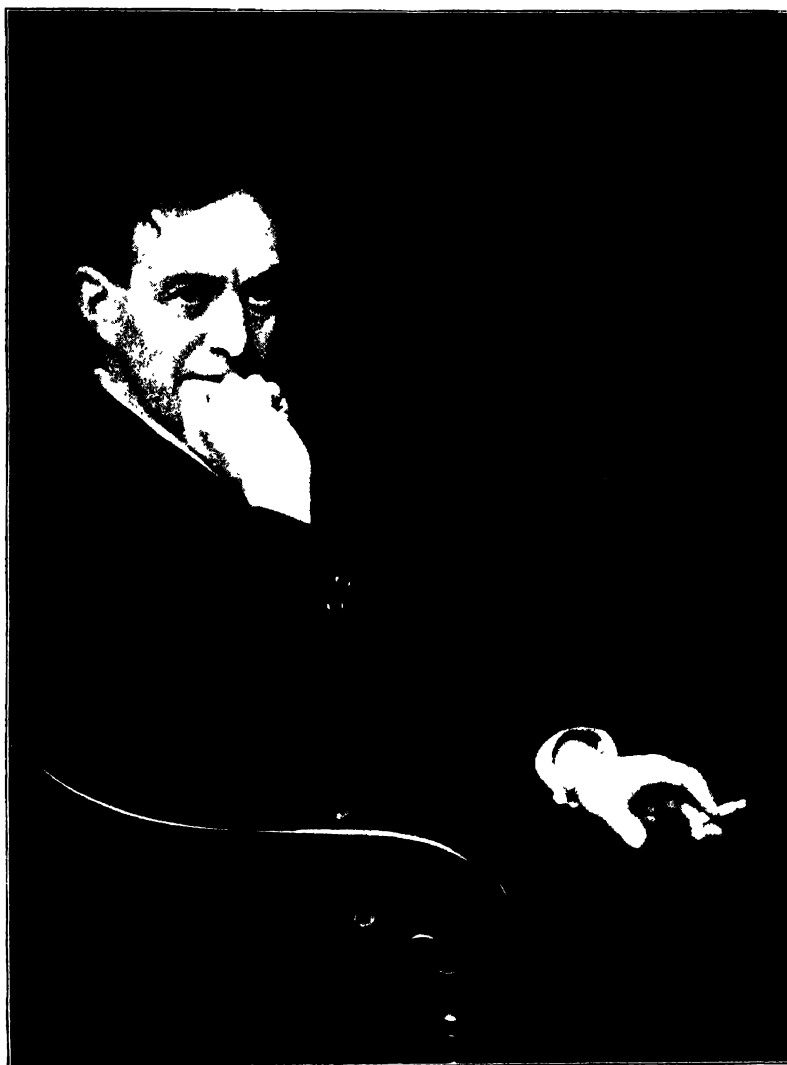


Photo by L. O. Hopp.

Mr. Walter de la Mare.

' Approach him strangers three,
Barefooted, cowed ; their eyes
Scan the lone, hastening solitary
With dumb surmise.

' One instant in close speech
With them he doth confer :
God-speed, he hasteneth on,
That anxious traveller. . . .

' I was that man—in a dream :
And each world's night in vain
I patient wait on sleep to unveil
Those vivid hills again.

Would that they three could know
How yet burns on in me
Love—from one lost in Paradise—
For their grave courtesy."

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN.

BY WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THEORETICALLY, novelists take all humanity for their province ; practically, they are wise not to attempt anything so prodigious. They act, rather, as the convex lens, converging the rays of light upon some particular object, some definite aspect of life, and enabling us to see more clearly by their fresh illumination what the experiences we may go through—imaginatively perhaps—mean to others. To continue my metaphor for a moment, some writers have not the power of focusing their light accurately ; they leave us bewildered or disappointed because the picture is vague and their hands are unsteady. Others hold the magic lens in such a way that their stories or pictures shine with a sure and concentrated radiance, and we have no difficulty at all in appreciating the "values" of their work, simply because the light is sharp and unwavering.

To this second class Miss Beatrice Harraden belongs. Not one of her novels or stories has the defect of haziness, of poor definition ; their "visibility" is always "high," and her method is that of direct relation ; whereby she places herself in the great tradition. If we do not "like" her books—and not all of them appeal to me—it is probably due to natural fluctuations in mood or taste, not to recognisable changes in her style or manner ; for through them all runs an undertone, a "theme" that we recognise with as pleasant a thrill as we do the theme of a fugue. She is the literary musician, able to play on our emotions, but able at the same time to give us first-class intellectual fare.

Her name rests securely upon a single book, known wherever novels are read. Yet "Ships that Pass in the Night," published in 1893, seems to me, on a recent re-reading, one of her least satisfactory novels. The hero, Allitsen, the "Disagreeable Man," is such a confirmed *poseur*. Nobody can believe in him after reading the conversation in which he tells Bernardine Holme, the

girl who "stands up" to him and breaks the ice of his superficial cynicism, that when his mother (for whose sake he kindly consents to exist) dies, he will probably commit suicide. He is too sententious, too intent on creating an effect upon his pale and impressionable young listener. He tells her that he is helpless, that all means and power of self-expression that make life worth living are denied to him, and that he has made "the great sacrifice" ; yet elsewhere we learn that he is an authority upon Alpine botany, that he spends most of his time in photography, and that his photographs are regularly accepted as fine specimens by the *Monthly Photographic Portfolio*. He is the owner of a high-class camera or two, a microscope and other means of scientific recreation, and we are sure that in spite of his well-maintained pose of being disgusted with this world he enjoys being in it quite keenly. There seems to be a flaw in the author's art here. And the finish of the book is not convincing. The breeze of sentiment blows rather too strongly to please us, and Bernardine's sudden death by an accident is an abrupt, too deliberately tragic, close to the sweetly-sad harmony. Bernardine herself, however, is excellent, and the mixed company at the Swiss health resort is well described.

The selfish, pleasure-loving Mrs. Reffold, with her invalid husband ; the love affairs of the postman ; the country family visited by Allitsen and Bernardine, are set in the right light ; but my own conviction is that Miss Harraden's more recent work—especially that happiest of novels, her latest, "Spring Shall Plant"—must give her more pleasure, and is on a far higher plane of truth and artistry than the one which made her famous.

Take, for example, before I consider that charming story more in detail, those two well-wrought novels, "Katharine Frensham" (1903) and "Where Your Treasure Is" (1918). The plot of the former story hinges upon the relation of

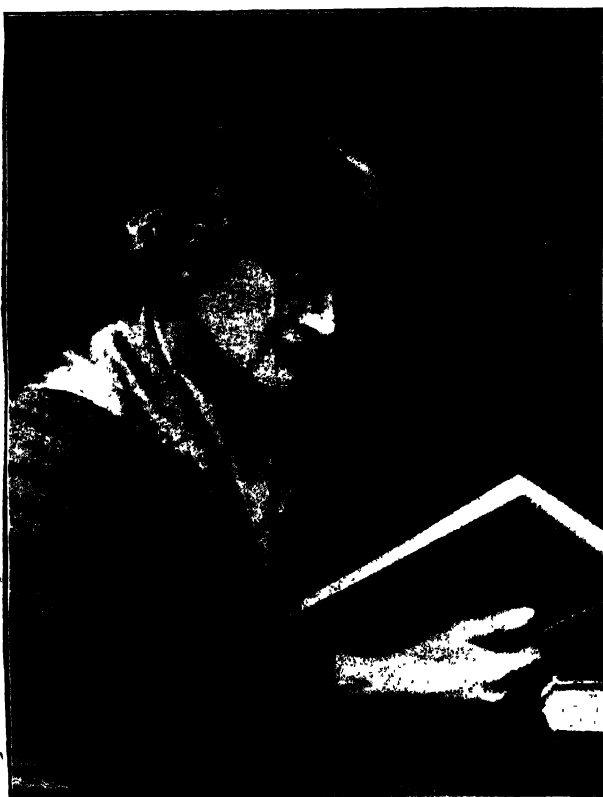


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Miss Beatrice Harraden.



**The wool house of a
Norwegian farm in
the Gudbrandodal,**

in which Miss Harraden wrote part of "Katharine Frensham"
and other work.

the boy Alan to his father, Professor Thornton, the boy being suspicious that his father's behaviour at a crisis had contributed to the death of his mother. Mrs. Thornton had no sympathy with her husband's scientific pursuits, and in spite of his perfect patience with her, the misunderstanding arose, and was fomented by the "villain" of the piece, Julia Stanhope, who poisons Alan's mind against his father. Katharine Frensham is the good angel—vivacious, strong, a finely-drawn woman, exactly suited to correct the temperament of the moody, introspective Clifford Thornton. And although Alan is hardly a "real" boy—no parallel to delightful Patuffa of "Spring Shall Plant"—the book is true to life and convincing.

A better novel still, if a personal feeling may stand as worthy of record, is the one inspired partly by the war. In "Where Your Treasure Is" we have for heroine Tamar Scott, the self-centred dealer in antique jewellery and precious stones who was one of the principal characters in "Out of the Wreck I Rise" (1912). Tamar Scott is a novelty in heroines, and a creation of whom any author might be proud; in fact I have wondered whether she is not a picture drawn from

life, so definitely is her strange little shop described, and so astonishingly does she stand before us in all her moods and actions. The later book of the two is a careful study of the development of Tamar's character under the new situations with which she is forced into contact—of its slow change from sullen selfishness to, at first, a half-grudging generosity, and then a whole-hearted sympathy with the oppressed and terror-stricken people of Belgium, the wounded soldiers in hospital, the sufferers through the domination of war, which showed itself gradually and matured from amusing preliminary stages of merely monetary aid to personal and willing service. The last thing Tamar Scott ever imagined herself doing was visiting and assisting those in distress; her grim and perverse temperament was occupied solely upon her own affairs; her one passion was the collection of antique jewels and kindred objects of art. But on a trip to Holland, escorted by her persistent and devoted admirer, Christopher Bramfield, in search of old curios, she begins to share his enthusiasm for the poor refugees who are then streaming across the frontier, and Miss Harraden gives some most vivid pictures of the destitute, desperate crowds arriving in friendly Holland.

The family of the Thorntons—having no connection, apparently, with the persons of the same name in "Katharine Frensham"—form a feature of the book. The father had a secret passion for gems, keeping his collection in cases constructed to resemble books, with dummy titles which he knew would never tempt the members of his circle; at his death Tamar was called in to value this treasure, and is thus brought into touch with the discharged young officer, Rupert Thornton, his brother Tom, who becomes an airman, and the two sisters whose conversation supplies some of the best dialogue Miss Harraden has written. The way they all "make friends" with Tamar, slowly overcoming her selfish nature, is entirely unstrained; there is a sure psychology throughout the portraiture of Tamar which makes this story delightfully real.

Tamar at last consents to marry her persevering courtier; but Bramfield, daring to enter Germany in



**Gate House of Stokesay
Castle**

in which Miss Harraden wrote a good deal of "The Fowler."

search of his son, who has been taken prisoner, is shot as a spy. This tragedy closes the book. It is a powerful, spirited story, with just that faint touch of the supernatural which the author seems compelled to introduce.

Of Miss Harraden's short stories my choice, as first in favour, would be a little idyll, "At the Green Dragon," in the group entitled "In Varying Moods" (1894). Its "plot" is almost too slight to merit the name. A benevolent historian, who stays at a country inn; a farmer's daughter with literary tastes who falls in love with him; her lover, an excise man; with these three a light pastel-tinted sketch is presented. Hieronymus, the historian, is one of the heroes Miss Harraden loves; he has a "past" of sorrow; but he is no Allitsen. He philosophises to his innocent girl-admirer in the familiar way, but his is a cheery soul withal, and his talk bears no shadow of insincerity. The excise man is a good character; one cannot help being amused at his endeavours to keep up with the literary leanings of the girl he loves. He is collecting a library for their future home, and begins with the works of Mrs. Hemans!

"Hilda Strafford" and "The Remittance Man" are two other quite charming stories (1897), this time of Californian life, and in the first of these there are some of Miss Harraden's finest descriptions of scenery, equal, in their way, to the sustained pages of masterly pen-painting of Norwegian landscapes in "Katharine Frensham." But I have yet to note the distinction of Miss Harraden's latest novel, and must not linger over these, however tempting it may be to give a quotation or two.

"Spring Shall Plant" is undoubtedly Miss Harraden's most "finished" book, and Patuffa Rendham her most original creation; I do not know of any child in fiction of recent years who has amused or interested

me more. She is an irrepressible, literally incorrigible; she "scores" every time over her teachers, her parents, and anybody who happens to be in authority over her. She takes the wind out of their sails so beautifully. Her tactics are typified once for all in a little scene with the head mistress of her first school:

"'You will go to bed at once, Patuffa,' Miss Taunton ordered, with a quiet severity of a glacial quality specially reserved for suppressing insubordinates. It had no effect on Patuffa.

"'I like going to bed,' she retorted. 'If you want to punish me, you'd better do something to me I don't like.'

"'You will go to bed at once,' Miss Taunton repeated, chiefly because she did not know what else to suggest. 'And I expect you to apologise to me to-morrow morning for speaking to me so rudely, Patuffa.'

"'I apologise now,' Patuffa said, 'and then it's done.'"

Patuffa is a lovable little wretch, and this history of her girlhood, with its school troubles—she is "returned with thanks" by various harassed preceptors who like her but cannot manage her—her passionate love for music (the undertone of all these books), and her friendship with Irene Tyrell, whose jolly father was so different from Patuffa's erring parent, is intensely interesting and extraordinarily well told. If only for the interludes where Stefansky, the famous musician, fumes and rages at her, and the episodes in Patuffa's life at a German school, the book is worth reading; but considered from the critical point of view it is a competent, fascinating, vigorous interpretation of youth which places its author far higher in the scale of creative artists than any of her other books have done. It gives once more to Miss Harraden her best title—the literary musician, for whom modulation, transposition and execution have no difficulties, and who can draw from her chosen instrument the most delicate and sympathetic harmonies.

JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE.

By F. S. FLINT.

THERE are some things it is necessary to say about M. Jean de Bosschère to an English audience which would be superfluous in France and Belgium—or even Russia. When, early in 1915, having escaped across the closely-guarded frontier of his country, he descended on these shores, he left behind him a name as a poet and an artist—and much else—and returned once again to obscurity. An extraordinary fact, when you consider it: the companion of Max Elskamp, André Fontainas, of Paul Claudel, Adrien Mithouard, André Suarès, Francis Jammes, Charles Péguy—I am naming men who stand in the forefront of the literature of their time and country—M. de Bosschère found himself in England alone and unknown, having as his sole equipment his skill as a poet and an artist and the manuscript of a book on the Germans in Brussels, which the English censor subsequently refused to sanction, because the illustrations drawn by the author did not show the Belgians as heroic!

Of the early Jean de Bosschère, the English reader knows less than the Russian, who can at least obtain access in his own language to "Béale-Gryne" and to

"Dolorine et les Ombres." But there are also "Métiers Divins" and the essay on Max Elskamp for those who would know the poet and the artist; and "Edifices anciens," "Quinten Metsys," "La Sculpture ancienne," "Le Style de Leys," the "Essai sur la Dialectique du Dessin," and innumerable studies of art and artists scattered here and there, for those who would know the formidable and crude technician and critic behind the poet and artist. It is probably true to say that M. de Bosschère is unique. Certainly another living example of the combination of qualities he possesses does not immediately occur to the memory. One must cast back to the Renaissance for similar figures.

To understand M. de Bosschère's multifariousness, you must understand the bent of his mind. Had he merely wished to make a reputation, he had but to choose one means of artistic expression—say painting—and to persevere in it; but he has never, seemingly, had that desire. History, archæology, criticism, painting, sculpture, engraving, the art of printing and book-making—he has devoted himself to each of them in turn, only to pass on when he had discovered all its

secrets. The study of a technique or of an artist was a voyage of discovery undertaken for its own sake. M. de Bosschère had no mission and no other aim than to satisfy his curiosity first, and to use, afterwards, the knowledge he had gained in an effort to reconstruct for himself the poetry of the world—"chaque jour refaire le monde pour y vivre," he has said. For behind his power of creating verbal imagery—"Béale-Gryne" and "Dolorine" are reservoirs of new metaphors--and of representing the colour and form of things, there was always a critical mind that perceived the vanity of all our conceptions. "Yet," he has written somewhere, "since illusion is necessary, I dream sometimes of a book or of a manuscript in which I would put the most secret desires of my being, the darkest visions of myself, one of those books which are like a bridge between two wretchednesses existing some centuries apart."

M. de Bosschère, the poet, may be defined as a misanthrope loving men, but avoiding their contact. "Béale-Gryne" is the idealisation of this attitude in word and line.

"Dolorine et les Ombres" carries on this idealisation; but a new anxiety has crept in, a dissatisfaction with this purely spiritual dream-life. From this anxiety sprang "Métiers Divins," wherein the trades and crafts are divinised as a means of salvation; but, with the evidence of "The Closed Door" before us, it is doubtful whether M. de Bosschère was saved. Those who are curious can best study his psychology at this period in the chapter entitled "Sur son mysticisme" of the essay on the Flemish poet, Max Elskamp. It is a revelation of its author's mysticism as well as of that of the poet it discusses.

It was, then, this complex figure of a poet and an artist that, as I have said, found itself alone, unknown and almost penniless, in London in the early part of 1915. But the mind had been shaken out of its dreams by a sharper contact with what we call reality. The first result was a new series of *métiers* in a simpler form, a selection from which was published in London as "Twelve Occupations," and in which M. de Bosschère breaks away for the first time from formal drawing.

Lines and masses must henceforth, in any drawing that he does for his own pleasure, follow the form of his fantasy. In the poems of "The Closed Door," which came next, and which is M. de Bosschère's first volume of poems ("Béale-Gryne" and "Dolorine" are in the form of prose), the illustrations are most of them still more abstract, but they all bear the mark of a master-

draughtsman; they have an emotional appeal impossible to obtain with such economy from conventional drawing. The poems too, like the illustrations, are emancipated from the old elaboration of "Béale-Gryne" and of "Dolorine": they are simple in form, subtle in intention, a lyrical cry, a direct and quite personal statement of terrible and beautiful realities.

M. de Bosschère began in 1917 to illustrate books which he had not himself written with "Christmas Tales of Flanders," followed by "Beasts and Men," another collection of Flemish folk-stories. Perhaps never had an artist come to the illustration of books better equipped. He had himself, in a chapter called "Les Dessins

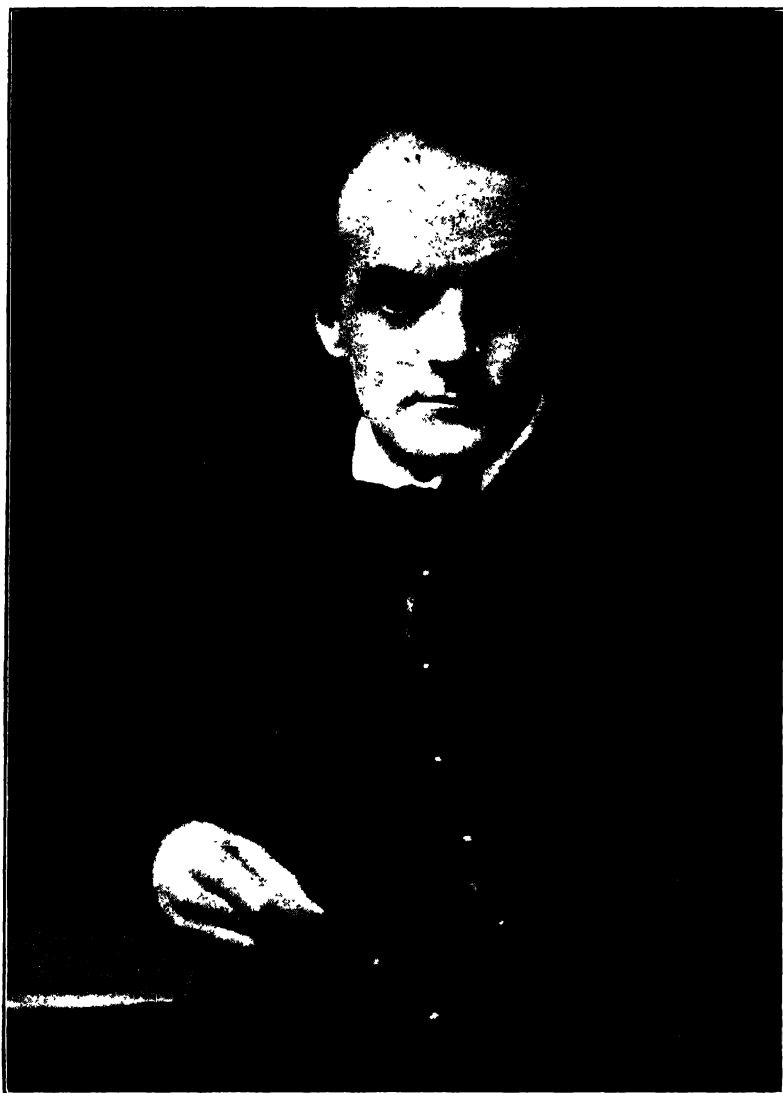
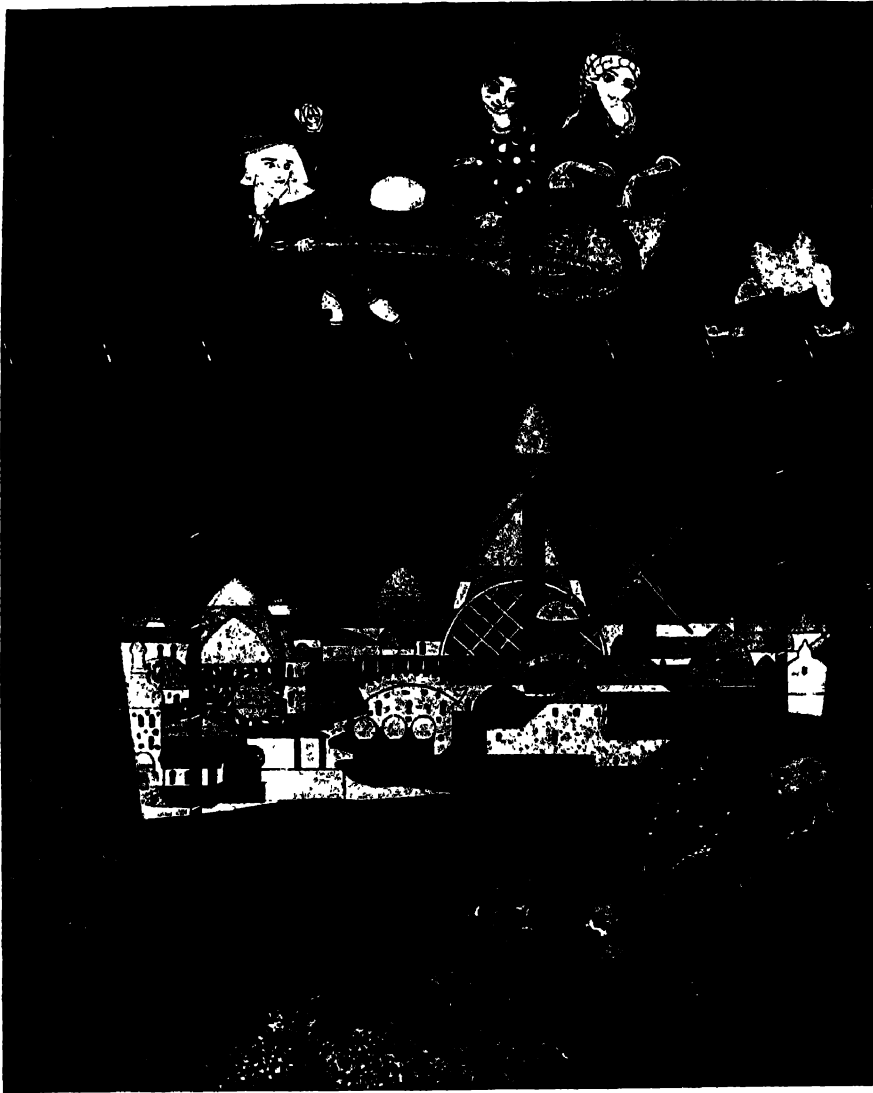


Photo by I. O. Hoppe

M. Jean de Bosschère.

en Décors de Livres" of "La Dialectique du Dessin," discussed the æsthetics of book-illustration. He knew exactly what he wanted: an amalgamation of text and illustration that would give a homogeneous whole, the drawing prolonging the evocation of the text, and being framed in it in such a way as to charm without clashing with the general typography—in other words, line drawings printed in and with the text, and requiring no other kind of paper than that on which the text is printed. It will be obvious that with such æsthetic principles, M. de Bosschère cannot approve of the very charming coloured plates which the fashion of the time has compelled him to place in the books he illustrates. They disturb the homogeneity.

But besides knowing exactly what he wants, M. de Bosschère knows exactly how to do what he wants. He has the secret of all the tricks of his art, a memory richly stored with visual images, and an inexhaustible inventiveness. You have only to run through the pages of one of his illustrated books to be convinced of this. There is never any flagging in the invention, never any



The City Curious.

From "The City Curious" written and illustrated by Jean de Bosschère (Heinemann).

were not illustrations. Here the artist has not had to consult his audience, to modify his vision. He has put down line and mass as they were suggested to him by some inner need for expression, not as his virtuosity and skill could invent in obedience to the knowledge of what was required of him. This is a side of M. de Bosschère's personality that will never be popular; yet its expression springs from the deepest in him; it is his scrutiny and criticism of life and men.

As was to be expected, M. de Bosschère would not remain content to illustrate the books of other people, even though those people, as in the "Christmas Tales" and "Beasts and Men," were the anonymous folk of his own country and so much akin to him in spirit. In the chapter of the "Dialectique du Dessin," already quoted, he says that "the best illustrations would be those by the author of the text himself. He can manipulate the two elements and combine them magnificently. . . . He can really add to the intensity or the colour of his own thought. In short, it is no longer an imperfect collaboration, but a single work, conceived and developed at the same time in its literary and graphic forms." "The City Curious" was conceived and de-

tiredness; and the drawings are always more than a mere rendering in another medium of the suggestion of the text; they are in the real sense of the word an illustration, an illumination of the text by the light of another personality.

Since *le style, c'est l'homme*, as Buffon once told the French Academy, it is an artist's personality that one must seek in his art. It would be easy to say of the early work of M. de Bosschère, in "Béale-Gryne" and "Dolorine," that it reveals the influence of Beardsley, for instance, or of the later work, in the "Christmas Tales," that the influence of Brueghel can be seen; but it would not be very important. The important thing in these drawings is their revelation of M. de Bosschère's personality, or at least of one side of it: his style, in other words—a queer, droll personality, delighting in the grotesque, the gargoylesque, the kind of imaginings a child of genius might be expected to have, comical devils, clowns and peasants, in whom you will often see human stupidity, but never rendered with malice, for M. de Bosschère is incapable of malice. The illustrations to "The Closed Door," however, are of another order. They rank with the five pictures shown at M. de Bosschère's exhibition at the Leicester Galleries which

were not illustrations. The book is more than a fairy tale written by a poet and illustrated by an accomplished draughtsman; it is a work of art in two mutually responding mediums. Among illustrated books it probably stands alone, for it is rare that a poet of so much imagination meets in the same man with an illustrator of such skill and power of invention. It is doubtful whether there will be this year another illustrated book to the making of which so much art has gone; and yet the book is simple; every child will enjoy it, and every adult too, if he is unsophisticated enough.

If M. de Bosschère were to do what he has never yet done, to tie himself down to one form of art (which would be a double one), he has here a channel for his overflowing imagination, his gift of invention as an illustrator, his humour and above all his poetry. There is no reason at all, except M. de Bosschère's own impatience of one attitude, why "The City Curious" should not be the first of a series leading up to a book which he will write and illustrate for himself, the book of his dream. When that book is made, there will be no hesitation (I hope) in saying of its author what it would be only strict justice to say to-day: M. de Bosschère is a man of genius. There are so few of them.

New Books.

THE SYSTEM OF ANIMATE NATURE.*

Gifford Lectures are wont to be ponderous dissertations, but if, in his Gifford Lectures, Professor J. Arthur Thomson does not wear his weight of learning quite lightly like a flower, he at least carries it gracefully like a garland. Nor does even the larger floral simile do full justice to his vivid and verdant intellectual vitality, for he has dug up his facts by the roots and has planted them in good soil so that they have the pith and sap and seed of growing and evolving organisms. His lectures, in fact, are a garden rather than a garland—a luxuriant garden so full of beauty and marvel and mystery, that we are aware of the Spirit walking there—"Not God, in gardens! when the eve is cool!" And Professor Arthur Thomson is more than a horticulturist; he is also a poet. He has planted his garden on the slopes of Parnassus; he knows that "seven snowdrops sister the Pleiades," and that he "cannot touch a rose without troubling of a star"; and he sees:

"Each blade of grass
With roots that grope about eternity
And in each drop of dew upon each blade
The mirror of the inseparable All."

It is, I think, the combination of poet and scientist in Professor Thomson that gives his Lectures so much charm, and such a wide appeal. There are many living scientists who can give a lucid and interesting exposition of scientific facts, but there are few, if any, who can make literature and poetry out of them. Science needs not only microscopic but also cosmoscopic vision, and it is interesting to note that two of the greatest medical discoveries of the last hundred years were made by two doctors—Oliver Wendell Holmes and Sir Ronald Ross—also poets.

"The System of Animate Nature" discusses for nearly seven hundred pages some of the most obscure and difficult problems in biology, but from the first page to the last it is as full of vim and verve as the nature it expounds and interprets. It mirrors in a living and luxuriant mind the living luxuriance of nature, and even if many of the problems remain unsolved, no reader can peruse the lectures without gaining a new sense of the beauty and wonder of animate nature, and without realising—"Coelsti sumus omnes semine oriundi."

The scope of the Lectures is so wide that it is impossible here even to summarise their contents, and we can only say briefly that the first volume deals with organisms as they are, and the second with organisms as they come to be, and that both endeavour to show the purposiveness of life. "Endeavour to show," however, is hardly the right word, for the lecturer starts with no prejudices and simply goes where the facts lead him; but the facts do lead him to find a purposiveness in living organisms and in the processes of organic evolution.

"'Ours,' he declares, 'is no phantasmagoria of a world, but a Systema Naturæ. We are parts of a reasonable world, which voices reason and listens to reason. Its process has worked persistently towards masterpieces, of which the climax is the reasonable soul. From the intrinsic order and intelligibility of Nature, which the rise of the magnificent scientific edifice proves, we may not be logically permitted to make a transcendent inference to an Omniscient Creator, but it is in that way the heart of Man points. Our belief is that the Logos is at the core of our system, implicit in the nebula, as now in the dewdrop. It slept for the most part through the evolution of plants and coral-like animals whose dream similes are a joy. It slept as the child sleeps before birth. It became more and more awake among higher animals—feeling and knowing and willing. It became articulate in self-conscious Man—and not least in his science.'

* "The System of Animate Nature." By J. Arthur Thomson. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

That seems to me at once Science, Literature and Poetry. Yet even while I sit at the feet of Gamaliel, I think that the Lectures are in some ways open to criticism.

Science may be said to consist of observation, collection, collation, comparison, induction and expression, and it by no means follows, as many narrow-minded scientists contend, that only the observer and collector is competent to collate, compare, induct and express. Indeed, acuteness of observation and patience in collection rarely accompany either the logical or the literary faculty. A great coleopterist may not be able to describe a beetle, or to cross the *pons asinorum*. And though Professor Thomson is competent and eminent in all the departments of science I have mentioned, I venture, with some diffidence and great deference, to doubt whether his logic is always sound. I do not of course doubt that Professor Thomson is capable of accurate and acute reasoning, but I think that, in spite of his absolute fairness of mind, he has let predilection (I shall not say "prejudices") influence his judgment. I dare to think, for instance, that his defence of Darwinism is quite beside the point. He faces none of the real difficulties and does not indeed seem to know what they are; he simply sets up a lot of skittles and knocks them down again. Surely no one denies selection, and surely no one denies that selection may put "polishing touches" to organisms. To put the matter in a nutshell here is impossible, but roughly the point at issue, as it seems to me, is not whether selection plays an important part in evolution, but whether it is the essential factor—whether most adaptations arose to meet contingencies or whether they were merely lucky hits. The arguments



He went away in the snow.

From "The Closed Door," poems with drawings by Jean de Bosschère (John Lane).

against Darwinism are acute and weighty, and Professor Thomson neither meets nor mentions the most important.

Professor Thomson's position, too, with regard to the origin of organisms seems to me quite impossible. He seeks to simplify the first organism, whereas if evolution be a fact and causation have any meaning, the first organism must have been complex beyond conception. "A prima descendit origine mundi causarum series."

What is needed in biology to-day is the interposition of acute, unbiased, unprofessional minds. At the present moment a James Hutchison Stirling, an Alexander Bain, a John Stuart Mill, would be more valuable than a Huxley or a Häckel. And, as the recent newspaper controversy showed, a Belloc or a Chesterton is more likely to get at the truth than a Ray Lankester.

But these criticisms, even if sound, do not affect the value of Professor Thomson's Gifford Lectures. They are not intended to be the last word in controversial subjects, rather are they intended to encourage others to think for themselves, and in this object they certainly will not fail.

Professor Thomson is himself a great and good factor in the moral and intellectual evolution of mankind, and no man can read these two volumes without crying with Walt Whitman: "Praise be the fathomless Universe, for life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious."

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

RUSKIN A CENTURY AFTER *

In an admirable address contributed to the first of the present volumes, Mr. Masfield points out that the nineteenth century was ripe and ready for such a teacher as Ruskin. He does not mention the striking fact that Ruskin was actually born in the year of Peterloo and the Six Acts; but he remarks with caustic brevity that in those blest times of "strong government" and suppression of reformers there were public executions of men, women and children every Monday morning, and uncontrolled factories and mines into which the free-born Englishman was driven at the age of six to acquire habits of industry. That, gentle reader, was an England of free competition and no interference with the liberty of employers—a real businesslike England, in fact the very England that many people are anxious to bring back. It was the England of John Bull; and the England of John Bull was the object of Ruskin's fiercest disgust. Hear what Mr. Masfield says:

"Ruskin was shocked that England had ceased to believe in St. George and had substituted for him that image of grossness and obstruction, John Bull, who came to us with the German kings. I have seen many images of John Bull, but none showing him as a person who would think, or pray, or fight, or be courteous or chivalrous, or merciful, or practise any art, or sing, or be delightful, or make love, or do a decent day's work, or have an enlightened idea, or be tolerable company under any circumstances whatever. He is always a gross animal man, standing in the way. That pretty much is what Ruskin thought him; Ruskin turned away from him with a passionate repugnance. And seeing this creature in the place of St. George, the blackness of his waste defiling the land and debasing the life of England, with a greed and a fury to which we are accustomed, but which was then new, Ruskin decided that the nation had forgotten its soul, and must be brought back to it by the things that belonged unto its peace."

It would be hard to summarise more briefly and tellingly the whole Ruskinian tendency.

Such books as those we are noticing come with special aptness at the moment, for those who observe the signs of the times will not have failed to discern, in recent trade disputes and in recent attacks on education, a clearly shaping demand for a population definitely servile, born to slavery, and to be kept in slavery by force, by prescription, and by a scheme of uneducative education. Teach the free-born Briton his place by sending him to the mines at six, said 1820. Teach the free-born Briton his place by

* "Ruskin the Prophet and other Centenary Studies." By John Masfield, Dean Inge, C. F. G. Masterman, etc. Edited by J. Howard Whitehouse. 8s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.) "The Harvest of Ruskin." By John W. Graham, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

keeping him humble and submissive at school, says 1920; and, above all, teach him (to the tune of "Britons never, NEVER, NEVER will be slaves") that he has jolly well got to do as he is told, or be shot down.

The antidote to these doctrines must be sought in the teaching of such men as Ruskin. Ruskin called himself an aristocrat, hated the word Liberty, and believed that there must be definite grades of society; but he also believed and strenuously declared that every human being has a right to all that we call humanism, to all that pertains to the soul. You should not go to Ruskin for a Constitution as Corsica went to Rousseau. What teachers like Ruskin do for mankind is to create the atmosphere of sympathy, enthusiasm and goodwill in which progressive life is possible; what our horrible newspapers are doing is to create an atmosphere of mutual hatred and misunderstanding in which animosities will be perpetual and disputes bloody. If all newspapers could be entirely suppressed for ten years the world would be a clearer, sweeter and lovelier place. The message of the first Christmas morning can still help us—in *terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*. The words are good worth pondering; for it is precisely because there is no goodwill that there is no peace in our time.

In the miscellany edited by Mr. Whitehouse there are many excellent papers that will help the reader to find his way through the tempestuous outpourings of our prophet. We have already referred to Mr. Masfield's essay. The Dean of St. Paul's writes on Ruskin and Plato; Mr. Masterman discusses Ruskin as a social critic; Mr. Hobson reviews his economic teaching; and Mr. Binyon places him as an art critic. The volume is a thoroughly helpful guide, and in parts it is a contribution to fine criticism. Mr. Graham deals more specifically with the social and economic teaching of Ruskin. His book is sound, fresh, frank and agreeable, and embodies much original thought. His discussion of the smoke problem in cities deserves special mention as an instance of clear and practical thinking.

The chief value of both volumes is that they should send us back to the master himself—to the real Ruskin, the Ruskin of "Fors" and "Unto This Last." Not that there is any "unreal" Ruskin, or any lack of essential consistency in his work. He is never quite consistent in detail, but through everything he wrote there rings one clear note courageously sounded and passionately repeated, a proclamation that man is the son of God, made in God's image and with God's own breath of life inspired; and that those who deface or destroy, or deny this deity in man are guilty of the sin against the spirit. He began with pictures, and was led on from Beauty to Truth and Justice and Mercy and Love; and against all the greed and horror of a predatory century he asserted the rights of the soul:

"What is a man
If the chief use and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unused."

Such was Ruskin's creed. We never needed it more than now. Look around at the legacy of horror left us by a Church and State of scribes and Pharisees, bankrupt in vision, courage and conviction! We are still a city that stones its prophets and stops its ears to their message. The prophet is gone, but the prophecy remains. The rest is with us.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

LADY LILITH.*

Mr. McKenna, a writer of undoubted brilliancy, is not doing himself justice. One "Sonia" made a summer, but a succession of Sonias becomes wearisome. Most people are tired of the Smart Set (how old-fashioned the phrase is!). "Lady Lilith" is all foam and bubble. If it is an

* "Lady Lilith." By Stephen McKenna. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

actual picture of Society to-day, one shudders for civilisation. It may be argued that it is not the fault of the author if he writes of shallow people in an appropriately shallow way, and that it is his duty to hold the mirror up to nature. There is, however, a world of men and women to select from; and Mr. McKenna's exceptional gifts should find wider range than in garish pictures of ephemeral groups who count for nothing in life.

Lady Barbara Neave is an impossible heroine. Her caprices are not amusing and her repentances are unconvincing. The aim of "Babs" and her friends is to kill time by meaningless extravagances of conduct. It may be that the author intends his book as an impeachment of a state of society in which self-indulgent, unmoral people do as they please without regard to the laws of God or man. He gives a hint of this in his Kipling quotation about the chatter of the Bandar Log:

"Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know;
Dreaming of things that we mean to do,
All complete, in a minute or two—
Something noble and grand and good,
Won by merely wishing we could.
Now we're going to—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!"

There is no real counterpoise, however, in "Lady Lilith" to the fatuity of the chatterers. David O'Rane of the Sonia books is here again, talking hysterical nonsense; Sonia herself has degenerated into a jaded lay-figure, a kind of wax-model in contrast with Barbara Neave's neurotic excesses. Some of Barbara's desirous and undesirable male friends get killed off; and Jack Summertown, one of the few decent figures in a narrative of nightmares, also receives his quietus. These unfortunate men come to bad ends by reason of "Lady Lilith's" avid desire to be amused at any price.

It must not be forgotten that this is a war novel. It is the only excuse that can be offered for the general hysteria of its characters:

"At this rate I sometimes wonder who will be left alive," Lady Crawleigh wrote to Barbara. "Sonia has had one of her brothers killed and the others wounded. Valentine Arden has been killed. Young O'Rane has come back splendidly wounded, but without his sight. No one can ever take their place. They are all equally splendid. . . . Poor Mr. Arden and Jack Summertown. . . . Though a man may have been frivolous before, that does not seem to keep him from showing his true worth when the occasion arises. . . . The war has been a great opportunity."

It was an opportunity which practically every English novelist has come to grief over from Mr. John Galsworthy to Mr. Gilbert Cannan. The platitudes of Lady Crawleigh's letter convey nothing but that it was necessary for men to be killed to prove they were endowed with souls; but surely it is quite unnecessary for war fictionists to make their women so utterly soulless. In the years of the great conflict there doubtless were society girls as thoughtless and unmoral as Lady Barbara Neave, but they were a disreputable minority.

LOUIS J. McQUILLAND.

TALL HAT AND BOWLER.*

There is not more difference between youth and age than between the two sorts of reminiscent veteran—the one who has something to say, and the other. Happily, both these books come well into the former class, though both authors have written freely. Sir Algernon long ago gave us his recollections as Mr. Gladstone's secretary, and has since drawn plentifully on his recollections in and around Whitehall. This time he has attempted something like a gallery of kit-cat sketches of old colleagues in the Civil Service—a parallel in prose, you may say, to the album the author once presented to the G.O.M. with photographs of those who had served him in the permanent government departments. The old campaigner went to

* "Contemporary Portraits: Men of My Day in Public Life." By the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West. 18s. net. (Unwin.)—"Chestnuts and Small Beer." By H. J. Jennings. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



Photo by London Stereoscopic Co. **Tom Taylor**
From "Contemporary Portraits" (Fisher Unwin).

the length of calling it, in his acknowledgment, "a civil service never, I suppose, excelled in any age or any country," and this testimonial does not stand by any means alone. Possibly Sir Algernon has not been dull to the call there is for some such witness in these days, when party Ministers seem to have absorbed pretty nearly all the blame they can hold, and the overflow is passing on to their servants and advisers. It is perhaps for want of such admission and a show of cudgel-play, possibly by reason of a uniformity in chaptering and style, that the book remains a shade monotonous. Worse still, there are promising names at the outset that yield no satisfaction—like Sir Henry Maine, for instance, who gets nothing more than a bald recital of facts and dates, like a paragraph in an administrative year-book. It is only when one reads steadily through that the real fresh substance comes to light—memories of men like Matthew Arnold, Trollope, Sir Henry Taylor, Trevelyan, W. R. Greg, the Palgraves, Panizzi of the British Museum, and Sir Henry Cole of Kensington. Once, after a school inspection, Arnold broke the rule by charging fares for the double journey instead of staying the night.

The Treasury queried the amount. "Why did you not stop at Edmonton?" Arnold's answer was: "How could you expect me to stay at Edmonton when John Gilpin couldn't?"

"Softer" answers have turned official wrath. It was a better one than Lord Welby used to quote from the lips of an English railway hand who held the Kaiser's car up at a level crossing, and got a haughty strafing for his pains. "Kaiser don't have no power over me," said the sturdy patriot; "I'm a South Western signalman." Another touch of dignity from humble sources we owe to "Tom" Taylor, of *Punch*, where he quoted a Clapham busman in a fateful year as saying of Paris: "Why, I was reading last night they were making barricades of omnibuses, and I thinks to myself, when they does that, Society's well-nigh at a hend." We can easily conceive the welcome that zephyrs like these earned in the arid precincts of officialism, where, as a cynic said, black coffee was always unfashionable at lunch because it kept one awake. And without diminishing the cares and labours of responsible staffs, especially in times of crisis, it is easy to see that only on an average of easy hours and comfortable terms was it possible for men like Greville to devote themselves to diaries and other literary work running well into half a lifetime. One awkward proof-slip we may note, and that is "Thespis" for "Thyrsis"—enough to make the poet writhe in his grave. Otherwise the book is a model of its period—sedate, discreet and well-informed to a nicety.

After the tall hat, the bowler. Mr. Jennings has graduated in the hard knock-about school of our provincial stage and press, clubs and green-rooms, and the "ringing grooves of 'Change," with a capital C. For some years he

edited the *Financial News*, and there must have been times and "booms" that made him look back with an almost idyllic contemplation on the anything but quiet pastures of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*. As he looks back now on half a century of striving and tolerable success, there is one thing clearer than the sharpness of his recollections, and this is that he was a born Bohemian from the start. His self-possession under all sorts and conditions of menace was only beaten by his hardihood on occasions when it was aggressive. Few men have been franker in telling stories against themselves, and the snub he received from Sims Reeves, for murdering the great tenor's favourite ditty in his presence, is worth a place among the best whips of scorn we know. Better still are fresh revelations of mentality and character concerning Bright and Chamberlain and others. Here is a dictum from the lips of Dr. Livingstone that Mr. Jennings gathered and wisely preserved. He said it would take hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years to bring the Hottentot to the level of Western civilisation; indeed, it is "more probable that the white races, by continually advancing, will gradually drive the natives farther back, until they disappear at last in an imperceptible process of absorption." Events are disproving this forecast so far, but it is interesting nevertheless. On the whole, it may be said that the two books we have coupled together invite the revival of an old comparison. The one may have the better climate and all that, but give us the other for company.

J. P. COLLINS.

A WOMAN OF DESTINY.*

Eugénie, Empress of the French, was the daughter of the Count and Countess Téba and the paternal niece of the then Count of Montijo. She sprang from the bluest blood of Spain, distinguished for centuries by its valour, its vicissitudes and a blend of dreaming and daring. She was the grandniece of Alfonso the tenth, King of Leon and Castille, while a seventeenth century ancestress—a daughter of Medina Sidonia—was the wife of the Duke of Braganza who reigned in Portugal as John the fourth. It is a popular error that she was a new-comer in relation to her husband. On the contrary her descent was far more ancient if not more illustrious than his, and one of her aunts boasted kinship to our royal Stuarts by her alliance with the Duke of Berwick and Alba. There was also a Scotch strain in her pedigree. "All is race," and in these conjunctions we may read her character. Her father, a proud and romantic "liberal," had served under Napoleon, and by a chance in the chapter of accidents she became the beautiful bride of the world ruler's nephew. After his *coup d'état* she was crowned Empress, and the tragedy of her life—at once beneficent and bigoted, proud yet forbearing, and womanly though queenly—lies in its association with that remarkable man who sought to perpetuate Bonaparte's ideals. Conscious of doing so he proved the "man of destiny," though, alas! he was also to prove Napoleon the less. For he received more than he could communicate and lacked the creative force of supreme genius. The main interest of these two volumes centres on the romance of one who has been as much misjudged as he was often misjudging. His Mexican expedition is a glaring instance and in vain against it the Empress warned him. The new documents are of great interest, revealing both purpose and policy, while the pageantries of Eugénie's heyday, the despairs and courage of her climax, pass before us less as in a chronicle than as in a cinema, with the Comte de Fleury, their trusted friend, as showman. But in this book the surface is often marred by the solecisms and vulgarisms of a translation that can actually sink in a dialogue to "Say? Sir," and by a want of humour in the author which retails banalities as wit. Moreover, it is to be regretted that the first volume seems to have been so hastily bound. There

is a confusion in the paginal numbers that switches off the story and bewilders the reader.

A formative part of Eugénie's childhood was passed in Paris, whither the family fled from Spain; a distinguished circle of "liberals" and *littérateurs* surrounded them, and one of the most fatherly always remained—Prosper Mérimée. Eugénie was intelligent, adventurous, lively and lovely. Her head was not turned by her elevation and her married life was happy. She riveted and counselled her husband, who, before he had grasped the throne by hereditary instinct, had lived in Germany and Hainault, twice—the observed of all observers—in England, and once in America. He had twice escaped from imprisoning fortresses and in these seclusions had studied and pondered as only the fatalist can. While in London he once went on the river with Disraeli (who portrayed him in "Endymion") and rowed so badly that he nearly upset the boat. Henceforward he was constantly upsetting boats, for there was an element of awkwardness in his resolution. He tried too much at once and the threads grew tangled. Ever brilliant in beginnings, he did not always concentrate on ends or mature them. The Napoleonic daemon—though with him second hand—urged him on to impasses. His early conspiracies were as persistent as Mazzini's, or of those dastardly conspirators who afterwards attacked him, but when once installed in power he neither dictated nor drivelled. He inherited the fine dream of a national and effective confederation of Europe. But the soil was too deep for his divining rod. Far-seeing in theory, a shrewd judge of men and measures, he was often shortsighted in practice—rash where he should have been prudent and timid where he should have been bold. He hurried from point to point till finally, from very breathlessness, he fell. The spirit of Eugénie sustained him, her love of peace often restrained him. But her loyal devotion to Rome tended to undo him. Rome and Prussia—internationalism and nationalism—were the irreconcilables that upset his projects. He could never realise his visions, and he was wrecked by might-have-beens. Dread of Prussia precluded him in 1866 from aiding Austria; the same dread in 1859 cut short his emancipation of Italy. There was always a pausing-point. Too late, in 1870, he recognised the error that cost him his crown. But the France that idolised him as her saviour from the anarchies of 1848, and hailed him as a regenerator who never tyrannised, is fickle: her religion is herself. She resented the Empress's persistent Romanism and traced it in every failure. She was embittered by humiliation and took mean refuge in scapegoats. Eugénie had won all hearts by the free splendour of her *salons* and the humane gentleness of her charm. But twice at least, alas! in France the wives of monarchs have proved fatal. Then followed the Emperor's confinement at Wilhelmsöhe, his reunion with the exiled family in England, his own death, that of his brave and ill-starred son—the child of hopes and memories—in the Zulu War. Henceforward Eugénie was Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus—a *mater dolorosa* indeed.

She flits across these pages a gracious figure in sorrow as in joy, sympathetic, serene in the depths of her being, anchored on faith. We gain glimpses of her grandeur and goodness, of royal and imperial visits, including Queen Victoria's and Prince Albert's, of philanthropies eagerly forwarded, of hospitals tenderly visited—once at the risk of smallpox—and always with personal interest pursued and improved: of great figures like that will-of-the-wisp intriguer, Prince Napoleon (Jerome's son), the libertine of liberalism, of that wonderful *grande dame*, Princess Mathilde, *une ancienne nouvelle*, of Queen Isabella, of Rachel, of wits, courtiers and statesmen, the lights of an older world—in fine of the beau-monde. To each and all—as to her husband's kindred—the Empress adapted herself with native dignity, seeking to heal breaches, feeling for and with the trials alike of prince and peasant. Her husband loved royal progresses in the heart (as in the hearts) of his people, and that through Brittany, where he was well remembered, proved a triumph. The imperial

* "Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie." By Comte Fleury. Compiled from private documents. Two volumes. 35s. net. (Appleton.)



*From a painting by Charles A. Buchel.
(By permission of the Artist.)*

**MR. GERALD DU MAURIER AS THE HON. ERNEST WOOLLEY
IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."**



From a painting by P. A. de Laszlo, M.V.O.

MISS GLADYS COOPER AS LADY AGATHA
IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."



From a painting by J. J. Shannon, R.A.

**MISS LILY ELSIE AS LADY CATHERINE
IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."**



From a painting by Sir John Lavery

**MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS LADY MARY
IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"**

pair liked to cheer and chat with the workmen, some of whom, at the close, were so ungrateful. The moving pictures too of the Prince Imperial—the Marcellus of his age—are singularly pathetic and complete, from his cradle to his doom, and comprise a vivid presentment of his "baptism of fire." Never was a youth so cared for, so caring for others and careless of himself, and seldom a more *preux chevalier*. To the end in so long a span of prosperity and catastrophe, his mother never faltered, and that alone would stamp her as a noble woman. The double crisis of 1870 was clearly due to manifold and foreign machinations.

Space forbids more than one extract from Louis Napoleon's confessions of his highest aims:

"How comes it that old ideas reacting on the present cause some Frenchmen to see not allies but enemies of France in those nations. . . . now freed from a past hostile to us, and are now enjoying a new life governed by principles that are ours. . . . A more firmly constituted Europe rendered by better territorial divisions is a guarantee for the peace of the Continent. . . . I would lift politics above the narrow and mean ideals of another age. I do not think that the greatness of a country depends on the weakness of the countries surrounding it. A true equilibrium rests on the satisfied convictions of all the nations of Europe."

He favoured the absorption of small component races into the ideals of organised nationality. Surely he was right. The whole is greater than the part.

WALTER SICHEL

A CHRIST'S HOSPITAL TRIO.*

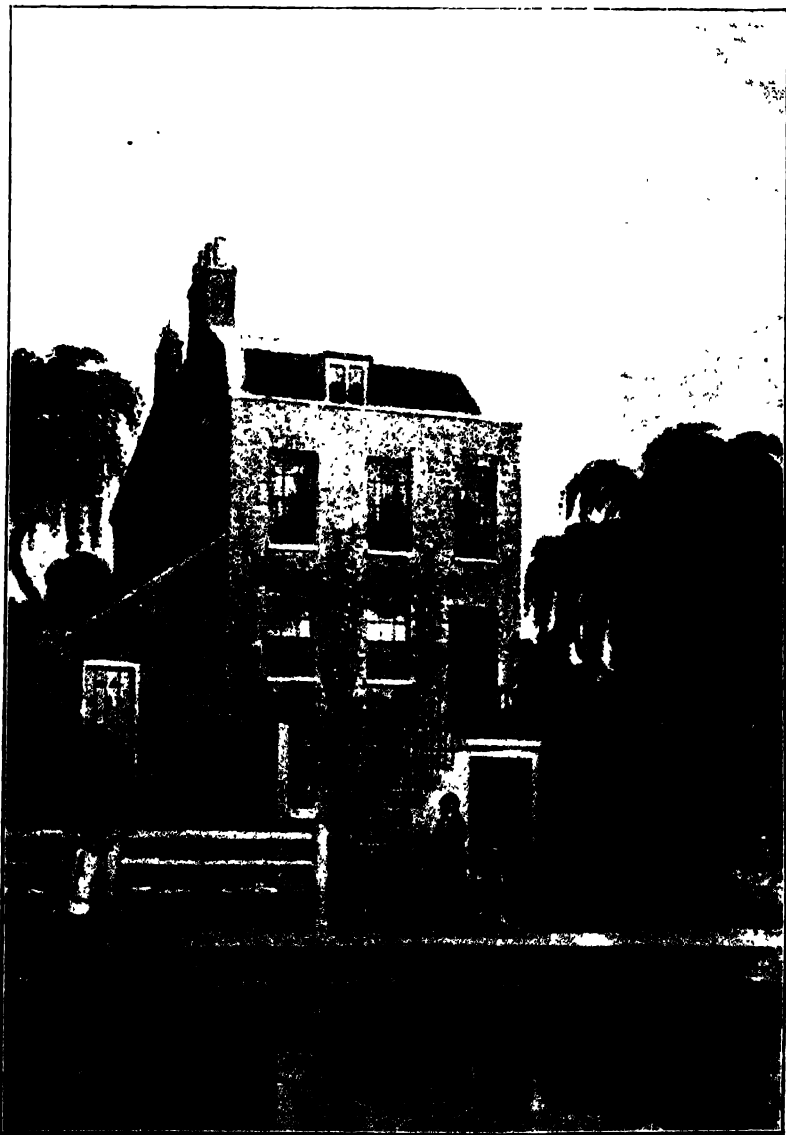
Of this trio of Blues, whose attachment to their old school was life-long, Lamb was the first to relate his scholastic experiences, then followed Coleridge and finally, Leigh Hunt, whose reminiscences appeared at a much later period. Lamb's first essay on the subject, "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," was printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in June, 1813, and when he collected his writings in 1818, was reprinted in one of the two volumes published as "The Works of Charles Lamb." After Lamb's death the article was republished, in 1835, by subscription, with the consent of the author's representatives, "at the suggestion of a few individuals educated at Christ's Hospital, who were of opinion that it would be acceptable to their brethren, alike as a tribute to the memory of the Author, and as a lively, affectionate and accurate picture of the venerable Asylum within whose walls some of their happiest years were spent." The same article had previously been printed in John Iliffe Wilson's "A Brief History of Christ's Hospital, from its Foundation by King Edward the Sixth, to the Present Time," in 1820, and this booklet was followed in the next year by a larger History of the School by the same author. Lamb's essay was not the only one contributed by him on his old school, for his third Elia paper in the *London Magazine*, "Christ's Hospital five and thirty years ago," was on the same theme, though "with a difference." It was intended to be a sort of counterblast to the "magnificent eulogy" of "Mr. Lamb" in that the latter had "contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them [the Cloisters], dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously."

After leaving school, Lamb's interest in it was constant. He was present occasionally at the annual dinner instituted to celebrate the birth of the Royal Founder, October 23rd, and was a member of "The Benevolent Society of Blues, for the relief of Persons educated at Christ's

Hospital—their distressed Widows and Orphans." Writing to Coleridge in October, 1802, he tells him that "the annual meeting of the Blues is to-morrow, at the London Tavern."

It is very pleasant to know that at least the names of Coleridge and Lamb will be perpetuated as long as the school has an existence. There is a "Coleridge bronze group," representing T. F. Middleton helping Coleridge and Lamb with some passage of an author, awarded year by year to the House which most distinguishes itself in the School Examinations." Then there is "a beautiful silver medal, also awarded annually, for the best Grecian's English Essay." And there are Houses at Horsham "named after Coleridge and Lamb." Apropos of which latter fact there is a story that some parent, whose son was in "Lamb's House," on visiting the school, asked if he might see Mr. Lamb! The proper though perhaps indecorous treatment of such a parent would have been to use more than Calverley's "one word." Judging from Mr. Winbolt's statement the boys themselves do not seem to be in much better case for he tells us that "among even senior boys" he has never yet seen "anything approaching an adequate appreciation of Coleridge, Lamb and Leigh Hunt." That is much to be regretted and confirms the impression made on the present writer by a casual conversation with a blue-coat boy who was on the point of leaving the school.

Finding such an undesirable state of affairs among the young people under his charge—for Mr. Winbolt is not only an old Blue but a master of not far short of thirty years' standing—he has very enterprisingly made a selection of the best works of the school trio in prose and verse. Of



Colebrook Cottage,
Lamb's House at Islington.

From "Coleridge, Lamb and Leigh Hunt" (W. J. Bryce).

* "The Poetry and Prose of Coleridge, Lamb and Leigh Hunt (The Christ's Hospital Anthology)." Selected and edited with a synchronous narrative of their lives by S. E. Winbolt, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Bryce.)

Coleridge's poems, it cannot but be admitted that the choice is an excellent one. No one can dispute the glamour and magic present in such masterpieces as "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel, Part I," and, perhaps, to an even fuller extent, in "Kubla Khan." "Love," too, follows "close upon." And no anthologist would dream of omitting "Dejection: An Ode." Coleridge never wrote any poem more beautiful than that. It was a cry from the very depths of his soul for the loss of his "Shaping spirit of Imagination." We are inclined to think that space might have been found for "Frost at Midnight," more especially as there is a delightful reminiscence of the poet's schooldays—"How oft, at school, with most believing mind," etc.

With regard to "Dejection" an interesting point arises—how far may an editor attempt to alter, say, the punctuation of a poem? This question was raised some years ago in *Notes and Queries* by Mr. J. Shawcross, the editor of the Clarendon Press "Biographia Literaria." The poet declares that

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live"—

and that it is joy which exalts and glorifies everything in external nature:

"Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
A new Earth and new Heaven."

He suggested we might read for the last two lines:

"Which, wedding Nature, to us gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven,"

or

Which, wedding Nature to us, gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven."

Of these two readings he preferred the latter as that which "the rhythm and the metaphor alike demand." And most people will no doubt agree. The curious thing is that Mr. Shawcross appears to have been unaware that that particular punctuation was adopted by Coleridge himself in one of the essays contributed to *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, in which appeared the quotation from "Dejection," but, strangely enough, in no subsequent edition of the poem.

The Lamb selection is a good one, though there are many doubtless who would willingly exchange "The Dissertation on Roast Pig"—delicious piece though it be for, say, "Old China."

The Leigh Hunt section is a fairly representative one.

We should have liked to conclude with a commendation of the "Synchronous Narrative." The idea is a capital one and the narrative is pleasantly written, but it bristles with errors of commission and omission. With misprints which are frequent throughout the book we might have some consideration, though a little more supervision of the proofs would have done away with them, but these can be fairly easily corrected by a careful reading. Mr. Winbolt has had, of course, to make use of many authorities, but their works have not been thoroughly mastered, and many of his own conjectures are not in keeping with known facts. Some of his statements are surprising. He calls Lamb's lines, "The Godlike," a sonnet, which it certainly is not either structurally or in the number of the lines, for of the latter there are only thirteen. It is not true that Byron, Hunt and Trelawny were present at the burial of Shelley's ashes in Rome. Such a phrase as "about this time" is common, even when, as a matter of fact, the event took place three or four years after the time at which it is supposed to have occurred. Lamb's "Superannuated Man" did not appear in the *New Monthly Magazine*, but in the *London Magazine*.

It is inaccurate to state that Francis Jackson, the supposed original of "Captain Jackson," was at school with Lamb. This misstatement originated in the assertion of the grandson of Francis Jackson some years ago and its untruth was discovered by the present writer's receiving an extract from the school register (about 1905 he believes) in which it was stated that Francis Jackson entered the

school in 1790, which was the year following Lamb's "discharge." Surely Mr. Winbolt, instead of accepting a haphazard assertion, could have proved its falsity by referring to the school records.

"Janus Weathercock" contributed to the *London Magazine* for 1823 a fictitious account of Elia's death, and Mr. Winbolt cites this at the end of his account of Lamb's life as a description of "Lamb's last days." We assuredly ought to have been spared this. "Holiday Children," which appeared in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*, was not Lamb's work, although it has been conjecturally accepted as Lamb's by two or three of his editors. It was written by Mrs. Novello, as may be seen in "Recollections of Writers," by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. Mr. Winbolt can hardly, perhaps, be blamed for this wrong attribution. To the "select bibliography" should certainly be added the following works: "Charles Lamb and the Lloyds," by Mr. E. V. Lucas (1898; Macmillan), containing the letters to the Lloyds which Mr. Lucas was not allowed to use in his edition of the "Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb"; and the Oxford edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's works in two volumes. Before the war the latter were obtainable for two shillings each.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

MR. LYND APPEALS TO REASON.*

Everybody who reads the *New Statesman* knows the work of Mr. Robert Lynd, whether they are aware of it or no. That excellent middle essay, suggested by an idea of the moment but far removed from anything which could be called topical writing, which always gives its readers a just, and often a new, view on fundamental questions of politics and conduct is usually the work of Mr. Lynd. He calls these essays "appeals to reason," and there could, indeed, be no better description of their intention, though it is but a modest appraisal of their merits. Appeals to reason can be very dry, and when they are dry they are unsuccessful. Man is not given to pampering his logical faculties at the expense of the æsthetic and emotional, and is extremely apt to refuse them any treat in which they alone can take part: but when the other faculties are indulged as well, their reason is allowed to gnaw its bones on the mat. Mr. Lynd appreciated this truth, and it gives him no trouble to apply it, for it is obviously a law of his own nature. He, too, feels the æsthetic and emotional appeal, and, though he is always on his guard against its temptation, it is plain that he cannot address reason save in a most attractive literary form. It is not exactly eloquence that is his gift: he does not keep that particular jam for the pill in his cupboard, as he proves when he inserts a passage from Burke in the midst of his own plainer discourse. There are times, indeed, when in such a passage as this:

"It is easier for human beings to keep going on the ground than in the air. We are creatures of prose and poetry. Human nature, it has been said, like water, seeks its lowest level. According to the cynics, it will always do so. The cynic makes a generalisation of the world's disappointments and sets it up as a law. He rejoices in the failures of history as though they were successes of his own wit"—

he does not avoid monotony in his sequence of the pithily assertive. Nevertheless, if he has neither the eloquence of a Burke, nor the purely poetic discursiveness of a Lamb, he has a very distinguished quality of his own. We should call it a passion for justice wearing a rueful smile. That rueful smile is a great factor in Mr. Lynd's charm. Instead of working himself up into a noble rage over the partialities of common judgment, he accepts human weakness with a kindly shake of the head, and proceeds to show it up with a humour which never loses its temper and makes his own rueful smile break out on the lips of those who have learned their lesson.

The touching faith of human beings in mere loud promises has always been a fruitful theme for the cynic: but Mr. Lynd is not a cynic. His disappointment is not

* "The Passion of Labour." By Robert Lynd. 6s. net. (Bell.)

o acid as to sour his milk of human kindness. He simply miles, and his reader blushes :

"At the present moment we are living amid the ruins of a world of promises and professions—ruins disastrous beyond any that were ever produced by earthquake or any natural catastrophe. It now seems like something happening in a far-off world, when the democracies went to war merely because a great nation had broken a pledge. A broken pledge seemed in those days a remarkable curiosity, like a great auk's egg, or a two-headed calf, or a bearded lady. Photographs were taken of it and exhibited on the hoardings. . . . A broken word—nobody living had ever seen anything like it before. . . . Never had the world been shaken by such a rage of public virtue. Even sclerotic party politicians began to go about with the air of prophets booming against Tyre and Sidon. If we never had been virtuous before, we were virtuous now. We annexed Heaven itself and clambered up on to the pillars of the glittering gates, blowing trumpets that only angels are supposed to blow. And the worse the enemy became, the better we felt. Mr Lloyd George, it is said, really persuaded himself that he was either one of the Twelve Apostles or an unusually distinguished Archangel. Haloes were handed round at Cabinet meetings, and worn even by the man that kept the minutes."

But Mr. Lynd follows this essay by another, "On the Folly of Being Disappointed," wherein he proclaims the passion hiding behind his rueful smile, and he concludes it with a noble passage of which I quote a part :

"The passion for justice among nations, which was the inspiration of multitudes yesterday, has been discredited in high places. But only those who expect a new world in a week need be disappointed. The passion for justice will outlive any statesman that God has yet created. It may ebb as the sea ebbs, but it will return. Whether it can ever rise to such a height as to blot out all injustice on the face of the earth is a question that need not trouble us. One can believe in perfect justice without believing in the perfectibility of man."

These extracts could be paralleled by many others illustrative of Mr. Lynd's philosophic humour which is not in the least detached. For he does not believe in impartial detachment as a grace, and makes no concealment of his own political convictions, which are those of the more enlightened leaders of the Labour Party. The earlier essays in this book are all inspired by various aspects of the antagonism between Labour and Capital, and no reasonable being could read them without recognising that the last notion in Mr. Lynd's head is that of making political capital out of the mental confusions of those who disagree with him. His high aim is to clear away misunderstandings, and to drive away the mists of prejudice which obscure from all of us our own souls and our own history. Again and again he hammers in the point that in our industrial troubles we are reaping the reward of bygone folly. For generations the employer alone gained by the much applauded system of unbridled competition and unlimited profits: the workers have learned the lesson, and it is not surprising that many of them have learned it wrong. Nobody, it would be just to say, is fit to express an opinion upon such matters unless he can answer Mr. Lynd reasonably, and these early chapters, particularly one called "The Men are Always Right," should be read by everybody in England. All the same, from the literary point of view, the later chapters are the more attractive, since in them Mr. Lynd is not forced to stick so close to his brief and has play for his humour. The final essay on Utopia is a splendid conclusion, full of wisdom and wit. "The world must finally choose between Utopia and Uboalia": that is the upshot, and we all of us know it.

ORLO WILLIAMS.

THEY WENT.*

As his "South Wind" revealed, Mr. Norman Douglas has a somewhat grim taste in humour and he is grim, not to say *macabre*, alike with his humour and with his fancy in his new tale, "They Went," so that it has a distinct air of originality about it, though he deals with the familiar theme of a person bargaining with the devil. He takes us back here to the dark ages which in the matter of cruelty and indifference to human life he paints in the darkest

* "They Went." By Norman Douglas. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

colours; a fiend's prompting, you would say, was hardly needed in the sea-coast city he chooses for his scene, as you contemplate some of the deeds of its pagan folk, notably that torture of a Christian missionary, the ugly details of which the novelist describes with a casualness only just escaping flippancy, while the heroine throughout the story, save at one single moment, seems to have a stonier heart than her Mephistopheles. The heroine is a beautiful young princess, whom the devil comes to help in the shape of an artist of genius—he calls himself Theophilus—and already she has reduced murder to a fine art and treats her lovers as does the siren in one of the Russian ballets; in point of fact they disappear into the "Great Drain." Her putative father, the king, gets fuddled nightly before his courtiers; her mother, a middle-aged romantic, is a fool by the side of the arch-Druidess, Manthus, a feminist this lady before her time, a trainer of girls with a scorn for men and a zeal for betterment which it is the mission of woman to achieve. The princess has no use for betterment, the pursuit of her restless energy is always pleasure, but pleasure for her must have the aspect of beauty. She loves beautiful things and the making of them, but they must be made quickly; and she uses artists up wholesale in her caprices, for she soon tires of anything accomplished and is as remorseless and variable in her artistic projects as in her loves. Whence she got her liking for art it is hard to discover, for her real father who gave her her looks and her masterfulness was a predatory old viking who ruled in the North. He it is, Aithryn his name, who after having seduced the royal toper's consort in the past, comes back to his court in disguise to open the sluices of his harbour and drown his whole capital. Apparently Theophilus, otherwise the devil, wanted the princess to do this job; at all events when he has established his mastery over her, he constantly—as if it were the price of his help, begs her to get from her supposed father the sluice-gate key which hangs from the monarch's girdle. He begins his siege of the princess by pandering to her craze for creating beauty, calling it up as if by magic, training her taste, and transforming her surroundings, but now and again he talks as if the city were too poor a field for his labours and would be better under water. The princess refuses to get the key; was it enough that by staying away from court she left the old king at Aithryn's mercy? The novelist does not say. When the deed is done, the wonder-working Theophilus abuses the Almighty for meddling and muddling and mourns over the annihilation of his handiwork. Yet surely he wanted the catastrophe to happen. Are we to suppose that the devil is at his old game of throwing on to Providence the responsibility for his own mischief-making? Again Mr. Douglas does not say. But he shows us the princess and her ally taking ship to a place "where there are no rainbows," and leaves Manthus on her rock-girt islet to bring up the tiny school of girls who alone survive from the doomed city. Who is going to criticise that sort of story? As will be gathered it is a nightmarish fantasy, though it should be added in fairness that relief is provided by many a sly stroke of fun, and by an urbanity of style which, no less than the fun, recalls Anatole France. What may justifiably provoke some remark is the association in the book of the devil with art and beauty. Does one then make one's own devil, and did the princess's fiend affect these things because they appealed to her so intensely? Or was Theophilus no Mephistopheles after all? If he was not, there is no understanding Mr. Douglas's morbid fable.

F. G. BERTANY.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF EDWARD THOMAS.*

This finely-printed, treasurable book comprises the poems printed in the volumes published in 1917 and 1918, and one poem not hitherto published, "Up in the Wind," which by an unfortunate mistake is here entitled "Up the Wind." Thus the book brings together the whole of the

* "Collected Poems by Edward Thomas." With a Foreword by Walter de la Mare. 10s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

poems of Edward Thomas which the present generation may expect to read, and affords an opportunity of noting how little need be abated of the sudden and general eulogy with which the first selection was received. The three years that have elapsed since that selection was issued have perhaps diminished the astonishment which it provoked, by enabling us to observe how naturally poetry sprang from the mind which had for so many years been occupied equally with welcome and unwelcome tasks in prose. It has become plain, in short, that the one hundred and thirty-six poems of the present collection are the work of the same mind as is presented with only less candour and freedom in that other harmony of prose. And although this volume needs no support, being rich enough to lend rather than borrow, its permanent value is surely enhanced by the "introduction" of Mr. Walter de la Mare who, speaking of what he has known and testifying to that which he has seen, here draws the spiritual lineaments of his friend. The concluding phrases are themselves a beautiful piece of English prose:

"When it is considered how long and diligently, and at what expense of spirit, Edward Thomas worked as a man of letters; how many books are his; how much of his best writing is practically lost in the newspapers that so swiftly seduce the dead past into burying its dead; then it is little less than tragic to think how comparatively unheeded in any public sense was his coming and going. Nevertheless, it is a pious duty to have confidence in the children of this and of succeeding generations. Thomas has true lovers to-day, but when the noise of the present is silenced—and the drums and trappings of the war in which he died—his voice will be heard far more clearly; the words of a heart and mind devoted throughout his life to all that can make the world a decent and natural home for the meek and the lovely, the true, the rare, the patient, the independent, and the oppressed."

The poem just named, "Up in the Wind," might be taken as a text for remarks upon Edward Thomas's development in poetry. The development which, in younger writers, is usually the process of years, was in him the process of months. Indeed, it must needs have been so, for the whole of his poetry, cruelly cut down by the war, flowered in a short day.

In most of the longer and in a few of the shorter poems the influence is traceable, is indeed so clear as to be all but avowed, of Robert Frost, a writer little known on this side of the Atlantic, whose good fortune it was to provide the slight needed stimulus when Edward Thomas brooded upon the verge of poetry. Strange that Thomas, profoundly steeped in English poetry, should in his own verse show not the faintest sign of conscious or unconscious recollection of English poets, yet show so clearly, if so briefly, the traces of a young American poet!

At the same time, there is something far more significant to be said—that the best of his lyrics are those in which the normal form and obligations of English verse are at once faithfully and lightly honoured. The last poem in the book is by this time familiar witness, and as perfect an instance, as perfect a poem, is the sonnet, "February Afternoon."

Poems such as these, including a score not less faithful to tradition and not less spacious in movement and direction, are not likely to lose in future admiration, whatever judgment a later period may pass upon the contemporaries of Edward Thomas. For these verses are the chosen and natural expression of a spirit that, with incessant momentary alternation, turned inward upon itself and outward upon the visible form of nature. It is this alternation, with its multiplying hints of something withheld and profound, that is the probable cause of the fascination now exercised by Edward Thomas upon so many young men and women. He is the most introspective of poets, harassed by his own fears, perplexedly confronting his own vivid and fluctuant personality, haunted by his own apparition in a world at once solid and unreal. But he also turns to the natural and beautiful face of things, noting narrowly and sharply that:

"The prettiest on ground are the paths
With morning and evening hobnails dinted,
With foot and wing-tip overprinted
Or separately characterized,
Of little beast and little bird."

Perhaps less frequently but not less surely he marks:

"The last light has gone out of the world, except
This moonlight lying on the grass like frost."

It is by his own significant arrangement that these passages face one another in this book.

J. F.

IF I MAY.*

The texture of these essays is delicately shot with threads of gossamer wit. Mr. Milne discourses pleasantly and lightly on a variety of topics such as lord mayors, policemen, gardens and curtain-rods, the Burlington Arcade, public opinion, high finance and the art of writing plays for children. He deems the bee a pitiable and contemptible creature since its only aim in life is to prepare for the next generation, and because the next generation, when it arrives, instead of luxuriating on the results of ancestral toil, merely spends itself for the succeeding generation, and so on. How much more admirable, argues Mr. Milne, if the bee "was eschewing all pleasure and living the life of a galley-slave in order that the next generation might have leisure to paint the poppy a more glorious scarlet." "Bread," he pertinently remarks, "may be necessary to existence, but what is the use of existence if you are merely going to employ it in making bread?" It is the artist, he contends, who gives to life a new and a richer meaning: "A world without its artists, a world of bees, would be as futile and meaningless a thing as an army composed entirely of the A.S.C."

Mr. Milne waxes eloquent on the delights of London during August and September. For in those precious months

"You can wander about in your oldest clothes and nobody will mind. You can get a seat for any play without difficulty—indeed, without paying, if you know the way. It is a rare time for seeing the old churches of the City or for exploring the South Kensington Museum. London is not London in August and September; it is a jolly old town that you have never seen before."

In the essay on "The Honour of your Country," Mr. Milne, with the uncompromising sincerity of an ingenuous infant, makes some humorous and illuminating remarks on the subject of national honour. His views about weddings are delightfully democratic. "It must be very easy," he writes, "to be a guest at a wedding reception, where each of the two clans takes it for granted that all the extraordinary strangers belong to the other clan. Indeed, nobody with a good suit, and a stomach for champagne and sandwiches, need starve in London. He or she can wander safely in wherever a red carpet beckons."

Among other piquant ingredients which go to make up Mr. Milne's personality are a mathematical mind, an affectionate interest in convicts, a love of art and an incapacity for "getting things done." "If I May" is an excellent antidote to the strenuous spirit of the age.

M. S.

THE SUMMONS.†

Mr. Mason has selected the war for his background. Harry Luttrell, one of his heroes—there are two—was possessed by one great shame and one great longing. "Shame that the regiment with which he and his father were bound up, had once disgraced itself—longing for the day to come when it would recover its prestige. Those two emotions burnt in him like white flame." So that he never really cared for volatile, reckless, unhappy Stella Croyle, who loved him. She bored him. When the war came, Luttrell found his opportunity, and nobly redeemed the honour once lost, came on leave, and fell in love with

* "If I May." By A. A. Milne. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

† "The Summons." By A. E. W. Mason. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

exquisite Joan Whitworth at a country house party. Joan loved him too. She wore "a little white frock of chiffon and lace, as simple as could be, but even to a man's eyes it was that simplicity which is the last word of a good dressmaker. A huge rose of blue and silver at her waist was its only touch of colour." The love story of Harry and Joan, crushed by circumstances into such a short space of time, is one of the best things in the book. "This was the hour for them, the hour at the well, with the desert behind them and the desert in front, the hour within the measure of which was to be forced the essence of many days." But things came about which nearly ruined their joy—Joan's intercourse with the German spy; her tussle with jealous Stella; Stella's frantic death. The novel is by no means purely a love story. It deals mainly with the career of one Martin Hillyard, who is in the secret service. Mr. Mason has not been so happy in his construction as usual. But the whole thing is vivid; and carefully written. It holds and grips you, and breathes the taciturnity and the charm peculiar to Mr. Mason. He knows so well how to keep up the thrill and the mystery. Take the incident of the sleeping-car on the night express from Paris to the Spanish frontier, and the finding of the oblong metal can (containing highly important letters written in invisible ink, from no less a person than Zimmerman, of the General Staff). Martin's way of securing that can from the lavatory tank is masterly. His secrets, his adventures, his watch on the Spanish coast for German submarines, his English stillness and quick wits are sketched with a most convincing pen. Hillyard, with his philosophy, seems to live. He held the sound and simple doctrine that you can confidently look to chance to bring you results, probably your very best results, if you are prepared and equipped to make all your profit out of chance the moment she leans your way. Incidentally there are some charming glimpses of Spain, of the bright blue painted houses, the brown and barren hills, the intensely reserved, readily courteous Spaniard.

THE BOOK COMPANIONABLE.*

Ingenious persons, ingenuous rather, have from time to time sought to draw up lists of books suitable for reading in bed, for a railway journey, for a holiday, for a voyage, for an imaginary solitary sojourn on a suppositious desert island—that is what "Alpha" himself, rash man, ventures to do—and so on, from the pocket volume of the man on tramp to the "hundred best" of the didactic banker. In so far as such a selection is self-revelatory it is interesting in fact and may be pleasing in form, but in so far as it is advisory it is all so much time wasted, for what true lover of books would accept the ruling of another in such a matter? There can be nothing in which the individual counts more. As well have your wife, your friends, or even your ties, chosen for you as your books. Those who affect to take advice in the matter, are either dissembling with an outward show or are no true lovers of books.

Yet I think we may roughly classify books, nevertheless, as being, broadly speaking, well suited for reading in this, that or the other circumstance. A little time ago, when "re-arranging" books, I was faced by the problem of what should go in a certain revolving bookcase, and decided that it should be devoted to those works which are to me "companionable"—"The Doctor," "The Week on the Concord," "Cowley's Essays," "Don Quixote," "Elia," "Roundabout Papers," "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces," "Tristram Shandy," "Pilgrimage," "Notebooks of Samuel Butler," and a score or so more. Looking over the case when completed, I was struck by the fact that but two writers whom I could claim as contemporaries had found their way into the company. Could I be growing old-fashioned? Then I found myself reading "Alpha of the Plough" and—well, he must have his place with the companionables, there is no doubt about that. Elia and Cowley must lie "a thought more nigh."

* "Windfalls." By "Alpha of the Plough." With 58 Illustrations by Clive Gardiner. 6s net. (Dent.)



Dreaming.

From "Windfalls." (Dent.)

Charles Lamb has so fixed himself in our affections as first among familiar essayists that he is cited almost inevitably by reviewers welcoming or snubbing a new volume of familiar essays. I see that one writer has boldly dubbed "Alpha" the "Elia" of our day. The implicit comparison, well-intentioned, is one that may suggest to some readers something in the character of an echo. This would be in the nature of *suggestio falsi*. The main quality which "Alpha" has in common with "Elia" is that he can take events of his own day, things within his own experience, and pen in hand—I beg his pardon, pencil in hand—can write brightly, engagingly, arridingly, individually, of them. It is true that the "Fleet Street No More" of the later writer suggests inevitably "The Superannuated Man" of the earlier—but the similarity is merely one of theme.

Of town and country—the bees buzz an accompaniment through a goodly proportion of the pages—of work and of holiday-making, of journeys at home and abroad, of things, of thoughts and of people, do the forty-and-odd essays that "Alpha" has here brought together treat. Be his subject what it may, it is always presented with a clarity and sanity which are delightful in the reading and sweet in the memory. It is perhaps in the clearness of his thinking that much of the charm of "Alpha's" writing lies, that and a ripe philosophy informed with radiant humour, while an occasional touch of whimsicality is also to be found. What other writer would have thought of illustrating his musings on the twistings and turnings of the Lakeland way through the Vale of St. John with a reproduction of the signature of Charles Dickens, with its characteristic "whip flourish"? It is, perhaps, a little characteristic of "Alpha" that these reminiscences of Lakeland occur in an essay entitled "Idle Thoughts at Sea"; but then it is half the charm of your genial essayist that he should (within limits which it would not be easy to define) follow any particular thread that offers, whatever title he prefixes, or post-fixes maybe, to the completed essay.

Since Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers" I can think of no essays possessed of the abiding and re-readable charm inherent in these essays of "Alpha of the Plough." May the three volumes in which they now appear soon reappear in more satisfying singleness. Mr. Clive Gardiner, who illustrates "Windfalls," as he illustrated "Leaves in the Wind," with a great variety of drawings—ranging from the graceful to the grotesque—is particularly happy in his delicious vignettes of scenery, whether of mountain peak or hive-strewn orchard.

WALTER JERROLD.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.*

The interest in old Samuel is inexhaustible, because we are ever ready to return to our muttons and begin the feast again. Surely in all the human-gallery of literature, of this country or of any other, there is no figure more

* "Johnson Club Papers." By Various Hands. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

thoroughly outstanding than that of the Great Cham of Fleet Street. The story of his strengths, weaknesses, sorrows, searchings and triumphs is as familiar as the bells of Bow Church or of Paul's; his characteristics, appearance, personality—we know them and love them, because of the forthright courage of the man; and would not lose any of the little defects which tend to hearten the humanity. Just as the great Oliver—spiritually akin with Johnson—clung to his warts when his picture came to be painted, so we know that the character of the Doctor is helped and not hurtfully checkered by his passing tempers and explosions, the faults of manners, the indifference to clean linen, the St. Vitus's Dance and the rest of it. Johnson's character belonged to greatness, his heart was warm, he backed his sympathy with practical help; and so he wins an abiding affection and a study which cannot be satiated. He provides as infinite a fund of interest to those who love him as does any being who has taken a walk through Fleet Street.

And therefore we welcome this second volume of papers read at meetings of the Johnson Club. They are an example of the rich variety of interest to be discovered from the old man, his associates, activities and opinions. Among the persons with whom he was more or less brought in touch are Dr. Dodd, the criminal, whom he befriended as well as he could, considering the obvious guilt of the forger, Lord Monboddo, amusingly dealt with by Mr. Clodd, who is able through this forerunner of Darwin to urge his own views of the natural, and not supernatural, origins of man; old Parr, the writer of the epitaph, an unmistakable pompous bore; and Joshua Reynolds, who wins such honour as is a tribute of love from Mr. L. C. Thomas, in a charming paper. The late Spencer Leigh Hughes treats of a characteristic subject—Dr. Johnson's Expletives; but proves not so flamboyant as might have been expected, considering the hearty manner and full-blooded humour with which "Sub Rosa" loved and treated such a topic. Indirectly, his essay paints the Doctor's character in a fine light, for it shows how in an age of loud or mean passions and the appropriate words, Sam Johnson had not a dirty oath in his vocabulary. A true characteristic of the man who was a giant amid the conventions. Mr. Walkley is at pleasant pains to realise just what Johnson thought of the Stage and of Actors, better of the former than of the masqueraders, the puppets, who clap a hump to their backs and call themselves Richard. Two of the most interesting contributions are those which realise Johnson's attraction for the Law and for the Catholic Church. They have true insight. In the one Mr. E. S. Roscoe points out the love the Doctor had for legal facts and arguments, recognises the qualities of his mind, diction and eloquence, true instruments to the successful lawyer; and how himself regretted that the Law had not been his pursuit and profession—he might have become Lord Chancellor. In the other paper Sir Charles Russell discovers how sympathetic the old man, of sincerely religious heart and practices, was to the ancient branch of the Church; its very dogmatism of attitude and doctrine appealing to his ever-governing spirit. Liberty, Ireland, the Dictionary and Johnson's Writings as disclosing his character, are the other features of this volume; and complete a feast of excellent fare to the right Johnsonian.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

AN ELIZABETHAN VOYAGER.*

"The great deeds of Elizabeth's reign were most of them unlawfully begotten, and were legitimated when they came of age." This we have been told by a Sir Walter Raleigh of our own days in his admired introduction to Hakluyt's voyages. Dr. Williamson's book should determine whether the comment can justly be applied to the adventurous nobleman whose career is here narrated.

* "George, Third Earl of Cumberland (1558-1605): His Life and His Voyages—A Study from Original Documents." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. 25s. net. (Cambridge: University Press.)

George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, in his biographer's judgment, if he started as a mere privateer, became in time a notable statesman inspired with the lofty views which, translated into action, gave to the period so much of its unfading lustre. Of less renown than Drake, Hawkins and Humphrey Gilbert, and not always successful in his enterprises, the story of his life was well worth telling at length, especially as the documents unearthed by Dr. Williamson throw a new light on many of its incidents. Cumberland was a boy of eleven when he succeeded to the title. His father, a fervent alchemist, had devoted himself to a search for the philosopher's stone. The young earl was not long before he developed a taste for less speculative pursuits. He took great delight, his daughter said, in geography, and after graduating at Cambridge, went to Oxford to study certain ancient maps there. But he cannot have been, like his father, exceedingly addicted to books, as one learns from the same lady; for she regretted his extreme love of horse races, hunting, bowls, tilting at the ring and other sports. His skill in all knightly accomplishments, coupled with noble lineage and a handsome presence, were qualities not in the least likely to be overlooked at Court. At one of the tournaments graced by the presence of royalty, he and my Lord Essex offered to prove, *vi et armis*, that the Queen was the worthiest and fairest Amadis de Gaule. Not long afterwards Cumberland was chosen to succeed Sir Henry Lee as her Majesty's champion. Describing in "Polyhymnia" the honourable triumph at tilt in November, 1590, George Peele spoke of:

"Worthy Cumberland,
Thrice noble Earl, accounted as became
So great a noble and so good a knight."

But it was in sterner conflict and harder exertions that the valiant earl made good his title to fame; and the record of twelve voyages, fitted out and in six cases commanded by him, gives the book an historical value in addition to its interest as a lively picture of the times. Cumberland's finest exploits at sea were performed first in 1589, when he seized Fayal in the Azores, held his own there all the summer, and only just missed capturing the Spaniards' East and West Indian treasure; and, nine years later, when he sacked Puerto Rico and dealt a swinging blow at the prestige of our rival for mastery on the high seas. "I will either make a trade there," he told his sister, Lady Warwick, "or lose my carcas in endeavouring to do it." He certainly risked both life and estate; and as one of the "adventurers" to whom Elizabeth granted a charter for "discovering" the Indian trade, he has his place among the pioneers of our commerce with the Orient.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

THE POSSESSIVE INSTINCT.*

"In Chancery," Mr. Galsworthy tells us, "is sequel to 'The Man of Property,' and to 'Indian Summer of a Forsyte' (contained in the volume entitled 'Five Tales'), and continues 'The Forsyte Saga.'"

Apparently Mr. Galsworthy is composing a symphonic novel, a Possessive Symphony, of which we have had the first movement and an intermezzo, and now have the third. Its theme, put briefly, is the Possessive Instinct. We get, in the first place, a study of a possessive clan, one of those peculiarly English families that, branching widely and marrying carefully, control in the aggregate an enormous property, from real estate to something in the City. England was owned by a few of these great tribes, and, openly or secretly, they ruled the country, appointed the ministers and dictated the policy. England, if not precisely a land of foresight, has always been a land of Forsytes.

But Mr. Galsworthy's Possessive Symphony has another theme in counterpoint to the first. He shows us the Possessive Instinct on the move, and spreading from the families to the nation itself. His period is that in which our great national watchwords were "Trade follows the

* "In Chancery." By John Galsworthy. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)

Flag" and "The All Red Route," our great national heroes Joseph Chamberlain, Dr. Jameson and Cecil Rhodes, and our great national utterances the poems of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In those days the heart of England was represented by Park Lane, the might of England by the Chartered Company, the joy of England by Mafeking Night, and the soul of England by Alfred Austin. We called all this Imperialism. It was really the ultimate triumph of Capitalism. Capitalism had been a feature of the whole nineteenth century, but it had always been something apart from Government. Now Truth and Righteousness, in the persons of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes, had kissed each other, and Government and Capital became one. The country was bidden to rejoice imperially; but its inspiration was drawn, not from an Imperial ideal, but from the Imperial Pint. The Possessive Case triumphed; Mr. Chamberlain described the war as a feather in his cap; and the nation, as nation, became rowdy.

Of that period—the prelude to the present—Mr. Galsworthy is here the social historian; not directly, as Mr. Wells would have been, but almost allegorically. His theme is rather the invasion of England by South Africa than the invasion of South Africa by England. We see the Forsyte family, solid, powerful and private, invaded by the war and the new publicity. Till that time

"There had never been a distinguished Forsyte. But that very lack of distinction was the name's greatest asset. It was a private name, intensely individual; it had never been exploited for good or evil by intrusive report. Each member of the family owned it wholly, sanely, secretly, without any more interference from the public than had been necessitated by their births, their marriages, their deaths."

And now to the Forsytes came the war and divorce and the disquiet of a passing age. Their possessive instinct had extended to women and children. They had collected wives and sons as they collected pictures and furniture; and we leave them—thus one with a son dead of enteric in South Africa; that one childless with a first wife divorced, and a second wife who gives him a daughter when he wants a son. And the old queen dies, and with her final passing, passes, too, an age.

"Yes! the Age was passing! What with this Trade Unionism and Labour fellows in the House of Commons, with continental fiction, and something in the general feel of everything not to be expressed in words, things were very different," he recalled the crowd on Mafeking Night, and George Forsyte saying: "They're all socialists, they want our goods!"

The reader will gather from our remarks that this is a book of extraordinary interest. It is a faithful picture of Victorianism on its deathbed. In showing us the preceding war and the preceding generation it shows us our own with sinister clearness. The canvas is large and crowded, and we feel that, at last, Mr. Galsworthy has a task that is worthy of his powers. For the ease and mastery of narration and the effortless beauty and distinction of style, no praise can be too high.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A SET OF FIVE.*

In a time when the Tarzan series are a test of the public taste in fiction, one cannot blame any writer of ability for bowing his head until better days. It is not to be expected that the immense breach between Mr. Burroughs and, let us say, Mr. Strauss, can be overcome. If the public, as a whole, prefer to read Tarzan they will certainly, as a whole, find Mr. Conrad obscure, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith gloomy, Mr. Norman Douglas fantastic, and Mr. Strauss intellectual. It is the story that counts, and when there is so little story in modern fiction humbler wares command their market.

* "Pengard Awake." By Ralph Strauss. 8s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"Adam of Dublin." By Conal O'Riordan. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)—"The Widow's Cruse." By Hamilton Fyfe. 7s. 6d. net. (Parsons.)—"Half-Caste." By Holloway Horn. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)—"The Open Secret." By K. C. Rynes. 7s. net. (Melrose.)

It is long since I read anything by Mr. Strauss, but between his last novel and "Pengard Awake" he was not alone in his silence. And in his return he has brought with him a sense of horizon and fainter academic atmosphere. There is not merely in the artistic conception of this book, but in its sustained concentration upon an intricate theme a fulfilment of those qualities which were too limited in his earlier work. The publishers, however, with the eager ingenuousness of their calling, warn, as it were, any admirer of Mr. Strauss by the legend on the wrapper—"This is entirely unlike Mr. Strauss's previous stories"—as much as to say: "I told you you wouldn't care about it."

I hasten to say at once that this is not a pirate story nor yet a journey to the moon. In "Pengard Awake" Mr. Strauss has achieved a remarkable *tour de force* in a field in which his story is the most impressive and original contribution since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It might even in its perfectly orderly and restrained extravagance be suspected as a sly slap at those very highly-strung persons who see in psycho-therapy a kind of El Dorado for the "interesting novelist."

The attitude of the hero, Sir Robert Graeme, towards the successive shocks that emanate from the person of John Pengard is in itself most admirable. There is a simplicity, a desire to do the right thing in circumstances frequently most abnormal, that make of Sir Robert Graeme, garrulous, orthodox and conscientious, a chorus not at all Greek, but with something of the Reform Club. He leaves for America with his sister Babette. On board he meets John Pengard, a man aloof, mysterious and so obviously overshadowed by some terrible secret as to possess all the superficial attraction of a character in a murder plot. The most experienced reader of mystery tales will think his own wise thoughts. He has, of course, met his Pengard before. Wrong—quite wrong. A little daunted, he smiles, because he is so sure this time. I was myself. I said: "Of course, but the idea is venerable. . . ." There is, you must understand, a sinister figure called Sylvester, the author of "Indomitable Man," who possesses a too remarkable resemblance to Pengard. And if you are clever you will perceive with an increasing sense of prestige, that Pengard and Sylvester are never together. . . . But Mr. Strauss can go one better than that. He admits no absolute limitations to his fancy, which is right and proper for any but the frail of imagination, who hatch a solitary situation like an egg on a January dawn.

It gives one a sense of the Christian virtues and a glow of an old Yule time to say, "This book is worth buying." In these days of novels at nine shillings, one does not say such things without a sense of gravity, and prospective suits-at-law.

"Adam of Dublin," by Mr. Conal O'Riordan, speaks for itself. It is a story of Ireland written with a fragrance, a reticence and a humour that should assure it a place in the fiction of that tragic country. The early history of Adam struck me in particular as quite brilliant. Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden, the parents of Adam, are characters in a sense unhappily rare in novels to-day. They are unforgettable. Mr. Macfadden is on a plane with the immortal Mr. Polly, and that is saying a good deal. But tragedy comes inevitably to cloud the boisterous adventures of Adam. It accompanies him through one of those religious seminaries which in Ireland appear to exact so heavy a toll on youth and liberty. That Mr. O'Riordan writes with a detached note of unfailing hope and patience makes of his story not, like some of its predecessors, a challenge, or a personal refutation, but a work of art.

"The Widow's Cruse," by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, is written with its author's practised ease and efficiency, but possesses dramatic situations and light comedy possibly better suited for the stage than narrative. The wife who suns herself in her late husband's unexpected fame, and altogether routs the lady who was really responsible for it all, is a character upon whose pegs of snobbery, humbug and conceit quite a number of social reflections can be

dangled. Personally I suspected in the sudden introduction of spiritualism that the author had found his sense of journalism too strong. To begin with it leads nowhere. And surely, considering the merely reported death of Mr. Poore in the Arctic, his unexpected return should have brought his wife (and the public) down to earth again. If Mr. Fyfe cares to utilise this effective curtain in his dramatised version, I would be the last man to make more than a trifling charge.

"Half-Caste," by Mr. Holloway Horn, is one of those slight and meandering stories which are apparently inspired and controlled not so much by any desire to hold a reader's attention as to disgorge and elaborate sundry ideas and points of contrast. Oliver Darnell, the half-Chinese, half-English boy who examines Western manners through Oriental eyes, is too elusive, too reticent. That he is observant and drawing his own conclusions is possible. But one would not require to be Chinese to express some sense of astonishment at these flashlights of contemporary life. Any young man from Bolton would survey those immortal Chelsea Bohemians either with mouth ajar or impolite derision. Oliver should have gone out of the pages of fiction to Peebles or Hove, or the Isle of Man. He would have been just as astonished, but that is where the fun (if that is ever permissible in a modern novel) would have crept in. But—alas!—not content with the harmless effulgence of the Chelsea myth, he steps down into Chinatown and tries to rob us of our Limehouse Nights. Mr. Horn may be right. But he did not convince me that he would not have elaborated his theme more effectively by some other form than that of narrative. And how I cling to the noiseless sardonic Chinaman of Mr. Rohmer and his confrères—the kind of lay preacher who remarks just as the curtain is due: "Wong Sing he welly quiet. Wong Sing he trouble you no more. Loo Chow he puttee knife in Wong Sing." I have my own ideas about Chinamen and I simply cannot bear to see their funny little ways rebuked and disowned.

About "The Open Secret," by K. C. Rynes, I prefer to say little either of praise or blame. It is a slight, conventional type of story, artificial and rather insipid, but probably not without readers in serial form. Whether the author is capable of better stuff I cannot say. But an attempt is to be desired.

FREDERICK WATSON.

MEN AND WOMEN.*

Mr. Arnold Bennett has a mind trained to think fairly, a high power of observation, and the gift of clear-sightedness. He is determined at all costs to be honest and to tell the truth and nothing but the truth in this matter of the relations of men and women. The whole truth cannot be told, nor the final truth. Mr. Bennett indeed seems to think that we can have too much of that particular good thing called truth. Its complete possession would be fatal. "Truth is perfection. Life is a movement from imperfection towards perfection. Perfection is the end of life. It is equal to death." So there we are! And our inability to master the whole truth where women (or men) are concerned, and to resolve the discord of the sexes is all for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Mr. Bennett presents the terrible alternative:

"If men and women were to wake one morning in perfect mutual comprehension and in the assurance that no discord separated them, on that day politics, even international politics, would cease to have significance. The sun—where it shone—would shine in vain. The globe would put up its shutters. The sublime adventure would be over. And the First Cause would have to set to and think of something fresh."

Must we then accept Mr. Bennett's dogma that "discord exists between the sexes," and affirm his creed: "It always has existed, and it always will." Faith is at the root of the matter in such acceptance and affirmation. How can we deny the unprovable and inexplicable? It is

the same with all Mr. Bennett's dogmas that are outside the realm of human knowledge and experience. They make demands on our credulity, as when we are told with the full assurance of Mr. Bennett, sincere rationalist that he is, "the amœba, the simplest, one-celled form of life, is what human nature once was, and no break can be found in the chain of evolution which connects the two." Faith, and faith alone, can induce to hearty belief in this dogma of man's unbroken descent from the amœba—faith, that is, in the propounder of the dogma. Unaided reason, historic research, the evidence of science—none of these things establish the truth of these dogmas. We must accept the sex-discord and the descent from the amœba trustingly on the authority of Mr. Bennett—or leave them alone. That many will choose the latter, cannot be gainsaid. The case is so strong for the discord existing between man and man in their rivalry for woman, for the discord between woman and woman in their desire for man, that it is not easy to accept off-hand Mr. Bennett's ingenious theory. We are steeped in the literature of the ages, with its many tales, romances, poems, histories not of the duel of sex but of the comedies and tragedies that tell of things suffered by men and women at the hands of their own sex. True the cross-grained wife and the unfaithful husband are familiar figures, but dare we say they loom so large in the human story as the jealous lover at war with his own sex, or the husband or wife betrayed not by the opposite sex but by their own?

However, accept or reject, as we may, Mr. Arnold Bennett's dogma of the sex-discord, there is nothing for it but to acknowledge handsomely his contribution to the better happiness of home. With a genius that is, it would seem, a common sense illuminated, Mr. Bennett discerns a thousand weak spots in our domestic life, and bravely and helpfully suggests a number of ways for the better ordering of social relations of married folk. A careful study of this book, before or after, but better, perhaps, before, marriage would in a very considerable number of cases help, neither to make divorce easier, nor to hasten disillusionment, but to strengthen the mutual adherence proclaimed by matrimony, and to keep the home fires burning. At the psychology of the average husband and wife in this present volume Mr. Arnold Bennett is at his best.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

A GREAT NOVEL.*

When Sivert, Isak's second son, watched the cows gazing across the field, it appeared to that small boy that they were looking back towards the Garden of Eden; and as we close this book we feel that we have been for a while sojourning in that very garden, among elemental beauties and the serpent's hiss. There is about this work of Knut Hamsun (most competently translated by an unknown hand) something indescribably calm and tremendous. Tears and laughter, great things and petty things, gossip and philosophy, are so interwoven, and the human beings are so entirely human, that we cannot skip one line. It is not a book of purple patches, although one does now and then catch one's breath at the subtlety of the author's insight or the charm of his description. One is, in fact, so subdued by it that the critical faculty abdicates and there is nothing left but words of praise. What fault, indeed, can one find with this epic story of Isak, who comes into the wilderness, a man of reticence among a most reticent population? Isak, the soul of benevolence, a man who cannot think except at his own pace, is presently joined by his Eve, whose name is Inger, a woman who on account of a hare-lip has found no other man willing to live with her. There is a tragedy which results in Inger going away for some years to prison, during which time her two little sons develop and the daughter is born. There is a tremendously restrained scene when Isak goes down to the village to meet her on her return; at first

* "Our Women. Chapters on the Sex-Discord." By Arnold Bennett. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

* "Growth of the Soil." By Knut Hamsun. 9s. net. (Gyldendal, London.)



J. M. Barrie

(From a hitherto unpublished portrait)

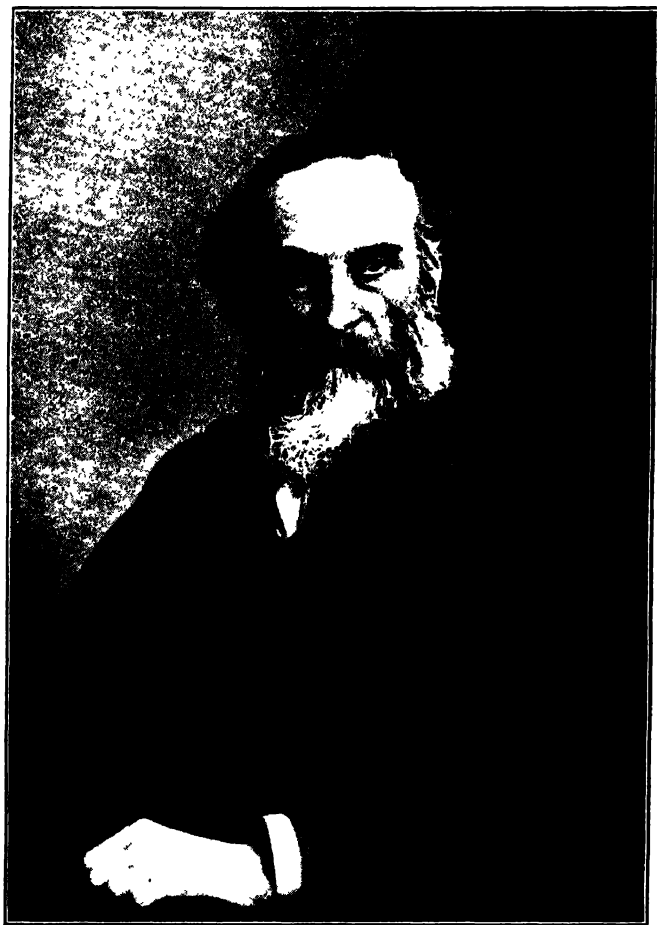
he does not recognise her, as the prison doctors have healed her deformity. This Inger, who becomes a kind of Vestal at Sellenraa, is not shown to us without the foibles which make her human. She enjoys, as the great-hearted author puts it, a belated autumn—she has been deprived of so many years; and after the departure of one Gustaf, a merry Swede, she resumes, as the conventional would say, the path of virtue. Hamsun's account of those lonely Norwegian peasants is not only an account of great men and women, but it is conceived in the grand fashion. When one says that the men and women are great, one must draw distinctions—most of them are great in their verisimilitude; Isak is great in his character. Without the slightest physical attraction—save the beauty of his beard as he sows in the sunlight—without intellectual graces, without agility of any sort, we feel that we can never hear enough of this splendid man. Hamsun tells us that 32,000 such men are needed in Norway; but they influence the lives of so many—his last journey to the harbour is a kind of Pippa's progress—that 32,000 such people will scarcely be found in the whole of Europe. The subsidiary characters are all drawn with notable clearness, their comic and pathetic and futile traits being depicted in the most masterly manner. And if this praise is thought to be excessive, we would simply put forward Geissler, that strange fog of a man who for his own reasons refuses to sell his copper mine and let the land be worked, or Brede Olsen, who falls so cheerfully on evil days, and Barbro, his cunning and pretty and amoral daughter, or Eleseus, Isak's eldest son, who wears goloshes and sets out one night for America, and never comes back—his life is rather a hopeless one—or the everlasting old intriguer Oline, whose end is richly comic. She is required to leave the farm of Barbro and Axel Ström, whose relations have been at last regularised; but she keeps on postponing her departure. She takes to her bed, and even goes so far as to ask for that highest extravagance, the doctor. One can almost hear her chuckling with delight at the trouble she is giving—but in the midst of it she dies. "Oline—an aged creature. Born and died. . . ." She has been desperately enjoying herself just before by referring to an episode which her unwilling host and hostess had every reason to forget, and she emphatically denies that she is hysterical—she interrupts herself, in fact, to demand the cow, Bordelin, for having saved Axel's life when he was lying helpless one winter in the driving snow under a fallen tree. That scene, when Axel is rescued by the old woman and afterwards assisted by Brede Olsen, his lazy father-in-law and would-be murderer, and the manner in which Axel recognises gradually that he must, for his future well-being, let the credit be shared between the pair of them, could not be better done. One closes the book with a feeling that whatever else Knut Hamsun may have written should be translated with the least possible delay.

HENRY BAIRLEIN.

ANDROMACHE.*

We are glad to see this volume in the familiar buckram binding of the older Stevensons, because henceforth it must rank along with them as part of a beautiful story. Indeed, we are inclined to say it is the most beautiful story of them all. Some very good-natured friends have publicly expressed their doubts whether Stevenson was really a wonderful man; they will scarcely be able to doubt that Mrs. Stevenson was really a wonderful woman. From her side of the story comes in clear and noble tone the note that we often miss in the Stevenson saga—the note of sincerity. Did R. L. S. always look in his heart and write, or did he sometimes merely look into a pretty bag of pretty tricks? Was there a Man behind that elaborated surface, or was there only another thing in three letters that Henley wouldn't write? Well, here is an answer—not, perhaps, a final answer, when we consider Mr. Shaw's

* "The Life of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson." By Nellie Van der Grift Sanchez: 12s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)



The Late Dr. Todhunter,

whose Collection of "Essays" Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing.

Louis Dubedat and his noble Jennifer—but very nearly a final answer, to such questions: a most admirable, strong-charactered and unusual woman married him when he was at the point of death, kept him alive and working gaily for many years when the grave was gaping at his side, lived, laboured and fought fiercely for him, and, knowing his weaknesses, loved him. We cannot refute that testimony!

Fanny Van der Grift Stevenson was precisely everything that is opposite to the tame, acquiescent, fluffy and clinging creature once admired as specially "womanly." She was the antithesis of Chehov's "Darling." She had the spirit of a frontiersman and the tenacity of a terrier. She would have gone South with Shackleton and died with Scott—and she had the prettiest of little feet and loved to show them off. She wrestled fiercely with her man of genius to keep him up to his best. In a letter to his mother she says:

"If I die before Louis, my last earnest request is that he shall publish nothing without his father's approval. I know that means little short of destruction to both of them. . . . The field is always covered with my dead and wounded, and often I am forced to compromise, but still I make a very good fight."

They fought over the first draft of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" till Stevenson threw it all into the fire and began it over again. Was the second version an improvement? We do not know, but we can surmise, for we do know that she disliked "The Black Arrow," and declared that he had spoiled his South Seas book. And he knew the worth of her help. These are the words in which he dedicates "Weir of Hermiston" to her:

"Take thou the writing; thine it is. For who
Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal,
Held still the target higher; chary of praise
And prodigal of counsel—who but thou?"

Her capabilities seemed to have no limit. She doctored the natives of the islands and the seamen of the ships. She had a passion for scientific agriculture and made things grow where they never grew before; but she always consulted experts to see if she were introducing something that might prove a pest, and she burnt the earth her new

plants came in, lest diseases might lurk in the mould. She knew that catarrhs were contagious before the doctors admitted it, and, in the Bournemouth days, barred out protesting friends from the presence of Louis if they were guilty of coughing and sneezing. Even the doctor who came sneezing to see his patient was inexorably ordered off the premises. The three pages quoted from her pocket-book are a revelation of her immense range of practicality and of her simple fallibility; for side by side with a recipe for *bouillabaisse* and a cure for elephantiasis, is the date of her wedding-day, which she could never remember without a record.

And what of the other side—the side of comradeship, sympathy and understanding? Well, we have his answer:

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel true and blade straight
The great Artificer made my mate.

"Honour, anger, valour, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir,
The mighty Master gave to her.

"Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart whole and soul free,
The August Father gave to me."

When he died, so suddenly and strangely (her wild heart prognosticating disaster), a world of readers sorrowed. In this volume are quoted two letters of condolence. There is one three pages long from his fellow-craftsman, Henry James; but we prefer this tribute to the defender of Father Damien, written in pencil on a scrap of paper, and unsigned:

"Mrs. Stevenson.

"Dear Madam,—All over the world people will be sorry for the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, but none will mourn for him more than the blind white leper at Molokai."

Let us close with a sentence from Mr. McClure, the publisher:

"One afternoon in August, 1896, I went to Paddington Station to meet Mrs. Stevenson, when, after Stevenson's death, she at last returned to Europe after her world-wide wanderings—after nine years of exile. When she alighted from the boat train I felt Stevenson's death as if it had happened only the day before, and I have no doubt that she did. As she came up the platform in black, with so much that was strange and wonderful behind her, his companion of so many years, through uncharted seas and distant lands, I could only say to myself, 'Hector's Andromache.'"

Andromache, yes: Andromache stricken and bereft, but Andromache unbound and unbowed.

G. S.

SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA.*

This remarkable and rather terrifying volume purports to be the result of four years' observation with the medium, Eva C., in collaboration with Madame Bisson, the wife of the well-known French dramatist, in whose care the medium lived for a considerable period, and who undertook the task of training and developing Eva C.'s strange gift.

It is difficult for the most tolerant of readers to peruse the book with that "unprejudiced and respectful attitude of mind" demanded by the author. The facts, as asserted by Schrenck-Notzing and corroborated by over two hundred flashlight photographs, taken and developed under conditions that presumably precluded any possibility of fraudulent manipulation, are such as to utterly bewilder the reader.

In the first place the author is not a "spiritist": he deplures, in fact, the eagerness of spiritists instantly to attribute these, and similar phenomena, to the agency of discarnate intelligences, and avoids explanations which he considers at this juncture highly premature. The present investigation is essentially a scientific one and like that of the late Professor Crawford, which dealt solely with mechanical phenomena, an attempt to discover certain psychic laws at present unknown to science.

* "Phenomena of Materialisation." By Baron Schrenck-Notzing. 33s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

The bare facts as set forth in this weighty volume are that a certain Eva C., a French medium of some twenty-five years of age, in a state of trance, succeeds in materialising spirit forms and "teleplastic" structures before the eyes of competent witnesses and of the camera. These structures vary in form and density. They issue from the nose, mouth and fingers of the medium and float like veils over her shoulders or creep in more solid fashion over her figure. The mass evolves, separates from the medium's body and adopts independent motion. Hand-shapes, faces, mask-like forms, are built up from this mysterious emanation. In some cases the phantom figures are mere flat pictorial portraits, in others plastic reliefs, up to the complete sculptural modelling, with hairy portions.

As in the experiments of Crawford this strange organic matter evaporates under the influence of bright light, and disappears in a second, back into the medium's body, on the flash of the magnesium necessary to the work of the camera. Observers who were permitted to touch the material found it "cold, sticky, and like the skin of a reptile," a description which agrees with Crawford's.

The author makes it clear that any tampering with the photographic plates was impossible; moreover, half a dozen different cameras gave results that were in agreement. This photographic evidence, produced under the most stringent conditions, is certainly sufficient to rule out the hallucination theory, and one finds it difficult to doubt that the assertions of the author and of his witnesses are true, so far as they go.

But it does not rule out the possibility of fraud on the part of Eva C. Schrenck-Notzing himself does not guarantee there was no fraud. He merely states emphatically that every precaution that human brain could invent was duly applied, and the fact that dozens of eminent witnesses have registered their conviction that the phenomena were genuine goes far towards establishing that point.

To have accomplished such a gigantic imposture the medium would need the skill of a super-Maskelyne, for her hands and feet were always visible, and the former, held by the observers, were the warm hands of a living woman. Certain objections that were raised by the *Miroir* upon the publication of the French edition of this work have since been examined by the author and his friends, and further experiments were undertaken which, in the author's opinion, are sufficient proof that the charges made by his opponents are groundless.

With such a work as this, which aims at the discovery of unknown laws by the perfectly legitimate method of carefully conducted investigation, it were foolish to indiscriminately accuse the author of bias or lunacy because his results are as yet almost incredible. The possibility of fraud on the part of the medium must be settled by the individual reader, who has here a vast amount of detail to assist him in making up his mind whether Eva C. is the greatest conjurer the world has ever known, or whether she is indeed an instrument through which certain mysterious forces of nature are striving to manifest themselves that men may be wiser.

BETHMANN HOLLWEG ON THE WAR.*

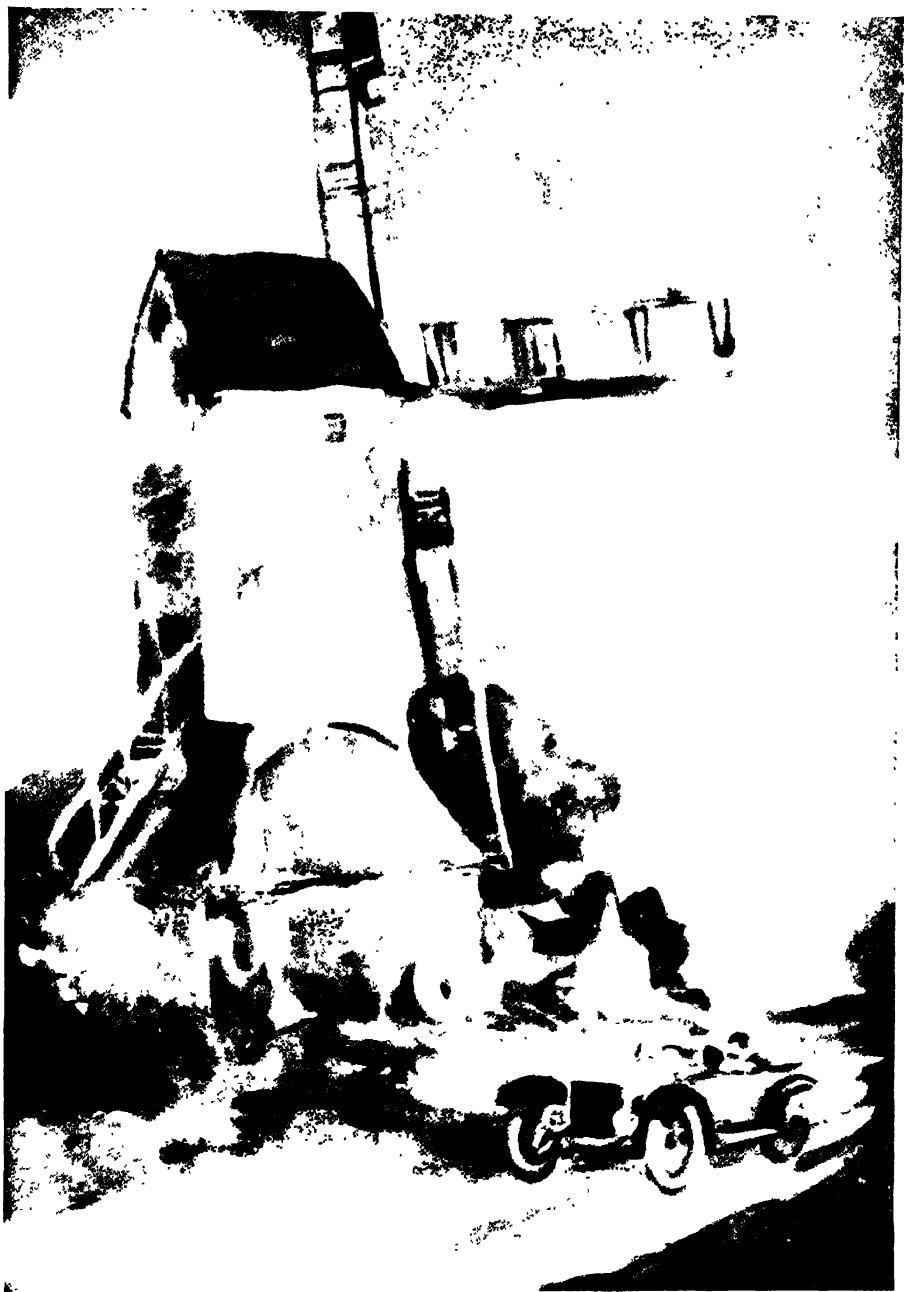
The first part of Bethmann Hollweg's "Reflections on the World War"—a survey of the political situation in Europe on the eve of the great conflict—makes most excellent reading; for the ex-Chancellor puts forward a most plausible *prima facie* case for Germany, and expresses this case with admirable lucidity and cogency. That it is not argument-proof we shall briefly indicate; but first let us present its main points. In the first place, the author frankly admits that the breach of Belgian neutrality was morally indefensible; but he shelters his own condonation of that crime under the plea of military necessity—the necessity, caused by the double front, of coming to close grips with France before pressing the offensive

* "Reflections on the World War." By Th. von Bethmann Hollweg. Translated by George Young (formerly Secretary of Legation). 12s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)



*From "MODERN WOODCUTTERS
(1) GWENDOLIN RAVERAT
Herbert Furst, Little Art Rooms,
(Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.)*

GYPSIES.
By Gwendolyn Raverat



*From "LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND"
By ARTHUR MEE.
Illustrated in colour and photograph.
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)*

**'OLD TIME LOOKS DOWN
ON A NEW TRAVELLER.'**



against Russia. He explains that when he told Sir Edward Goschen on the evening of August 4th that the treaty of neutrality was only a scrap of paper, he was comparing the fearful consequences of an Anglo-German war with the results of a German invasion of Belgium, and that his blood boiled at the hypocritical way in which the English Ambassador harped on Belgian neutrality, which was not the thing that had driven England into war. Moreover, he caustically and quite justifiably remarks: "Since my emotion struck him so much, he might have reported that in taking leave of me he [himself] burst into tears and begged me to allow him to wait a little in my ante-room because he did not feel himself fit to appear before the clerks in the Chancery."

The ex-Chancellor's main arguments may be summarised as follows: (1) "The supposition that Germany let loose a war out of mere lust of world power is so silly that an historian would only take it seriously in the entire absence of any other explanation at all. It is, on the other hand, an historic fact that German policy failed to use many opportunities of making war with comparatively good prospects of success, and at all times sought for and supported a friendly settlement. As a contrast to this, Russia's urgency for the domination of the approaches to the Mediterranean and its precipitancy for the hegemony of the Slav world are historical factors of indisputable force." (2) "In Morocco, Tripoli, and the Balkans the [offensive] movements originated in or were protected by the combination of Powers that had associated against us before the war, or that, like Italy, was to dissociate itself finally from us during the war. None of these movements were in the remotest degree provoked by Germany." Moreover, as a result of a world war, France and Russia hoped to be able to grab, the first Alsace-Lorraine, the latter Constantinople. Whereas Germany, except on the insane hypothesis of her lust of world empire, wanted to grab nothing and was bound to Austria by a purely defensive alliance. (3) In rejecting Sir Edward Grey's proposal to submit the dispute between Austria and Serbia to the arbitrament of a council of Ambassadors of the Great Powers sitting in London, Germany was influenced by the conviction that such a jury would be more or less packed in the interests of the Balkan Kingdom, and that to commit the matter to the decision of such a jury was to raise it from the status of a Balkan to that of a European question. For the same reason of desiring to localise the issue, Germany felt herself not in a position to put pressure on Austria with a view of modifying the terms of the latter's ultimatum to Serbia. (4) "According to the protocol of a conference held on February 21st, 1914—a protocol published by the Bolsheviks—Sassanow [the Russian Foreign Minister] declared roundly that it was not to be assumed that action against the Straits could be taken to the exclusion of a European war. The General Staff, moreover, argued that a fight for Constantinople was only possible in case of a European war. None the less, plans for 'the seizure of the Straits in the near future' were discussed in detail. While in a memorandum presented to the Tzar on March 5th, mention was already made of 'the expected crisis,' which 'possibly very soon' would give Russia her opportunity."

Such are Bethmann Hollweg's leading contentions. In support of the case for the Allies it need only be urged that, while points (1), (2) and (4) are fair matters for argument, point (3) is a mere a priori assumption, which disregards entirely the logic of facts. The Allies believe that Germany could have prevailed upon Austria to modify the terms of her ultimatum to Serbia. They believe that the dispute between Austria and Serbia could have been amicably settled at the proposed conference of Ambassadors. By failing to envisage the consequences of Germany's refusal to put pressure upon Austria, the ex-Chancellor demonstrates either that the management of German foreign policy was hopelessly muddle-headed, or that it was so rigidly punctilious and callous that it failed to see the criminal folly of taking a leap in the dark.

W. A. L. B.

Novel Notes.

THE MONSTER. By Horace Bleackley. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)

The Americans have taught us that manufacture, commerce and trade can be welded into live fiction; that the stories of manual workers, clerks, salesmen, if told in the right way, are as engrossing as the romances of rich young men, actresses and Ruritanian royalties. Mr. Horace Bleackley in his powerful and solidly constructed novel, "The Monster," has done as well as Upton Sinclair. This is a metaphorical title. The beast referred to is that industrial system which made England the workshop of Europe at the expense of the green life of the nation. The book covers three generations. It begins with the days when Wilberforce was pleading the cause of the negroes, and when workhouse children of seven years and upwards were slaving from fourteen to sixteen hours a day in the horrors of the cotton mills on a sparse diet of skim-milk, potatoes and dry bread. Little Robert Willoughby suffers all the torments of "The Monster" until he becomes a master. That experience gives him no pity for his own juvenile workers. He complains rather that the factory laws of Peel will ruin the industry by restricting ages and hours of labour. His son, Stephen, is a piece of steel from the same mould. Stephen's son, Robert, rebels against the evil system. The grandson of the old St. Pancras workhouse boy receives a liberal education, and spits on the system which grinds out the bodies and souls of those who tend the Great Beast. He has a romantic love affair with the daughter of a man whose whole life has been spent in the cause of the cotton workers. Stephen kills the romance and separates the lovers. This history of the industrial system in England from the first growth of the cotton factories until Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, ends on a note of quiet happiness. Robert finds a true mate; and he and Nora face the future with the knowledge that The Monster has been tamed.

THE SPIDER WOMAN. By John Goodwin. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins)

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INDEED, THE IDOLS I HAVE LOVED SO LONG
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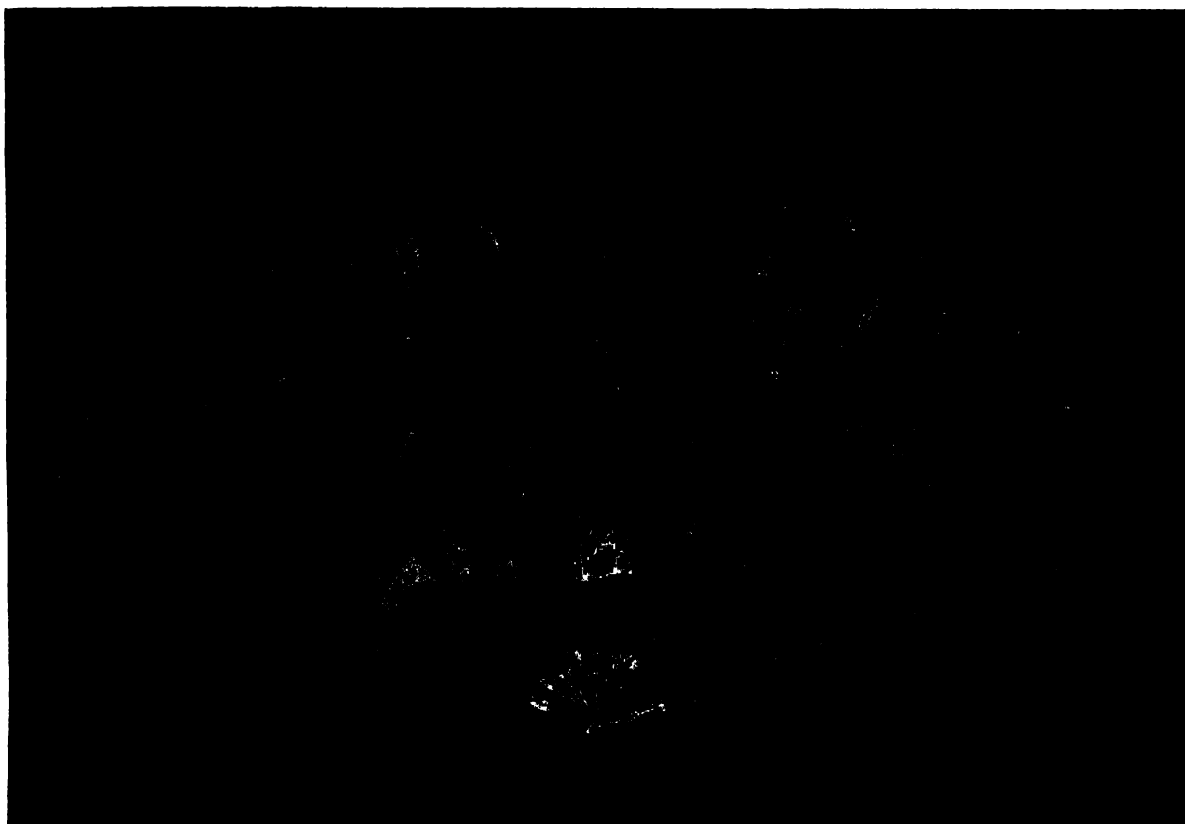
to Greek affairs and the Balkans generally in the first years of the war. Our representatives seemed unable to acquire a sound understanding of Hellenic affairs, or, if they did, to persuade the higher officials at home to pursue a wise and definite policy in regard to them. Blunder succeeded blunder, and only the staunch loyalty and splendid statesmanship of M. Venizelos saved the situation. Readers of this singularly interesting volume of reminiscences will have no doubt that Major Mélas did his best to foster

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Doubleday &
Page.)

No President of the United States, and perhaps no other statesman in any previous age, has been so widely known as Woodrow Wilson. Yet he is, in another sense, an unknown man, and in spite of Professor Dodd's industry in



From Daniel Gardner, Painter in
Pastel and Gouache
(Lane).

ANNA MARIA, ELDEST DAUGHTER
OF DAVID LEWIS, OF MALVERN
HALL.



From The Fan Book.
By Melver Percival
(Fisher Unwin).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

picturing the work of the man—and it has been noble work—he has failed to make the man live in the pages of his exceedingly interesting history of the last eight years. For one thing, the background of events against which the author endeavours to set the figure of the President is so imposing, that to deal adequately with Wilson's part in it was a sufficiently heavy task—a task which the Professor has well accomplished; but the man Wilson is lost to us. We see something of him in his immature days before he became President of Princeton, and then he is merged into his ideas and his struggle with "big business," first in his own country and then on an international scale. It is

not altogether the fault of the author that the man Wilson escapes us. Part of the difficulty is due to the aloofness of Wilson himself. He lacks some of the qualities that endear a man to his fellows. He has never been able to bring the great idea home to the mind of a lowly man by homely metaphor, as Lincoln, in his "swapping horses" speech for example, was able to do. Clear cut and concise expression of the Golden Rule in diplomacy will suffice for the intellectual minorities in all countries, or even for the majorities at a moment of stress, but were progress to depend on intellect alone the world would stand still. Unequal to Clemenceau in tenacity of purpose or to Lloyd George

in mental alertness, he was ill equipped to carry on the personal warfare which marked the Peace Conference. Stubborn in his sense of the right, he was nevertheless compelled to compromise to obtain even a part of his desires. His Americanised Puritanism was no match for the subtlety of his colleagues. Yet in history Wilson will eventually be adjudged of greater account. That he accomplished so much as he has done, must be accredited to his Presbyterian training and upbringing. Of his father we read that "to Dr. Wilson all mankind save the favoured elect of God sat in the outer darkness or moved irresistibly upon that downward road

which led to the lake of fire and brimstone," and though there were other influences which had some effect in moulding the character of the young Wilson, yet, "when all is said, Wilson's father was the veritable leader and maker of the future president." Though Professor Dodd has not fully succeeded in presenting the man, he has given us an account of his work which will repay every thinking man and woman to read. His style is easy and clear; and in an unforced manner he presents us with an exposition of American politics, which shows us that until democracy can rid itself of the grosser material interests, it will be impossible for

an intellectual idealist like Woodrow Wilson to lead his own country or the world towards the ideals expressed in the Covenant.

GOD'S SMILE.

By JULIUS
MAGNUSSEN.
7s. 6d. net.
(Appleton.)

In spite of the assurance on the wrapper that "the limpid simplicity of 'God's Smile' makes it accessible to all who can read," there is much that is incomprehensible in this book of "spirit" messages. It is the work of a Danish dramatist who records his conversion from agnosticism to belief in God through the medium of table-rappings and automatic writing, and perhaps the least surprising pas-

sages in the book are those in which the author expresses doubt as to his own sanity. Under the influence of his dead father, he tells us how he is compelled not only to write strange phrases in a strange hand, but also to play, without previous knowledge, masterpieces on the piano with the skill of a virtuoso. While the messages contain nothing sufficiently intelligible to be called a revelation, they claim to herald the coming of a new age of happiness, when the sun will rise "in all quarters of the earth and God will smile to men." Any statement more definite than this the reader will search for in vain.



From *The Grandeur that was Rome*
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

CLYTIE

WHAT SCULPTURE TO SEE IN EUROPE.

By LORINDA M. BRYANT.

Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The publisher tells us on the loose cover that "the books by Lorinda Bryant have found so wide a circle of readers in America that it has been thought advisable" to give English travellers a chance of profiting by them also. The sculpture dealt with in this volume is that in Naples, the Vatican, Rome, Florence, Venice, Munich, Berlin, Paris, London—a very wide range. And there are 158 excellent photographic reproductions. The most interesting thing about the volume is the information that American readers have revelled in it in large numbers. It is doubtful whether English readers will find this American production satisfying. It is a sight-seeing rush to be taken through all the places enumerated above in about 40,000 words. The book is a very brief catalogue, with description of a number of pieces of sculpture. The author claims to have given occasionally the historical setting of some pieces and the mythological story of others.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY.

By HENRY THOMAS, D Litt.
25s. net. (Cambridge
University Press)

It requires on our own part a peculiar spirit to receive any full ministry from the old peninsular romances on the great romance of all, which is the high chivalrous history of "Don Quixote." On the surface Cervantes wrote what is called "an attack upon the books of chivalry," and as such it was accepted by his fellow countrymen, who understood better—at that time of the world—the genius of the Holy Inquisition than the sacred genius of romance. There is nothing in the wide domain of literature to compare with "Don Quixote" for the manner born of chivalry, its essence and quintessence. Cervantes knew well enough the secret life of the literature which was his prototype and apparent theme of ridicule, of "Amadis," of "Palmerin," "Belianis" and the "Knight of the Sun"; he held up a mirror in which they were reflected, magnified and transfigured in a perfect glory of knighthood. The meaning is that there was no paragon of "high-erected thought, seated in a heart of courtesy" to compare with the *preux chevalier* of La Mancha, and we know on what he was modelled. It did not happen by accident, but in due pursuit of the author's "glorious great intent." Who-soever reads the royal inquest of the curate and the barber

into the library of Don Quixote without burning zeal to go in search of the chief works therein, nor cease from questing till they are arranged, a peerless company, on his own shelves, is not worthy to go further in the adventurous work which follows and is bereft of all kinship with the mind of Cervantes. Dr. Henry Thomas has given us a greatly learned account of the romance-literature in a noble volume, which I have read—as from cover to cover—from the standpoint of "Amadis," of "Palmerin," "Tirante the White" and "Perceprest." I have learned much and have been put on several tracks along which I look to go further in the loyal life of the quest. I have given the work as such an honoured place among my bibliographical collections; but it is not put beside "Palmerin" or "Merlin y Lemanda del Sancto Grial,"

and I have since returned to "Don Quixote," as one who knows where shines a true light of chivalry. Those who are lovers thereof should not fail to read some part or all that Dr. Thomas has arranged in his ordered storehouse; but thereafter they should go and do likewise.

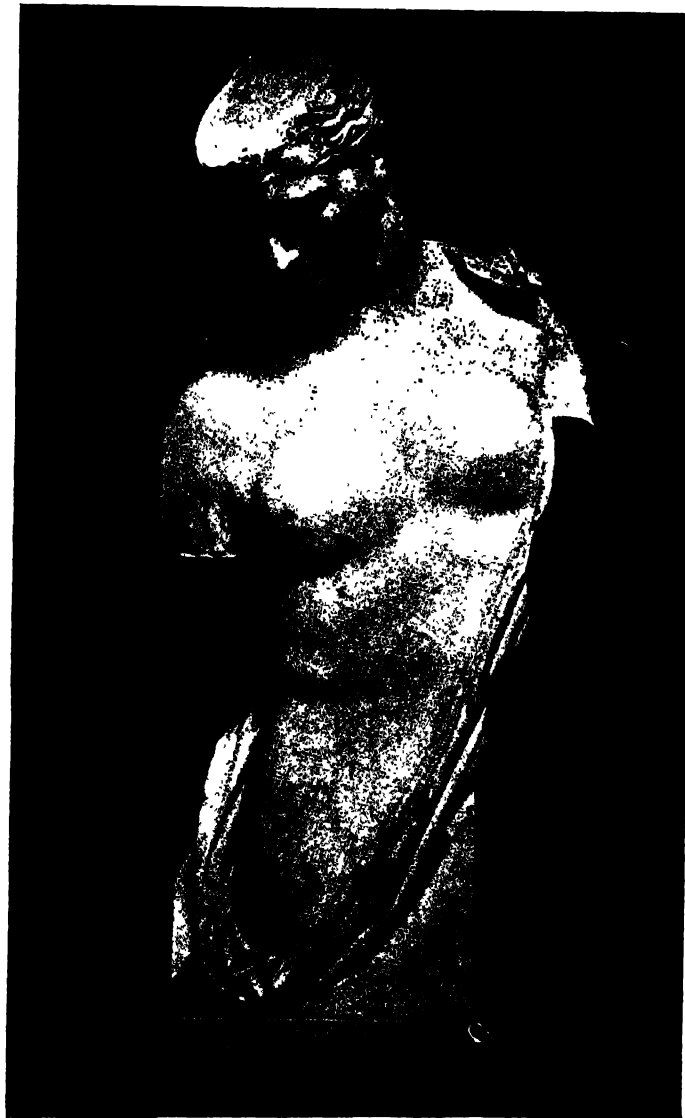
A. E. W.

THE PIANO- PLAYER AND ITS MUSIC.

By ERNEST NEWMAN.
6s. net (Grant Richards)

Here is a pre-eminently sane, wise and enthusiastic book on the powers, limitations and possibilities of piano-players in the progress of the art of music or interpretation of music. Mr. Newman's well-known incorruptible love of music is enough to give weight to every word he says in this plea for a too often ignorantly scorned instrument. The fact is, as he points out, that much of the prejudice against piano-players is due to the fact that the early instruments were very crude and wooden and mechanical in comparison with those that can be obtained at the present moment, which again are inferior to what

will be available in a few years' time, just as to-day's pianos are in advance of those Chopin played upon. Furthermore, the music rolls do not give anything like the help they might to the player. But Mr. Newman first disposes completely of the accusations of mechanicalness brought against the instrument—every instrument is mechanical, and the more perfect the mechanism the better for interpretation, and then devotes himself to explaining how with the present instrument the most happy and satisfactory effects can be obtained, and what improvements are possible and desirable in order to make the piano-player answer all the demands of music lovers. He hopes that musicians will take to writing for the piano-player rather than the piano. Every music lover ought certainly to read this book very carefully, for it is most helpful and sensible, as well as daring in its championship of a foolishly maligned and misunderstood instrument.



From What Sculpture to
See in Europe
(Lane)

PSYCHE.
COPY OF PRAXITELES.
(Museum, Naples.)

THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1920

PARABLES FOR THE TIMES.

By W. LOFTUS HARE.
1s. 6d. net. (Daniel).

This little volume, if it gets into the right hands, should do good in these days of reconstruction and overwhelming

Wilcox so popular with the many readers who are not attracted to poetry, however fine it may be otherwise, that has nothing helpful to say to them. Perhaps the most representative thing in his book is "The Bubble-Bowl," that touches on the vanity of human hopes :



From A Record of European
Armour and Arms
(Bell).

A SHIELD OF WOOD
WITH GESSO
DECORATION IN
HIGH RELIEF.

difficulties. The messages that it brings are profoundly true—old parables renovated to apply to new emergencies, short and pithy and indicating a golden future. It is a book for the thinker and one that will make the unthinking pause and think.

POEMS: LIFE,
LOVE AND
LAUGHTER.

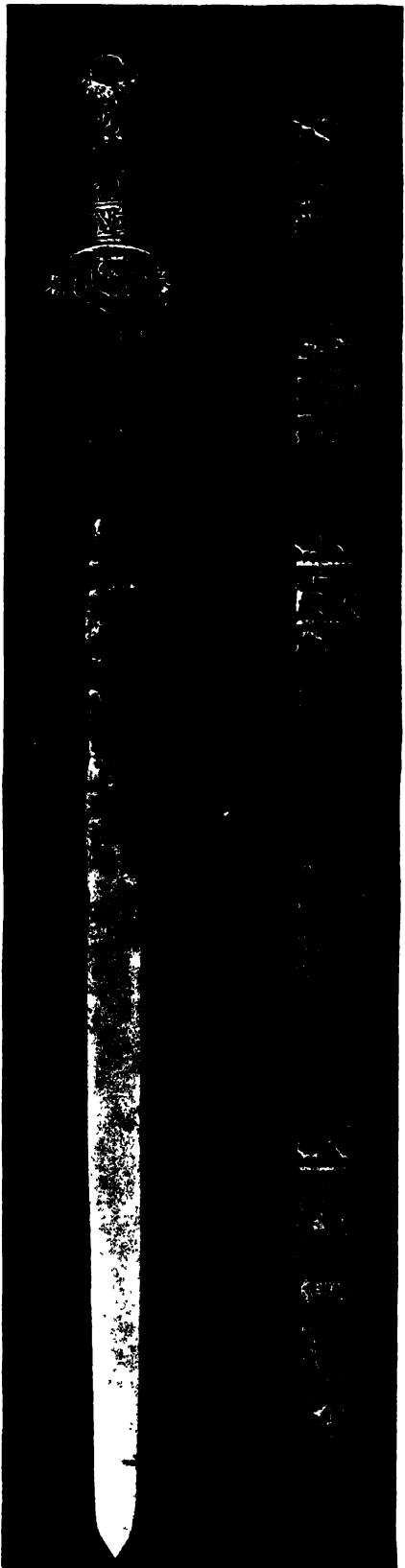
By HUGH WHARTON.
5s. net. (West
Bromwich : Gipton.)

" Life's an ever-
flecting wonder,
Birth, development,
decay ;
And the greatest,
like the meanest,
Finds his measure-
ment of clay "—

but teaches that :

" There's a unity
in oneness,
In the sympathy of
hearts,
That would make
this world an Eden
Did we play aright
our parts.
When we feel
another's gladness,
When we ease
another's pain ;
There's a heaven glowing in us,
And a Christ has come again."

A little book of sane, optimistic thinking whose rhymes are as harmonious as the thoughts they express.

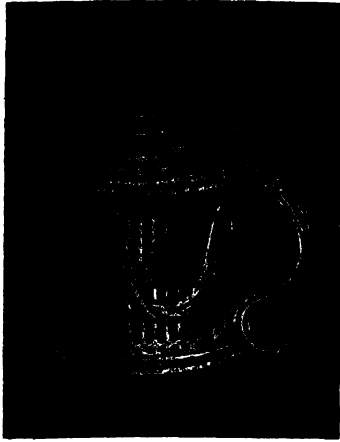


SWORD. HISPANO-MOORISH, LATE
XVTH CENTURY.

From A Record of European Armour
and Arms
(Bell).

SWORD OF BOABDIL, THE LAST
MOORISH KING OF GRANADA.
From A Record of European Armour
and Arms
(Bell).

Mr. Hugh Wharton has a very happy knack of putting pleasant sentiment and ripe worldly wisdom into neat and rippling verse. He has something of the facility and much of the sententiousness that made Mrs. Ella Wheeler



OLD SHEFFIELD PLATED MUSTARD POT WITH BAR PIERCING: MEDALLION AND FESTOONS. CIRCULAR BASE, DOME LID. DATE 1775.

*From Chats on Old Sheffield Plate
(Fisher Unwin)*

SPANISH AMERICA: ITS ROMANCE, REALITY AND FUTURE.

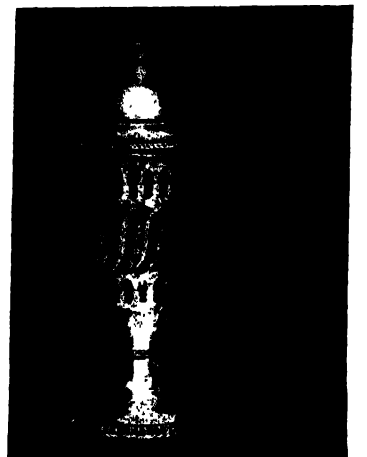
By C. R. ENOCK. 30s.
(Fisher Unwin.)

In his latest book, *Spanish America: Its Romance, Reality and Future*, Mr. Enock explains that many descriptive passages in the work have been taken from the various authors of the South American series, to which the present volume is in a measure auxiliary. As might be expected the

republics. Thus, in dealing with South America as a whole, he says:

"No roads traverse the country-side where the motor-tourist may spend his hours. Between the primitive mule-track or the bypath which the simple Indian has found sufficient for his purpose since the world began, and the railway, there is no *via media*."

Now this surely does not apply to all parts of South America. Certainly it does not hold good in modern Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay. Some of the most charming motor excursions in the world, for instance, are now to be enjoyed



OLD SHEFFIELD PLATED MUSTARD POT. VASE-SHAPED ON COLLETE FOOT. SCROLL PIERCING. CIRCULAR LID SURMOUNTED BY KNOB. DATE 1790.

*From Chats on Old Sheffield Plate
(Fisher Unwin).*

information, condensed from fourteen volumes into two, comes in a somewhat tabloid form, but both the material chosen, together with the author's own additions, are well arranged, and thus, although there is little new in the entire work, it will serve an admirably instructive purpose.

In his first chapter, entitled *'A Reconnaissance'*, Mr. Enock reiterates those complaints which have so frequently been made of late as to the ignorance on matters concerning South America manifested by the British public. There is clearly much reason in what he says,



*From Chats on Old Sheffield Plate
(Fisher Unwin).*

OLD SHEFFIELD PLATED TEA KETTLE ON STAND WITH ROCOCO ORNAMENT. MELON-SHAPED BODY: HINGED HANDLE, DOME-SHAPED LID. DATE 1820.

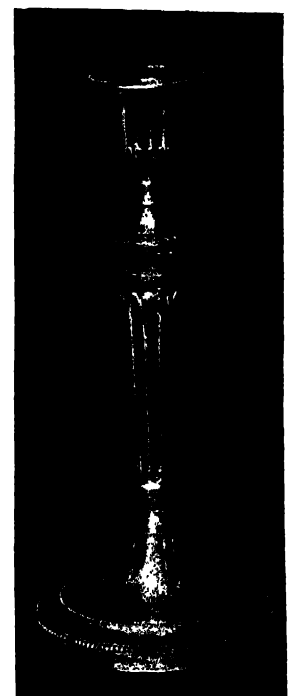
but at the same time it must be admitted that recently many important steps have been taken to rectify this condition of affairs.

Indeed, in a continent which contains among its numerous republics a certain amount of states of a moral and material progress so rapid as to inflict even the casual observer with a touch of vertigo, it is difficult to keep abreast of the times in South America. In this respect, the author himself, for all the merits of his work, is here and there somewhat inclined to ignore the extraordinary strides in every respect recently made by the southern and south-eastern

among the exquisite surroundings of Rio de Janeiro; the finely-surfaced highways of the *Banda Oriental* on which the motors ply to and fro are now extending very rapidly farther and farther inland from Montevideo, and as to Argentina—a country in which, it must be admitted, the natural characteristics of the soil militate most strongly of all against motor traffic—here, above all, the habit of the motor grows more and more enthusiastic every year. This, moreover, is not now confined to the streets of Buenos Aires itself, and to those special

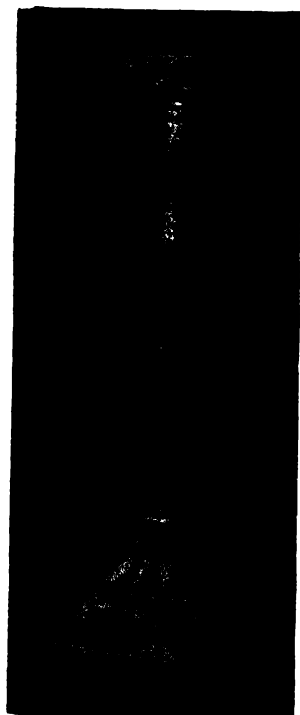
motor roads which have been constructed between the capital and such centres as La Plata and Tigre. The motor has now established itself firmly in the *campo* itself, and there are very few *estancieros* who now lack their petrol-driven vehicle.

Indeed, it is of some interest in this respect to remark that within the past two years there was revived on at least one occasion that old-fashioned sport of galloping after ostriches, in order to bring them down by means of the time-honoured *bolas* , that curious weapon of Indian origin, composed of leather-covered stone balls at the end of strips of hide, which, when thrown with skill, coils



OLD SHEFFIELD PLATED CANDLESTICK WITH CIRCULAR BASE; COLUMN AND NOZZLE FLUTED, ORNAMENTED WITH BEADED EDGING AT BASE, COLUMN AND NOZZLE. DATE 1770.

*From Chats on Old Sheffield Plate
(Fisher Unwin).*



OLD SHEFFIELD PLATED CANDLESTICK WITH SQUARE BASE; BATSWING FLUTING, SQUARE SHAPED COLUMN, AND HAVING UNUSUAL NOZZLE WITH PIERCED GALLERY. DATE 1795.

*From Chats on Old Sheffield Plate
(Fisher Unwin).*

round the legs of its victim and brings the creature heavily to the ground. So far as the actors were concerned, the pastime was as exciting as ever, and the galloping certainly as rapid, but as for the spectators, their way was easier since they travelled in a luxurious motor-car and glided over the pastures in a fashion which, if occasionally somewhat bumpy, would have caused an old-fashioned gaucho to turn in his grave, could he have witnessed the spectacle from that somewhat unpromising spot!

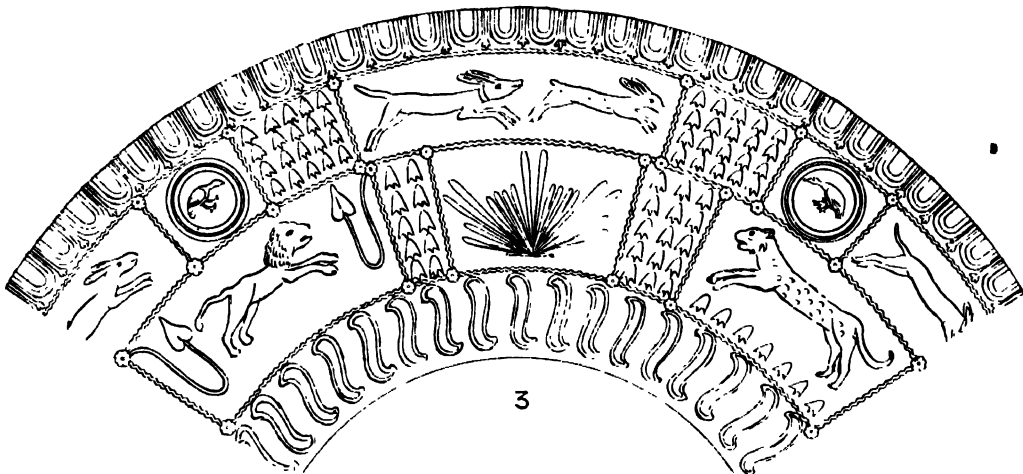
From Terra Sigillata
(Longmans).

On the other hand, of course the greater part of the vast continent of South America, or even of the continent and a half which comprises Latin-America, does actually answer to Mr. Enock's description, and the moral which seems to be derived from this is that no single man can write with equal authority upon every part of a stretch of the world which comprises some sixteen republics, to say nothing of three colonies of European nations! It seems that the time has gone by in which South America—to say nothing of Latin-America—can be treated as a whole. The South Americans themselves have for some time now been commenting with considerable sarcasm on this European predilection. But let it not be thought for one moment that such drawbacks, inseparable from so wide a scheme, detract from the value of a work which is well arranged and most ably written.

W. H. KOEHL.

THE CHARM OF KASHMIR.

By V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR. With 16 Coloured Plates and 24 Illustrations from Photographs. 44s. net. (Longmans.)



3

It is fitting, it is necessary that a book about a place so strangely beautiful, so steeped in all the fascination and magic of the East, should itself be a thing of beauty, and surely no book of travels has ever been more magnificently produced than has this stately and immensely interesting

volume. Mr. Scott O'Connor ("Odysseus") has shown in his earlier work, 'The Scene of War,' that he has

exceptional power both as a writer of narrative and of description. In 'The Charm of Kashmir' he has found a theme that lends itself readily to his particular gifts—he describes his journey to Kashmir, and through that fascinating region, with an easy, graphically realistic power that calls up before the reader's imagination scenes and monuments, storied buildings, and the motley life of the place in all their bizarre splendour of colour and light and atmosphere, with a hint of the human squalor that is here and there the other side of pictures that are exquisitely fair. The coloured plates are finely sensitive in tone and feeling; and the illustrations from photographs (one of which, 'The Shalimar,' we reproduce on another page) are most admirable examples of the art of the camera.



From Old Bristol Potteries
(Arrowsmith).

STONEWARE GOBLET.
14 in. high, 9 in. across top. Made in 1818 at
Bright's Pottery, Temple Street, Bristol.
(Mr. R. H. Warren's Collection, Bristol.)

LEGENDS AND ROMANCES OF SPAIN.

By LEWIS SPENCE.
Illustrated in Colours
by OTWAY MCCANNELL,
R.B.A. (Harrap.)

This very handsome volume is a brief review and summary of the great romances and ballad literature of Spain when Spain was the home of the highest chivalry, and before chivalry had grown fantastic. In its history we find ample reason for Spain's chivalry and romantic soul, for the terrific struggle with the Saracens must have been an agelong school of honour and valour. And in Spain the seeds of romance took ready root and blossomed in marvellous luxuriance. Mr. Spence points out that while in British and French romance folk-lore plays an important part it is quite different in the Spanish romances: "her chivalric fictions are either the offspring of historic happenings or of that brilliant and glowing imagination which illumines the whole expanse of Peninsular literature." Mr. Spence gives us in the first place a clear description and history of the sources of Spanish romance and its literary development, and then he proceeds to provide a summary of all the chief examples of the tales. The story of the Cid is of course among the first, and a noble tale it is, founded on actual reality, though there is no doubt that in real life the gentleman was by no means the ideal hero represented by the poet. Then came the great romances of Amadis, a whole elaborate group, the similar Palmerin group and other tales of high chivalry, most of which appear in the catalogue embalmed in Don Quixote. Then the *romances* or ballads, the romances of the Moors in Spain, and all the

subsequent story-telling down to Guzman de Alfarache. To read of this rich literature in Mr. Spence's enchanting book is to be strongly stirred to seek to know more of it, and throughout the book indications are given to help the reader to find English translations of the works referred to. It would not be easy to praise this volume beyond its merits, both for theme and treatment.

LORNA DOONE.

By R. D. BLACKMORE.
With Coloured Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
(Harrap.)

A few of us will remember, and one at least is glad to possess and cherish the large illustrated edition of "Lorna" which appeared in the early eighties. They were days of that work on wood which is presumably dead for ever and belongs already to the fashion of collectors, like the wonders of vignettes on steel by Stothard and Turner. The "Lorna" of Sampson Low, with the illustrations of Mr. Armstrong, was and remains a thing of beauty after its own kind. Here now is the new fashion,

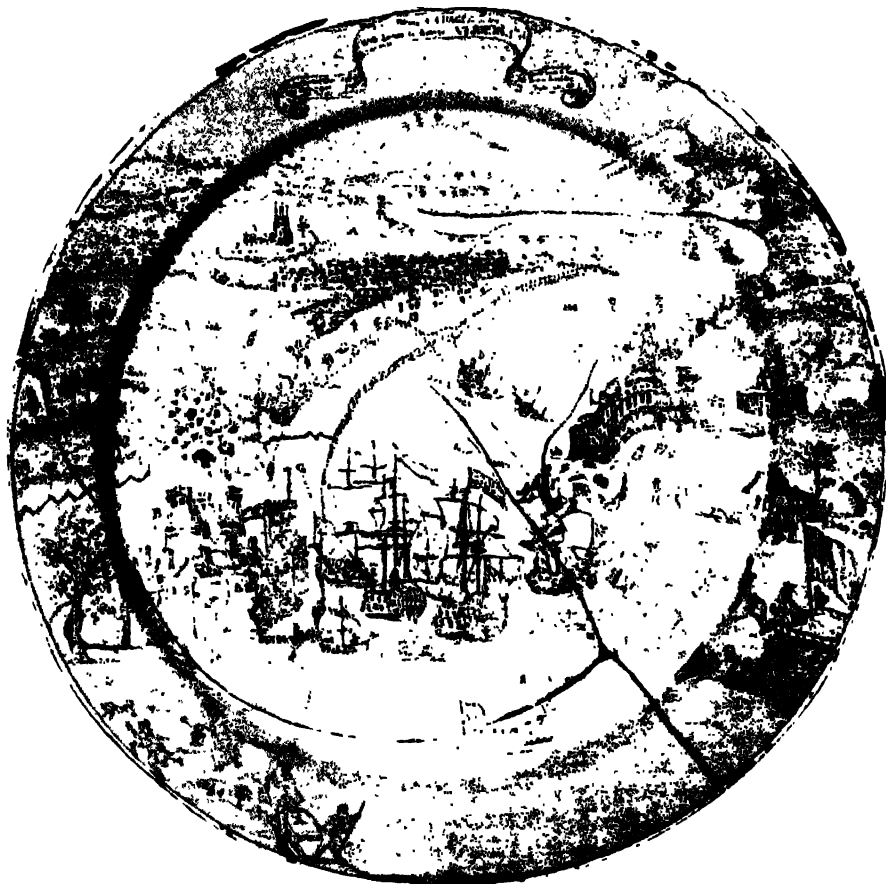
excellent again after its own, but far diverse manner. The two editions are without prejudice to each other, and are lying side by side, harmoniously enough, as these lines are written. Those who can may compare the Armstrong picture of John Ridd, supporting Ruth Huckaback in front of him on the vicious horse, with the corresponding illustration in colour. The latter is life at ease, and beside it the old design looks awkward. It is certain that the earlier artist had never seen and much less carried a girl in that position; but his successor might have been doing so all his life. On the other hand, compare also in each the child Lorna finding the boy John after the



From Old Bristol Potteries
(Arrowsmith).

DISH

Representing the Town and River charge. Lincolin Lane or Redcliff. The ground colour on flange is sprinkled yellow.
(Mr. Hemming's Collection, Horley.)



From Old Bristol Potteries
(Arrowsmith).

ONE OF A PAIR OF 18-INCH DISHES—
"THE TAKING OF CHAGRE IN THE
WEST INDIES, 1740."
(Joseph Flower, Redcliffe.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

episode of Bagworthy torrent and it will be scarcely open to question which is better of the two—namely, the wood engraving. The two prefaces of Blackmore are missing from the new edition, and there is good reason respecting the second, for it would be meaningless apart from the Armstrong illustrations and the first publishers. And the original preface is not without moment to the root matter of the story in the old life of Exmoor. This is a matter of detail, but it makes a tendency of the time to leave illustrated editions incomplete from the standpoint of the mere lover of books. It remains to say that the text of "Lorna" is admirably printed here and that the sixteen coloured illustrations of Rowland Wheelwright and William Sewell constitute a great adornment. It is good to have "Lorna Doone" in any form whatever, but in this it assumes a new and gracious vesture

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATION.

By H. D. EBERLEIN,
ABBOT MCCLURE
and E. S. HOLLOWAY. With many
Illustrations. 35s.
net. (Lippincott.)

A beautiful specimen of Philadelphia illustration and printing, it should not call to be specified that this is neither a furnishing catalogue nor a common craftsman's handbook of house adornment. It is an elaborate scientific treatise on the high art of both forms of decoration and a guide for those who have means to live in great houses and make them palaces of splendour. It is also a book on the sense of style in these directions, on the guiding principles and tradition belonging thereto. Finally, it is a methodised work, divided into three parts. The first is described as "a synoptic picture of the art of interior decoration" in England, Italy, Spain and France, from the beginning of the sixteenth century, and so forward. The lessons drawn from this exposition are applied to modern requirements in the second part, which is called "practical decoration and furnishing." The third part formulates—as it is said, for the first time—a logical system of decoration, "which avoids both the narrow limitations of the one-period method and the pitfalls of eclectic

furnishing." Content in these days with a country cottage, built on the side of a hill when James I was king, and set up within sound of the sea, the present reviewer confesses to a sense of intimidation in the presence of this logical system, even while he accepts with reverence all that Part III has to tell him of Renaissance, Baroque, Rococo and neo-Classic styles. He remains convinced

as a cottager that—at least for him and his purposes—there is one only system of furnishing, being books of the right kind from attic to basement. This is one of them, within its gorgeous measures, and takes its place accordingly. The illustrations hereafter shall often open vistas into the visionary world of salons, as in Palazzo Davanzati; of throne-rooms, as in Palazzo Quirinale; of galleries, as at Fontainebleau. It is right good and excellent to have the freedom of these in pictures and other dreams of splendour realised by the "7 plates in colour and 283 in double tone." It is *multum in parvo* within the covers of this "practical book," outside the signal contribution to a field of logic, so far neglected—from Aristotle to J. S. Mill.

A GARDEN OF HERBS.

By ELEANOR
SINCLAIR ROHDE.
(Lee Warner.)

This is a practical handbook to the making of an Old English Herb Garden, together with numerous recipes from

contemporary authorities. There has been need for long for a volume of just this kind. In these pages the anxious but fearful novice will find much sensible advice as to how to start. The herb-garden might be surrounded by banks, and these could be smothered with herbs—violets, cowslips, borage, wild strawberries, germander, betony, yarrow, centaury, wild thyme, and so on. "There should be," wisely remarks Miss Rohde, "nothing of the 'grand air' in a herb garden." We cannot resist giving one of the many delightful old recipes so lovingly garnered here. *Violet Tablet*.—Steep violet leaves in lemon juice till the colour is deep enough. Add sugar, and boil to candy height, and cut into cakes before it is quite cold. We congratulate the author on her patient research and its triumphant result.



From Irish Glass
(Jenkins).

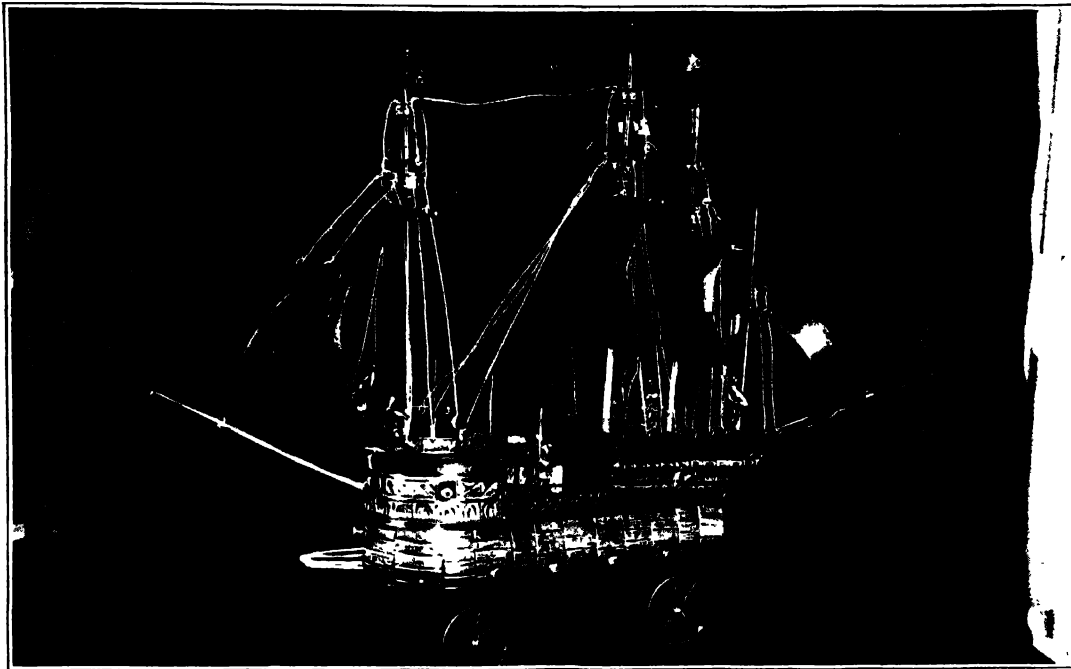
GOBLET
Formerly belonging to an Orange Lodge.
(National Museum, Dublin.)

SCHOOL AND FIRESIDE CRAFTS.

By ANN MACBETH and MAY SPENCE. 8s. net. (Methuen.)

What a fascinating volume this is, with its beautiful smooth paper and elegant illustrations. The authors' aim

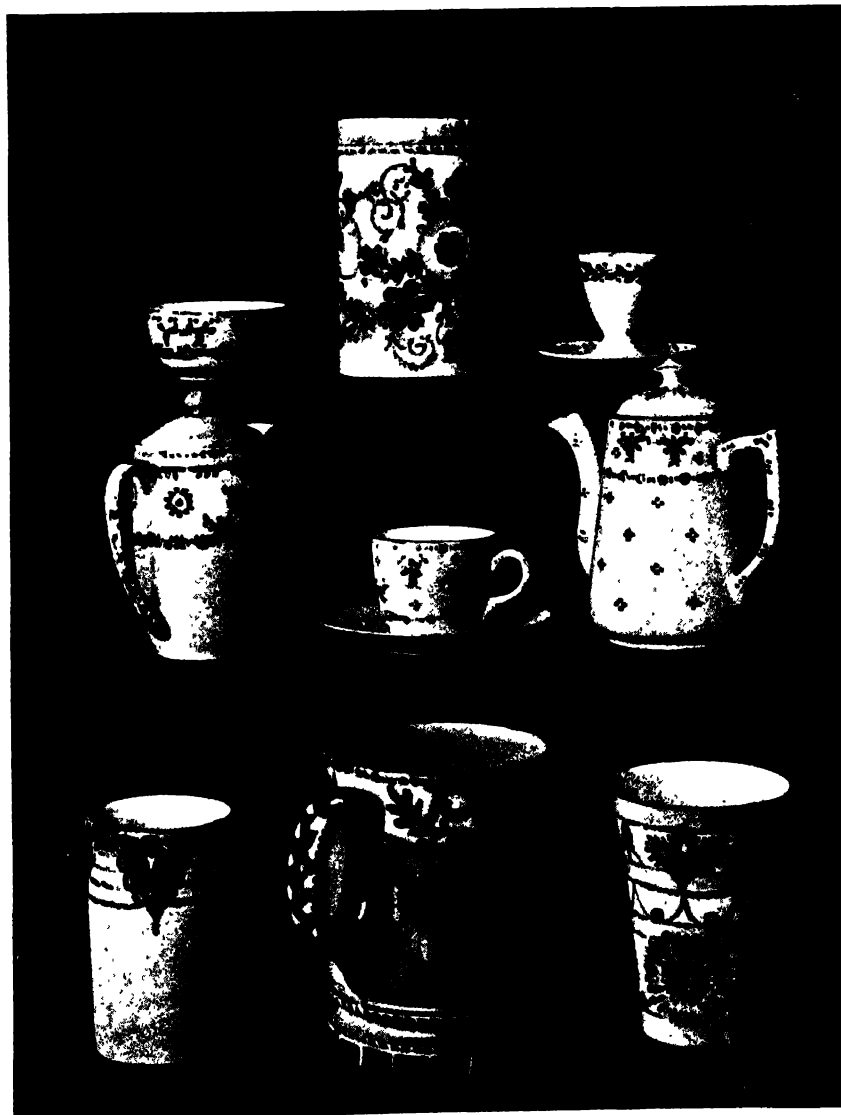
pictures of things to be made here are extraordinarily inviting, and make our fingers fidget to begin. Minute and careful directions are given, helped by diagrams. Section III is concerned with Needlework and Rugs, and Section IV is about Decorated Wood-work, a sadly



From Silver
(Pitman).

A NEP.

is to suggest employment for mind and hand such as may, without strenuous labour or expense, be carried on in school or home. To make our craft classes really successful, they say, there are two things which must be provided—a good outlet and artistic quality. "Simplicity in all things makes for beauty." We of the twentieth century, we are told, ought to have a type of design and art native and proper to our own age, and it is this type we should nurse and develop. By studying this book we can make a good start. Section I is devoted to Pottery, a useful and economical art. Little children can make small modelled dishes or pots. Section II deals with Willow and Cane, and coiled baskets. Here we are shown how interesting it is, if we are country dwellers, to gather willow, ash and rushes for our work. The



From School and Fireside Crafts
(Methuen).

TABLE POTTERY IN
ENAMEL PAINTING.
(By the Authors.)

neglected art. We have taken a fancy to the green and white slipper box, and to the House-that-Jack-Built set of figures.

KING ALFRED S BOOKS.

By the RIGHT
REVEREND BISHOP
G. F. BROWNE,
D.D. 30s. net.
(S.P.C.K.)

Here is one of the very valuable books of historical and literary interest produced for us recently by the S.P.C.K. Bishop Browne has long been known to students of Old English as an excellent scholar and historian. He has here a subject made to his hand in the books that King Alfred translated or caused to be translated, namely, Gregory's "Pastoral Care," Bede's "History," Orosius, Boethius, Gregory's "Dialogues" and Augustine's "Soliloquies."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

Bishop Browne's method is most admirable, and will appeal to all lovers of literature. He takes the original work, gives an account of it, with full quotations, gives Alfred's version in good modern English, and sometimes versions by other translators. This is specially valuable in the Boethius section, where as additional translators, we have such great names as Chaucer and Queen Elizabeth.

Altogether the book is an excellent idea, excellently embodied. It is the most English volume we are likely to see for a long time.

ENGLISH CHURCH MONU- MENTS.

By F. H.
CROSSLEY,
F.S.A.
(Batsford.)

In this magnificent volume we have a full pictorial collection of the monuments, effigies, and chantry chapels of the mediæval period, in which England is so exceedingly wealthy. As the author points out, no other department of research enables us to form so correct a judgment of our architecture at any given point as we get from the memorial chapels and canopied tombs erected in cathedrals and churches, complete in themselves. So do effigies and memorials give a complete sequence of costumes, armour, etc., and even the evolutions of women's headdress and the like. In short they are a permanent fund of information as to the life, aspirations, religious emotions and artistic impulses of several centuries. An extraordinarily complete history is contained in this book of the various methods of the artists, their materials, their varying and evolving ideas, the cost of the carrying out of their designs and the

amount paid for their work. The hundreds of illustrations provided are simply an invaluable record, and vary from the most superb examples of the memorial artists' work such as the great Torrigiano tomb of Henry VII in Westminster down to details showing the ornamentation of a sculptured sword or belt. Mr. Batsford goes from strength to strength in the work he has been carrying on

for years to record and explain and perpetuate the beauty that lives in England in every nook and corner.

OLD BRISTOL POT- TERIES.

Being an account of the old Potters and Potteries of Bristol and Brislington, between 1650 and 1850, by W. J. POUNTNEY.
£2 12s 6d.
(Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

Collectors of what is generically termed "Old China" are well aware of the beauty and merits of Bristol pottery and porcelain, and they will welcome this detailed and interesting record of the art which has flourished for three centuries on the banks of the Avon. Mr. W. J. Pountney, the author of this monograph, was peculiarly fitted for the task he has accomplished so admirably.



From English Church Monuments
of the Mediæval Period
(Batsford).

BOXGROVE PRIORY, SUSSEX: THE
CHANTRY - CHAPEL OF THOMAS,
LORD DE LA WARRE, BEFORE 1539.

He belongs to a family which has been associated with Bristol since the sixteenth century, and is the son of John Decimus Pountney, who from 1820 to 1852 was the leading partner in the Temple Back Pottery. Mr. Pountney made many excavations on the sites of the old pottery works. Disused wells and cesspools provided the finest finds of ancient, if broken, specimens of ware. At Brislington "the rubbish thrown in to fill the old well reached to the top." This valuable and interesting monograph is enriched with many excellent reproductions of Bristol pottery.

THE
OPINIONS OF
JOHN ABTHORNE
ON THE
ARTS OF LIVING.

6s. net. (Heinemann.)

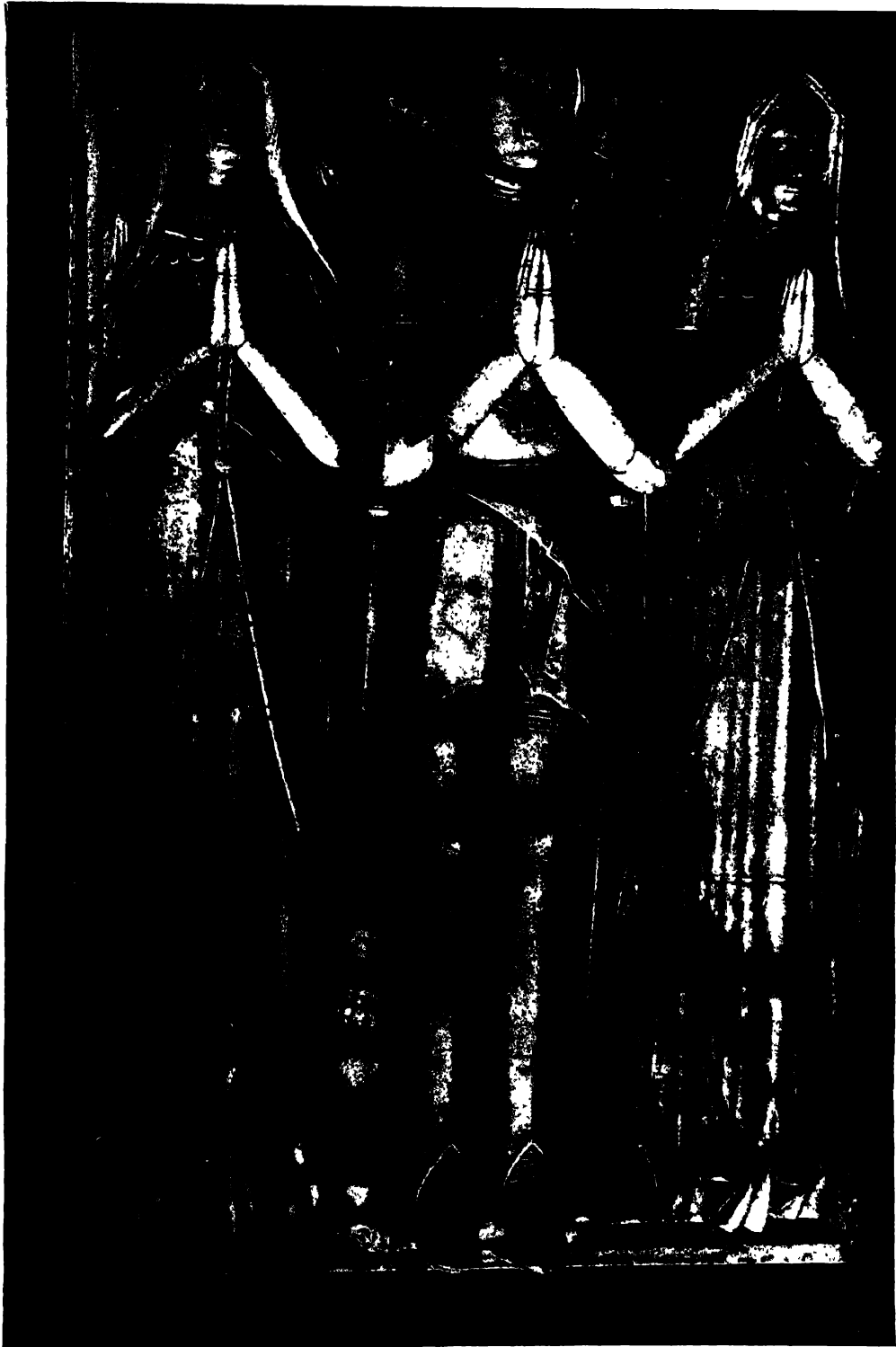
The professional literary man will be inclined to think that a great many books have lately been published which, but for the war, would not have appeared in print. The excitement in which we were all living seems to have given to many ordinary people the desire to express themselves, and to have made the public willing to listen. In times of crisis for many purposes the ordinary person is as important as the "Great Man." The excitement of war involves a strain which we all know cannot last. Hence it has come that so many persons look back with pleasure to their former life, and forward with desire to a time of peace. They hold that their experience has given them a right to speak, and the public quite properly admitted that right. This volume was written by Mr. Abthorne when he was resting from his wounds.

In the modest autobiographical prologue which clearly shows that he is no professional *littérateur*, he relates the sort of man he is and the kind of life he has led. He calls himself one of the respectable and quite an ordinary person. But occasionally he indulges in bold speculations. In the epilogue he speaks seriously of the conclusions to which he has come. He believes in enjoyment for himself, and because he feels

kindly towards his fellow men gladly points out to them the paths which have led to his own happiness. He is not afraid to say what is obvious and that which has been often said before; indeed the superior person will dub him platitudinous, but paradoxes are now so rife, that even the superior person will take no harm by being reminded of the obvious. The book throughout is intensely personal; a great deal of its interest is to be found in the record of what the author has seen, done and

thought, and the striking though very slight sketches he gives of the persons he has met. The book contains a Prologue, an Epilogue and five essays. "The Education of Taste" is an eloquent plea that English literature should be given an important position even in early education, and states once more how ignorant most Englishmen (including university graduates) often are of their own literature. In the two essays, "Dramatic Art, Its Leading Characteristics" and "The Restoration Drama: Its Influence To-day," we can see how he enjoys the theatre and reading about it; these essays though quite light and human in their treatment would serve as an excellent introduction to the subject. The essay on Hazlitt is a most gracious appreciation, all the more pleasing be-

cause in many ways Hazlitt is so antipathetic to him. But he does not allow his opinions to interfere with his enjoyment. "The Nucleus of a Cheap Library" holds the advice which the essayist would give to anybody about to spend a few pounds. Mr. Abthorne is always practical, and throughout this book gives references to volumes for further study, and particulars of editions of authors which are now in print.



From English Church Monuments
of the Medieval Period
(Batsford).

ELFORD, STAFFS: SIR WM. SMYTHE,
1525, AND HIS TWO WIVES, ISABELLA
NEVILLE AND ANNE STAUNTON.

SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Told by C. S. EVANS and illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM.
7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Last year we had from Mr. C. S. Evans a new and amplified version of the story of Cinderella, illustrated by

essentials in the picture and conveys so much in its stark simplicity. The frontispiece is a beautiful, very characteristic piece of work in colour. Both for the charm of its story and the quaintness and beauty of its illustrations, "Sleeping Beauty" is one of the most attractive as it

is sure to be one of the most popular of this Christmas's gift-books.

ANIMAL INGENUITY OF TO-DAY.

By C. A. EALAND, M.A.
7s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)

Another volume has been added to the Science of To-day series with the publication of "Animal Ingenuity of To-day." Fully illustrated and attractively written, it describes the adaptation of animals to their surroundings and their means of subsistence and protection. In twenty-seven chapters, each complete in itself, the author takes us round the animal world, choosing his examples from the lowest to the highest forms of life. He shows how the struggle for existence is overcome by the amoeba in the mud at the bottom of the pond, and he devotes several chapters to the habits of birds. Mr. Ealand has a power of amassing details without being overwhelmed by them, and his book deserves success as a popular study of natural science, based on standard works. One would single out as of special interest the account which is given of the habits of and activities of the honey bee.



From *Sleeping Beauty*.
By Arthur Rackham.
(Heinemann).

BEAUTY'S BIRTHDAY.

Mr. Arthur Rackham in silhouette, except for a coloured frontispiece. This year we have its companion in "Sleeping Beauty." Mr. C. S. Evans's version of the old story is delightfully refreshing; he very cleverly deduces new facts from the long-accepted history, tells the wonderful old romance over again, enlivening it with flashes of quaint and delectable humour. It is not only a far more complete narration of all that happened to the Sleeping Beauty than any that has hitherto been presented, but it brings us more closely acquainted with all the chief characters of the story. Mr. Evans has a distinct genius for retelling these animated old nurserytales. Almost every incident is illustrated by Mr. Rackham in that bold "shadow" style that emphasises all



From *Irish Fairy Tales*
(Macmillan).

DECORATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

**OCCULTISTS AND
MYSTICS OF ALL AGES.**

By the HON. RALPH SHIRLEY. 4s. 6d. net (Rider.)

Increasing interest is taken in great religious teachers and magicians of the past, and this book will be very useful to many. There are little sketches, well-informed, of Apollonius of Tyana, Plotinus, Michael Scot, Theophrastus Paracelsus, Emanuel Swedenborg, Count Caligiostro, Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland. The account of Michael Scot has perhaps the most fascination; it is an extraordinary story, but the author sums up: "The lovers of the marvellous have surrounded with a mysterious and semi-sinister halo the name of a man whose chief work in life lay in the paths of philosophy, astronomy and medical research." The tale of Anna Kingsford—a name rarely heard nowadays, will be new to many. Her book, "The Perfect Way," sought, it may be remembered, "to make peace with Science and Faith, to bring together East and West." Mr. Shirley's volume is sure of an audience.

IRISH FAIRY TALES.

By JAMES STEPHENS. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 15s. (Macmillan.)

The matter-of-fact, the scornful Scotch, the person who



From *Sleeping Beauty.*
By Arthur Rackham
(Heinemann).

THE PEOPLE'S SALUTE.



From *Irish Fairy Tales*
(Macmillan).

DECORATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

has no respect for the weird land of Erin, had better keep away from this book. It is for the child whose parents worship Ireland, for those with adoration for her legends. It is a strange collection, strangely and exquisitely illustrated by Mr. Arthur Rackham in marvellous colour studies. Mr. Stephens of course is the very man to tell the stories of Mongan and Fionn. He constantly lapses into enchanting asides. "In truth, we do not go to Faery, we become Faery, and in the beating of a pulse we may live for a year or a thousand years." "All desires are fleeting, but that one lasts for ever. Fionn, with all desires, had the lasting one, for he would go anywhere and forsake anything, for wisdom." One of the most beautiful passages, in a bookful of beauty, is on the salmon.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

"I ranged on the seas of the world . . . in a sparkle of lucent blue I curved, lit like a living jewel . . . through dusks of ebony, all mazed with silver, I shot and shone, the wonder of the sea."

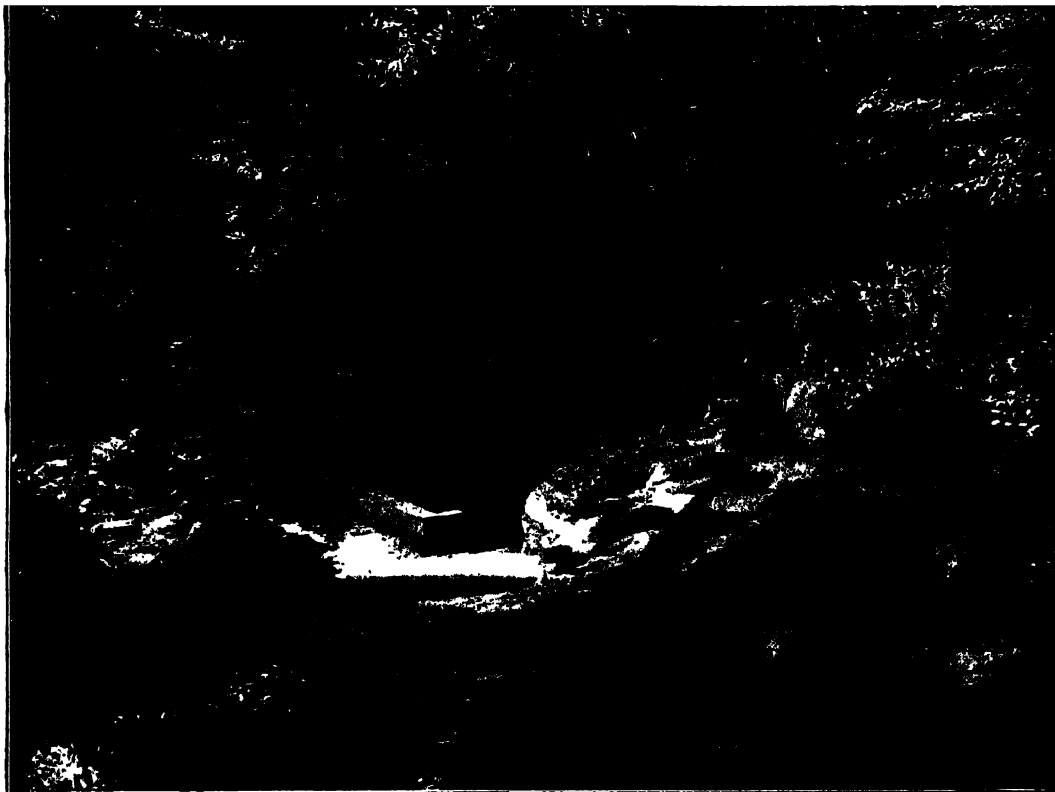
THE GARDEN THAT WE MADE.

By the CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.
10s 6d. (R.T.S.)

We turn over these charming pages with much regret that the volume can have no sequel. The book reveals

something of what the world knows of the late Princess — glimpses of a simple, beauty-loving nature. The descriptions of the Sol-fiero garden are given in unaffected language, and betray a keen appreciation of colour and design. And the six reproductions of paintings by the writer are quite delightful, notably that entitled "A picturesque bit of the Valley."

The sloping grassland, the leaning trees, and the soft shadows cast by the boughs, form a graceful and elegant bit of work. Again the massed yellows and reds in "Flower Border in September" are most effective. Pretty photographs are scattered all through, taken by the Crown Prince and his wife. There are plenty of hints here that will be helpful to garden lovers. "After having had two successive years of failure with our flower bed along the wall of the house, we had a lucky inspiration. . . .



From *The Garden that We Made*
(Religious Tract Society).

THE ROCK GARDEN.

Against the wall a hedge of lavender was planted, and outside of that are the always good-tempered and grateful little marigolds."

VOICES IN THE WIND.

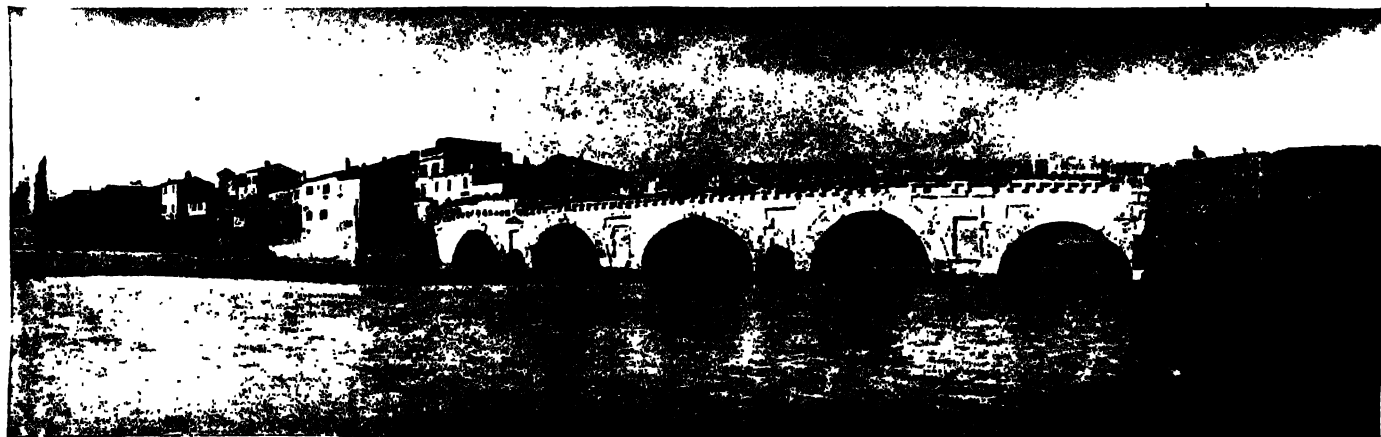
By JULIA REEVE WOOD. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

An interesting collection of quietly thoughtful poems is "Voices in the Wind," by Julia Reeve Wood. We get the author's views on many varied subjects, and all of them are fresh and sincere poems, even though a few lack the finished air of the majority. Now and again we feel that the author misses an opportunity; for instance,

in "The Dancers" the contrasting pictures of a little sleeping, well-loved and cared-for child, and a crowd of little slum children dancing round a barrel organ — both at nine o'clock at night — are not painted vividly enough. The subject would lend itself well to a poem-picture — but the material is not used to the best advantage. Among the

best in the book are these verses from "Demobilised":

"Fierce hatred of a vanquished foe
The stalwart warrior does not know. . . .
"No mean desire can fill the heart
Of him who knows himself but part
Of a great plan
Whereby God proves Himself through man. . . .
"Warrior—true man in conflict proved—
Now may thy life be greatly moved
In thought and deed,
To serve the world's more desperate need."



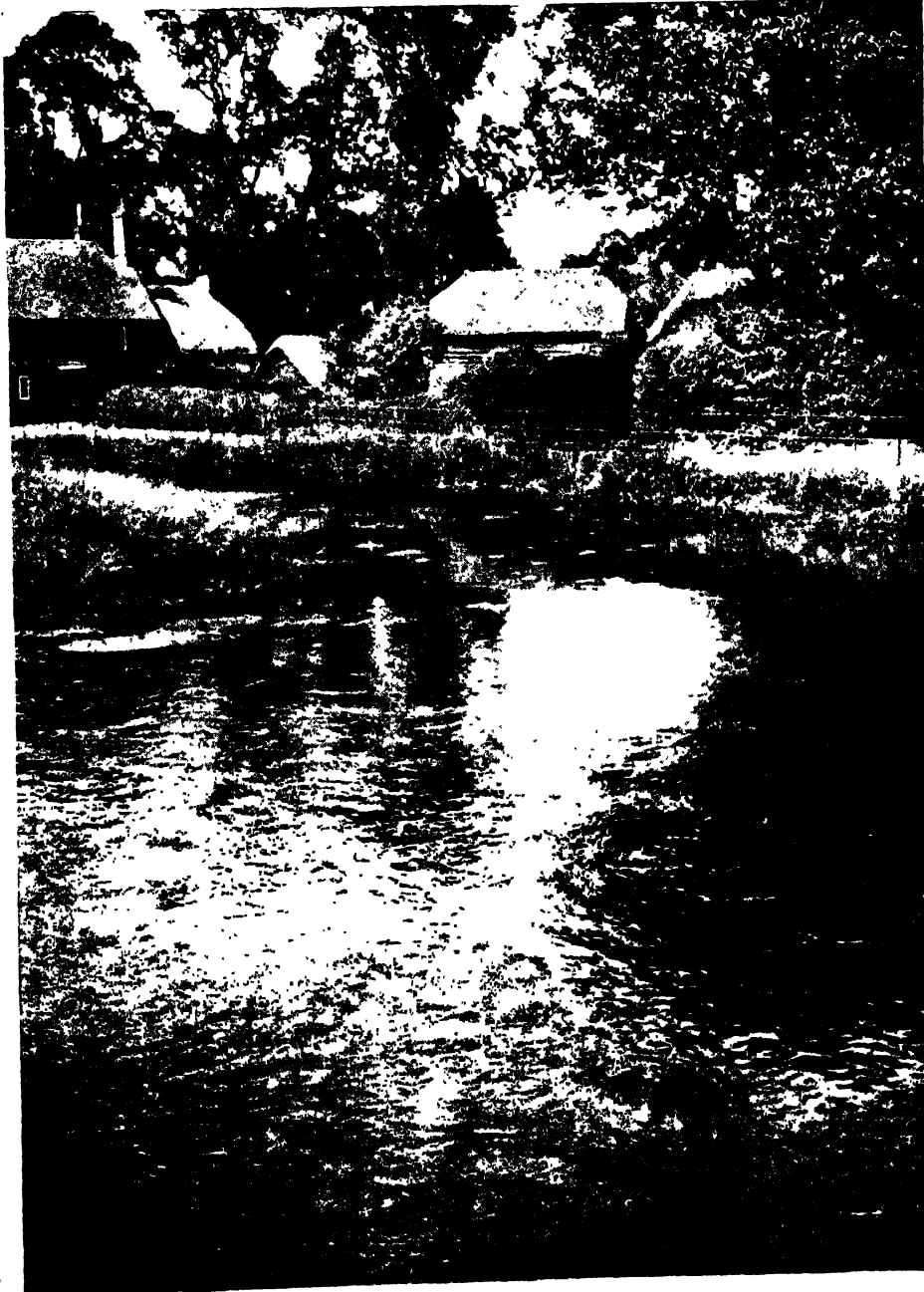
From *The Grandeur that was Rome*
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

ROMAN BRIDGE AT RIMINI.

AS THE WATER FLOWS.

By ELEANOR BARNES. 36 Coloured Illustrations by HELEN STRATTON, and many Photographs. 25s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Here is an entirely delectable book. It was a perfectly splendid idea originally, to get hold of a superlatively light portable canoe drawing a minus depth, or nearly that, weighing only thirty-five pounds, and in it to go wandering and exploring the sort of tiny streams and small rivers that are generally regarded as not among navigable waters, as well as those bigger rivers known to others' keels. In this canoe the author has drifted on the Thames, the Arun, Rother, Mole, Christchurch Avon, Wyke, Nadder, the Dorset Stour and the Canterbury Stour. And being a person of shining wisdom she went at all times of the year—June, October, December, spring or winter, all the same. So she enjoyed herself to supreme heights of beauty and even danger, and tells her experiences in a lively, personal, gay fashion, but always deeply understanding. Every page carries a photograph of some characteristic scene, or a picture in colour illustrating the text, and the colour pictures add a charming touch of idealism that warms the whole book. Many have wistfully longed to do what Miss Barnes has done, and to read this book will be the next best thing to having actually swirled and floated oneself over these delicate and enchanted waters.



From *As the Water Flows*
(Grant Richards).

GWENDOLEN RAVERAT: MODERN WOODCUTTERS (No. 1).

3s. 6d. net. (Herbert Furst: Little Art Rooms, Adelphi.)

The art of cutting and engraving on wood has fallen into strange neglect for these many years past, but latterly there are signs of a revival of interest in an art that lends itself more intimately to the personal touch of the artist than any other form of reproduction. And one has only to glance through this charming selection of Mrs. Raverat's

woodcuts to realise the wonderful range of expression of which it is capable. Note the strength and the beauty of light and heavy shadow in "Gypsies," which we reproduce on another page; then turn to the book and note, for contrast, the pastoral feeling and gracious loveliness of such a perfect thing as the "Sheep by a River," or the more exquisite delicacy, with all its minute detail of foliage, of "Elms by a Pond," or the delightful little study of trees in "Autumn Morning." Mrs. Raverat, Mr. Furst tells us in a preface note, is a granddaughter of Darwin. She studied at the Slade School under Mr. Henry Tonks, and there is enough in this book to more than justify

Mr. Furst in saying she practises this craft with an inborn dexterity. Her work has emotional as well as imaginative power; there is life and movement in it; the most delicate sylvan quietness, or a dramatic vigour that, with massed shadows or in austere outline, is not less beautiful. We have seen no woodcuts for long past that have moved us to such entire admiration.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

13s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)

Some sixty delightful short stories are to be found in this handsome crimson volume. There is also an interesting series of "Little Romances that Actually Happened," by Florence Bone, a writer who has never come to her own. This carefully-con-

A FARM BY THE RIVER.

ducted and quite up-to-date magazine has many good features—interviews and accounts of famous people. (One of the articles we have most enjoyed is that on William and Catherine Booth, written by Mr. Coulson Kernahan.) The columns headed "Odd Moments" are brightly and freshly done, and contain all sorts of anecdotes and small discussions. The serial story entitled "The Smitten Rock" is readable, and tells a sad love story, which comes right in the end. It is by Lindsay Cameron. There are loads of attractive pictures, and altogether this issue of the popular annual is a triumph of good editorship.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

ON MAKING AND COLLECTING ETCHINGS.

Edited by E. HESKETH HUBBARD, A.W.R.A. £1 1s.
(The Print Society, Bridge House, Ringwood.)

This handsome volume is one which all who have hopes for the future of English Art will commend and recommend. It does many necessary things with a helpful lucidity and a few—too few—excellent explanatory illustrations. It is the first of the publications issued by the Print Society, established at Ringwood in Hants, and unquestionably gives valuable guidance to the neophyte in print-collecting, as well as stimulates a right appreciation of the work of the etchers. Written by nine of the members of the Print Society, who have gone through the mill and learnt from experience the needs of students, its aim is essentially practical. After explaining what is an etching, with an outline of its history as a feature of art—an honourable and longer history than many would believe, having Rembrandt as the presiding genius—the book supplies a luminous description of the processes of making an etching, with its close cousins the dry-point and the aquatint, as well as the supplementary processes, such as that of the mezzotint; with hints on printing, re-touching and taking proofs. Beyond these practical departments Mr. Leslie Ward advocates the helpfulness of etchings as decorations in rooms, and explains the conditions under which they best can be displayed; while Mr. Hesketh Hubbard—an enthusiast, for besides editing this admirable symposium, he founded the Print Society—writes on the collecting and storing of etchings, and gives a discriminative list of books helpful to the student in all his stages of development. If the rest of the volumes in this series are as admirable as this pioneer, they will comprise a valuable library, and will strengthen the general knowledge and appreciation of art, and so give the life-blood of encourage-

ment to a department of spiritual and intellectual life which has had something like Cinderella treatment for several years.

IN A GREEN SHADE. A COUNTRY COMMENTARY.

By MAURICE HEWLETT. 6s. net. (Bell.)

Pleasant indeed, freshly written and bright with thought, is the series of twenty-five essays which Mr. Maurice Hewlett has reprinted in this pocketable volume. The various gifts which have made him a successful novelist,

using a wide and diverse range of moods and passions, a monasticist and a poet—better than merely minor, though a good deal less than major—have provided for his use an instrument which, tested, is found very effective for essay work. Mr. Hewlett has been—it is obvious as well as inevitable—a great deal affected by the war. He seems far more willing to see the other side of a question than once he was, and appears more sympathetic with the ordinary ways of things. He seems, indeed, more warmly human and closer to nature than he was in the old days, when his heroines and heroes loved and fought, with very frank passion, or sat in solitude in a painted wood amid slabs of stage moonlight. The pleasantest of this bunch of essays, at least to the present



From *Snowdrop*
(Constable).

THEY FOUND THE PRINCESS
ASLEEP ON THE ROCK.

reviewer, is the very charming study of Bessie Moore, the poet's wife. While Tom was playing the gilded gad-about, frivolling with Lord Tomnoddy and his brotherhood, living amid a tinkle of guitars and pianos, she was at home bearing and, alas, losing her babies, giving her little husband a devoted love, and proving how very splendid the simple woman by her own hearth can be. It is a delightful study, as indeed are the other studies in this book, which treat of politics and poetry with an easy, happy pen and a large-hearted sympathy.



From The Charles Dickens Christmas
Booklets
(Cecil Palmer)



From The Charles Dickens Christmas
Booklets
(Cecil Palmer).

HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS.

By CHARLES DICKENS. 1s. 6d. each. (Cecil Palmer)

These little books are very daintily produced, in covers of bright colours, with an artistic picture on each. They will make excellent substitutes for Christmas cards. How much better than a card, for instance, is "A Child's Dream of a Star" in its green and yellow binding. After this pretty little tale of the boy "who strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things," comes "The Holly Tree," with its list of characters—Cobbs the Boots, the Walmers, and Angela Leath. On thinking it over, we consider that the booklets are certain of an enthusiastic welcome from certain people. Aunts and uncles are safe, and grandfathers and grandmothers, and, of course, the young person with sense and taste. The delightful silhouette decorations by Doris M. Palmer are quaint and elegant, and Mr. Palmer is to be congratulated on his happy notion of sending abroad these undying tales of the great master, so attractively printed, and so accessible to the poverty-stricken buyer.

ARACHNE. A PLAY.

By ADELAIDE EDEN
PHILLPOTTS. (Cecil Palmer.)

"Arachne" is a charmingly written little play based on the mythological story of the daughter of Idmon, the dyer, who becomes an expert with her spinning and weaving that she grows over-boastful and challenges the goddess Athena to spin a web more beautiful than she (Arachne) can do. The goddess accepts the challenge; Arachne is defeated, and attempts to commit suicide; but Athena prevents her, and turns her into a spider. When Athena

appears just in time to save the girl from hanging herself, Miss Phillpotts makes Arachne say:

"Support me not. I am too proud to live."

ATHENA: Be thou still prouder, child; too proud to die.

ARACHNE: Life, that seemed beautiful, has hideous proved.

ATHENA: Look on! Look on! The secret future smiles.

ARACHNE: The future is a trick to make us hope

For what shall never come. I trust it not.

But Athena wins, and so we come to the last scene of all, where Arachne is transformed into a spider. It is quaint, fantastic, and the characters throughout are drawn with

uncommon skill. The book is illustrated with a frontispiece and a number of tiny silhouetted figures by Doris M. Palmer, whose work is wonderfully alive, dainty and decorative.



From Lost Legends of the
Nursery Songs
(Dell)

"ONCE I WAS A MONARCH'S
DAUGHTER, AND SAT ON A
LADY'S KNEE."

the singing of the congregation and their interest in the hymns are stimulated in a remarkable manner, while the musical effect is very fine." This book of tunes, we note, is the organ edition, the Descant parts being published separately. To organists and choirs and all those interested in church music, Mr. Gray's Descants should be a useful book.

A BOOK OF DESCANTS.

By ALAN GRAY. 3s. 6d. net.
Organ Edition, 8s. 6d. net.
(Cambridge University
Press)

In the preface to "A Book of Descants," compiled by Alan Gray, and published by the Cambridge University Press, we learn that: "An interesting adaptation of the mediæval arts of Descant and Faux-Bourdon has been introduced into this country in the last few years. The distinction between the two methods may be taken to be that in Descant a certain number of treble voices have an independent part, while the other voices sing the tune; in Faux-Bourdon the tune is placed in the Tenor, while the other voices of the Choir sing round it in parts. Experience has shown that by the use of these devices



From Arachne
(Cecil Palmer).



From Arachne
(Cecil Palmer).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

THE MEDAL COLLECTOR: A GUIDE TO NAVAL, MILITARY AND AIR FORCE AWARDS.

By STANLEY C. JOHNSON, M.A., D.Sc. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

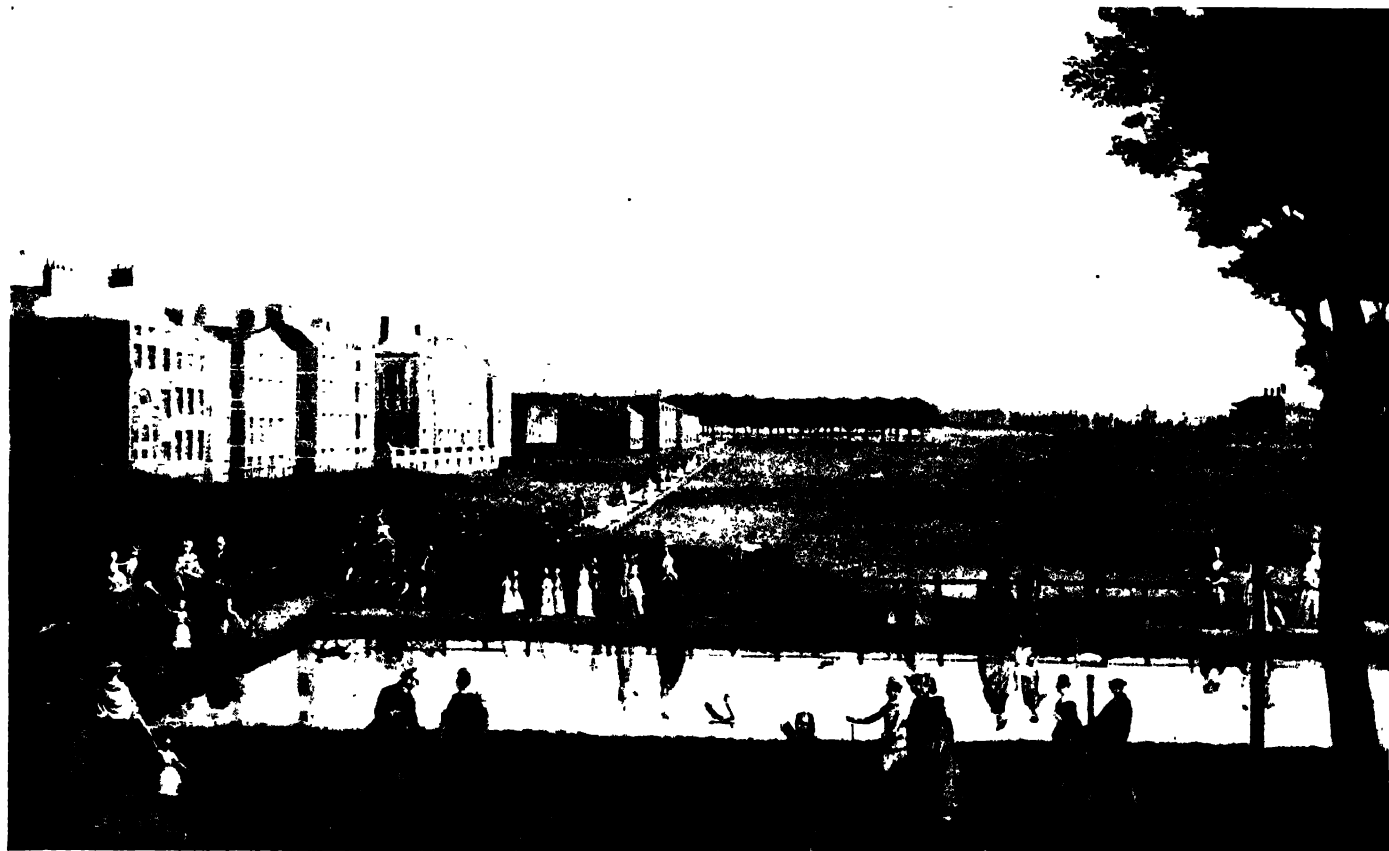
That the collecting of medals is a matter which interests a large number of persons is certain, and there can be little doubt the late great war, with its numerous new

photographs and drawings of a large number of medals, orders, etc., and has also half a dozen plates in colour illustrating the manifold variety of ribbons proper to the various medals.

THE XVIIIth CENTURY IN LONDON.

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. Illustrated. 35s. net. (Batsford.)

As no century of English life centred in London was ever fuller than the eighteenth, so we have fuller records



From *The XVIIIth Century in London*
(Batsford).

THE GREEN PARK.

awards, has given something of a fresh fillip to the hobby. Incidentally, too, it has given occasion for an increase in the number of books devoted to the subject. Dr. Stanley Johnson, who contributes this volume on "The Medal Collector" to the handy and helpfully informative Collectors' series, is already well known as a writer on military curios and medals, and his work is therefore sure of a welcome from all who in any degree share his enthusiasm. He points out that there is a growing tendency to differentiate between medals designed to be worn and medallions—or coin-like pieces without any clip or other means of attachment—and in this volume he limits his consideration to the former. Although he deals also with a certain number of foreign medals and orders, by far the greater part of his book is concerned with British awards—which began with the Armada—up to the present time. Though as Dr. Stanley Johnson tells us this country was late in "appreciating the need for conferring medals," it is probable that to the majority of the collectors for whom such a volume is designed it is British medals that are mainly the objects of their search. The volume is liberally illustrated with

in memoirs, journals, novels, pictures and prints as to the buildings, the customs, dresses, and persons of London in that period than in any other before our own. We know the daily life of the eighteenth century in almost every aspect and detail, and it was a brilliant and a happy idea of author and publisher to give us a rapid review and summary of the social life of the eighteenth century, how people walked abroad, drove in Hyde Park, revelled at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, or took their less exalted pleasure at Bagnigge Wells or Rumbold. The eighteenth century was the heyday of the clubs—very different then from our modern clubs, though White's and Brook's and Boodle's and the Cocoa Tree are still flourishing among us. Coffee-houses and taverns were centres of gay and literary life, and there was a notable outbreak of church building

which left London of to-day a remarkable legacy, now unfortunately threatened with curtailment. Very interesting are the sections which describe the public buildings of the time, and the streets and dwelling houses. No department of life is untouched by Mr. Chancellor, and the 190 illustrations form a most adequate supplement to the text. The book is a sheer delight.



3
From *The Medal Collector*
(Jenkins).



4
3. 4. OLIVER CROMWELL

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE,
AND ITS
SURROUNDINGS.

By MACIVER PERCIVAL. 30s. net. (Hemmann.)

A volume that will make an instant appeal to all lovers of beautiful and appropriate furniture is "Old English Furniture and its Surroundings," by MacIver Percival. The period covered is from the Restoration of the Monarchy

RHYMES OF WEE
WOODLANDERS.

By NANCY M. HAYES. (Harrap.)

As the title indicates, this little book of verse is concerned with the tiny creatures who live, and work, and die in the woods. The Owl, the selfish Cuckoo, the Frog, the Snake, the Mole, the Tomtit, the Pheasant, and many others we meet in the pages of this attractive book. There is a swing, a rhythm and a spirit of gaiety about these



From The XVIIIth Century in London
(Baisford).

RANELAGH.

to the Regency, and is divided into four sections—Restoration, End of Seventeenth Century and Early Eighteenth, Early Georgian, and Late Georgian. "Every one collects something nowadays," says Mr. MacIver Percival in his Preface, "old furniture, silver, china or glass, perhaps all of them; and such collections are not only interesting in themselves, but often add much beauty to the homes of their owners. In many cases, however, they are not seen to the best advantage, because they are only too often arranged in a *milieu* which is totally unsuited for them, and thus not only is the general effect less good than it should be, but the beauty of the individual pieces is obscured. . . . Fine pieces are of course fine anywhere, but when placed in their right environment new beauties show themselves. . . ." The book is illustrated with admirable photographs of furniture, glass, etc., some from public, and some from private collections. Altogether a most interesting and instructive book.

verses which make them most delightful reading. Some of the verses are entertainingly instructive, such as:

"The Cuckoo is a lazy bird—
She never builds a nest,
But takes her egg to others' homes
And lays it with the rest.

"When Mrs. Wagtail comes back home,
She twitters in surprise

'I did not know I'd laid an egg
So big as this,' she cries.

"But down she sits, and on a day
The nestlings all hatch out,
The Cuckoo's strong and pushes
all
The little birds about

"The Wagtail scolds the Cuckoo as
Her own poor children fall;
But feeds him up and never
knows
He's not her bird at all!"

while some of the verses are just quaint fancies like the one that begins:

"The Centipede was very cross—
he hated all his toes—
For round him there were shoes
to shine in rows and rows
and rows.

'I'll never get to bed to-night—it's very hard indeed!
What a lot of shoes to polish!' sobbed the sulky Centipede."



From The Medal Collector
(Jenkins).



1. 2. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

The story goes on to show how he lent all his legs to a Lady Bird in exchange for her wings, and what became of them both after the exchange. Miss Nancy Hayes writes naturally and easily, and all her work is very much alive.

THROUGH FIRE TO FAITH.

By STUART CLARE. 5s. (Morgan & Scott)

John Burkett, the Squire of Coombedale, was hard as nails. His daughter, living with this born tyrant, felt "the iron pierce her soul." Ethel is gentle, she loves flowers. "She had many a time found solace in the nodding heads of these silent friends, whose very movement seemed to betoken sympathy." The chief scene of the story occurs when the Squire appears, enraged, to drive away a meeting of the Salvationists. "Apologise!" raved the Squire with blasphemous expletives; "this place belongs to me! What are you doing here at all?" He then felled a man and woman to the ground with his oaken stick. A great many adventures follow. (Ethel had installed herself as guardian of the stricken girl.) This book would do well for a Sunday school library.

PERSONAL ASPECTS OF JANE AUSTEN.

By MARY AUGUSTA AUSTEN-LEIGH. 9s. net. (John Murray.)

We protest that we love books, and especially books about authors. We would not willingly declare any book superfluous, least of all a book about Jane Austen; but we are bound to say that the present volume is really very, very slight indeed. It tells us next to nothing about Jane that we cannot gather from the novels; and it irritates us rather than instructs us when it dwells upon the games and amusements of the Austen family as proof of their culture. Surely no reader of "Pride and Prejudice" needs a collection of charades to prove that Jane Austen was "genteel"! The most interesting part of Miss Austen-Leigh's volume is the chapter in which she quotes the youthful Jane's marginal exclamations in a copy of Goldsmith's "History of England." "Oh! Oh! the wretches," she exclaims of the Puritans; and of the Stuarts, "A family who were always ill-used, betrayed or neglected, whose virtues are seldom allowed, while their errors are never forgotten." And underneath, a young nephew has written, "Bravo, Aunt Jane! Just my opinion of the case." Such sentiments are irreproachable. On the suppression of Highland costume after the Forty-five, she exclaims, "I do not like this. Every ancient custom ought to be sacred, unless it is prejudicial to Happiness." But her wisest remark is appended to Goldsmith's condemnation of those who stun mankind with a cry of Freedom: "My dear



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Joseph Blackall

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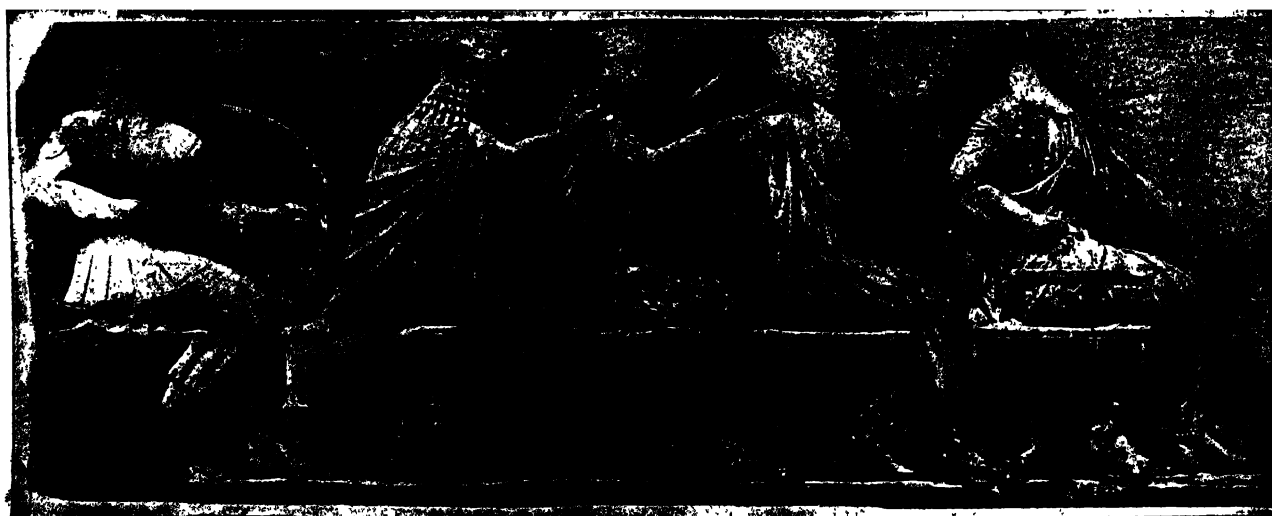
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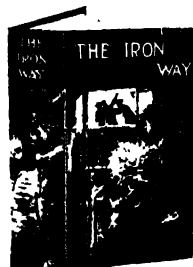
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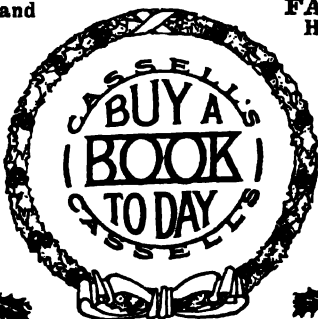
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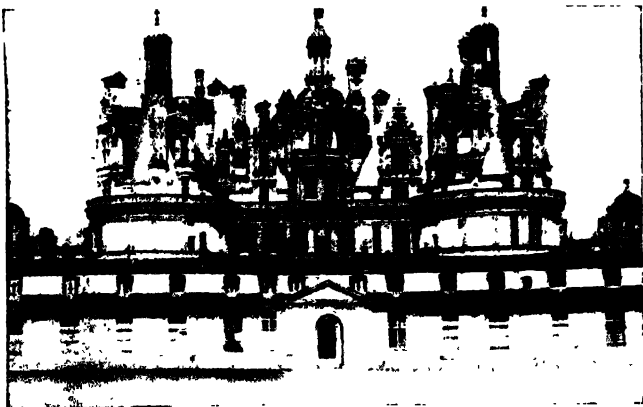
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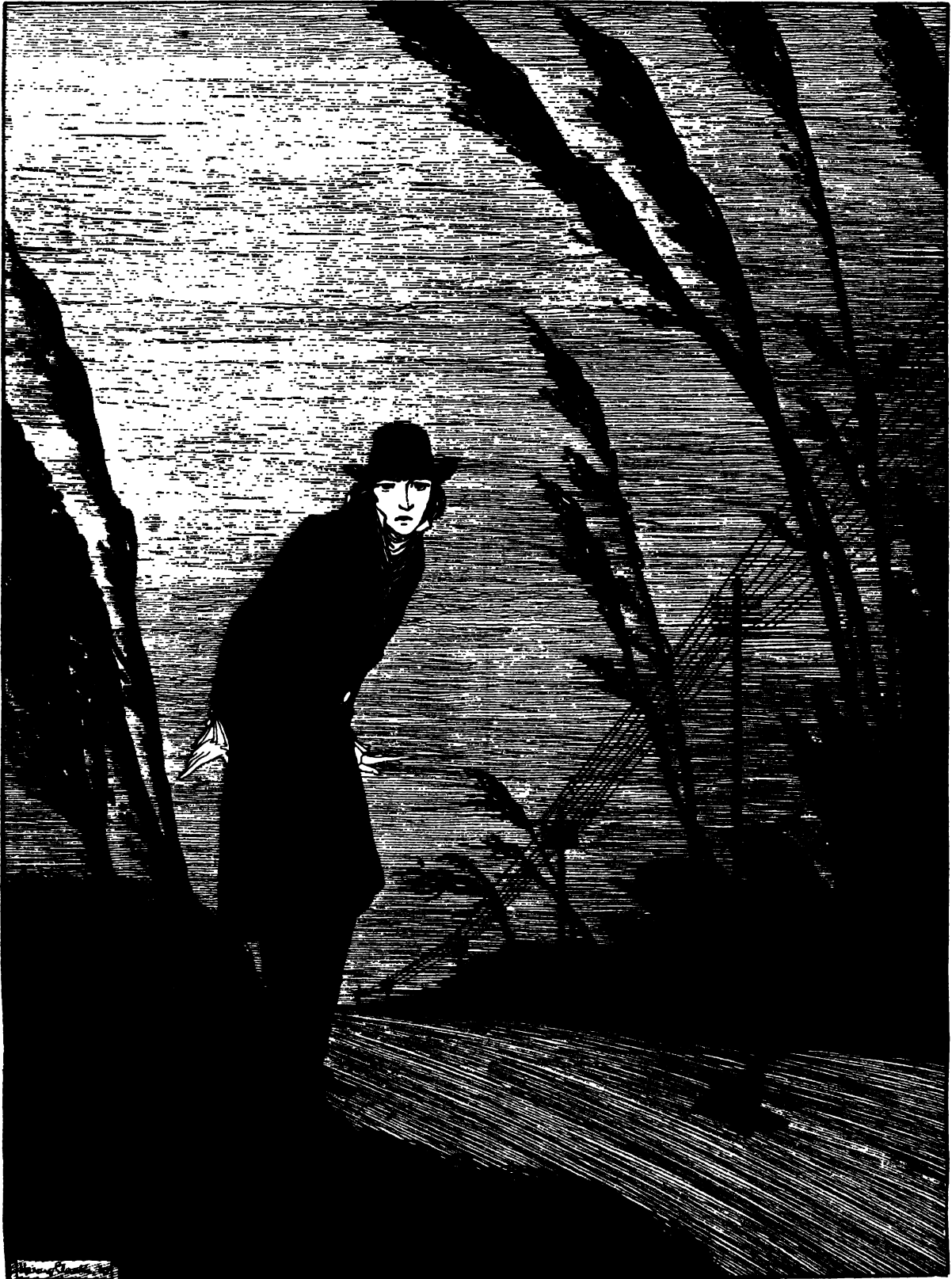
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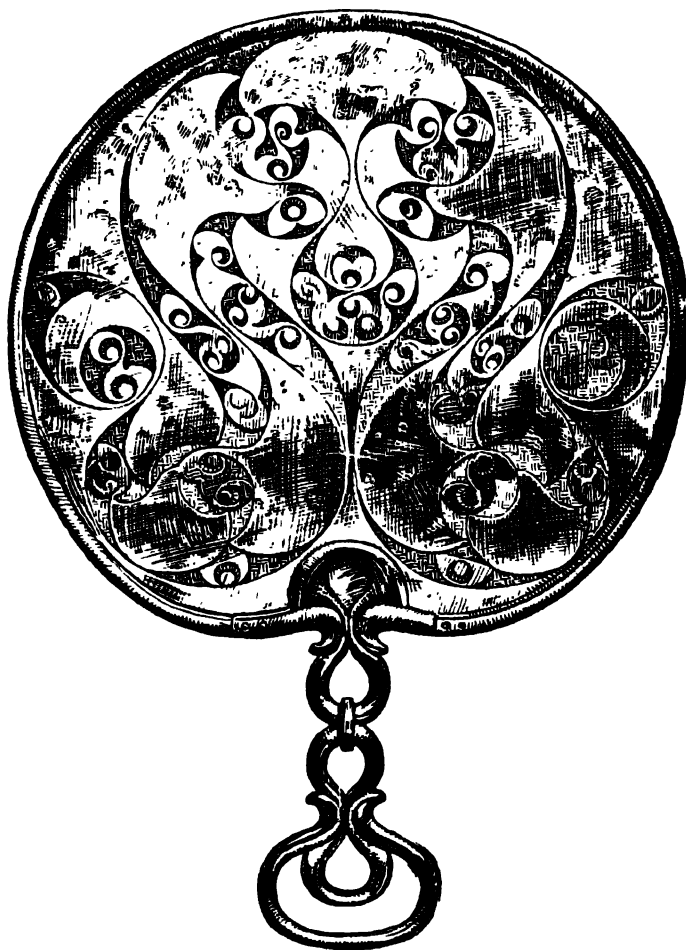
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Watch the bins for the
thieving rats.
Whisker and claw, they
crouch in the night,
Their five eyes smouldering
green and bright:
Squeaks from the flour sacks,
squeaks from where
The cold wind stirs on the
empty stair,
Squeaking and scampering,
everywhere.
Then down they pounce,
now in, now out,
At whisking tail, and sniffling
snout:
While lean old Hans he
snores away
Till peep of light at break
of day:
Then up he climbs to his
creaking mill,
Out come his cats all grey
with meal—
Jekkel, and Jessup, and
one-eyed Jill."

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the more you have the more
you want, so after this
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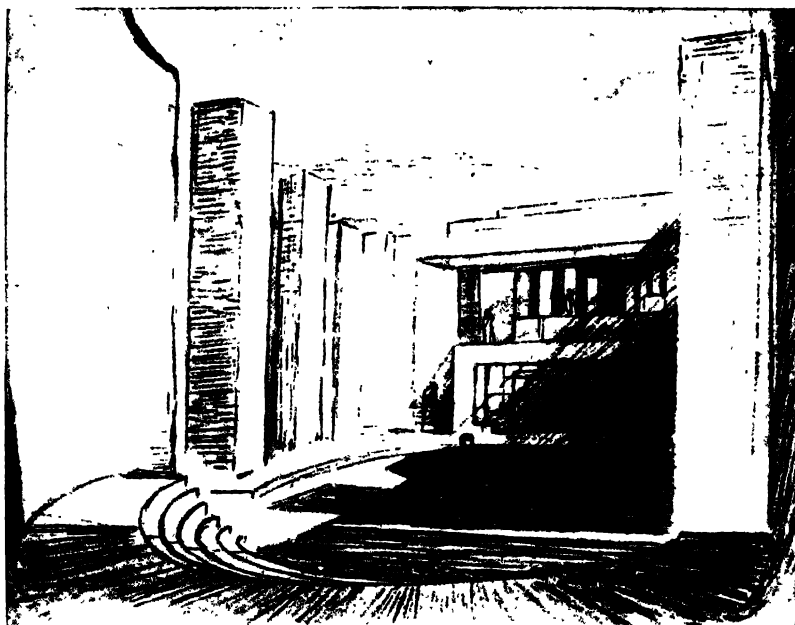
"Sparkle up, little
tired flower,
Leaning in the grass!
Did you find the rain
of night
Too heavy to hold?"

"There is going to be
the sound of bells
And murmuring.
This is the brook dance:
There is going to be the
sound of voices,
And the smallest will
be the brook:
It is the song of water

"You will hear
A little winding song
To dance to. . ."

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of music, they need no
rhymes to help them.
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ample of Hilda's work
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runs very fast,
That goes pulling the
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Through the tops of
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It is all in silver,
The tall star:



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I cannot see fairies.
I dream them.
There is no fairy can hide from me;

I keep on dreaming
till I find him:
There you are, *Prim-
rose!* I see you, *Black
Wing!*"

*noit en son guon. J. cheuallier uame degin
desuies plaies quil auoit ou corps et en latest
et entour l'altiere cheuauchoient. uy. clauers
deux dune part. et deux daultre. De a. j. mian*



*loit moult grant
ueil pour le cheuallier dont elle et
it moult angouilleuse. car cestor la
neus ou monde quelle plus auoit
et melle gaiman la damoiseille
comme il bunt mes de li. et celle
neus le beneit. ne pour ce*

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ly along
Out of breath.
*Mr. Moon, does he
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ages of six and seven
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about a Tree-Toad, in
which the following
quaint lines occur:

"It would be music
like weather
That gets into all the
corners
Of out-of-doors."

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we should like to quote
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book, but we must be
content with one more
small one, written be-
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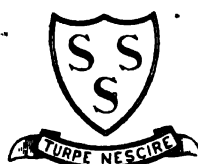
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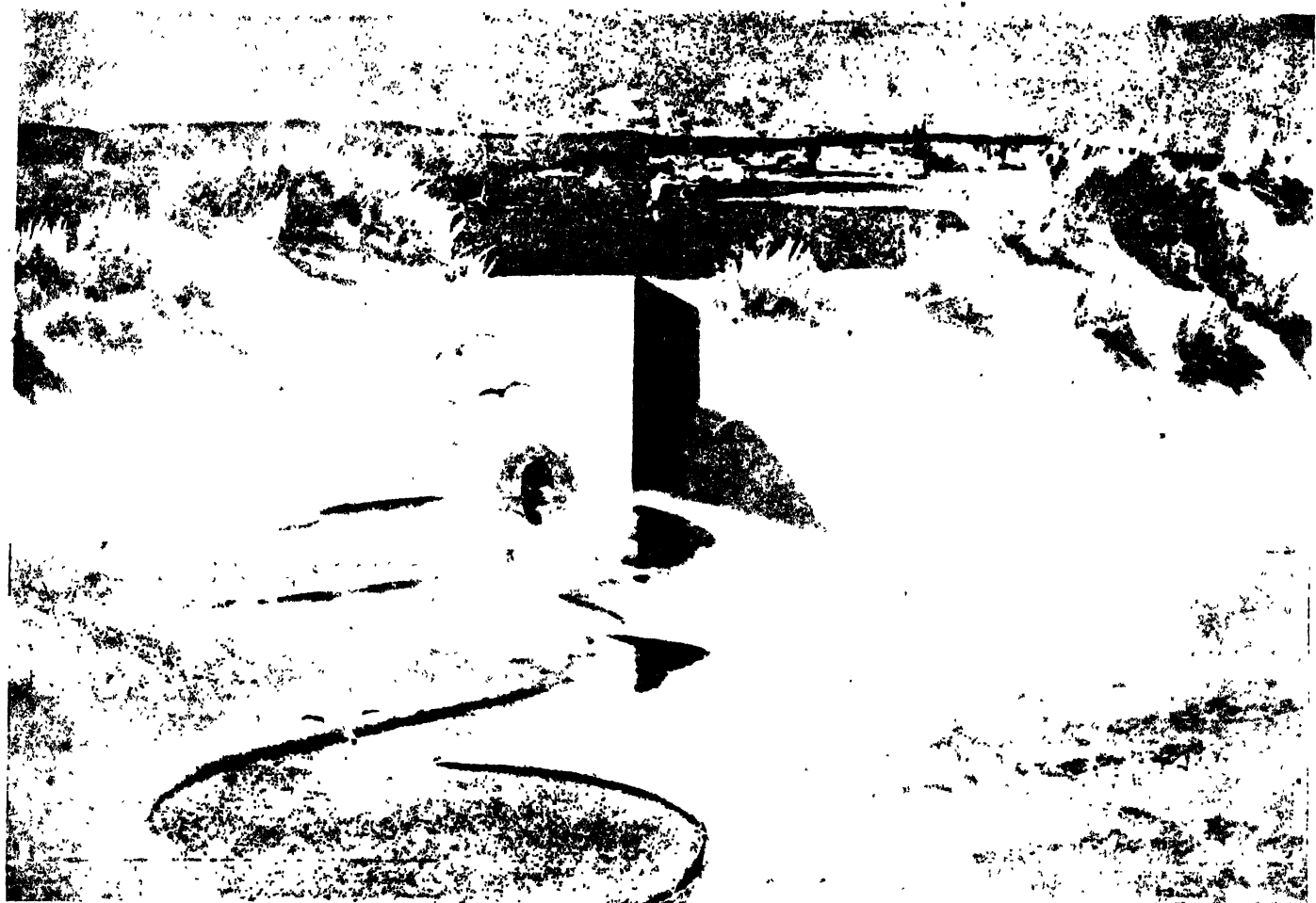
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From A West Country Pilgrimage
(Leonard Parsons)

DAWLISH WARREN.



PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PERCY ADDLESHAW,
whose "Last Verses" (Elkin Mathews), were recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN



From The Street of Faces,
By Charles Vince
(Philip Allan).

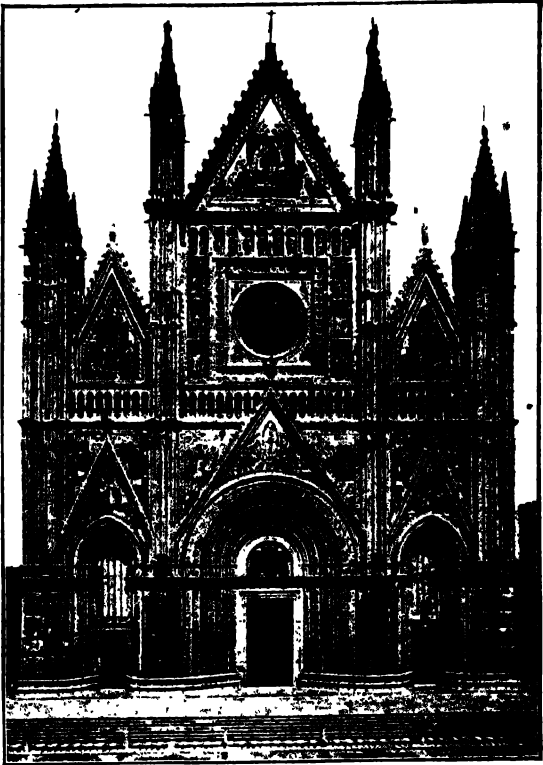
QUALITY COURT.
Drawing by J. D. M. Harvey.

Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.



From History and Methods of Ancient
and Modern Painting.
By James Ward
(Chapman & Hall)

VIRGIN AND CHILD ENTHRONED,
WITH ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
AND THE MAGDALEN.
(Andrea Mantegna.)



From Cathedrals of Rome
and Central Italy
(Werner Laurie).

WESTERN FAÇADE
OF THE CATHEDRAL,
ORVIETO.



From The Origin and Evolution
of Freemasonry
(Allen & Unwin).

THE SO-CALLED
ACCADIAN FIRE
GOD.



ST. AUGUSTINE'S GATEWAY
From The British Sketch-Book
(Black).

ST. AUGUSTINE'S GATEWAY.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF EVIL

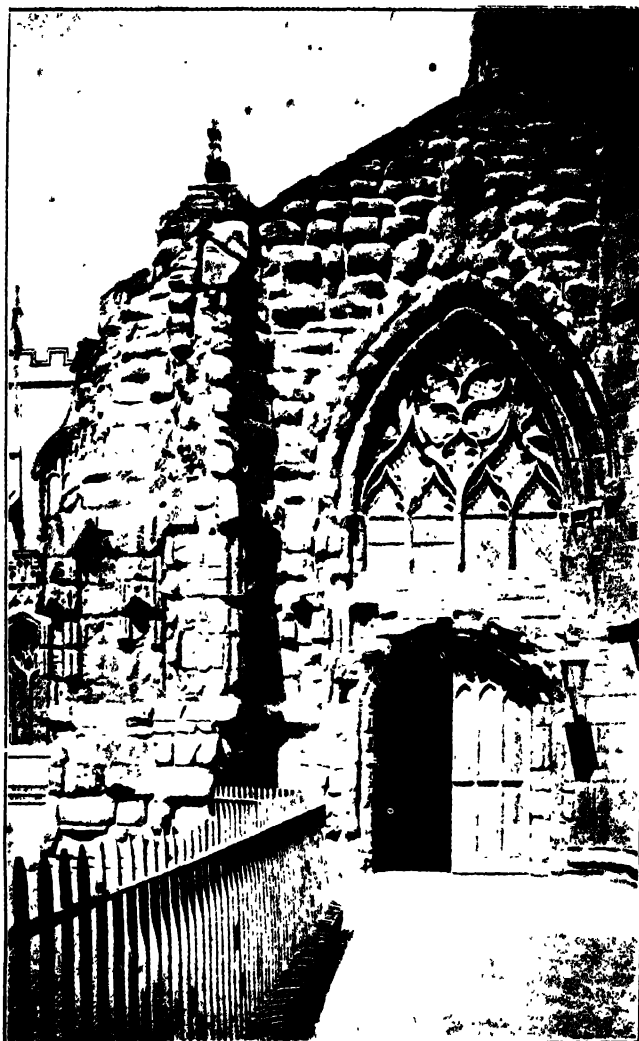
By ADAM GOWANS WHYTE.
6s. net.
(Watts.)

The question of the origin, growth and control of the element of evil in human life is one of the most ancient and baffling that have engaged the mind of man from time immemorial. Even a true definition of evil has been difficult to establish, and indeed varies with the mentality, training and standpoint of the student. "The theological point of view, that evil is a deep mystery far beyond the reach of human understanding has been the prevailing one, for centuries untold, in some form or other. Mr. Whyte seeks to establish a new theory of evil, and to show that it should really be considered in the light of the principles of evolution. He tries to prove that the existence of evil is "no more mysterious than any other manifestation of the energies which have shaped the world," that evil is "an inevitable by-product of the process by which the human rose from the animal." In this light he claims to discover a "new element of hope in dealing with the practical problems of evil." This hope, roughly speaking, lies in well-conceived and intelligently directed discipline, and rational or rationalistic moral direction. Mr. Whyte has given us a suggestive and interesting, but by no means profound or conclusive little book.

A WEST COUNTRY PILGRIMAGE.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
Illustrated by A. T. BENTHALL, 21s. net.
(Leonard Parsons.)

[It would be ungracious to hint that we find but little that is suggestive of pilgrimage in Mr. Eden Phillpotts's new and beautiful volume, unless we regard the sixteen impressions which he puts before us as indicating so many stages



From Stones and Quarries
(Putman).

WEATHERED SANDSTONE.
CHESTER CATHEDRAL.
(Photo, Valentine.)



From The Grandeur that
was Rome
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

ANTINOUS.
(Villa Albani relief.)

in a pilgrimage from the birth-place of Sir Walter Raleigh at Hayes Barton to the point at which we may pause and muse with the author over the Celtic cross at the close of his collection. The pilgrims of old went by meandering ways to the shrines they would visit, and perhaps it may best be said that those who accompany Mr. Eden Phillpotts in search of beauty in the West Country will find their shrine at every point at which he elects to pause. It is generously produced, this book, with no hint of "paper shortage" in its ample margins, its mounted coloured pictures, its blank pages, pleasing by its physical properties as well as by its literary content—a series of impressions in words of diverse scenes in that variedly beautiful, diversely attractive, West Country which Mr. Eden Phillpotts knows so well how to depict. Delightful is the section entitled "The Quarry and the Bridge"—telling of that Dartmoor whence, nigh upon a century ago, the stone was drawn to build London Bridge: "From quarry to bridge is a far cry, yet he who has seen both may dream sometimes among the dripping ferns, silent cliff-faces and unruffled pools, of the city's roar and riot and the ceaseless thunder of man's march from dawn till even; while there—in the full throb and hustle of London town, swept this way and that amid the multitudes that traverse Thames—it is pleasant to glimpse, through the reek and storm, the cradle of this city-stained granite, lying silent at peace in the far-away West Country." With reminiscences of boyish days—as in the sketch of Dawlish Warren, with apt descriptive touches, abundant references to local birds and blossoms, Devonshire's famous novelist puts before us fascinating literary vignettes in which sometimes we have pure country scenes, and sometimes hints of bygone West Country worthies. By those who have tramped "the Moor," who know the granite ways leading towards Hey Tor, or paths that lead to the storied cliffs of Tintagel, the volume will, be found that most delightful of companions—one recalling to memory past delights and hinting promises of new. Mr. Benthall's coloured pictures are dainty and suggestive.

History Biography & Travel



*From The Influence of Man on Animal
Life in Scotland
(Cambridge University Press).*

**SCOTTISH RED DEER IN PREHISTORIC
TIMES AND TO-DAY.**



From *Burford: Past and Present*
(Blackwell).

HIGH STREET, BURFORD.
(Drawing by H. E. Conway.)

BURFORD: PAST AND PRESENT.

By M. STURGE GRETTON. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Oxford. Blackwell.)

Burford is one of those exquisite townlets of the Cotswolds that are so amazingly satisfying from every point of view, their present beauty and amenity, their snug retiredness, their architectural charm and the worth of their craftsmanship, and, when it is opened up, their sedate, quiet, delicately-patterned history. Burford as a modern town was in working existence with church, mills and dwellings in time to figure in Domesday, and consolidated its growth and importance through the great days of the Cotswold wool trade. Lying as it did close to, but not on, the direct traffic route from Gloucester to London, and on important minor trade roads, its prosperity deepened and widened with no phenomenal mushroom growth, but like the slow unshakable rooting of an oak. Later in the busy days Burford heard at least forty stage-coaches thunder along its street every twenty-four hours. It has an interesting church, partly dating from the twelfth century—and it will be remembered that it was from seeing what was being done to that church in 1876 that William Morris founded the "Anti-Scrape" Society. Its associations with great men are interesting. Viscount Falkland was born at

the Priory, and later sold it to Speaker Benthall of the Long Parliament. Fanny Burney's friend Daddy Crisp lived here. But it is vain to attempt here to note details of the charm and interest of the place. It is more to the point to say that Mrs. Gretton's book is a model of what can be done in very small compass to express the soul and body and biography of a little English town. It is equally admirable as a history and as a guide-book, from its account of the early days when a church Synod *may* have been held there in A.D. 685, to the last chapters describing the atmosphere civic and social of 1920, and most nobly ending with a recital of the names of the men who left their quiet little happy English town to fight and die for England. A long roll of dead for such a shy and quiet little place, but an imperishable crown.

HARROGATE AND KNARESBOROUGH. (THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH TOWNS).

By J. S. FLETCHER. 4s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

We wondered when we closed Mr. Fletcher's admirable handbook—wondered if anybody could possibly have done the thing better. We should not like to try. He has consulted all the good authorities, from Stanhope's "Newes out of Yorkshire, 1626," to Mr. Wheeler's "Knaresborough and its Rulers." It is interesting to discover that the finding of the medicinal waters which attract so many thousands to Harrogate every year, was originally a matter affecting Knaresborough only, for Harrogate, as we know it, had then no existence! Harrogate, as it presents itself to-day, is one of the newest of English towns; Knaresborough is one of the oldest. The chapter on Medieval Knaresborough is fascinating. King John visited it at least seven times, his luggage following him in five carts. Mr. Fletcher sums up Mother Shipton as "some astute Knaresborough woman, who had sufficient sense to see ahead a little way, when changes of many sorts were imminent."



From *The Paycockes of Coggeshall*
(Methuen).

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

TORQUAY, AND THE COUNTRY ROUND.

By JOHN PRESLAND.
Illustrated by
F. J. WIDGERY.
15s. net.
(Chatto & Windus)

This volume is indeed an ideal souvenir for those who have visited Torquay and the lovely districts of South Devon, and will fill any one who has never seen them with a determination to take the earliest chance of going there. Mr. Presland in his description gives just the right amount of prehistoric, historic and biographical description. Devonshire has a history reaching back, perhaps, hundreds of thousands of years—if we could only read it clearly. But her palmy days were the days of Drake and Davis and Hawkins and Gilbert and Raleigh; and their doings were the warp and woof of England's greatness. Besides the historical interest there is the unrivalled loveliness of the country both by sea and land—cove, river, lanes, moors, tors, infinite in variety, exquisite in charm. That variety and charm are beautifully interpreted in the delicious water-colour drawings by



From Pontefract The Story of the English Towns
(S.P.C.K.)

PONTEFRAC T CASTLE.

Mr. Widgery, sixteen of which sumptuously embellish the volume. How beautiful is Teignmouth in the aspect he has chosen, and Babbacombe Bay, and the spacious view of Torquay and Berry seen from West Brixham. The Teign near Newton Abbot is a lovely contrast to the dark glory of the moor behind which Hey Tor looms hazily, and Anstey's Cove is as sweet as anything in Italy.



From Memoirs of the Arbuthnots of Kincardineshire
and Aberdeenshire
(Allen & Unwin).

ARBUTHNOT AISLE.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

FROM KASTAMUNI TO KEDOS.

Edited by C. L. WOOLLEY, Capt. R.F.A. (Blackwell.)

A record of days that are gone—and we trust may never



From A Tour in
Mongolia
(Methuen).

A MONGOL BRIDE.

find their counterpart in history—is given to us in this admirable chronicle of "the Experiences of Prisoners of War in Turkey" from 1916 to 1918—written, as the title page elucidates, "by many hands" and admirably edited by Captain Woolley. The spirit of the Tommy, immortalised in France, is with us again but in a less familiar environment. Camp incidents, humorous and pathetic, are scattered through the pages, with much useful information about Turkey during those last tragic years of bloodshed and suffering. There

are appropriate verses mingled with the text, and sundry wash drawings and striking photographs. It is a story of heroism, as all such stories are bound to be, and the book as a war souvenir, not to mention its literary merits, is of distinct value.

BEDOUINS.

By JAMES HUNEKER.
10s. 6d. net.
(Werner Laurie.)

This volume of sketches is nothing if not vivid. No doubt Mr. Hunecker's well-known style may annoy some excellent citizens, but if one is in the mood for staccato language, floods of epigram and shouts of learned laughter, there are few writers who can compare with him whom Caruso calls Hunekeero. This detail is thrown out in the course of a thrilling description of a journey on the Metropolitan Opera House Special which leaves New York every Tuesday afternoon during the season at 2.54. We are taken by Mr. Hunecker through the train and shown how all these great personages of the operatic world are conducting themselves. If you are not as enormously interested in Mary Garden as is the author—though he tells us that all his spilt of adjectives is surpassed by Pitts Sanborn's five words: "lithe moon - blonde, wonderful Mary"—you can derive vast entertainment from other parts of this book. "Chopin or the Circus" is a fascinating account of how the venerable author, the devotee of Chopin and Ibsen, betakes himself to one of the scenes of



ALI OF KEDOS.

From Kastamuni to Kedos
(Blackwell).

his childhood. "As in a dream-nurror I saw Solness slowly mount the fatal tower when Hilda Wangel cries to him: 'My — my Master-builder!' She sings the Maiden's Wish, and he hears the harps of Chopin hum in the air. I rub my ears. It is not Hilda who is crying, but a pet pig in a baby carriage, wheeled by a chalk-faced varlet. How difficult it is to escape the hallucinations of the critical profession. I couldn't forget Chopin or Ibsen, even at the circys." The stories, which are given under the heading "Idols and Ambergris" are a little of the hot-house variety. Anatole France is celebrated in a very sympathetic essay. "He believes in the belief of God. By the gods of all times and climes he swears." And, to pick one more phrase out of hundreds, "Voltaire said that the first man who compared a woman to a rose was a poet; the second, an ass."



From Topee and Turban
(Lane).

ARTUNA'S PENANCE: SEVEN PAGODAS.

A CHEECHAKO IN ALASKA
AND YUKON.

By CHARLOTTE CAMERON, O.B.E. Illustrated. 25s. net.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Mrs. Cameron is a very experienced traveller indeed, and is only technically a cheechako or tenderfoot inasmuch as the voyage described in this entertaining volume was her first visit to the far north-west country of the American continent. She has, therefore, two very great advantages of which the reader reaps all the profit; in the first place she brings a fresh and enthusiastic mind to her theme, and in the second place she knows the best way to choose what to see, and the very best ways of telling what she has seen. And what a lot she did see on this trip, which included a run of over 2,000 miles on the Yukon, a traversing of Alaska here and there, talks with the people of the past and the people of the tremendous future that is certainly in store for this immense territory, so rich in gold, in timber, in furs, in fish. The United States bought it for 7,000,000 dollars in 1867, and since that time the produce of Alaska has amounted to nearly 900,000,000 dollars—and that is nothing to what it will be when this country begins to be developed just a little. Mrs. Cameron describes the country, the people, tells how she travelled, what it cost, what living cost, how living is done, explains bits of folk-lore, tells legends, traditions, history, in short gives us a travel book, a gazetteer, and a guide book all in one. Reading her anyone may well decide that the first time he has six months and a thousand pounds to spare he will take a rifle and be off to Skaguay or Nome.

JOHN BUCHAN'S ANNUAL.
THE LONG ROAD TO VICTORY.

7s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)

"This," says Mr. John Buchan in his Preface, "is a book of soldiers' tales, told, for the most part, by those who took part in the events they record. They are drawn



From *Among the Natives of the Loyalty Group*
(Macmillan).

**SALT WATER WAS A PANACEA
FOR THE MAJORITY OF THEIR
AILMENTS.**

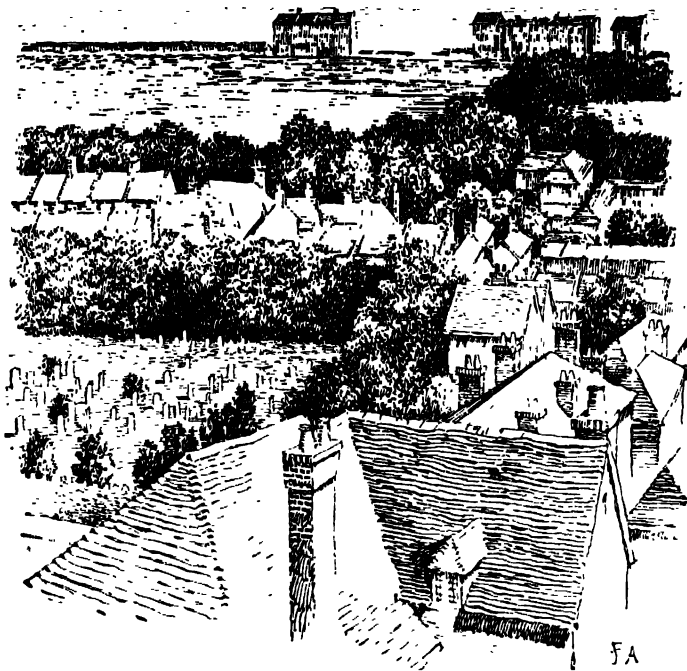
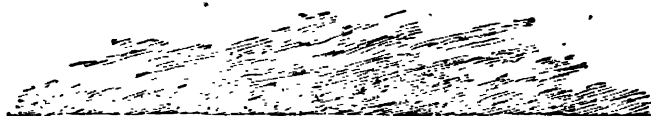
from many branches of service and from many countries; sometimes they are concerned with great and critical operations, but more often they deal with episodes and

side-shows in the huge business of war. Their romance is the romance of naked truth undecorated by fancy, for the authentic miracles of the last few years have left the professional romancer limping far behind. . . . The book is intended especially for those who are only now growing to manhood, and were too young themselves to take part in the campaigns." Nearly all the chapters are written by eye-witnesses, and all bear out Mr. Buchan's contention that fiction cannot keep pace with the truth. The story, for example, of the survivors of the torpedoed *Tara*, who for five months were swallowed up by the terrible desert of Libya, and their providential rescue by a fleet of light armoured cars, makes the average adventure tale appear a limp and colourless thing. This is certainly a book which will be read and re-read with breathless pride and amazement by all who are lucky enough to possess a copy.



From *A Cheechako in Alaska and Yukon*,
By Mrs. Charlotte Cameron
(Fisher Unwin).

**ESKIMOS ABOUT TO DANCE
THE WOLF DANCE.**



From England's Outpost
(Scott)

ENGLAND'S OUTPOST: THE COUNTRY OF THE EASTERN CINQUE PORTS.

By A. G. BRADLEY. Illustrated by FREDERICK ADCOCK.
10s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott)

The great traditions of the Cinque Ports and their vital services to the nation in the days of old are to-day but little understood outside the south-east corner of England. Even in Kent and Sussex the full measure of their ancient significance, though vaguely accepted, with a certain degree of local pride by the natives at large, and as a matter of passing interest to a portion of their summer visitors, is fully realised by comparatively few. We do not know what the "Wardenship of the Cinque Ports" suggests to an average Scotsman, Devonian or Londoner, as, with each change of government, he reads in his paper that some conspicuous supporter of the new administration has been awarded it; and immediately forgets the fact. Probably he regards the office as most of us no doubt regard the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, as a mere decorative sinecure for some deserving peer or commoner of political distinction. And that is really all you could ask of him, for it is, broadly speaking, true enough. But though the Cinque-Port dignity is now little more than decorative, it is the inheritance of a great post and a great past. West Countrymen, in the exuberance of their Tudor memories, seem to have altogether forgotten that for some centuries previous to them their ships were required by law to dip their topsails on passing a Cinque Port or a Cinque Port ship, in recognition of the guardianship of the nation's safety and honour upon the sea for which these towns were responsible. They were, in short, mere traders saluting the Royal Navy, and the little ports, clustering along the nation's danger point, which provided it. Mr. Bradley (from whose preface we take the foregoing) tells the story of the Cinque Ports fully and admirably in this very interesting book—the story of

the Ports and of those parts of Kent and Sussex to whose history they have added so much of historical importance. The volume is illustrated with numerous beautiful and very delicately finished drawings by Mr. Frederick Adcock.

THE NOBLE TALE OF THE SANGREAL.

By SIR THOMAS MALORY. The Pilgrim's Books, No. 4.
5s. net. (Philip Allan)

This is the story of the Holy Grail taken out of the "Morte D'Arthur," and comprises books 13 to 17 of that truly immortal book. The Grail was the holy chalice brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea, and its appearance at the Court of Arthur, after "cracking and crying of thunder" and "a sunbeam more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day," led to the vow first made by rash Gawaine, and after followed by the most part of the knights, to seek the Grail a twelvemonth and a day. But Arthur perceived this vow was the loss of the great fellowship of the Round Table, and grieved; with good cause, for the fellowship of the knights never was the same again. The adventures of Lancelot in the quest are of all the most sympathetic, though the true heroes were in the ancient story, Galahad, Lancelot's son, and Perceval, the mirrors of virgin knighthood, and Perceval's sister. The achieving of the Grail is only for these two knights, all others fail through some sins of their old life. The sweetness and rich mysticism of this exalted tale are inexhaustible, and it is indeed what Malory calls it—"a story chronicled for one of the truest and holiest that is in the world." Mr. Allan is much to be thanked for this exact reprint of Caxton's text in so convenient a shape.



From England's Outpost
(Scott).

WARREN CLIFFS,
FOLKESTONE

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

By GRACE ARTHUR.

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By A. GRATTEN HALL.

JAMES CHALMERS.

By A. GRATTEN HALL.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

By GRACE ARTHUR. (Each 1s. 6d.)

New Missionary Series.) (Morgan & Scott)

Charming little booklets in white boards, with a picture on each front. Miss Arthur has an easy style, and makes her life of Livingstone very graphic. His heroic story lives again to us, as we read of the intrepid missionary on his journeys, wading through lakes covered with leeches; hungry, fever-wracked. In "Wilfred Grenfell" we have an account of a living man which will be perhaps more popular than any of the group. "He is out in Labrador working at building hospitals for the sick, ministering to the bodily needs of the people, and in fact doing everything that he believes Jesus Christ would have him do for Him there." Told in simple language, the tale of Robert Moffat will attract many high-spirited young folk, who have themselves thoughts of going to the mission field. In this volume there is an illustration of the incident of Moffat's cough. He happened to cough, searching for water on a rocky height and instantly was surrounded by a hundred huge and fierce baboons.



From **Highways and Byways**
in Northumbria
(Macmillan)

SEATON SLUICE.

A NATURALIST ON LAKE VICTORIA

By G. D. HALE CARPENTER, M.B.E., D.M.
Illustrated.
28s. net
(Fisher Unwin)

Dr. Carpenter was asked by the Tropical Diseases Committee of the Royal Society to investigate the life history of the tse-tse fly, the cause of the horrible scourge known as sleeping sickness. He went in June, 1910, to the Victoria Nyanza, and in February, 1911, to an island in the lake where conditions were favourable for his work. Until August, 1914, he remained on this and on other islands carrying on his investigations as to the tse-tse, and incidentally tackling many other problems with regard to the entomology of the country. Then the war broke into his work and he served until November, 1918, again taking it up after the armistice. In this book he describes the result of his study of the tse-tse, and makes what may prove a remarkably useful suggestion for stamping it out to a great degree. He discovered the conditions necessary for their breeding, and found that it would be possible to establish artificially numbers of places to which they would resort for the purpose, making it a simple thing to destroy brood after brood periodically. If this is feasible Dr. Carpenter has conferred a tremendous boon on Africa and the world. He describes his life on the islands, and gives a wonderful body of observations of every kind, especially with regard to certain butterflies, and particularly mimetic butterflies. His discoveries in this study are of immense value, and besides the scientific interest of the book his general observations on animals and their ways, for instance his pet monkeys, are certain to be most entertaining to the average reader. Dr. Carpenter studied his monkeys with the eye and ear of a Montessori, and has recorded their ways and speech to an unusual degree. And he has the easy agreeable way of writing that only comes from great knowledge backing natural instinct for letters. In short, a remarkably fine book.



From **Life of William Morris**, by J. W. Macail,
a new and handsomely produced impression of which, in two volumes, has just been
published by Messrs. Longmans.

RED HOUSE, UPTON



From Natural history of South Africa
(Longmans)

BLESBOK AND FAWN.

BELGIUM AND THE WESTERN FRONT.

By FINDLAY MUIRHEAD. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

One can imagine that the supreme efficiency and good taste with which this book has been written will cause almost as much heart-burning among the Germans as the graphic details of their military undoing. Were they not the only purveyors of guide-books? And it would be foolish if we try to belittle Baedaker. He is a very excellent conductor, infinitely to be preferred to such garrulous persons as Augustus J. C. Hare. This book on Belgium and the Western Front has all the goodness of

Baedaker — the maps are even more detailed and just as fascinating, while the way in which the episodes of the war are woven into the account of every place is simply beyond praise. Not a word too much is said. Perhaps a little more might have been said of heroic Verdun, and it does not appear to be in the scope of this book to go beyond Nancy. Therefore the various sectors of the Vosges and in redeemed Alsace, down to the Swiss frontier, are dismissed in a few words. But in these sectors of the 7th French Army a number of British aviators and ambulances were at work. Let us, however, be grateful for what Mr. Muirhead gives us. His book will be indispensable for all those who travel over the battle-fields of the British Army. Sir Frederick Maurice is responsible for an Introduction on "The British Campaigns in the West," and right well does he acquit himself of the task. When we come to the part on Belgium it is interesting to see how the old blends with the new. Ranulph, we are told, "is famous for Marlborough's victory over Villeroy in 1706. Here, too, the Germans burned and pillaged." The description of Léan does what all good guide-books should do—it makes us resolve to go there at the earliest opportunity. How is it that we have never before heard of these glories?



Stanley L. Wood

From: Sports and Sportsmen, the new monthly Magazine published for the Olympic Press, Ltd., by Messrs. Heath Robinson & Birch.

THE SLAYING OF A MAN-EATER.

MODERN TRAVEL.

By NORMAN J. DAVIDSON, B.A. Illustrated. 25s net. (Seeley, Service.)

In this very fascinating volume Mr. Davidson has brought together a number of records of exploration, travel, adventure and sport in all parts of the world during the last forty years, taking them from the personal narratives of the travellers themselves. These records are exceed-



From *Modern Travel*
(Seeley, Service).

A PYTHON.

including an account of modern whale hunting and the ways and habits of whales of every sort, derived from the admirable book by Mr. Burn Murdoch called 'Modern Whaling'; next a description of Labrador and the Labrador Eskimos taken from Dr. S. K. Hutton's 'Among the Eskimos of Labrador'; the Indians of the huge little-known district west of the Paraguay; Captain Haywood's tramp across the Sahara, nearly a thousand miles in fifty days; Mr. Swann's most exciting experiences in the slaving districts of Africa in the eighties; Mr. Torday's adventures in African wilds through the Congo states; Dr. Sibree's nature studies in Madagascar, a section on New Guinea and another on the 'Treacherous Tribes of Oceania,' complete this most informing and authoritative book. The idea is excellent, and the narratives from which Mr. Davidson has taken his information are the very best of their kind, and everywhere recognised as standard works.

A SOLDIER'S SHIKAR TRIPS.

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. S. MAINWARING, F.R.G.S. 16s. net (Grant Richards)

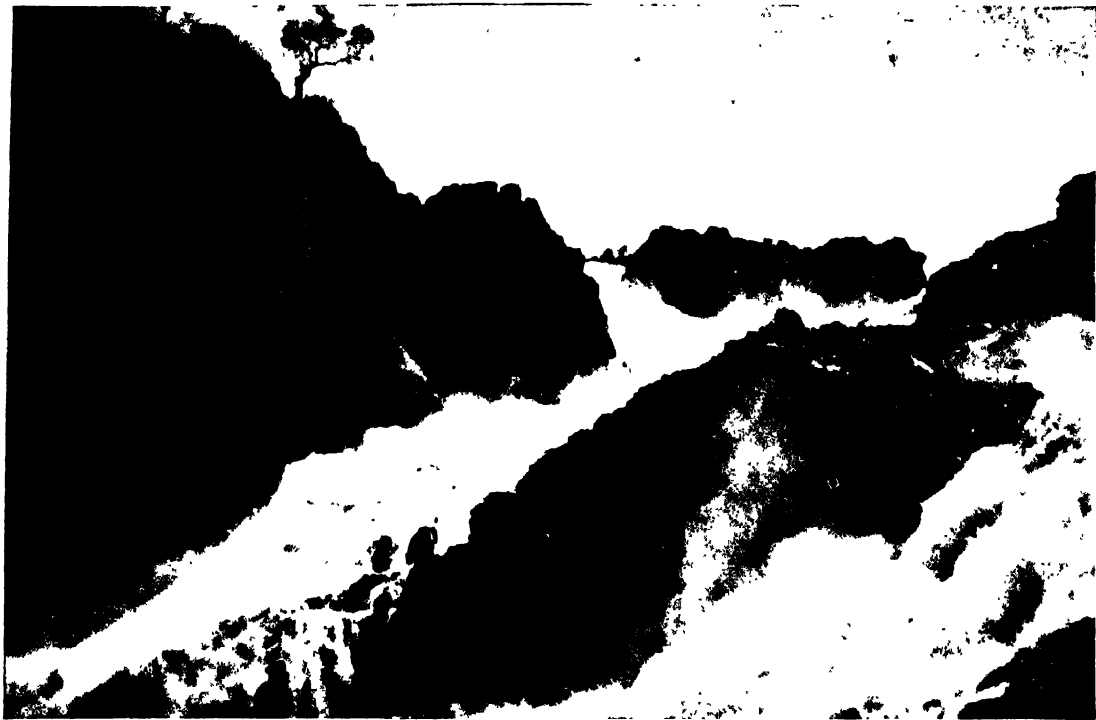
General Mainwaring is a sportsman of wide interests, and the shooting trips of which he here gives us a record cover a period of thirty years. He has shot hartebeest in

Natal, tiger and blackbuck in India, elephant, lion and rhino in Somaliland, black bear in the Himalayas, and bustards in Spain, and his account of his various expeditions, together with the information he gives regarding the haunts and habits of big game, should be of considerable value to sportsmen. The most interesting section is the journal of a three months' tour in Somaliland, undertaken with a couple of fellow-sportsmen in 1894, which resulted in the splendid total bag of one hundred and thirty-four head. In the course of the trip the author penetrated to districts in which no white man had previously set foot, and though his main concern was game he conveys a fair idea of the country and peoples amid which he passed. There is much that might interest the general reader, but



From *A Soldier's Shikar Trips*
(Grant Richards).

THE DEAD ELEPHANT.



From *The Reminiscences of a Stowaway*
(Chapman & Hall)

PAULO AFFONSO, NEAR PERNAMBUCO.

the book is primarily for the sportsman, who, incidentally, will find some solid advice on the necessary equipment for trips into the wild. The book contains a map, illustrating the Somali trip, and a number of excellent reproductions from photographs.

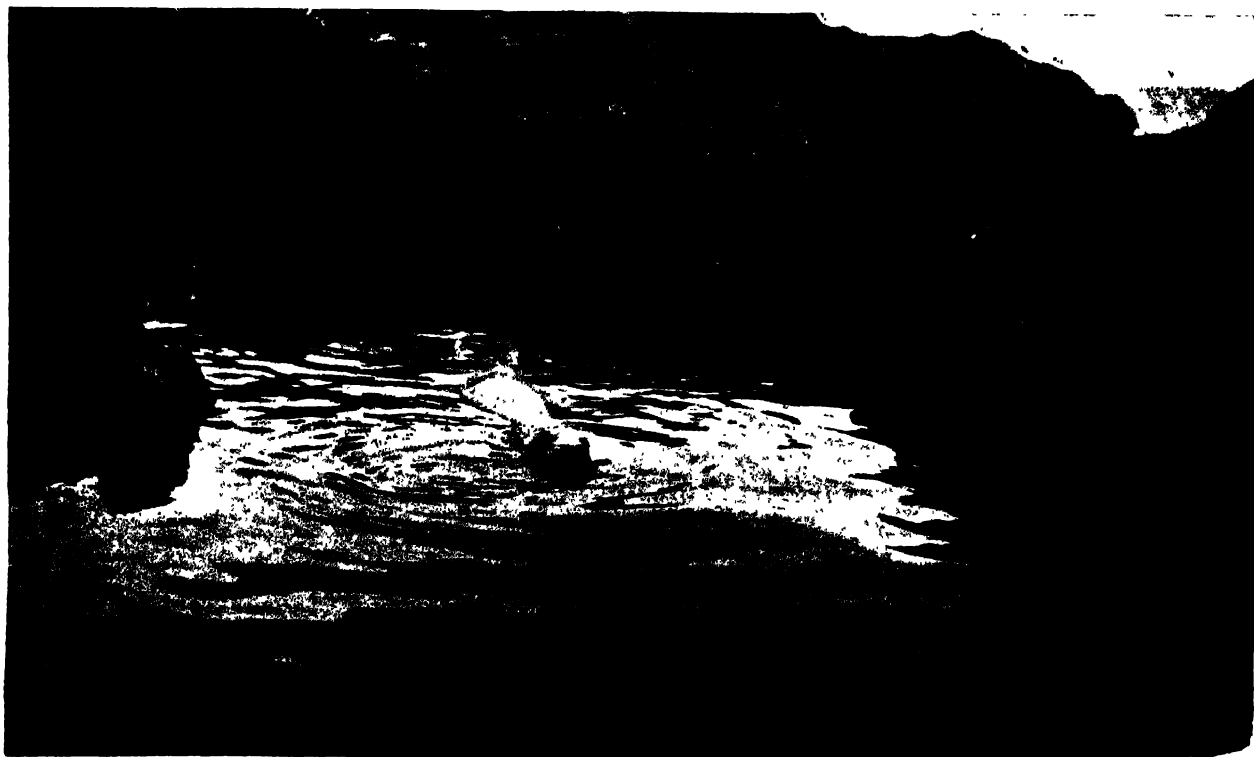
REMINISCENCES OF A STOWAWAY.

By C. E. GOULDSBURY. Illustrated. 15s. net.
(Chapman & Hall.)

The stowaway is not Mr. Gouldsbury, but a friend who told him by word of mouth, or gave him papers describing, the career and adventures that are recorded in this breathlessly fascinating book. Mr. Gouldsbury has proved himself already as a skilful and delightful writer, and here he had perfectly glorious material to work on. His hero, Alexander Douglas Larymore, started his active life as a stowaway, becoming a sailor man and spending half a

dozen years at sea. In the seventy-five pages or so dealing with this part of his career there are things as good and in themselves as imperishable as anything in Dana or Bullen—to say no more. The tale of the big Dutchman and the deserter from the Royal Navy is a veritable small, singing, ringing epic, and told with consummate art. Larymore left the sea for an Indian railway, where he had excellent adventures and made friends, one of whom got him an appointment in the Bengal Police, a newly-created force. Here he enjoyed himself for many years, and seems to have done good work. At any rate his accounts of the native

police and their methods are as good as any of the similar stories Kipling has given us. Read how the native detective discovered the individuals whose thieving had baffled everybody else, read the tales of dacoity . . . but no recommendation is needed, it will be impossible for anyone to refrain from reading every word in the whole book. From the Bengal Police Larymore went to the Andaman Islands as governor of the prison, and from his life there come many wise, touching, enthralling episodes, as of the Sikh father whose son was sentenced to a long term for an honourable murder, the story of an escape from the Andamans, and the simply marvellous history of the mutinous behaviour of fifty English prisoners, quelled by the flogging of eleven. In the sequel, the Governor found himself completely in the power of ten of the flogged, and was astounded to find one of the most truculent interfere to save him! Enough has been said to show that this is an outstanding book of rich adventure and real life.



From *The Land of the Hills and the Glens*
(Cassell).

GREY SEAL, ABOUT TWO WEEKS OLD.

A HISTORY OF EVERY- DAY THINGS IN ENG- LAND 1066-1799.

Written and
Illustrated
by MARG-
JORIE and
C. H. B.
QUENNEL.
2 volumes,
88. 6d. net
each.
(Batsford)

Mr. Batsford should be a very happy man, for he is untiring in good works, and his name is blessed by all men and women of good will, good taste and aspirations after knowledge of human activity in art and life. Among his good deeds and noble publications, this "History of Everyday Things" should and does rank high, both for its happy conception and for its most happy carrying to completion. The book is meant for boys and girls of public school age, and that really means that it is just right for every one who is not a specialist himself in the subject. The authors tell us it is an account of the work of the people of England, rather than the politics which guided them. It enables us to fill in an adequate background for the characters with whose doings history is concerned, and not merely for the exalted persons whose names appear in the records, but also for all those unnamed butchers, bakers and candlestick makers who formed the populace and were the living material of the State. So the authors have taken England century by century, beginning with the Norman conquest that ushered in the twelfth century, and ending with the end of the eighteenth century, and described in words and drawn for us



From *Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate*
(Lane).

VILLAGE NEAR PORT MORESBY.

a set of "everyday things"—costumes, ships, castles, houses, halls, monasteries, carts, games, ornaments, and the like, so that century by century we can compare and note the changes in each of them. This fashion of reconstructing the daily life of England cannot be too highly praised; it is instructive to the last degree, and a pure fascination,

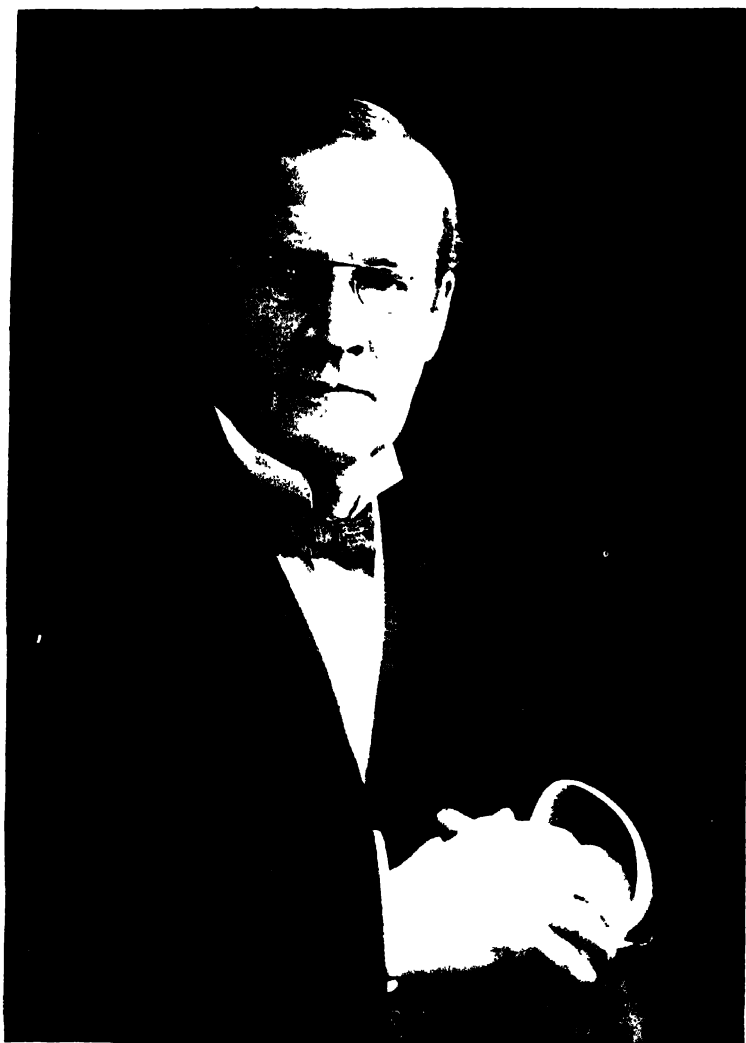
while it is so arranged that the reader when looking, say, at a fourteenth century hall, is referred to those of the other centuries, so that an immediate comparison is possible between the plain twelfth century hall, with its roof of flat, horizontal beams, the thirteenth century hall, with its less square and more oblong plan, and its roof carried on struted beams, the fourteenth century roof with its beautiful arched and cusped braces, and the delightful fifteenth century "hammer beam" roof. Costumes, too, can be compared from age to age, and beds, tools and weapons and ships. A book of this kind was urgently wanted, and it is difficult to imagine one better done. Every school should work with it in history classes, and every school library ought to possess several copies, for in tone and spirit and accuracy it is in every way admirable, while a judicious bibliography points the inquiring reader to the means of satiating his appetite for more knowledge. We would emphasise that the numerous, beautifully reproduced illustrations add to the value and charm of the book.



From *The Glamour of Prospecting*
(Fisher Unwin).

These birds, although only the size of sparrows, build in colonies, and the resultant nests are so huge that limbs break with their weight.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920



From Modern Men of Mark
(Herbert Jenkins)

LORD RHONDDA.

Nephews of Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell and cousins of Julian Grenfell, the twins had an unusually pleasant place in the world, with the right to move in the most agreeable and best society everywhere, and the personal qualities that made them high favourites wherever they went. There were no young men better known in London and England, and their prowess in polo made them outstanding figures over the whole civilised world. And yet Mr. Buchan represents them in no way as Admirable Crichtons or paragons. Eton claimed them and turned them out what they were personally, but it is entertaining and instructive to discover all the amazing ignorances of which they were easy masters after leaving school. Francis at twenty or twenty-one had never heard of Napoleon III or the second French Empire! But soon after leaving school, when Francis was in the army and Riversdale had taken to the City to earn a living, they set to work to educate themselves by reading and various military, historical and literary studies - and certainly with no small success. It is unnecessary to attempt to tell the course of their lives in so brief a notice. They worked hard, played hard, knew every one, charmed every one, profited by every experience, and loved each other in a peculiarly vivid, twinnish fashion, always turning one to the other in the closest way. When the war broke out both were in France among the first - Francis with his own regiment, the 10th Lancers, and Riversdale attached to it as reserve officer. The rest is known. Within three weeks Francis had won the first Victoria Cross of the war, and on his twenty-fifth day in the field Riversdale was killed in action. Francis, too, was killed on May 25th, 1915, fighting most gallantly. They lived without shame and died without fear. Mr. Buchan's memoir is a fitting memorial of two charming and gallant soldiers - two among three-quarters of a million.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

By the RIGHT HON. J. M. ROBERTSON. 5s. net.
(Watts)

The day when Bradlaugh was unreservedly condemned because he did not share the religious views of the orthodox majority is long past. The heat of old controversies has so cooled down that few of us are unable to take a dispassionate view of the personality round whom they raged with such fury and to acknowledge that, however deeply we may dissent from his materialistic philosophy, he was not only an able and an honest man but had something of greatness in his make-up. Mr. Robertson has told the story of his life, not without occasional touches of bitterness, but, on the whole, in an impartial and judicious spirit. His character-study of Bradlaugh himself is both sympathetic and discriminating, and his story of that stormy career is told concisely and with an incisive commentary on its significances that make his book a very interesting and a valuable contribution to the social and Parliamentary history of the latter half of the Victorian era.

FRANCIS AND RIVERSDALE GRENFELL: A MEMOIR.

By JOHN BUCHAN. Preface by FIELD-MARSHAL LORD
GRENFELL, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. 15s. net. (Nelson)

Few things are more to be sorrowed for in any war than the thought of the many lives of the best and highest charm and promise that are cut short inexorably and irretrievably. Among the tens of thousands of such, conspicuous or inconspicuous, few were more so than the twins who are the subject of this brief, gentle yet proud memoir by John Buchan, their close friend of many years.



From Charles Bradlaugh
(Watts)

CHARLES BRADLAUGH AT 57.

FIVE YEARS' HELL IN A COUNTRY PARISH.

By the RECTOR OF RUSPER. 5s. net. (Stanley Paul)

This little book is a reamur of a case that not long ago aroused a certain amount of interest. The Rector of Rusper describes the conditions of his life in the lovely little Sussex village, ideal in external beauty and sweetness, but, according to his account, foul and stinking in spirit with envy, malice, slander, treachery, backbiting and slimy cruelty. As a picture of a possible phase of English rural life it is of some interest, and certainly the rector lived a life that, whatever the real reasons may have been, was disheartening and despairing to a degree that must have been almost intolerable. The blackness of the first twenty-six chapters is sad beyond expression, but in the twenty-seventh chapter, written after the trial which resulted in the complete vindication of the rector, he appears more than hopeful that from hell the village is now to be the heaven it appears in outward seeming. We can only wish for his sake that it may indeed be so, but if everything in the first twenty-six chapters is literally

true, the rector must be, to say the least of it, an exceedingly sanguine fellow. Such an outpouring of bitterness will be hard to forget, and one would imagine that the wise thing would have been to transfer to a less vindictive community and hope that Rusper had had a lesson severe enough to teach it to behave better towards its next parson.



**REV. EDWARD FITZGERALD SYNNETT,
RECTOR OF RUSPER.**
Author of "Five Years' Hell in a Country Parish"
(Stanley Paul)



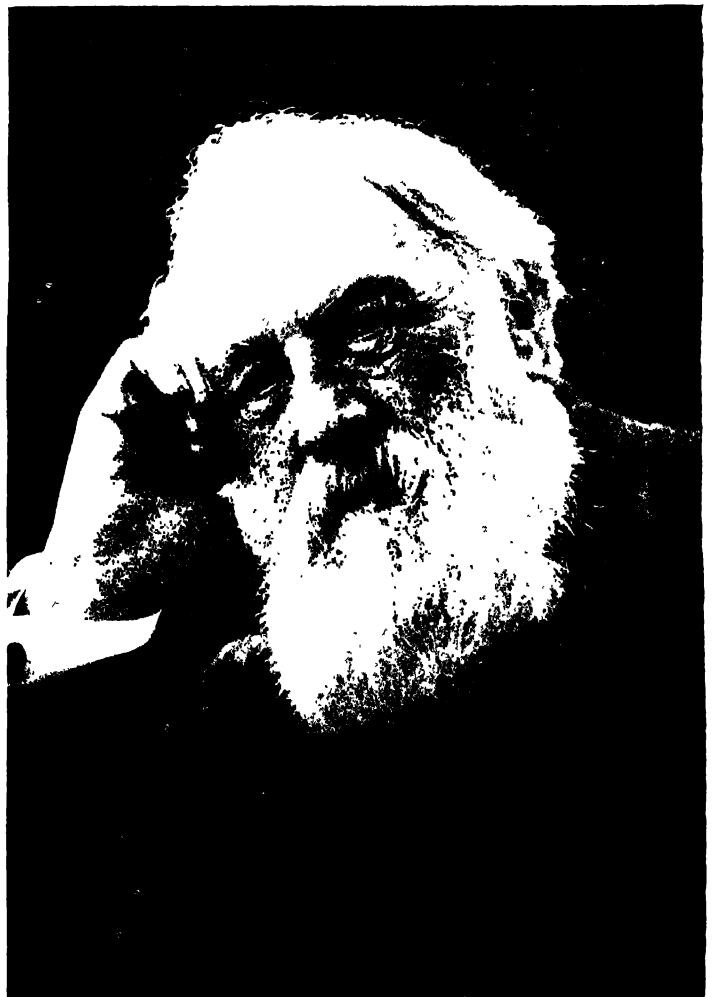
From *The Diary of a Journalist*
(Murray)

SIR HENRY LUCY.
by J. S. Sargent, R.A.

THE EVOLUTION OF REVOLUTION.

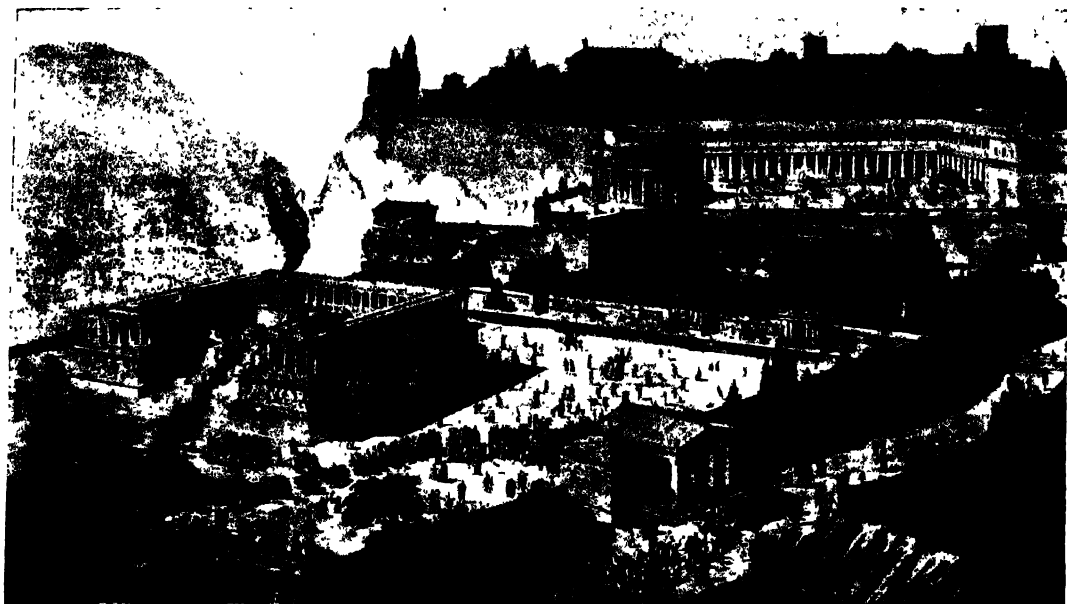
By H. M. HYNDMAN. 21s. net. (Grant Richards)

Mr. Hyndman defines revolution, "in the complete sense," as "a thorough economic, social and political change in any great human community" and declares that there can be no revolution, in this sense, until the economic and social conditions are ripe for such a change. "Revolutions therefore cannot be 'made,' any more than any man or any body of men can check a revolution for any considerable time once the conditions of change are themselves prepared. Force cannot originate, and may not even hasten, revolution. According to Mr. Hyndman, "the most crucial revolution in the story of human growth produced, in the earlier stages at any rate, no forcible revolt against the complete alteration that was being unconsciously made." This revolution was the change from collective or communal property into private property. In this searching volume the author describes the original communistic economies of primitive man, how these evolved into the times of private property, how trading and slavery complicated matters, describes also the various social struggles of Europe in the Middle Ages, the peasant revolts in France, Germany and England, the great bourgeois revolutions of England and France, and so down to Bolshevism and the Russian Revolution of our own day. The chapter



MR. H. M. HYNDMAN,
Author of "The Evolution of Revolution"
(Grant Richards).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920



From *Discovery in Greek Lands*
(Cambridge University Press).

PERGAMON.
Restoration of the Acropolis. Showing the great altar, Temple of Athena, with colonnade, and Temple of Trajan.

devoted to Russian affairs is one of the best, clearest and fairest statements on the subject that have so far been made. And Mr. Hyndman's condemnation is complete. What he looks forward to is an absolutely peaceful change, brought about by educative influences and right thinking, from the present capitalist regime which involves the enslavement of almost all the citizens of every state, to the happier conditions of social democracy. And he thinks that England is more ready to undergo and to welcome and rejoice in this change than any other country.

DISCOVERY IN GREEK LANDS.

By F. H. MARSHALL (Cambridge University Press.)

This is a sketch of the principal excavations and discoveries of the last fifty years. From it the general reader

will gain some idea of the additions made recently to our knowledge of ancient Greece. It is a clearly-written, concise little volume which will meet the need of the man in the street rather than the specialist in Archæology. Most interesting is the chapter entitled "Great Centres of Greek Life." We learn that at the famous sanctuary of Zeus at Dodona (where oracles were given through the rustling of the leaves of a sacred oak), many bronze statuettes of Zeus have been found. Also many tablets of bronze and lead, inscribed with the requests of persons consulting the oracle. One of the questions discovered on such a tablet ran: "Agis asks Zeus, Naios and Dione, as to the coverlets and pillows he has lost. Can it be that any outside person has stolen them?" The illustrations are most fascinating, and that of the bronze statue of a young man from the Antikythera find of 1900-1901 is very fine. Very important light has been thrown on ancient Corinth by the American excavations, begun in 1896 by their school at Athens, and there is an account of the discovery of the famous fountain of Peirene, the façade of which was found in 1898. Altogether a valuable handbook.

THROUGH BRITISH GUIANA TO THE SUMMIT OF RORAIMA.

By MRS. CECIL CLEMENTI, M.B.E.

Illustrated 12s. 6d. net.

(Fisher Unwin)

Roraima is a very splendid mountain, not tremendously high as mountains go—less than 10,000 feet above sea level, but magnificent for its cliff walls and enormous precipices, standing in the heart of a most lovely forest country, rich in flowers, with a huge flat, broken, rocky top, mazy with strange weathered forms, a few stunted trees growing on it, and clear, cold water everywhere. For the mountain is indeed the "Father of Streams." The first person, so far as is known, to stand on the summit was Sir Everard im Thurn in 1864, and Mrs. Clementi is the first woman to do so. She describes in this volume her journey with her husband through British Guiana to the mountain, which stands where British Guiana meets Brazil and Venezuela. Not an eventful journey from the point of view of danger or serious hardship, but rich and varied in the delight of a little known country, woodland, savannah, deep forest, mighty rivers, Indians, game and all the rest. The authoress was perhaps most impressed by her long trek through the deep forest, and for all its beauty and interest records her view that on the whole "primeval tropical forest is a hostile thing"; no fairies, possibly demons and goblins, and to be alone even for a minute is alarming, for "in the profound silence all round one has a terrifying sense of being inimically watched by unseen things."



From *Macedonia: The Country
and its People*
(Lane).

**OLD TOWER, IVIRON MONASTERY,
MOUNT ATHOS.**

THE BAGGING OF BAGHDAD.

By ERNEST BETTS. With frontispiece and map. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Betts went to Mesopotamia apparently in 1914, and three times was sent to India for considerable periods to recover from malaria. He took part in the expedition that vainly sought to relieve beleaguered Kut, was in the battle of Bait Aiessa, and finally was through the last operations and fighting which ended in the capture of Baghdad. He gives an account of his doings and feelings during his service and his Indian experiences, but it is a very meagre history. We hear of flies and mud, there are two or three excellently confused descriptions of some very confused fighting, and we have a fine reminder of the solid splendour of the infantryman as the kernel and symbol of the power and worth of a people, and of the marvellous way in which a mass of units of men, guns, beasts and all the heterogeneous stuff that goes to a moving army becomes welded into a thing of life, almost a sentient spirited creature with one impulse to which everything is centrally subordinated and which is the essential motive power of its being and action. Readable as the book is, it is neither very informing as to facts nor creative as to atmosphere. But it is an unpretentious personal record of things seen and done, and has a touch of reality that is more valuable in such a book than fine writing.

THE TEN ISLANDS AND IRELAND.

By JOHN MACKAY. 12s. 6d. net. (Maunsell)

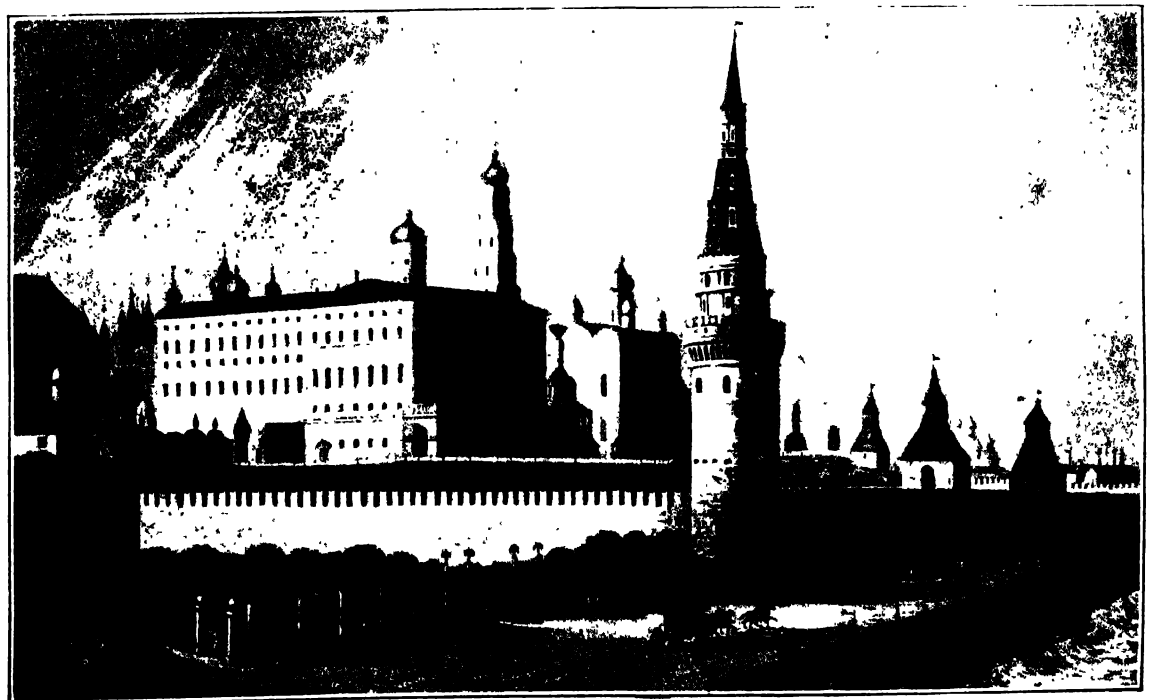
This is a volume of travel sketches or, in the author's words, "of impressions upon a voyage starting from Newfoundland and embracing some of the most remarkable, if not the most remarkable islands in the world." Many historical and literary references temper the impressions, and passing reflections that recall Ireland to memory are purposely included. Thus Newfoundland is the Island of Brendan, first discovered, Mr. Mackay is satisfied, by St. Brendan and his Irish monks in the sixth century. Bermuda, the Island of Cedars, was for a time the home of Tom Moore. Trinidad brings Lafcadio Hearn who was of Græco-Irish parentage, and spent some of his early years in Dublin. If Dominica and a lively chapter on the old Buccaneers of the West Indies are without Hibernian reminiscences, Martinique had a bad earthquake in 1902, which serves, easily enough, to lead us to the Bay and City of Dublin. After that Mr. Mackay revisited for the fourth time Caragh and the highlands of Kerry "away behind the foothills of Killarney." It was at Derrynane in this "faerie kingdom of enchantment" that Daniel O'Connell lived, and two portraits of the Liberator are very properly inserted. Although the next chapter is entitled "Stoke Poges in England," what



From Walks in Rouen
(S.P.C.K.)

ST. OUEN, ROUEN.

Mr. Mackay really gives us is a personally conducted tour which includes Edinburgh, London, Aylesbury and the Chilterns, and contains many useful hints to travellers. Proceeding to St. Helena from Southampton we are not exclusively occupied with Napoleon, for Dr. Barry O'Meara must of course be mentioned, and a reference to Wolfe Tone is possible. At St. Helena our wanderings cease, and Mr. Mackay turns from his cheerful descriptive notes of places actually visited to discourse on the Tenth Island, "the visionary land whither we are all speeding down the River of Dreams." So it is that our guide, philosopher and friend from Newfoundland to St. Helena would see us safely to the end of the world and beyond!



From A Short History of Russia
(S.P.C.K.)

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920



From *In the Clouds* above Baghdad
(Cecil Palmer).

BROWNING'S ARRIVAL AT
TEHERAN.

SMALL CRAFT.

By LIEUTENANT G. H. P. MULHAUSER, R.N.R. Illustrated
8s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Soon after the outbreak of war the little steam yacht *Zarefah* was borrowed from a patriotic owner, and a strange crew went on board her, all Cambridge graduates or undergraduates, all watermen, and including such famous oars as Leblanc Smith, Garnett and Swann, while most of the others were well known in athletics. The officers were sailing men and at home with the sea, but none had ever handled a steamer before. Still there she was, and before long she was sent to Lowestoft Base to act as a kind of co-ordinating ship for all patrols and mine-sweepers acting from Lowestoft to the North Foreland. Lieutenant Mulhauser was First Officer, and he shared the ship's fun - various and arduous - until the crew commissioned *Sagitta* to continue the same job. Later on he was put in charge of an armed smack, one of the boats that was given a gun and sent out to protect other fishing smacks from submarines. Still later he joined the "Q" ship *Result*, and afterwards another "Q" ship, the *Tayne*, passing in June, 1918, to a hydrophone trawler. Lieutenant Mulhauser, therefore, had a particularly varied sea career, always in the little craft, to which this country owes more than she will ever realise for dull, dangerous, efficient work at sea during the big war. Lieutenant Mulhauser can put his story together well, and what with admirals, gales, submarines, mines, and all the rest of it, it is a lively story indeed. And a cheery story, too, for all its anxieties and worries, and one to read just to remind us of what hard slogging in unpretentious ways went to the winning of the struggle.



From *My Fighting Life*
(Cassell).

CARPENTIER AND LEDOUX.

THE CRISIS OF THE NAVAL WAR.

By ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET VISCOUNT JELlicoe OF SCAPA,
G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O.

Illustrated. 3rs. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

The crisis of the naval war, and not merely of the naval war but of the whole struggle with the huge forces arrayed in the German Alliance against the Entente, was undoubtedly the terrific concentrated submarine campaign set on foot by Germany in 1917 against merchant shipping. The work of the submarines had already in 1916, after Germany perceived that her war fleet was henceforth not to be looked to for any decisive action against the British Navy, become a serious menace, and in February, 1917, she started the "unrestricted" submarine war that speedily created a situation that "was always serious and which at times assumed a very grave aspect." In December, 1916, Admiral Jellicoe was brought from the Grand Fleet to the Admiralty in order to take up the task of grappling with the submarine danger, and in this volume he has set forth a laconic statement of facts showing clearly just what the danger was and how it was faced, met and mastered. These div epics are in many ways magnificent beyond any power of words to enhance. Only the most consummate genius could do them adequate justice. And until a new epic poet or historian appears we must be content with



From *Small Craft*
(Lane).

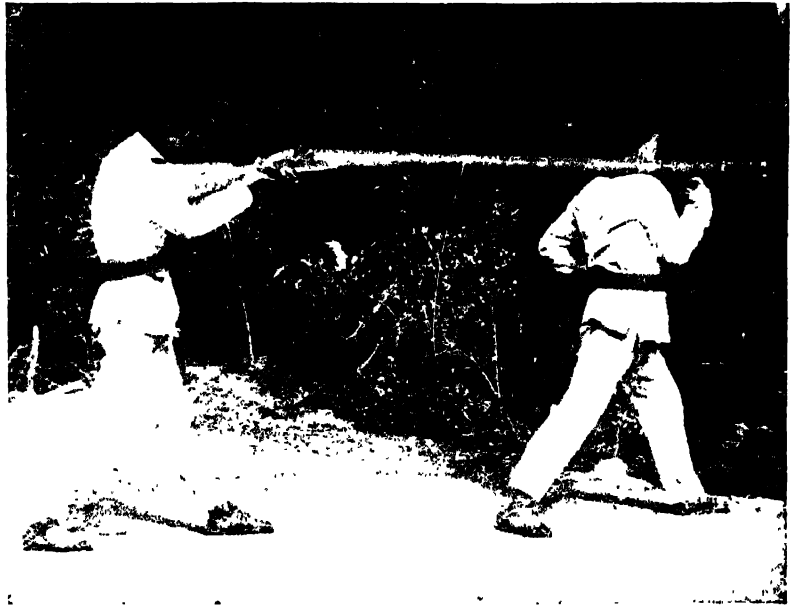
COALING.

plain unvarnished records such as this. "War," as Admiral Jellicoe says, "whether it be prosecuted by sea or by land, is largely a matter of efficient and adequate organisation." And his story is simply how an efficient and adequate organisation was created at and through the Admiralty to cope with the submarines. The problem was terrific, and not to be grasped by any light of nature that shines upon the untutored lay mind. It must be remembered that in the one month of April, 1917, over 800,000 tons of merchant shipping were swept for ever off the seas, and a very simple calculation would show how long the world could endure such losses if they were not checked. Checked they were by hard toil at the Admiralty—Admiral Jellicoe used to get to work about eight in the morning and leave off at midnight—and brilliant service by the naval units engaged in the task of hunting down the submarines, and above all by the stupendous heroism and devotion of the merchant seamen, who went to sea in spite of being torpedoed again and again. Admiral Jellicoe cannot say half enough in their praise. As a history of the submarine war the book is invaluable, and invaluable also as an exposition of the merits and shortcomings of the methods of business as applied to national affairs.

THE BOOK OF GOOD HUNTING.

By HENRY NEWBOLT. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)

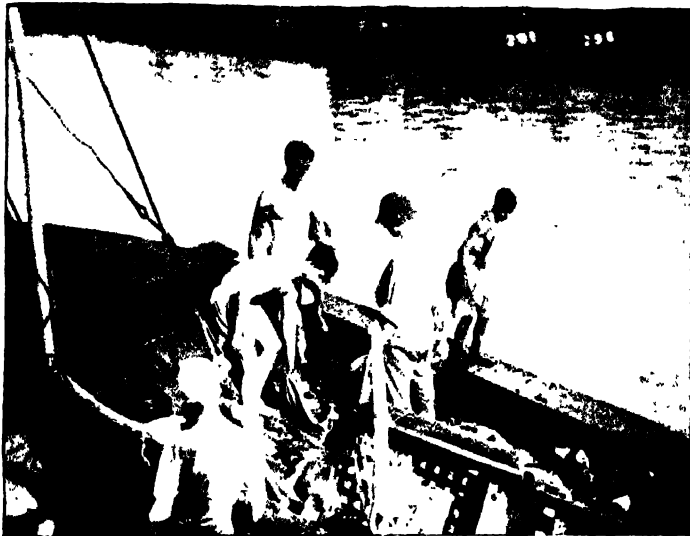
Sir Henry Newbolt devotes the first chapter in his very carefully written book to discussion of sport. He tries to analyse the secret of its sway, quoting Lord Grey of Fallodon and that mighty hunter Roualeyn Gordon Cumming. He also reports the debate on sport in the House of Lords in 1902, when the Bishop of Hereford brought forward a Bill to prohibit the hunting of the carted stag, and the practice of pigeon shooting, and the coursing of bagged rabbits. The Bill did not go through, but the author comments:—"About pigeon shooting and rabbit coursing there can surely be no doubt; the animal has no fair chance, and where there is no fair chance, there is no true sport." Having tried to impress this truth on his young reader, he presently passes on to the most thrilling accounts of Elephant Hunting, Lion Hunting, Tiger Hunting, Deer Hunting and Fox Hunting. Sir Henry knows all the good stories, has delved into a great number of records, and has strung together some splendid tales. They are



From *In Unknown China*
(Seely, Service).

A LONG NOSU GUN CAPTURED IN
A RAID BY CHINESE SOLDIERS.

boy or man, who is seized, at the mere sight of a fox, a stag or a partridge, with the desire to hunt and kill it. But the mere sight of fish, or of water suitable for fishing, does seem to have this effect." We thank the author for such a fine performance.



From *Small Craft*
(Lane).

THE UNDERGRADUATES INTEREST
THEMSELVES IN THE SUBJECT OF
COAL

TALES OF ÆGEAN INTRIGUE.

By J. C. LAWSON. Illustrated 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The present state of affairs in Greece will help to increase the timeliness of this book which throws some sidelights on what we owed to Tino and what to Venizelos during the war; it is no diplomatic record, however, but a lively narrative of the adventures of a Cambridge don who took a commission in H.M. R.N.V.R., and was sent off into near Eastern waters as Intelligence Officer. He met with plenty of excitement and a great variety of experiences, and has known how to narrate them in a light, easy, vivid style that makes sometimes amusing and always interesting reading.

adequately illustrated by the clever hand of Stanley L. Wood. "She half turned on her back and stretched her neck and forearms convulsively," shows a lion. "He turned and sprang with a short roar far out into the river," is a sketch of a furious tiger, leaping. There is a most readable chapter on Fishing, in which the writer gives it as his opinion that this sport has given pleasure to the greatest number of individuals. "It is not every one,



From *Tales of Ægean Intrigue*
(Chatto & Windus).

M. VENIZELOS AND ADMIRAL COUNDOURIOTIS
LANDING AT SUDA.



From Margaret Macdonald :
A Memoir
(Swarthmore Press).

MARGARET MACDONALD.

GEORGE TYRRELL'S LETTERS.

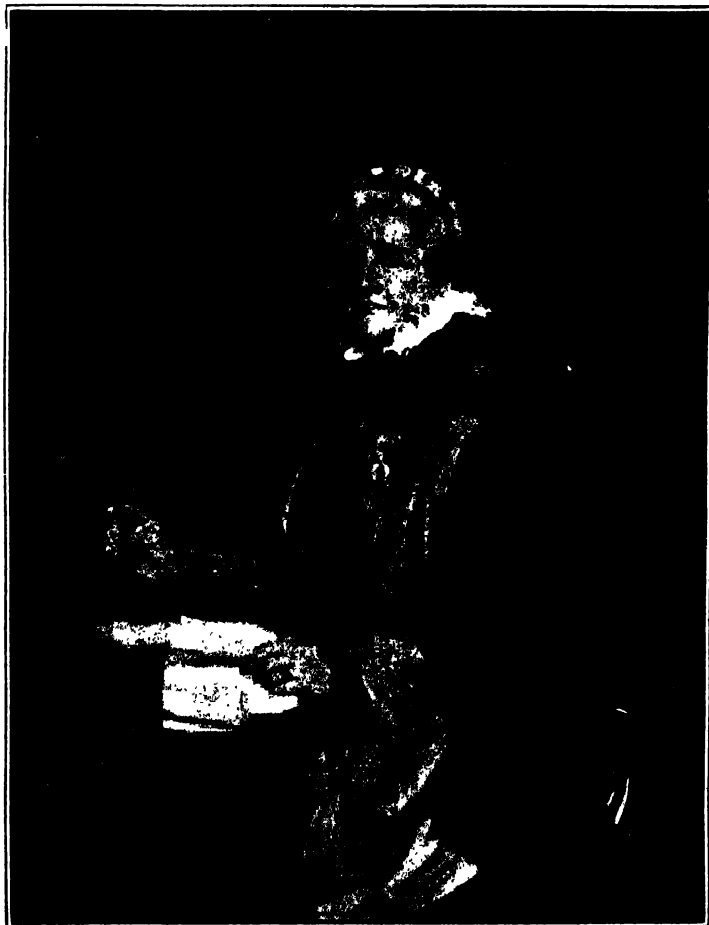
Selected and edited by M. D. PETRE.
16s. net.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Miss Petre has followed up her attractive "Life of George Tyrrell" by an equally delightful collection of his "Letters." These show the famous modernist as he gave himself to his friends and intimates, and as he revealed himself to those who sought his help and counsel, always frank and sincere, sometimes disconcertingly indiscreet, often witty, racy and humorous, never pandering to religious sentimentality or unreality. A man so various as Father Tyrrell, a realist and a mystic, a sceptic in matters of the intellect, a believer with a strong religious sense, was bound to find himself "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" when included in the inelastic system of the Roman Church. But though George Tyrrell retained his manly and almost stoical faith to the end, trusting to "the ultimate decency of things," and believing "that this terrible machine-world is really from God, in God, and unto God," he had his moments of depression as well as those of conflict, the necessary consequence of his somewhat stark temperamental and spiritual outlook. Those who like to think that the naked human soul is not quite that hideous spectacle which one of our poets has proclaimed it to be will welcome with keen interest and sympathy this volume of letters which reveal on every page a man of unaffected piety, of sterling common sense, of indubitable honesty and of unfailing sympathy.

NILE TO ALEPPO: A RECORD OF TRAVEL WITH THE AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE.

By HECTOR W. DINNING. Illustrated by James McBey.
25s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Captain Dinning longs for some one to come forth from amongst the Light Horsemen of Australia and reveal them. We cannot but share his longing, and agree with his modest declaration that "this book will not reveal them; it is too personal. In any case the writer has not the faculty for revealing them." This is true, but all the same Captain Dinning has managed to put together a book of memories and impressions that cannot but interest anyone who shared in the Palestine campaign and everybody who takes any serious concern for the war and one of its most picturesque and thrilling episodes. The author has an easy, grapping eye, excellent perception and no small power of conveying his own impressions and feelings to the reader, and accordingly his record and descriptions of his journey East and his goings to and fro in Palestine and Syria are fresh and interesting. True, he writes of the surface only, and very superficially, but how could he expect or be expected to do more from his opportunities. He saw the infernal dust, the flinty roads, the sunlit fir groves of Beyrout, the snows on the high peaks of Lebanon, the enchantment of Aleppo, which he rates far above Damascus in spite of its inferior natural beauty. He rubbed shoulders with every kind of Arab and Syrian, and sets down his plain unvarnished opinion, rich in prejudice, naive in astonishment at good qualities that could not but be perceived. And it is just as entertaining and ever instructive to discover his instinctive feelings towards English soldiers, discipline, officers, etc. These things are as well to know; they help us to see ourselves as others see us, and also help us to an insight into the character of the critic. The thirteen illustrations, etchings and colour prints, by James McBey, are very carefully chosen and adequately give an idea of the scenes and places dealt with in the narrative. In fact, the book is a very good souvenir of the Palestine campaign and the great part played in it by the Australian Horse.



From Dorothea Beale
(Pioneers of Progress: Women)
(S.P.C.K.)

DOROTHEA BEALE.
From a Painting by J. J. Shannon.

TWO CENTURIES OF LIFE IN DOWN—1600-1800.

By JOHN STEVENSON. Illustrated. 21s. net.
(Belfast : McCaw, Stevenson & Orr;
Dublin : Hodges, Figgis.)

The history of County Down from 1600 to 1800 includes the period from the first Scottish planting—of course the result of a reasonably nefarious bit of ousting and expropriation of Con O'Neill, the last lord of Clancboy, by Montgomery and Hamilton, who managed to get large grants of land from James I. Their ill-gotten gains can hardly be said to have prospered exceedingly with them, and while Con O'Neill was a very poor creature, it is not easy to sympathise with the rapacious grabbers who succeeded him. The important thing at the moment is, however, that Mr. Stevenson has produced a most valuable historical account of the settlement, its topography, its development and its arrangement, and also given a most lively picture of the personages concerned, and their family and public life. The manners and customs of the succeeding generations are described in a most delightful way, from contemporary records, letters, accounts, diaries, estate maps and estate files, from parish registers, etc.—all the documents that collect and survive in the houses of the gentry and in the various offices concerned with corporate life. Nearly everything is touched upon, from the troubles of travel to the price of nails and pills, and all is clearly set forth and with complete documentary authority. Mr. Stevenson has devoted much research among local archives and far afield, and has obtained many most interesting illustrations, including portraits preserved in the family seats throughout the county. While the greatest interest is of course for readers belonging to the north-east corner of Ulster, the liveliness and piquancy of the details of the book make it one to attract the attention of every antiquary or student of the history of our own islands.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK. 8s 6d net (Methuen)

In this story of rough life in Kentucky, "the bluegrass State," the writer has infused a great deal of his own enthusiasm, consequently it bears a distinctive stamp. The character work is sound and clear, set against a back-

ground of hard, implacable mountains, amidst the unsavoury intrigues and bitter feuds which disfigure such a large portion of American history. The central personage, a poor boy, is befriended and moulded by an old soldier

of fortune, who curbs the spirit of revenge in the youngster, shows him that there is something nobler than a vendetta remorselessly and courageously carried out. From quite small beginnings the hero, thanks to the assistance of his benefactor, becomes a lawyer, and eventually rises to a position of trust and responsibility in the Legislature, this despite the active hostility of hereditary enemies of the family. His influence and personality are used to steady the fiery mountaineers, preserve the fair name of his native state, and when the big personal crisis of his own life occurs the discipline he has undergone stands him in good stead, saves an irremediable smash. The love interest will be found natural and free, the scenes new, and the atmosphere spacious and bracing. It is a well conceived tale skilfully executed.



From *The Life of Admiral Mahan*
(Murray).

ADMIRAL MAHAN AND
HIS GRANDSON.



From *Memories of William Hole, R.S.A.*
(Chambers).

WILLIAM HOLE AT WORK

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

PSYCHOLOGY AND FOLK-LORE.

By R. R. MARETT, M.A., D.Sc.
7s. 6d. net. (Methuen)

There is good reason to be thankful for this excellent and enlightening book, which is in part a collection of Presidential Addresses delivered to the Folk-Lore Society and in part a reprint of articles which have appeared in the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, the *Hibbert Journal* and the *American Journal of Theology*. For the rest, Dr. Marett is Oxford University Reader in Social Anthropology and the author of a work entitled "The Threshold of Religion," which—in view of the present volume—we should like to have seen. The title at large is that of the first paper, but the "prevailing interest" is psychological, as the preface advises us. Other studies are on "War and Savagery," "Magic or Religion" and the "Primitive Medicine Man." Such subjects are beyond the scope of a brief notice in a literary journal; and in particular the views on psychology and folk-lore, though put with all clearness, are of necessity somewhat technical. Our province is only to present that which we regard as their key-note. It goes to show that the reign of materialism is over, even in the folk-lore societies. Among Dr. Marett's earliest utterances there is one which tells us that in this department of research "we have only ourselves to blame if we turn aside . . . and are presently engulfed in the dismal slough of materialism." The study of *mana* and *tabu* is the study of a savage with a soul, and all that belongs to their history is a "mere outward integument and garb of the spirit." It seems to us that this is the governing attitude through all the pages, in the study of "primitive values," and in the luminous discussion on the origin and validity of religion. The result is a new spirit brought into all the debates; it breathes over the bones of folk-lore, and they begin to live.



A WOMAN OF THE UNITED PROVINCES.
From Women of India
(Simpkin, Marshall).

children, and for that purpose it would have been much more acceptable if it had been illustrated. But like most books which are really enjoyed by children, in many ways it will interest the more mature. Even those who merely dip into folk-lore for artistic purposes will be continually struck with how much alike people were in early times, and how they seem to have a more simple and a more poetic outlook on life and ever to live in the presence of the mystery of the universe. But in this book as we wander from country to country we note as well as the likenesses the differences of the various nations, and in a humble unconscious way it may do a little for international understanding and friendship.

A GALLANT OF SPAIN.

By MAY WYNNE.
2s. 6d. (Stanley Paul)

Messrs. Paul have issued this excellent historical tale in their New Novel series. It is a full-length copyright story, and lovers of May Wynne's work all the world over will hasten to avail themselves of this, her latest romance, sold at so wonderfully cheap a price. Miss Wynne knows her business well, marshals her characters with exceeding clearness, and tells a picturesque tale of love and intrigue with all her accustomed cleverness.

WOMEN OF INDIA.

By OTTO ROTHFELD.
Illustrated in colour 3s. net
(Simpkin, Marshall.)

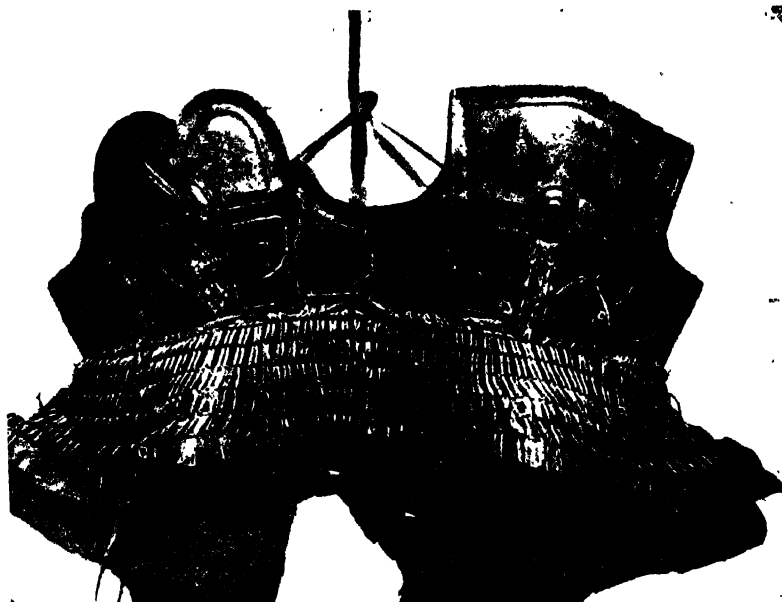
Mr. Otto Rothfeld has lived and filled important public offices in India for many years, and in this intensely interesting and beautifully illustrated volume he makes a sympathetic study of Indian life—more especially of the lives, characters and characteristics of the women of India. He sketches the many and varied types of women, their

differing manners, costumes and customs, pictures their homes, their social and industrial activities, and their moral and intellectual development with a graphic pen and an extraordinarily astute insight into Oriental psychology. Mr. Rothfeld has an easy, attractive style and a considerable gift for narrative. His book is fascinating as a story, and valuable as an introduction to Western people of the comparatively little known and less understood women of ancient Eastern races. It is a mine of information, and makes good reading.

SAVITRI AND OTHER WOMEN.

By
MARJORIE STRACHEY.
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(Chatto & Windus.)

In this volume Miss Strachey has retold with considerable literary skill stories taken from the folk-lore of many countries. The stories are from adaptations and translations, and Miss Strachey has made alterations when she has felt inclined so to do. Therefore, as she says, the book is not intended for students. It is mainly a book for



From In Unknown China
(Seeley, Service).

**NOSU ARMOUR MADE
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AMONG THE IBOS OF NIGERIA.

By G. T. BASDEN, M.A.,
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There can be nothing but high praise for this "account of the curious and interesting habits, customs and beliefs of a little-known African people." Mr. Basden says very little of himself, but it would appear that he is a missionary, working for the Church Missionary Society, and has been in the country for twenty years or so. One of the remarkable points in the book is that it displays not a trace of sentimentality or prejudice of any kind whatever. The author cautiously but with as full authority as his long residence and judicial observation warrants, describes the Ibos, a cannibal folk, full of

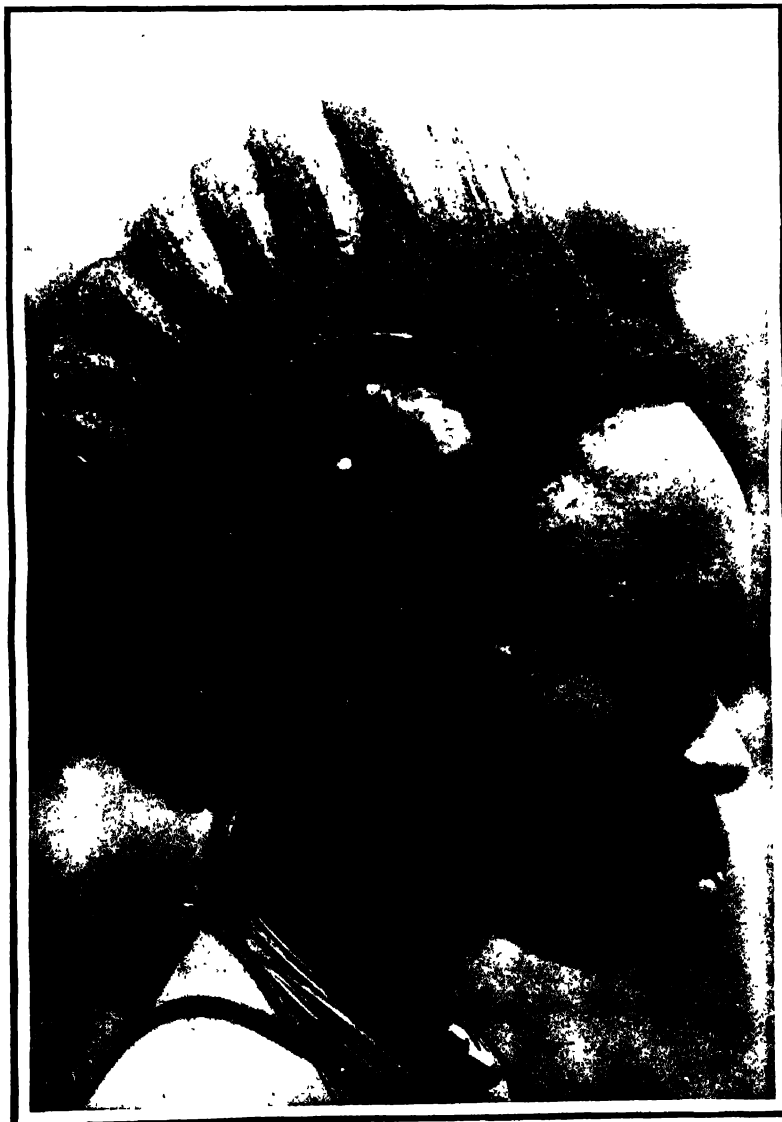
good nature, with intricate customs, strange habits, settled ways of life, explaining many of their customs, expounding their ideas, showing their methods of agriculture, trade, metal working, etc. In his preface he claims that his book is the outcome of actual experience, and warns that the subtleties of the native character are not to be comprehended by the European; giving reasons that are admirably stated and unanswerable. And not the least interesting part of the book is the statement on behalf of missionaries and missionary work in reply to the usual charges of futility such as are contained in Mr. E. D. Morel's book on Nigeria. With complete restraint, nobility and convincingness, he wholly disposes of those charges as far as the country he himself knows is concerned. Both as a contribution to ethnology and a vindication of Christianity for native tribes this book is on the very highest plane.



From *The Last Days of the Romanovs*
(London: Butterworths)

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THE RED CZAR.**

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From *Among the Ibos of Nigeria*
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**HAIR-DRESSING AS A
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By DRAYCOTT M. DELL.
7s. 6d. net (Jarrolds.)

This is eminently a book for boys of all ages. A foreword therefore by a distinguished naval officer is entirely unnecessary. Youth needs neither propaganda nor embroidered history. It demands a story of adventure, which rings true to the adolescent imagination. For about two-thirds of the book Mr. Dell succeeds in giving us that rattling good yarn in which we rush on breathlessly from page to page; then, fearing we are going to tire of the Spanish Main and our hero's adventures in Francis Drake's company, he moves the scene to London, and the spell is broken. The hero becomes a very second-rate detective and Francis Drake a Billing-cum-Bottomley politician. No matter how deftly the local colour is splashed on by the author, an impression that the Huns

is hard to avoid. This sudden break in the spirit of the story is the more surprising as the foreword declares the author's purpose is to keep alight the pride in our sea-power. That Drake's feats at sea changed the destinies of Europe is history, but by involving the Drake of the book in court intrigues the author fails in his alleged purpose. None the less he has made a readable book.

LADS OF THE LOTHIANS.

By I SCOTT LYNN.
6s. (Chambers.)

Mr. Lynn has written a stirring tale of the actual doings of a Territorial battalion—the 5th Royal Scots (Queen's Edinburgh Rifles) at Gallipoli. The first part of the book, which will make a most acceptable gift for schoolboys and those older, is taken up with the getting ready in Scotland, the drills, the impatience to be off. The character of Lieutenant Grey, who plays a large part in

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

the story, is cleverly sketched. "He had rather a long face, a languid air, and, horror of horrors, a monocle in his eye. 'Great Scott, who is he?' murmured Ogilvie. 'Haven't the remotest,' replied the Adjutant. . . . 'Look, he's wearing shoes and coloured socks. If the Colonel saw him, he'd have a fit.'" Grey, voluble, cynical, non-sensical, witty, plays a hero's rôle on the peninsula, and dies there after having been practically blinded. It is well that our lads should read books like this: manly, reticent, British accounts of British prowess.

THE JEWEL HOUSE.

By MAJOR-GENERAL
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HUSBAND, K.C.M.G.
15s. net. (Herbert
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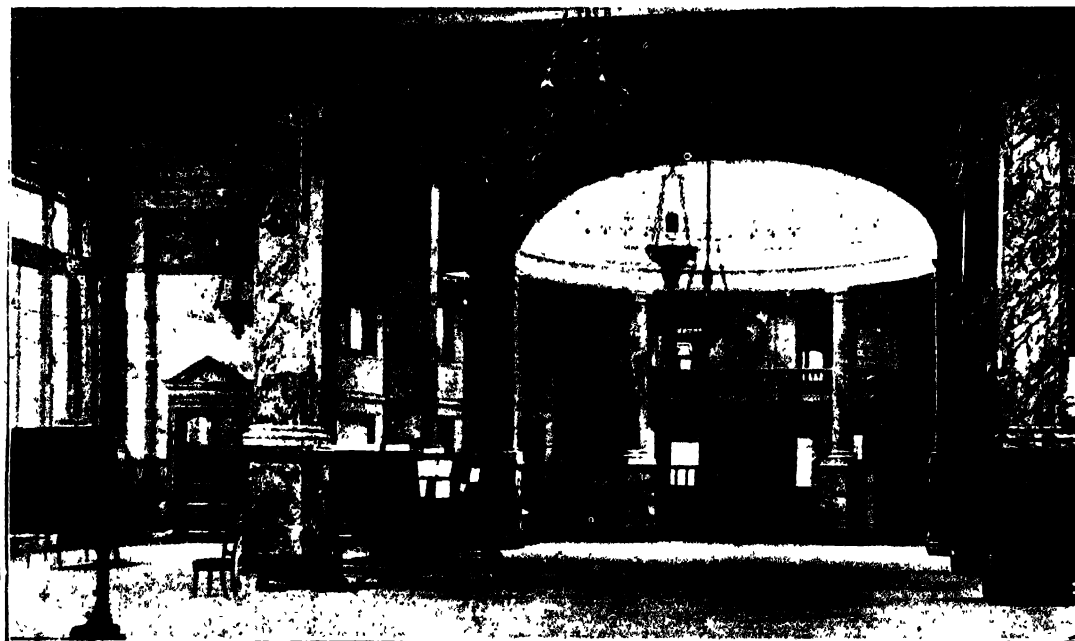
Sir George Young-husband has given us a fascinating successor to "The Tower from Within." "The history of England might be written round the gems that adorn, and in many cases grace, the regal emblems," he writes, and when we have followed him into the Jewel House, and heard from him the romance of its treasures, we can but agree. The book "is so full of a

*From The Jewel House
(Jenkins).*



**THE KEEPER OF THE
STATE JEWELS.**

number of things"—history, anecdote, information, all told with rare charm, humour, and, above all, humanity. It begins with the birth of the Regalia in King Egbert's reign, and follows its history, one of ever increasing splendour, marred temporarily, it is true, by the sacrilegious plundering of the Commonwealth, up to the present day. The next chapters are devoted to the tale of the Royal and Ecclesiastical plate and the Royal emblems. The romance of the great gems holds us spellbound. The ruby of the Black Prince, which came to him in true knightly fashion on the field of battle, the Koh-i-noor, once the pride of the Great Mogul Court, a tribute when the Punjab was added to the Indian Empire; the pearls of Elizabeth, the Stuart diamond, the Star of Africa, each in their own way a token of the Empire's gradual expansion. As the Regalia increased in bulk and value, so likewise the post of the Keeper of the Jewel House increased in importance. By Henry VIII's reign the post was given to the highest officers in the land, in addition to other important appointments. The author gives us characteristic little vignettes of some of his predecessors. In an appendix he reprints a most interesting and curious document, drawn up by Sir Gilbert Talbot in 1660, which sets forth the Ancient Deeds, Dignities and Perquisites of the Keeper of the Jewel House. The perquisites, which were many, including a table of fourteen double dishes, *per diem*, compensating in some measure for the salary, which was negligible. The illustrations, both modern colour plates and reproductions of old pictures, are an excellent addition to a most excellent book.



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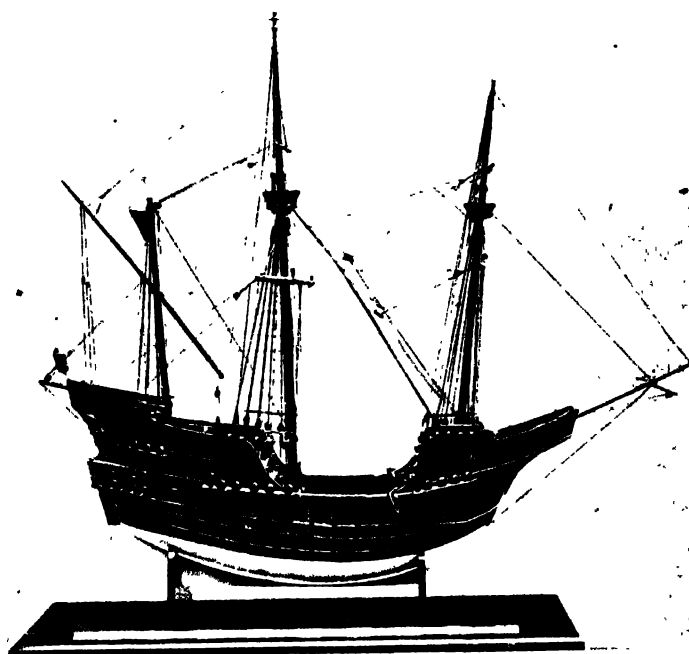
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to quote the author's admirably acute summing up of both these "enfants terrible," who more than once placed the wisest of our legislators in a dilemma from which it was difficult to emerge without appearing slightly ridiculous. Lord Roberts, Dr. Benson, Huxley, Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury), William Morris, Andrew Lang, G. F. Watts, are the themes of other capital papers,

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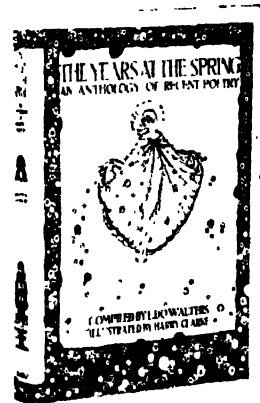
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book, as "one of the most brilliant of the younger journalists who have been faithful to Liberalism in a dark hour." Most of the chapters of the book have been contributed serially to the *Huddersfield Examiner*, of which paper Mr. Elliott Dodds is acting editor. With a blessing from Mr. Masterman and a subsequent tribute from Mr. A. G. Gardiner in the *Daily News*, this statement of the Liberal position deserves the respectful consideration of all those who have not drifted into that disastrously cynical frame of mind which regards all politics as a game—and not a particularly clean one at that. Mr. Dodds taunts the present Liberal party (by which he obviously means the Independent Liberal party) with weakness, largely because it has lost its contact with the historic grounds of its faith. "It has thought too much in terms of expediency and too little in terms of principle." The essence of the Liberal faith Mr. Dodds declares repeatedly to be "Individual liberty within the Commonwealth." Dealing with the outlook of Liberalism towards the world as a whole Mr. Dodds says that the fundamental instincts of the Liberal faith have always been the same—"a belief that peace is the common interest of all mankind; an assurance that no international system can long remain secure which is not based on the liberty of its constituent members; and a conviction that, beyond the duties which a state owes to itself, there are other obligations which it owes to all humanity." It was interesting to read some time ago that Dr. Simons, Foreign Minister of Germany, said in an interview that the English Liberals were an admirable party, but that they would be powerless for a long time to come. Probably Mr. Dodds would agree, but it is obvious from these pages that he has a sublime faith (it is almost a matter of religion) that Liberalism, in spite of all temporary set-backs, will come into its own again.

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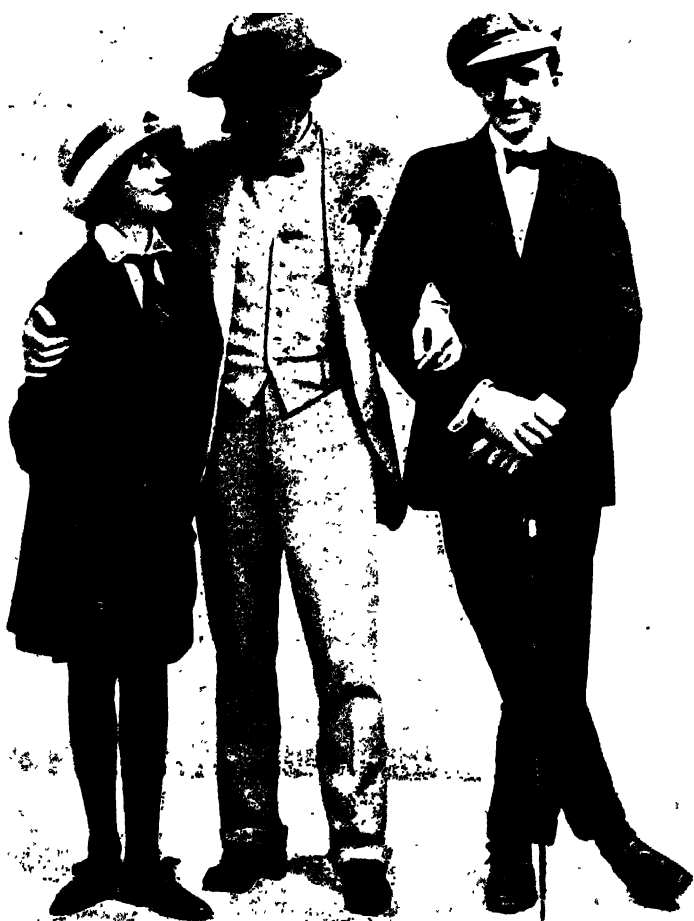
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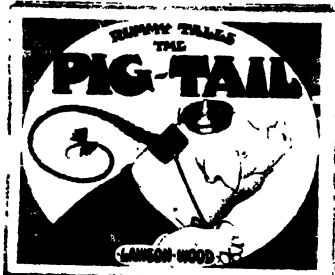
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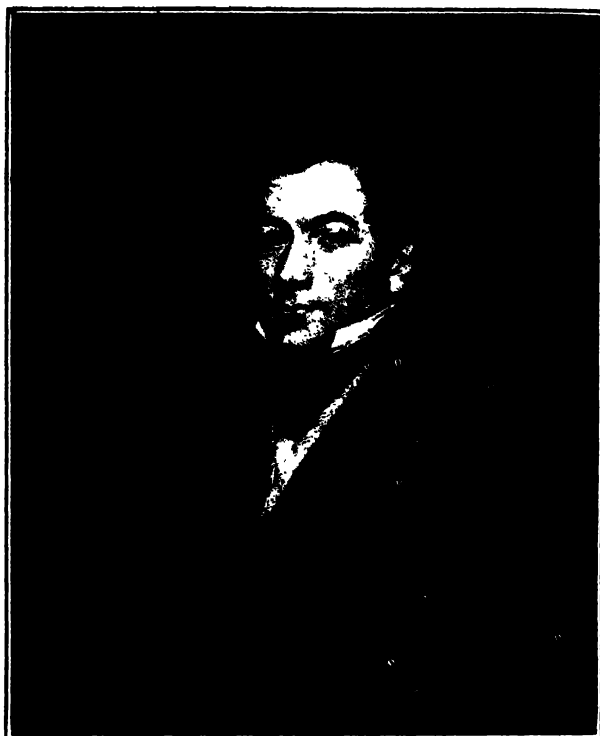
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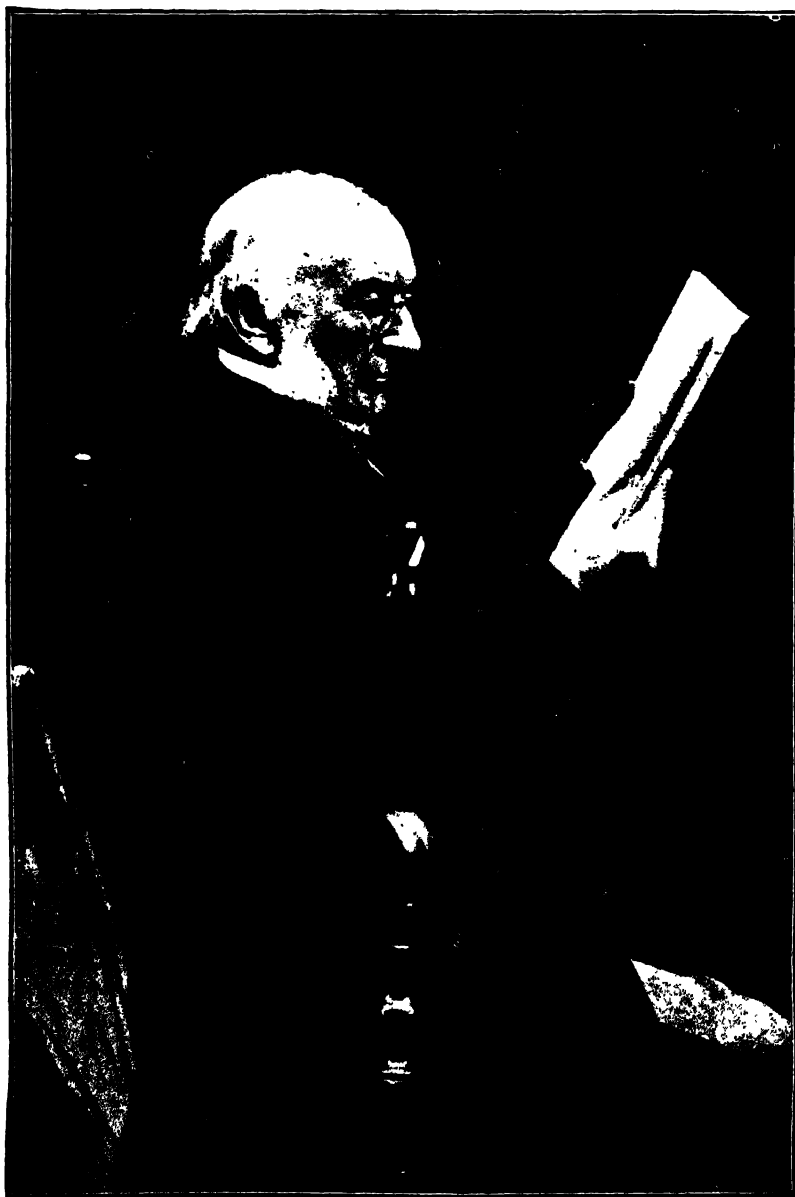
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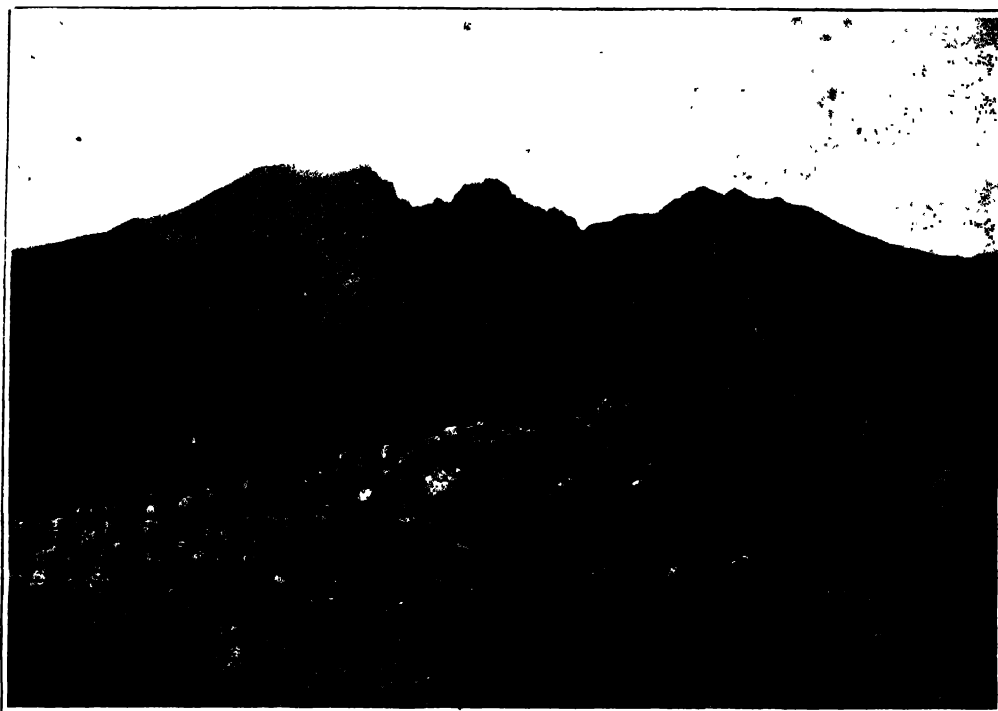
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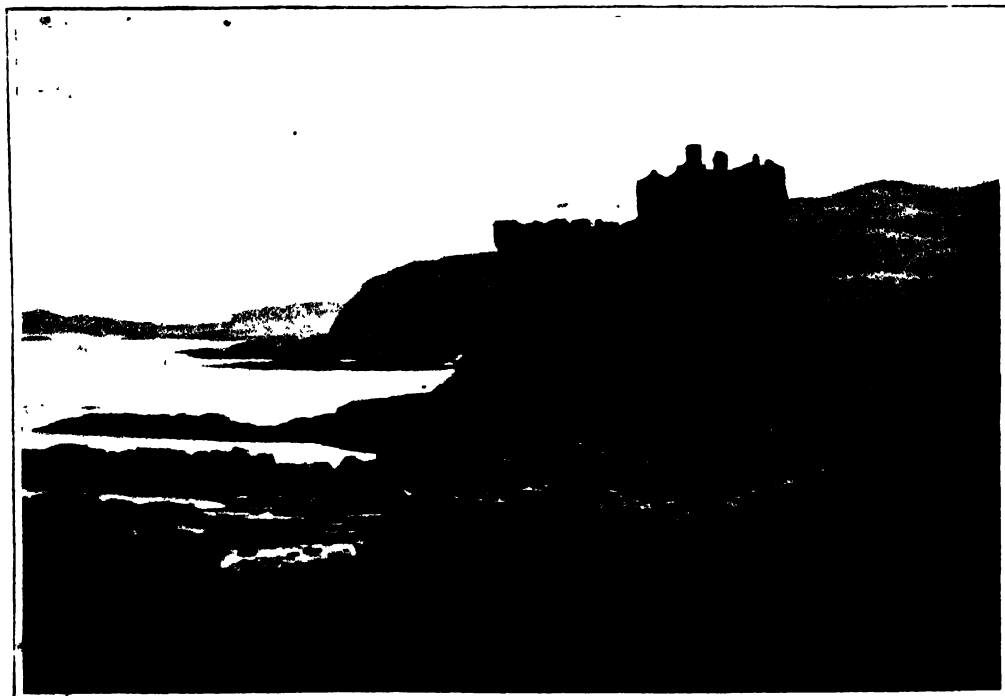
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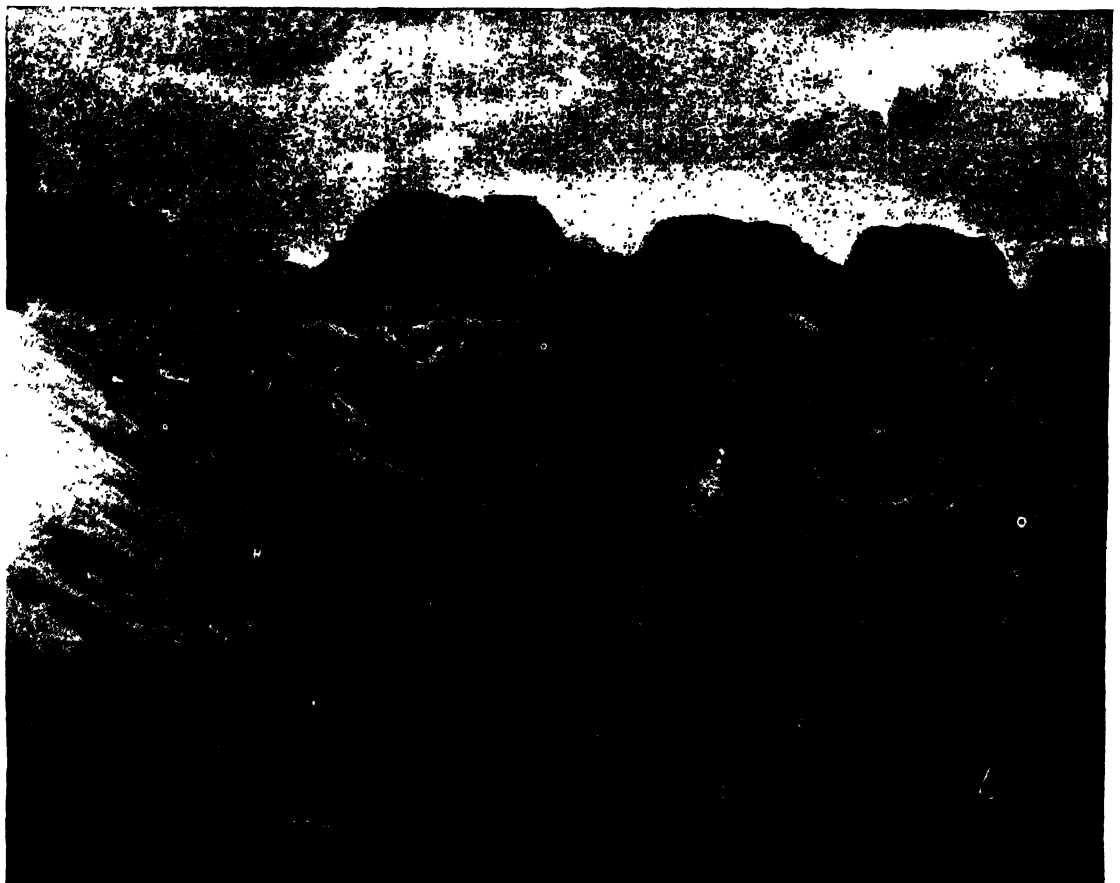
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AJANTA.

Society at large, which holds that Mr. Leadbeater is on the threshold of divinity to the Co-Masons, who pay their devotions before the shrine of St. Germain; and to

innumerable people to pass off his own books in their names, in which manner it comes about that his plays are still known under the names of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Greene, Lyly, and so forth; that his "Faerie Queen" appeared as the work of Spenser, his "Anatomy of Melancholy" under Burton's name and his "Don Quixote" under that of Cervantes. This is how the case stands in bare outline, and for a fully developed Baconian Mr. Woodward is on the side of moderation. One of his peers and co-heirs in this kingdom of rabid folly is Dr. Francis C. Odney, who has applied similar canons of criticism to prove that Lord Bacon was the author of "Sartor Resartus." We commend Mr. Woodward's book, as one of the worst of its kind—and a villainous lot they are—to those for whom it is meant; to Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, who has discovered in "Athasic records" that Bacon is the Comte de St. Germain; to the Theosophical

Bishop Wedgwood's theosophical variety of the "Liberal Catholic Church," that last issue of an ineffable union between Bedlam and Alsatia.



From *Nollekens and His Times*.
By Wilfrid Whitten.
(Lane).

STATUE OF WILLIAM PITT.
By Joseph Nollekens, R.A.
(Erected at Cambridge in 1812.)

HANDBOOK OF INDIAN ART.

By E. B. HAVELL.
Illustrated. 25s net.
(John Murray.)

Mr. Havell, who has written much on India and especially on Indian Art, has written a most admirable handbook which embraces architecture, sculpture and painting, and gives a concise, scholarly survey of the whole field of Indian art which will be of great help to students and serve as a very useful and interesting guide to travellers in India. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

Fiction & Miscellaneous Literature



From "Jan."
By Muriel Morgan Gibbon
(Hutchinson).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1920

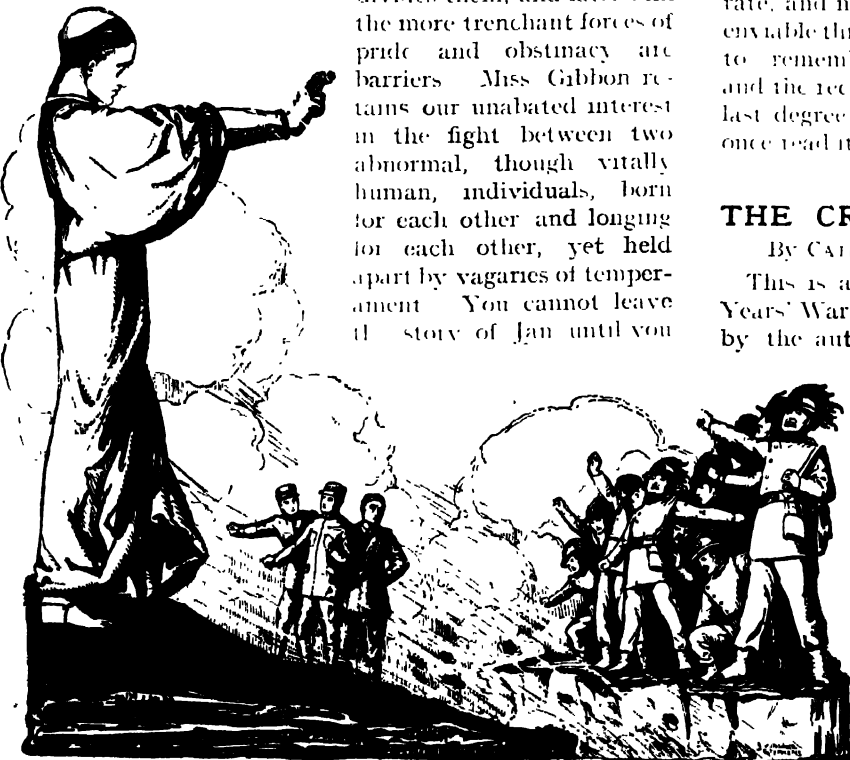


From *Nature all the Year Round* THE DORMOUSE.
(Pilgrim Press).

JAN.

By M. MORGAN GIBBON. 7s. 6d. net. Hutchinson.

"Jan" is a remarkable novel, and more particularly so when one remembers that it is the author's first book. Miss Morgan Gibbon's style has the fluency and finish of a practised hand, with an undercurrent of humorous comment that indicates an insight into human nature at once shrewd and tolerant. The characters are drawn with almost relentless realism; the details of family traits are brought to light deftly and without malice. Jan Owen herself is a girl of decisive personality, an enigma, a riddle to which her only cousin John holds the key. These two are made for each other, curiously alike in their craving for freedom, their hatred of restrictions and rules, obstinate and wilful, but inherently honest and strangely lovable despite their faults. Mysteries to the world, contemptuous of orthodoxy, they understood each other with a deep, intrinsic understanding, even from childhood, when life in the same little village makes them playmates and throws them constantly together. Later, school divides them, and later still the more trenchant forces of pride and obstinacy are barriers. Miss Gibbon retains our unabated interest in the fight between two abnormal, though vitally human, individuals, born for each other and longing for each other, yet held apart by vagaries of temperament. You cannot leave the story of Jan until you



From *The White Pope*
By S. R. Crockett
(Books Limited).

have read every word of it, and then you cannot forget Jan if you would. It is not surprising to learn that the author had had two other novels accepted before this one was published. What is surprising is the rumour that they are even better than "Jan." If that is the case, then we may unhesitatingly predict a notable future for this competent young writer.

WHERE YOUTH MEETS YOUTH.

By M. McD. BODKIN, K.C. 7s. 6d. net (Dublin: The Talbot Press.)

Here is a story that keeps to a safe, well-worn road, and finds a pleasant and a happy ending. Two young lovers, parted by trickery, yet finding each other in the end, and riches and happiness thrown in, are not a very original hero and heroine. But their story is a good one and freshly told, and may be recommended for itself. There is a very delightful thing about the book, however, that lifts it from the category of pleasant, commonplace love stories.

And that is the narrative by Gerald Burke, the hero, of his childhood and his life at an Irish school. It bears all the stamp of absolute reality, and indeed makes us suspect that Mr. Bodkin is drawing on memory. What a perfectly splendid time he had, and what adventures. The finding of the hawk's nest, and the spearing of the big trout are first-rate, and most enviable things to remember, and the record of schooldays is vivid and convincing to the last degree. For these alone the book is one to read, and once read it will take care to be remembered.



From *Malcolm Sage, Detective* MALCOLM SAGE
(Jenkins)
Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN

THE CROSS OF PEARLS.

By CATHERINE BEARNE. 8s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

This is a re-issue of a popular tale of the Hundred Years' War and the Jacquerie, or Peasants' Revolt, written by the author of that interesting volume, "Lives of the Early Valois Queens." "The Cross of Pearls" will appeal to young girls and boys who are devoted to history; it is an account of the adventures of a French family in the fourteenth century. A vivid description is given of the evenings spent by the gentle Baroness Isabelle in her old château, with her adopted son and little girl. "In the long winter nights the whole household would assemble round the hearth in the great hall, the men making nets and shaping arrows . . . the women spinning. Father Roche bending over an ancient parchment . . . the Baron leaning back in his tall, carved chair talking of the progress of the war. . . ." Battles, betrothal and dangers play their part in a rather old-fashioned, very likeable story.

COVER DESIGN.

A MEMBER OF TATTERSALLS.

By CLIVE PEMBERTON. 2s. net. (Books Ltd.)

Adapted from the Granger-Samuelsan Photo-Play, this racy story will be especially attractive to readers who are interested in sporting affairs. Embarrassed by debts,



From **The Song of the Blood-Red Flower**
(Gyldenst.) **COVER DESIGN.**

the Honourable Hilda Craven undertakes to introduce into society Mary Perks, the daughter of a bookmaker and a member of Tattersalls. Mary is a beautiful girl, graceful and refined, and Captain Edward Brookes-Greville quickly falls in love with her. But Mary is deceived into believing that he is after her father's wealth, and this cruel misunderstanding keeps them apart. A plan is laid to ruin Perks by steal-

ing the weights from the saddle cloth of his horse, and as a consequence the story reaches a high pitch of excitement. That it is just the thing for the films is obvious, and in story form it makes excellent reading, full of sensational predicaments and dramatic "curtains."



From **Growth of the Soil**
(Gyldenst.) **COVER DESIGN.**
Reviewed in this Number of THE BOOKMAN

MIRRY-ANN.

By NORMAN LORRIMER. 8s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul)

If coloured wrappers help to sell novels—and there is no doubt they do—"Mirry-Ann" ought to sell like hot cakes. It has a wrapper that catches the fancy and literally tempts one to peep inside the cover, and as that is the chief object of wrappers it justifies its existence. The



From **A Member of Tattersalls**
(Books Limited).

"PERKS IS PLEASED."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920



From *Shavings*
(Appleton).

"AND HE IS GOING TO TELL P"
SHE WHISPERED.

Isle of Man always forms a romantic setting for stories—as well as a fine background for pictures—with its rugged beauty and the wild calling of the sea, and Miss Lorimer has used it to good purpose in her latest novel. Mirry-Ann is a young Methodist preacher, a child of the people yet not of the people, for her birth is shrouded in mystery. In spite of an education not usually accorded to common fisher-folk of her day, she finds contentment in her humble cottage home, and is the good angel of the village. She is beautiful, too, and attracts the attention of the young squire and, much against her desire, enslaves the heart of John Thomas, owner of a "nickie" or fishing-boat. Much against her desire, for she has her own lover in Dick Schofield, "nursery-governess" to an energetic woman-farmer. Dick is a singular character, not of the handsome hero type—indeed, all the people in the book are pleasingly natural. Mirry-Ann's tragedy comes when John Thomas risks his life for her sake, and loses what perhaps to him is more precious than his life—his eyesight. And this when she has just discovered that the gulf of shame that prevented her accepting Dick's love in reality does not exist. She feels she can only pay her debt of gratitude to John Thomas by becoming his wife and looking after him, and she faces this sacrifice with a courage that has its root in her religion. But the story ends on a happy note, the plot being contrived in a way that does credit to the author's dramatic powers and demonstrates her capacity for dealing with emotional crises.

THE IRISHMAN.

By OLIVER BLYTH. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"The Irishman" is a study of a young peasant in a midland Irish county, Martin Duignan, who at twenty-one is tied terribly to his little farm, working desperately to

keep his mother and a sister. From his father he has inherited a vague longing for beauty and an interest in books with which his mother has no sympathy; she is a sheer peasant. The story is in some ways a telling interpretation of the meaner side of Irish peasant life, curiously like the English country tales of James Blyth. Martin's sister is betrayed by the village Lothario, and in the solving of this tangle Martin is sent to Dublin to get him out of the way. There instead of studying for the excise he drifts towards the local literary life centring in the Tower Theatre, in which he finds a job as an actor. There are many almost recognisable sketches of the members of that strange and fascinating little coterie of young Dublin of recent years, and Mr. Blyth clearly knows or has known them all. Martin, with his complete lack of knowledge of life, of how to meet his fellows, of how to express himself, drifts into many tangles with women, but is always uncaught, in fact he is brutally unsatisfactory and almost unreal in every relation in life, which is probably the true tragedy of the peasant origin on which his temperament and yearnings are grafted. His American experiences, his return to the farm, his betrothal to a neighbour's daughter, his incipient and progressive degradation through following his drunken father's ways, his hard wallowing in every sort of mud out of which he finally evolves a real novel of Ireland, his sudden awakening to new possibilities of life end in his jilting the poor girl who had waited all her life for him to marry her, and going back to Dublin to rejoin the little coterie and try the literary seas once more. It cannot be claimed that the book has attained any shapeliness; it is unhappy, unsatisfactory, unhopeful as Martin himself. It is a sketch, not a novel, and curiously unreal in its realism: its picture of Dublin is only true in that it shows just that side of it that poor crude Martin would meet and see. That is excellent in plan, but in fulfilment it just fails. There is much brilliancy falling short of achievement in the book, and it is worth reading, if the reader keeps a large pinch of salt very handy.



From *Beauty for Ashes*
The new novel by Joan Sutherland
(Hodder & Stoughton).

COLOURED COVER DESIGN
(REDUCED).

THE BIRDS OF THE BRITISH ISLES AND THEIR EGGS.

By T. A. COWARD, M.B.O.U. 12s. 6d. net. (Warne.)

This substantial pocket guide is the second and completing volume of this invaluable series, which now covers all birds on the British list. The distinctive feature, of course, is the accurate and beautifully executed colour illustrations by Archibald Thorburn and others, and these, together with the numerous photographs and the very full descriptive text containing many first-hand observations by the author, make the book as indispensable to students and lovers of birds as its popular predecessor.

THE MAKE-BELIEVERS.

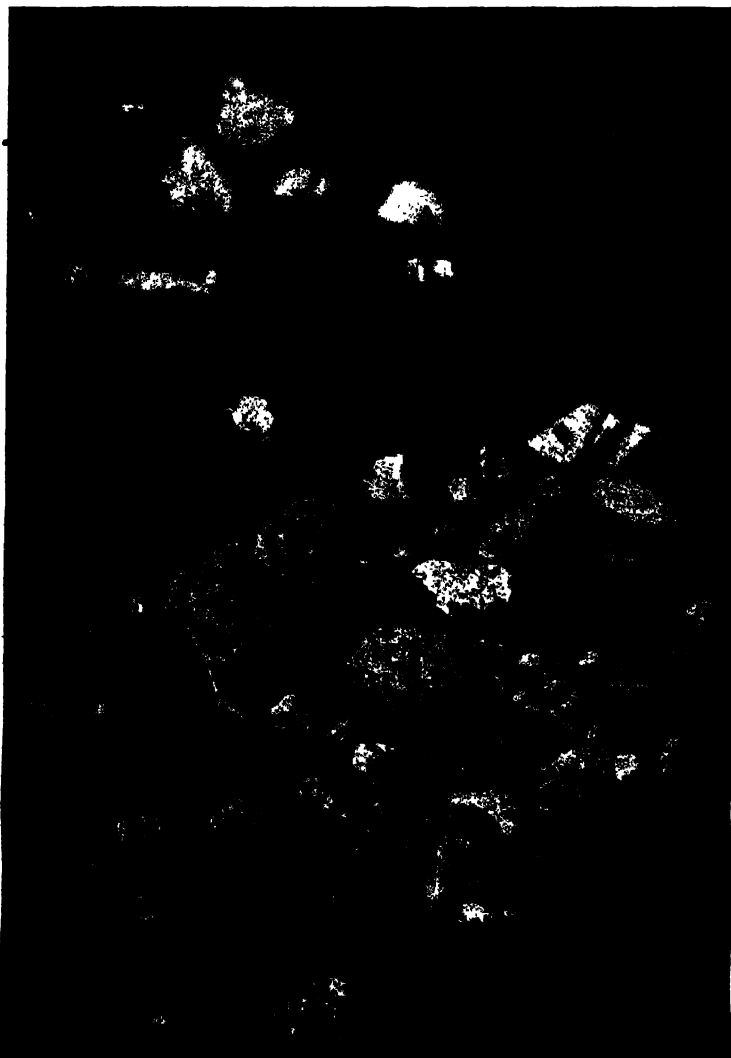
By "RITA" 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low)

Tonio the hero is a ragamuffin with a glorious voice. He is picked up by two ritualistic priests of the Anglican church in the East End, then placed at a Roman college at Albans, to have his education completed. Meantime his patrons are transferred to a private chapel in Dorsetshire, run by a High Church landowner, who indulged in vestments, incense and the pageant of mediæval worship. Tonio suddenly came back to them, disillusioned by the moral and mental atmosphere of a Roman seminary, and, to add to his patrons' annoyance, the landowner actually



From *The Birds of the British Isles and their Eggs* (Warne).

YOUNG SHELDRAKE.



From *The Birds of the British Isles and their Eggs* (Warne).

STONE CURLEW: Egg and Chick.

torsakes celibacy and marries a Gaiety actress, for whom Tonio himself had felt a youthful attraction. As her ladyship is a Roman Catholic, the chapel is handed over to her church authorities. Tonio enlists, and the novel leaves him in hospital at Belgrade. The strength of the book lies in its analysis of a young impressionable spirit, torn by artistic impulses and a sense of loyalty to his celibate patrons, swaying from one side to another, and yet with a passionate desire to fulfil his vocation as an artiste. There is rich variety in the scenes. The authoress does not conceal her scorn for the ritualistic clergy of the English Church; they supply the title for the novel. But she is too clever to let this spoil her picture of the two celibates who have the mishandling of Tonio. The novel is a flashing, hurrying tale of impetuous young life, with vivid descriptions of Italian and English scenery, and an impetus that bears the reader straight to the last page.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Illustrated by ROWLAND WHEELWRIGHT. 12s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Messrs. Harrap have just published a new edition of this great old story in which, if in any book at all, the very spirit of romance has its being. The sixteen coloured illustrations by Mr. Rowland Wheelwright are both strong and beautiful, full of glowing movement, and conveying with wonderful skill the atmosphere of the period. "The Three Musketeers," with its picturesque costumes and vivid action, gives enormous opportunities to the imaginative illustrator, and Mr. Wheelwright is, without question, the ideal man for the work. His choice of scenes and masterly handling of them makes this a luxurious volume for the lover of literature who is also a lover of art.



From *Our Elizabeth*
(Thornton Butterworth).

well as amusing reading. He laid the foundation stone of his success when he hesitantly sent a drawing home to the *Bystander*, whilst he was soldiering in France. Everybody knows the long succession of pictures about the humours of the war that followed in the train of that one, and here is a record, half jest, half serious, of all that lay behind his roaring success when, at last, it came. It is illustrated with numerous drawings by Bairnsfather, and these added to the story make a delightfully entertaining volume.

THE BAIRNSFATHER
CASE.

Defence by BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER.
Prosecution by W. A.
MUTCH. (Putnams.)

Without being exactly an autobiography or a biography, "The Bairnsfather Case" unfolds in its own whimsical fashion the story of Bairnsfather's career—he and Mr. Mutch writing alternate chapters. Before he became known as an artist, Bairnsfather was an electrical engineer, and the tale of his struggle in those days to get a footing in the art world makes very interesting as

THE
LOST
TROOPER.

By F. HAYDN
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(Pearson.)

Mr. F. Haydn Dimmock has written a most exciting tale of the North-West Mounted Police. "The North that knows no law, but the law of savagery—where might is right . . . where men grow strong, or fall to the cruelty of blizzard and cold." Josh Mullen, his villain, was no tenderfoot. He was a time-hardened man of the wilderness. He ruled his gang with a rod of iron—his soul was steeped in crime. Ned Carson, the dauntless, set forth on an expedition to get evidence against this evil-



From *Our Elizabeth*
A new humorous novel, by a New Humorist, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing shortly

doer, and the young policeman had a terrific time. All through the book, till almost the very end, we hear of two brave youths trying to find him, for he was reported dead. He is discovered at last in the gruesome Camp of the Yellow Knives, half mad. This is a strong story, abounding in adventure, in encounter with wild dogs and wolves



From *Field Observations on British Birds*
(Selwyn & Blount).

THE NIGHTJAR.

and cut-throats. "White Ear" is a delightful dog character.



I dont like the use of the
word "BLINKIN" Mr Busby

From *The Bairnsfather Case*
(Putnams).



I have committed all sorts
of games

From *The Bairnsfather Case*
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THE PAINTED LILY. By AMY J. BAKER (Mrs. Maynard Crawford), Author of "Moonflower," etc.

This is a delightful novel of outstanding interest which reveals to the full Amy J. Baker's rare talent for importing genuine humour into her narrative. The story is of modern setting and is richly endowed with all the accustomed charm and power of the author who has achieved such wide popularity by her delightful novels of South Africa.

PUTTING MARY OFF. By JOHN L. CARTER. Author of "Nymphet," "Dust," etc.

Discriminating readers have not failed to recognise in Mr. John L. Carter a brilliant recruit to the all too meagre ranks of the writers of novels of the genuinely humorous type. There is undoubtedly an immense waiting public for the author who can produce a novel abounding in real humour. The publishers claim that this, Mr. Carter's new work, is such, and their opinion has been unanimously endorsed by those who have been privileged to read it in manuscript.

THE FOUNDRESS. By JOHN AYSCOUGH, Author of "French Windows," "Fernando," etc.

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This author is among the select few recognised as humorous novelists. In eulogising her work the *Observer* said of her:—"Miss Kelston has the real gift of delicate farce—a gift that is extremely rare. Her talent causes a perpetual ripple of pleased laughter."

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

LOST ON DU

CORRIG.

THE CHAIN OF
GOLD.

By STANDISH O'GRADY.
5s. net each. (Dublin:
The Talbot Press.)

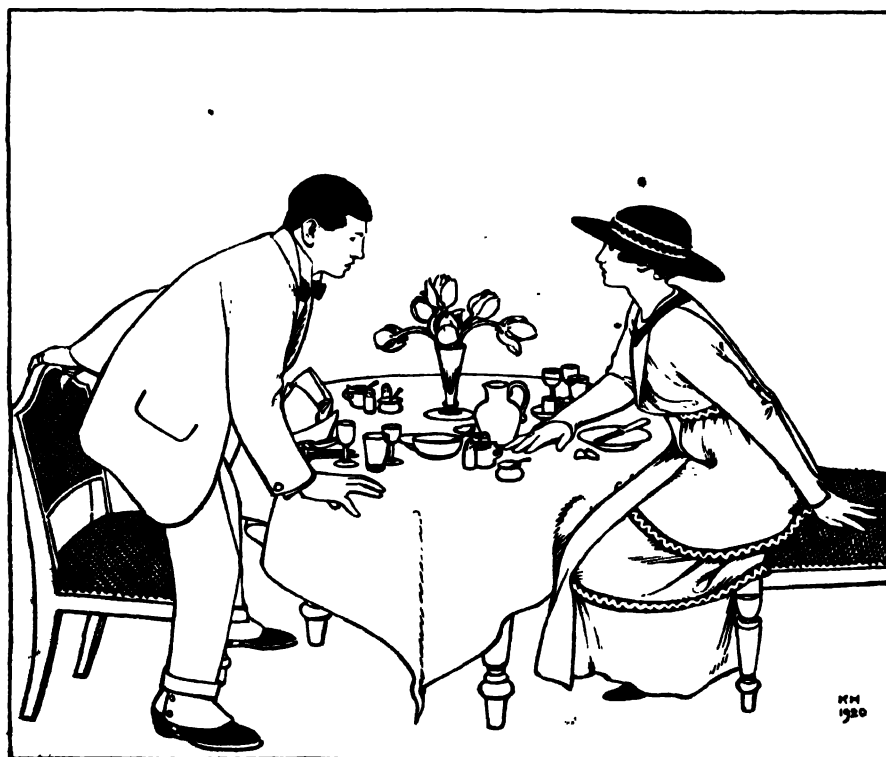
The Talbot Press has done well to republish these two excellent stories by Standish O'Grady. The heroes in each case are Jack and Ned Freeman, sons of an Irish rector living in the far west of Ireland on the sea, and each story tells of their disappearance. In one Jack comes back from college on vacation, and the next day goes out fishing, but does not return. Some months after, all search proving unavailing, Ned his brother goes to the same rock where Jack was seen fishing, hoping to find some clue to his actions that might help him to understand the mystery, and by a logical chance actually follows in Jack's footsteps and finds himself sharing the same fate—sliding through a cliff window, opening down a glissade into a cave from which there is no exit! Of course in the long run the lads escape, but the story is so well knit, so clearly and strongly told by Jack and Ned, by a younger brother and



From *The Parts Men Play*
(Chambers).

See article on "Beverley Baxter" in this Number.

COVER DESIGN.



From *The Amorous Cheat*
(Chatto & Windus).

COVER DESIGN
(Keith Henderson).

by the sub-inspector of police, who all contribute their own quota to its building up, and the ways by which Jack kept himself alive, moderately fit, and in wholesome spirits, are so quietly and naturally described, so full of variety and never sensational or even unlikely, that the book is one of the best of its kind. "The Chain of Gold" recounts a not very dissimilar adventure of the same pair, but about three years before the Du Corrig business: they have been caught at sea in a hurricane, and almost miraculously flung by a tremendous wave on a ledge more than half-way up one of those enormous cliffs that mark the Irish coast. Here they were forced to live for a considerable period, reluctant Robinson Crusoes, making shifts to supply their wants, and making the acquaintance of the hermit who had occupied the cave fifteen hundred years or so earlier, and succeeding to his treasure, a pot full of gold rings out of which they make a chain that, eked out with rope, enables them to drop to the sea below and escape on a raft made out of boards and timbers thrown in from their cave ledge. These books

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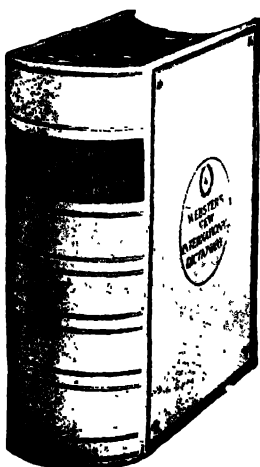
If you would realise the need of such a book glance through the pages of this Christmas "Bookman," noting how much you only apprehend in comparison with what you comprehend (See "Webster," page 111.)

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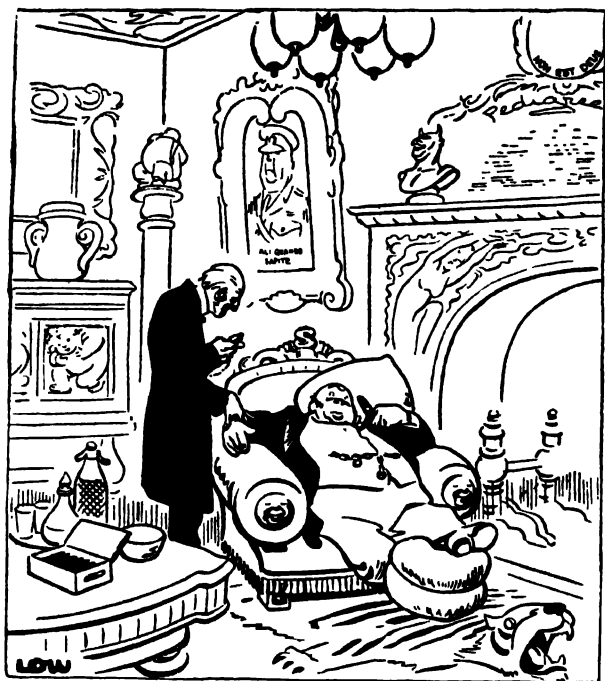
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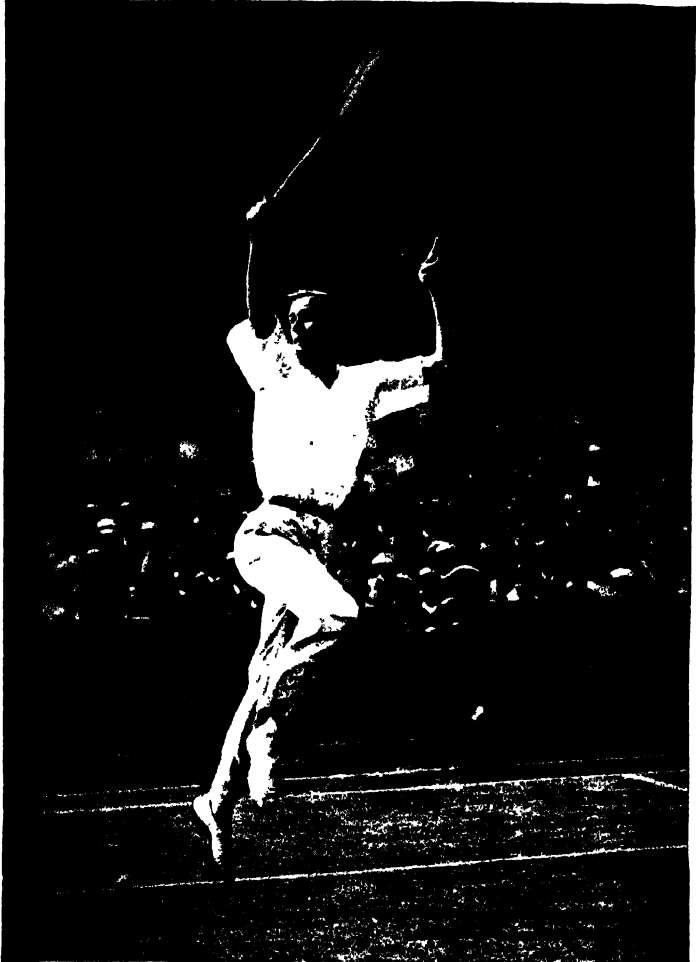


"I was just wondering," replied Dr. Mawse (page 54)

From *Old Seed in New Ground*
(Putnam's)

"I WAS JUST WONDERING,"
REPLIED DR MAWSE.

are meant for boys, but are written with all the care and art of a consummate man of letters, who did not "write for" boys, but wrote of adventures such as boys love. The mysteries are well sustained, but only as long as is necessary; directly the tale permits the reader is taken into confidence,



From *The Art of Lawn Tennis*
(Methuen).

W. T. TILDEN:
BACKHAND DRIVE.



From *The Lamp of Fate*
Margaret Pedler's new novel
(Hodder & Stoughton).

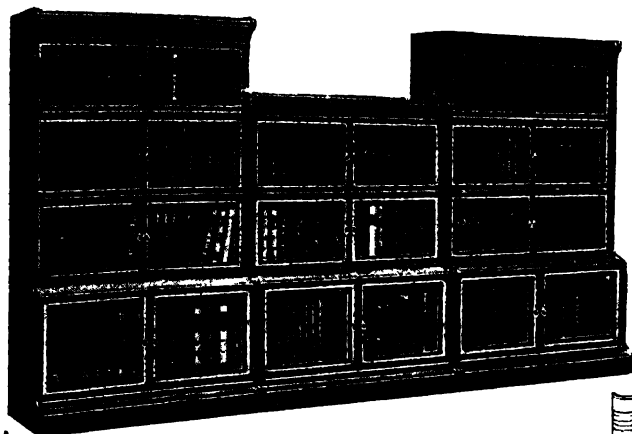
COLOURED COVER DESIGN
(REDUCED).

and the stories are capable of giving pleasure to parents and guardians equally with the younger generation. The Talbot Press has just added also "The Flight of the Eagle" and "Ulrick the Ready" to their admirable edition of the collected works of Standish O'Grady, the first books in which were the three volumes of his Cuchulain Cycle.



From *Wild Creatures of Garden and Hedgerow*
(Constable).

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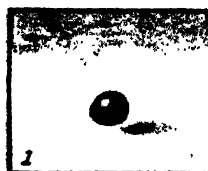
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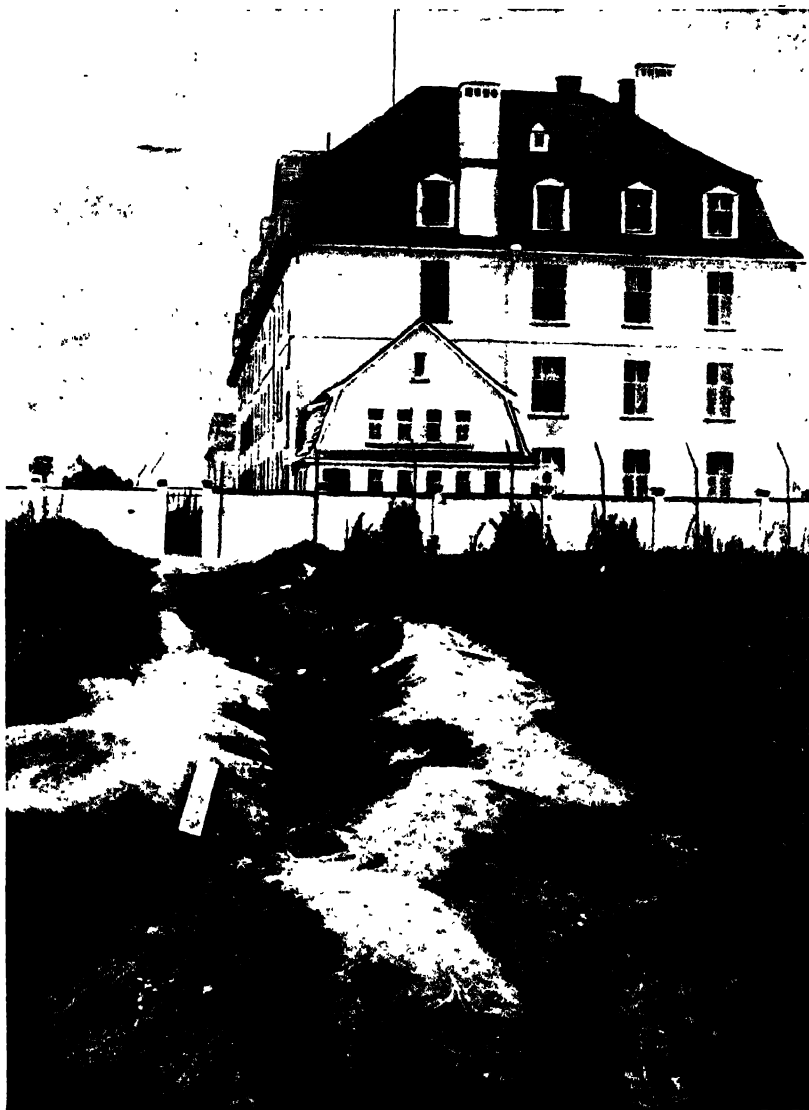
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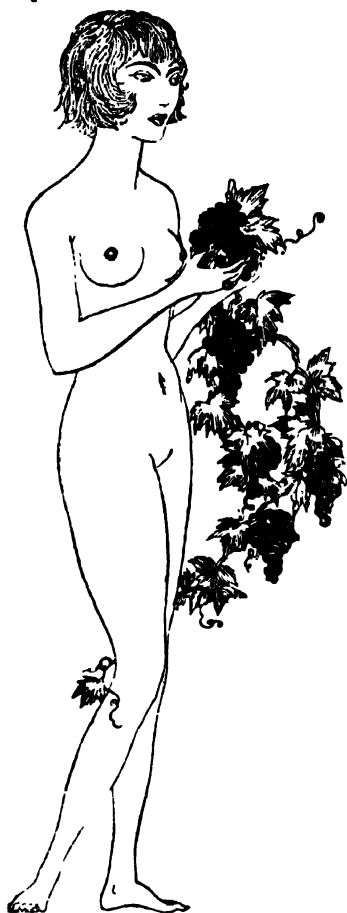
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" 'Been booking your passage, I suppose? "

" 'Trying to,' I said as civilly as I could. I could have sworn at him for detaining me. 'They're all booked up and don't want to take me.' "

" Hyman gave a funny little laugh. 'That's queer,' he said. 'I was just going to get a refund on a ticket. I was making the trip myself, but will have to wait for a later boat. You can take it over if you like.' "

So spoke Fate, and Jimmy Warren leapt at the opportunity of fulfilling an urgent mission in America for his firm, and, after a score of trifling delays, managed to scramble on board a moment before the steamer commenced to move out of Sydney Harbour. But the reason for Hyman's inward amusement becomes apparent when Warren descends to his cabin and feels two soft feminine arms grab him and hug him ecstatically, while a sobbing, hysterical voice says, "Oh! I thought you hadn't come—I thought you hadn't come." The owner of the arms and the voice is Jo—whom Hyman had planned to elope with, and abandoned at the last minute. Warren is in a predicament, the more so because the girl is young and pretty and penniless and terribly ashamed of herself. She is running away from an unhappy home and vows she will never return. To shield her he passes her off as his sister, only to encounter fresh complications. Once in a while one says of a novel, "This is something new"—a high compliment in these days of multitudinous publications. "Runaway Jo" is unquestionably "something new," and for this reason and because of its sequence of dramatic incidents, it keeps a tight hold on the interest till a crowning happiness concludes Jimmy Warren's amazing adventures.



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hears ! '
Oh, Chief, a-bluffing all day long,
Oh, Chief, who simply can't go
wrong ! "

This will make an excellent gift-
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dismay when, on the old squire's death, he discovers that
he is not the heir, that another grandchild named Leslie,
whom they have never met, is to inherit the estate ! He
cannot face the humiliation of being disinherited, so runs
away before the hated Leslie arrives from Sicily. It turns
out Leslie is a girl, and not a boy, as they had assumed - a
sweet-natured,
gentle girl who
wins the hearts
of all. She goes
to school with
Lilias and Dulcie,
Everard's sisters,
and her attractive
personality
quickly makes
her popular. Everard turns
chauffeur to earn
a living and, un-
knowingly, drives
a car containing
the very girl
against whom he
is nursing his
grievance, and,
what is more, he
is the means of
saving her life. So it will be seen
that this is partly
a school story and
partly an out-of-
school story ;



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in addition, it is an absorbing one
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that will appeal to boys and girls
alike, proving, as it does, how
even everyday life may be brimful
of adventure.

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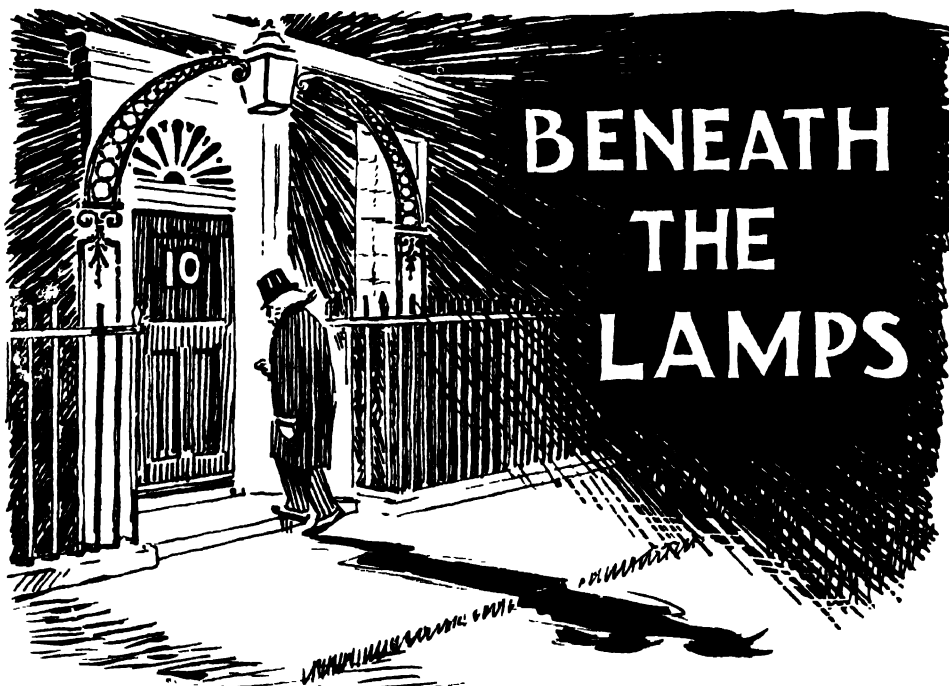
A new novel from the pen of
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interest in boxing ; for this is a
clean, straightforward story of
struggle and love. It is placed
in the days of about a century
ago, when gentlemen took a more
open interest in the ring than they
do now, and when encounters
took place without gloves. The
four chief characters are Jack Ral-
stone, strong, handsome, honest,
brave, and with a fair knowledge of
the art of defence ; his antagonist,
Sir Phineas Tenbury, is a treacher-
ous and intriguing young man, who
indulges his hatred for Jack by
underhand means, never by using his fists ; Lady Barbara
Dacre, the daughter of a duke, is handsome, vain and shallow ;
the fourth principal person is Nyra Seaton, a beautiful
girl who has been kidnapped by Phineas and rescued by
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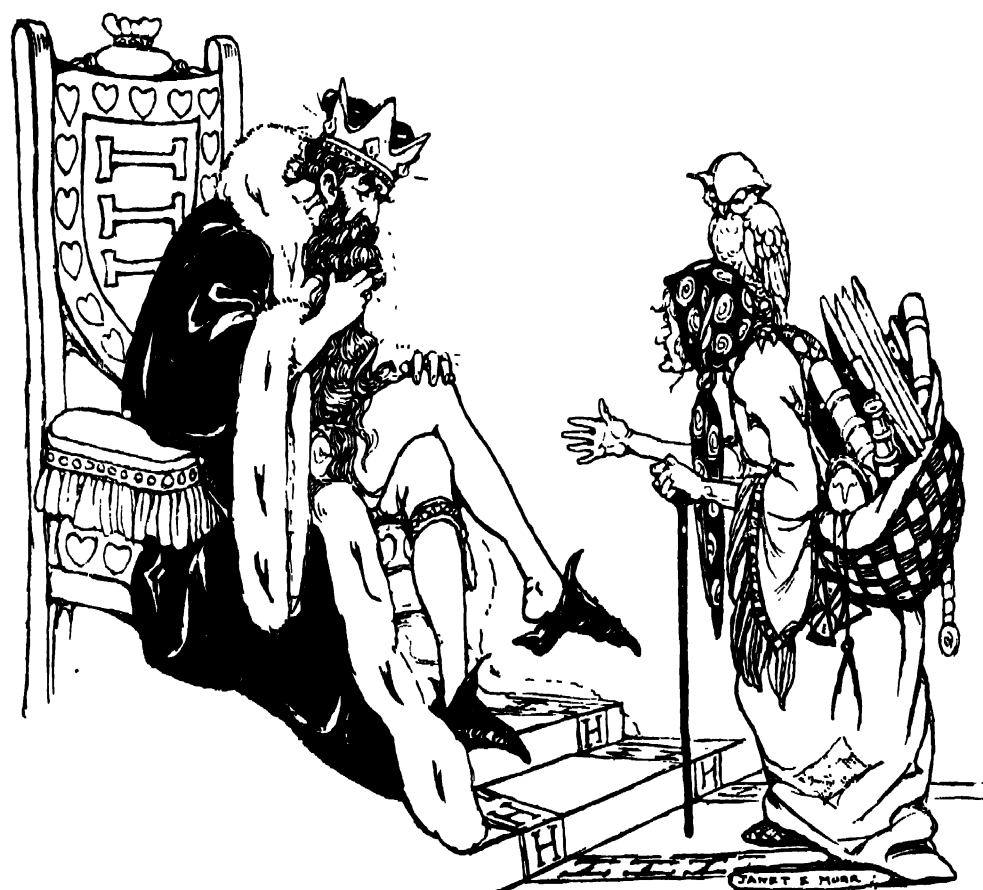
pipe outside his
bedroom window.
His escapade is
found out. St.
Maur thinks
he will be dis-
missed, but the
head master does
not dismiss him ;
instead he forbids
him to play cricket
for the remainder
of the term. This
is a disastrous
punishment to St.
Maur, to whom
cricket is the
main interest in
life, and he sets
out to score off
those who had
reported him. St.
Maur is a hero
one cannot help
admiring, and
" Caught Out " is
quite one of the
best school yarns.



From The M.P.'s Garden of Verses
(Humphreys).

" AND DAVID TAKES HIS LATCHKEY,
AS HE'S OFTEN DONE BEFORE."

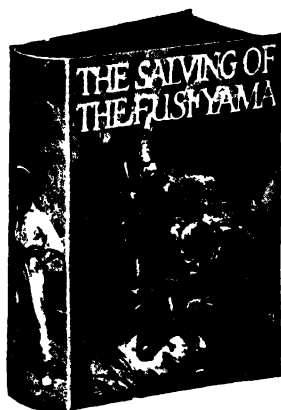
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*From Father Tuck's Annual
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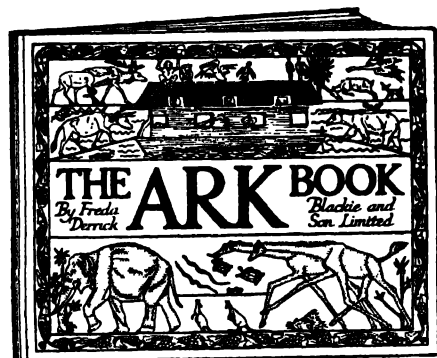
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THE CHRISTMAS BAG

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

Christmas would be incomplete without books for the children—books to please the eye and the mind, to bring the sparkle of frost and the scarlet of holly and the robin's breast, the glow of the Yule log, the jollity of the Christmas feast into the wintry world. It would be as impossible to think of a world without Christmas as of a world without children. For the children Christmas lies like a rose at the heart of winter.

The Christmas books of this season reach a high average. The age of the grotesque, which the serious-minded child was apt to take seriously—has gone by. This Christmas lacks the creation of any new monster in succession to Gollwogg and his like, in whom the inexplicable children were apt to find a strange companionship and solace.

Here is a bundle from the bag. The Christmas publishing season could not be complete without a Rackham book, and this year it is "Snowdrop and Other Tales,"¹ by the immortal Brothers Grimm. Never was an artist better suited with a subject; and the child who discovers the famous "Fairy Tales," or returns to them, will be doubly satisfied in that he or she will know just how the personages of the tale looked when they lived. The Brothers Grimm draw out all that is most excellent in Mr. Arthur Rackham's work; its imagination, ingenuity, energy and its beautiful draughtsmanship. Fortunately for the children they do not tire of the old classics, and the Brothers Grimm are still kings of the nursery with Mr.

Rackham as their Grand Vizier, and long may they reign, for they bring faerydom and the Queen of Faery into our dull and anxious days.

A reprint of Mr. Laurence Housman's "Gods and Their Makers"² is very welcome. This book, fraught with a delicate imaginativeness, freakish, tender and mocking, deserves to be kept and remembered. It is a book not for children but their elders, though an imaginative child might read these strange tales of the making of gods

by Aystah and Pecti, and their dealings with their gods, for the story, not acknowledging a growing bewilderment or perhaps not being aware of it, for satire is not for children. Indeed, even with the grown-ups Mr. Housman's audience must be few and fit. The satirist is not for the many nor is the imaginative artist.

"The Gentle Heritage,"³ by Frances Crompton, is neither fantasy nor fairy story, but a good plain, straightforward story of very attractive children who find a delightful and chivalrous friend where they set out to find a Bogey. Frances Crompton knows very well what will please girls and boys; she writes excellently well, and there is good honest teaching and guiding for the children which comes in naturally by

way of the Bogey, and is never obtrusive. Both boys and girls will like this book, that is to say, the younger boys and girls, and that is a good thing, for the time should be gone by when boys were given tales of war and adventure, and their sisters nursery or schoolroom sawdust. The illustrations by Margaret Tarrant are charming.

² "Gods and Their Makers." By Laurence Housman. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin)

³ "The Gentle Heritage." By Frances E. Crompton. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock)



From *Little Folks*
(Cassell).

"THEY BOUND ME WITH THEIR SILKEN
CHAINS, AND CARRIED ME AWAY."

¹ "Snowdrop and Other Tales." Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 17s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920



From The Book of Games
(Ward, Lock).

SCOUTING.

In "A Little Princess"⁴ we find a devotional book, in the guise of a story which is well in keeping with the Christmas spirit, as it should be. No one will grudge this little book of holiness in a bag full of ordinary entertainment for boys and girls, since after all, though many people seem to forget it, Christmas is a heavenly feast as well as an earthly one. The story is evidently the work of a delicate and gracious imagination, and will appeal to the spiritual side in children, which is too often forgotten at this time of year.

"The Blue Geranium"⁵ by Margaret Bolland, is a pleasant, old-fashioned little tale of the troubles of Polly Parsons, gifted with more imagination than her elders and presumably her superiors, whose "imagination" were treated harshly as "lies," so that when the poor child fell under suspicion of having stolen the Blue Geraniums from Miss Gertrude at the Hall and presented them in a prize competition at a flower-show, no one believed her perfectly truthful explanation, and things looked very bad for poor Polly, till Miss Gertrude's chivalrous and plain-spoken young brothers "scouted" out the truth. There is a sly and gentle humour in the delineation of the superior persons, which is not too obvious. Present-givers in doubt might do worse than choose "The Blue Geranium."

"More Plants We Play With,"⁶ by H. B. Robertson, is a successor to "Plants We Play With," which I commended in last year's Christmas budget. Children could hardly play with prettier things than flowers and leaves: and the exposition of the plants we play with is aided by the most charming illustrations, some of which indicate that the book was compiled for the pleasure of some delightful children. There is an alluring passage from an old chronicler, Guillaume le Maréchal, at the beginning of the book, which tells how the game of "Knights"—which I think we called "Cocks and Hens"—played with the coarse grasses of the plantain, was the sport of knightly

⁴ "A Little Princess." By A. M. Tennant. 7s. 6d. net (Mowbray.)

⁵ "The Blue Geranium." By Margaret J. M. Bolland. 3s. 6d. net. (S.P.C.K.)

⁶ "More Plants We Play With." By H. B. Robertson. 7s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner.)

gentlemen in the days of King Stephen. So ancient and honourable are the derivations of many of our customs.

The children of this generation perhaps do not know Mrs. Molesworth, who delighted their papas and mammas, but fortunately for them, here she is, come back, with delightful prim, old-fashioned illustrations by M. V. Wheelhouse, to one of her very best stories—"Carrots: Just a Little Boy."⁷ So far have we travelled from the placid eighties and nineties, that Mrs. Molesworth may be a sort of Jane Austen to the boys and girls, telling of a world in which there were no motor-cars, no aeroplanes, no wars—a placid and peaceful world as far away as the days of stage-coaches. To children who would like to know what the dearest and nicest of parents were like when they were girls and boys, "Carrots" is heartily commended, and we look for further reprints of this very delightful writer.

Children are, I imagine, far more unanimous than their elders in loving the lilt and measure of poetry, and Mr. Norman Ault has written in "Dreamland Shores"⁸ a charming book of verse for children with an agreeable swing and go, and has made charming pictures to it. The verses deal with the things the children know best, and so, by their verisimilitude, will go home to the children's hearts. One rather wonders that there are not more verse-books for children. For older and more exacting children there is a most delightful "Daffodil Poetry Book,"⁹ made by Miss Ethel Fowler, from the best and most appealing poets, for the use of school-children. Miss Fowler has made the great discovery that quite ordinary school-children respond

⁷ "Carrots: Just a Little Boy." By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by M. V. Wheelhouse 5s. net. (Bell.)

⁸ "Dreamland Shores." By Norman Ault. 6s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

⁹ "The Daffodil Poetry Book." By Ethel M. Fowler. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)



From The Book of Games
(Ward, Lock).

with joy to the call of very good poetry, and in the school she controls she has fostered this love of poetry, and given the children nothing that is not good. If love of poetry means in some sort love of the ideal, then Miss Fowler has made a wonderful discovery. The greatest messages should be to the children, since upon them depends the future of the world, and here are the great and beautiful messages of the poets, and what more suitable than that they should be blown abroad by that very joyous trumpeter—"Daffodil?"

THE BOOK OF GAMES.

With Colour Plates by MARGARET W. TARRANT. 3s. 6d. net.
(Ward, Lock.)

Here Nancy M. Hayes has done the verses, Nina K.

Brisley the spirited silhouettes and Margaret Tarrant the jolly colour pictures. It all makes up a most exciting book. The poems are charming. Take these verses from "Bubbles" for instance:

"Now! Fill the pipes and blow and blow,
There, look at mine, the lovely thing!
Poor Teddy—yours has burst—but, oh!
Mine is as beautiful as Spring!

"It drifts away, but look!—oh, do!—
I'm sure I saw an elf inside.
I wish that I could float with you,
Oh, Bubble, o'er the world so wide!

"We'd sail to where the Fairies are,
And find the tiny golden gate:
And sleep at evening in a star,
Oh, Bubble, if you'd only wait!"

The verses called "Scrap Books" and "Leap Frog" are particularly merry, and the illustration to "Puzzles" exceedingly clever.

FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL.

Edited by CAPTAIN EDRIC VREDENBURG. With numerous Illustrations, Coloured and Black-and-white. 6s. net. (Raphael Tuck.)

Father Tuck has undoubtedly found an unusually strong band of fairy-artists or, to be more correct, artists who understand all about fairies. From the very beautiful coloured frontispiece—"The Fairy Palace," where Hilda Cowham's little boy and girl lie in the darkened garden and look across the fairy lake with its tiny boats to the fairy palace rising out of the water, with tiny lamps outlining it—to the even more beautiful last full-page coloured plate of Hilda Cowham's little boy and girl "On the Hillside," floating their gay air-balloons, the volume is full of good things. There are stories to hold the attention of a whole nursery full of children, poems to make them laugh, and short verses that they will love to learn and

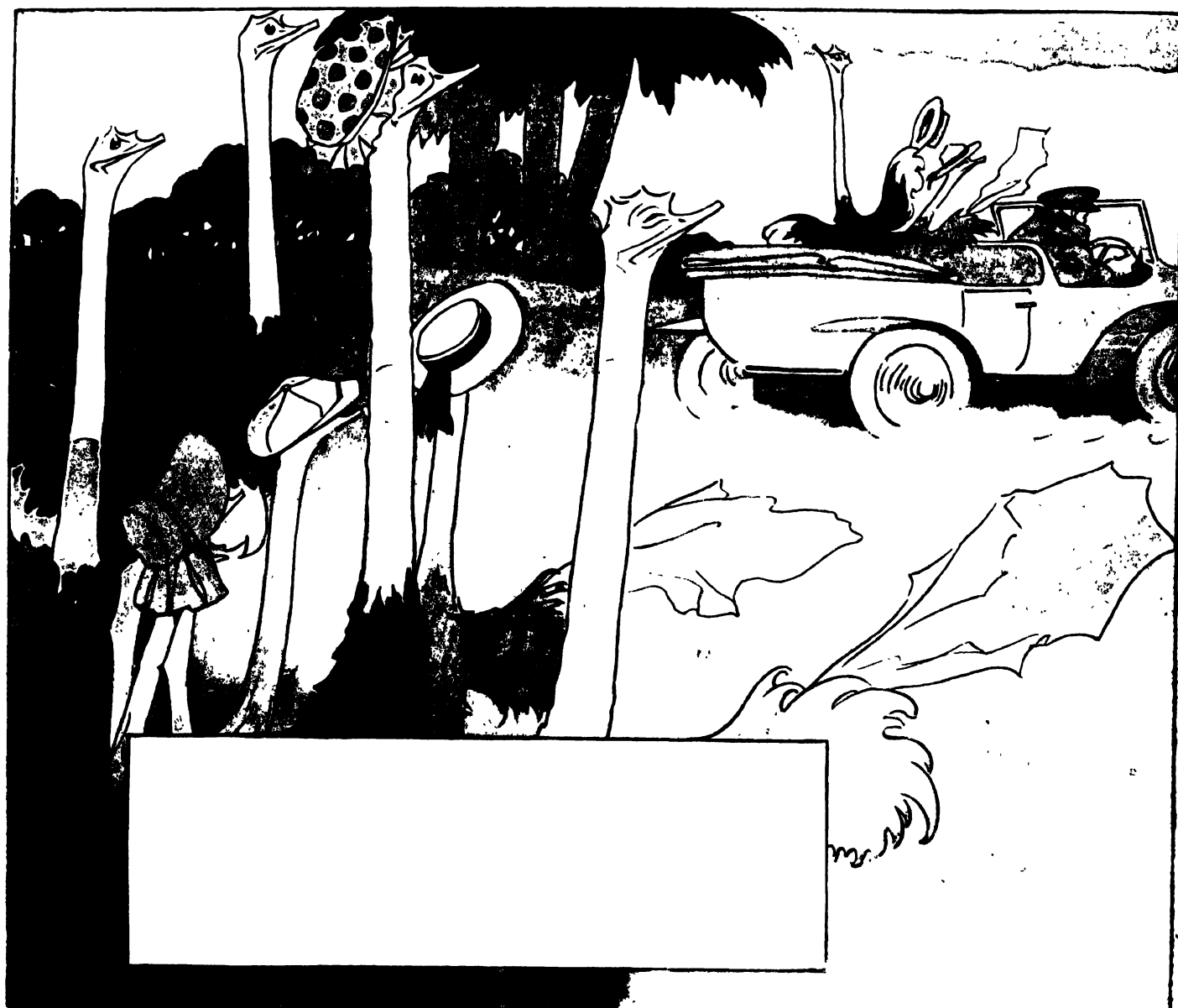


133 D

From Dream Frolics
(Cassell).

WHEN Dickie and his sister Sue are s'posed to be asleep,
You'd be surprised the things they do, if you could only peep;
They play beneath the white moonbeams, then with the elves they sup,
And Nursie says it's only dreams—! it that's 'cause she's grown-up.

THE BRAN TUB.



From The Lawson Wood Picture Books
(Warne.)

THE BUNCHY TAIL

remember. The pictures and stories are not entirely about fairies, however. There is a great variety within these gay covers, and we think that many a youngster will have given his heart, before the Christmas is over, to Mr. G. H. Thompson's Mr. Hippopotamus and Mrs. Hippo and their Golden Wedding party. Such artists, besides, as Mabel Lucie Attwell, Roth Cobb, Louis Wain, Janet E. Murray, and such writers as Norman Gale, Grace C. Floyd, Queenie Scott-Hopper, Ethel Talbot, Olive Tuck and E. Tracey-Archer, and several others who are favourites already, or soon will be, make the success of this volume a thing not to be doubted.



From The Box of "Mrs." Books
(Warne.)

MRS. POLLY.

PETER'S PENCIL.

By PHYLLIS MORRIS. 78.
(The Bodley Head.)

Peter didn't like his governess, and felt miserable. He loved pencils, but had no paper to draw on that sad day, till the Old Gentleman gave him a drawing-book and a pencil. "Take care of the top," he warned Peter, "it has an ounce of magic in it." So it had, Peter scribbled a lot of pictures—a house and a pig, and he made a figure 2, and a pothook, and suddenly everything seemed to become fairyish—if you know what that means—and the pictures came alive. Peter has a very amusing time with the Blot family. (He had made a lot of Blots and they got real, and were very black and shiny.) The drawings are thoroughly childish, the whole thing original and very full of fun.



From *The Lawson Wood Picture Books*
(Warne.)

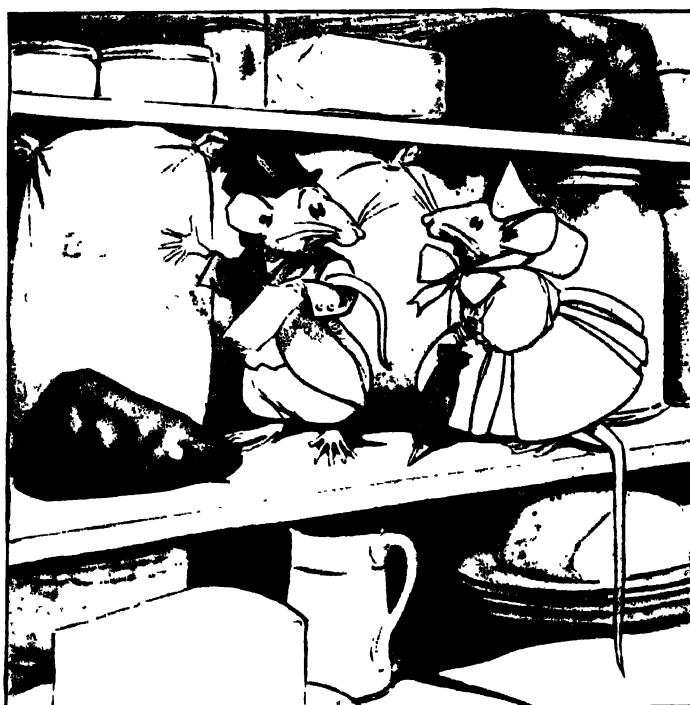
THE CURLY TAIL

THE BUNTY BOOK.

(8s. net.

(Heath Robinson &
Birch.)

This is a book full of short stories, delightful pictures and amusing verses, for very young children. "The Bunty Book" with its quaint opening letter from Bunty himself is full of promise; the originators have got hold of a very good idea, of which much might have been made; but, to be quite frank, "The Bunty Book" ought to have been even better than it is. When such well-known artists as Charles Robinson, H. R. Miller, Gordon



From *The Box of "Mrs." Books*
(Warne).

MRS. NIBBLE.

Browne, Louis Wain, Charles Horrell—to name only a few of the artist contributors—make delightful illustrations for a book, surely a little more care should have been taken with the letterpress. The stories are nearly all too short to allow of much point or plot, but our real quarrel with Bunty is that he has made the unpardonable mistake of allowing a moral to be tacked on to the end of most of the stories—and tacked on in the baldest possible way, such as, "At any rate, we know now," says a boy in "Curiosity Rewarded," "learning has its price." And, "This is how George learned to do one thing well at a time instead of attempting two tasks and doing both badly," etc., and "Peggy had learned

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

the secret that making a beginning is always half the battle," etc., and "When Nurse came back, she scolded in much good measure; but the lesson that

this manner. Bound in at the end (and also sold separately) is "Bunty's Picture Music Book"—nursery rhymes set to music which is printed in large black notes,



From The Bunty Book
(Heath Robinson & Birch).

LEANING OUT OF THE DOOR OF THE
HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY HOUSE WAS A
CHARMING LITTLE GIRL.

Ann took to heart was the one that her little sister had given," and so on. The morals in the story would have been so much more effective if they had been taught in the story, and not rubbed in at the end in

each note having a little picture inside it. The publishers have contrived a novel and attractive way of teaching children to learn the notes, and to understand the number of beats in a bar.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF HOURS.

By CONSTANCE and W. NOEL IRVING. 12s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)

This is a very quaint and charming book, written not only about children, but for them, and handsomely, even sumptuously, put forth. The verses are, with line and wash drawings, printed on large brown cardboard pages, and on similar pages of a lighter shade the colour pictures are excellently reproduced. And the contents of the

And wheels and weights were also in it.
It ticked the seconds, and marked the minute,
And when they found it answered well,
They made a clock with a Chiming Bell. . . ."

Following this pleasant, gossipy record of the coming of the clock, you have a series of bright, entertaining little poems for the benefit of

"Small People in suits, Small People in frocks
Who haven't yet mastered the Time o' Day"—
touching on all sorts of things that happen in the child's



*From Four-and-Twenty Kickabouts
(Blackie).*

volume are as unique as its outward appearance. You have first a series of neatly turned, delightfully whimsical poems on early ways of telling the time—on the Sun-Dial, the Water Clock, the Hour Glass, and then on the invention of the clock in 996 :

"The good old Monks, in Cloisters dim,
Found time to study, 'twixt Prayer and Hymn,
The way to make a clock with springs,
With pendulum and curious things ;

life, from "Morning," "School-time," and the work done at school, through "Noon," "Dinner-time," "Afternoon School," at the home-coming of Father in the evening, to "Bed-time" and "Night" :

"When the sun has set, and the grass is wet and heavy with evening mist,
And prayers are said and I'm tucked in bed, after Mam and Dad are kissed,
Then . . ."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

well, then you have the wonders of the land of dreams. Written easily, simply and with a taking lilt, the verses are just such happy things as children delight in, and the decorations and colour pictures are cleverly and attractively done, and admirably in keeping with the whole scheme and tone of the volume. No parent, uncle or aunt looking for a gift-book for the nursery-folk can go wrong if he or she gets "A Child's Book of Hours."

they will find in this sumptuous picture annual. It has twelve colour plates and hundreds of other illustrations, and contains stories of every order: fairy stories, "ordinary" stories, stories about animals, stories about birds, stories about toys—an excellent assortment; and verses, pretty and amusing, are scattered through the pages. Jessie Pope, Christine Chaundler, Fay Inchfawn, Ada Leonora Harris, Margaret



From The Wonder Book
(Ward, Lock).

THE BATHER.

THE WONDER BOOK.

6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Everything that little boys and girls like best

Tarrant, Felix Leigh, are a few—a very few—of the well-known writers and artists who have contributed their share of good things. It is a volume that will be cherished by every small inmate of the nursery who is lucky enough to have it among his or her gifts this Christmas.

**THE BRITISH GIRL'S ANNUAL
FOR 1921.**

7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

This favourite annual for girls maintains its high standard again this year in the quality and versatility of its contents. The first item in the book is a long story by Miss Constance Harwood, a school story full of delicious thrills. Mr. H. Mortimer Batten's article about wild

THINGS WORTH MAKING.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS. 6s. net. (Nelson)

Many boys who love carpentry are doubtless already acquainted with this author's name, and they may be fortunate enough to possess his admirable little book on woodwork in "The Hobby Books." In this volume Mr. Williams has had the assistance of a number of experts in other lines, and the book covers a very wide field in



*From The British Girl's Annual
(Cassell).*

"NO NOISE FROM THEE, MY PRETTY BIRD."

animals, Miss Liza Lehmann's hints to singers, Mr. Fred Burgess's helpful information for collectors of antique metal-work, Mr. W. J. E. Moul's "Some Wonderful Cities," and Miss Sylvia Furlong's advice on fixing up a den for oneself will appeal to girls of widely differing tastes. And the stories—and there are any amount of them of every kind imaginable—will delight all girls who like a good, enthralling tale. The intermittent verses provide delightful interludes.

which there is something of interest for young amateurs of every age and taste. The carpentry sections are excellent. Even those who have done a good deal of work will benefit by the very clear and practical elementary instructions in the use of tools and the making of the most necessary joints. From this Mr. Williams proceeds to the construction of many different kinds of useful house furnishings, bookcases, wardrobes, bicycle sheds, garden furniture, etc., and his collaborators describe the making

**THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1920**

of more ambitious things such as model railways, aeroplanes, kaleidoscopes, windmills. There is also detailed instruction given in poker-work, fret-work, stencilling, etc. The book is profusely illustrated with clear and really helpful diagrams and designs. We can cordially recommend this book. It will be the delight of many a boy's Christmas holidays.

WOODEN.

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. 10s. 6d. (Collins)

A glorious book for little girls. How ever did a gentleman manage to write so cunningly and so charmingly for them? This author knows just the things that interest a small mother of dollies. He tells about Rose with such understanding! Rose was a well-dressed doll, and Peggy, her five-year-old mamma, did everything that a nice little girl could to make Rose feel that she had come to a kind and loving home. But at the end of a week she didn't feel that Rose really loved her. Most little girls know dolls like that. "You do all you can for them, and they don't seem to appreciate it at all." Now dear Wooden was quite different, and Teddy Bear was delightful. And they took Peggy over in the middle of the night (with Lady Grace, who was a wax), to the island called Toyland, in a toy steamer. There they met Mr. and Mrs. Noah, and had a ride in the Ark, and were introduced to the wicked King Selim, who made them prisoners in the House of Cards. Doll-land is very well described. All the poor dolls (the rag ones)



From *I Wonder Why*
(Collins).

BEDTIME.



From *Wooden*
(Collins).

"MR. NOAH BOWED TO WOODEN."
Illustration in Colour by Mabel Lucie Attwell.

lived in dolls' houses with no stairs. Peggy's meals on her exciting trip were lovely. Once she had a dish of chicken, consisting entirely of wishing bones, and a jelly that tasted of carnations.

**THE
TWIN
OF
CASTLE
CHARMING.**

By ELSIE J. OXENHAM.
7s. 6d. net.
(Swarthmore Press.)

Melany Merrill, at boarding-school in England, thrills all the girls at breaking-up time by announcing that she has a twin sister in Italy whom she has never seen. Her home is at Castle Charming, a lovely old house in Switzerland, but her father rarely goes there and the two girls have been brought up by different branches of the family. In spite of the fact that, for reasons of his own, the father does not wish to have anything to do with either of his daughters, Melany plans to run away from her aunt and to go to him and beg to be allowed to live with her sister. Accidentally the girls meet in the vicinity of Castle Charming, and join forces to make their father yield. How they carry out their scheme and contrive to win his love forms a story, recounted in Miss Oxenham's fascinating style, that all girls will delight in. The author's sympathetic understanding of schoolgirls, her appreciation of their interests and humour, have won her a multitude of readers, and any normal girl from ten to eighteen would find this book entirely to her liking.



From *I Wonder Why*
(Collins).

THE DANCE.

MERRY MOMENTS ANNUAL.

By Newnes

Anyone who wishes to give real amusement this Christmas to tiny tots, and also to the older children, should certainly secure a copy of this volume. It shows an unusual all-round excellence; the illustrations are innumerable and of varied kinds, from the beautiful full-page picture of a little boy diving into his Santa Claus stocking with wondering eyes, to the bright blue-and-red covers of pictures of animal vagaries which are so popular among the children to-day. There are also many illustrations in black-and-white. The recurring pages showing the doings of Slyfox, who always seems to get worsted by his mischievous companions Teddy and Bunny, are sure to be favourites with little readers. The letterpress is also very good, especially the longer stories, which are full of imagination, and though they generally deal with fairies and adventure, they will fully satisfy the most exacting parent in their tendency

to prove that virtue is better than vice. The titles of the stories would make any boy or girl want to read them; for example, "Prince Fantasto: the Story of a Prince with Odd Ways, a little Beggar Girl and a Fairy Godmother." From its remarkably good quality and its reasonable price, this is a book which is likely to find many purchasers this Christmas.

THE LUCK OF LOIS.

By E. I. HAVERFIELD. 5s. net. (Millard)

This story of schoolgirl friendship is exceptional in its character-drawing and the author's faculty for reading the mind of a young girl. All the trivialities of school life are magnified to the importance attached to them by girls to whom school is the world itself. Lois is just an ordinary, high-minded schoolgirl, and Zoe, her friend, is equally real although of a less admirable type. When Lois's sister, Vivian, comes to the school, her attractive appearance and winning ways, prompted chiefly by a desire for popularity, lure Zoe's affection away from Lois, and the reader feels all the heartburnings and pangs of jealousy of the forsaken chum. The school is an extraordinary school, kept by a lady who at one time knew prosperity and every luxury. Ann, her daughter, attends the school as one of the pupils, but is cold and reserved, always resenting her home being overrun by a pack of strange girls. She has never made a friend of any one of them, and to all of them she is something of a mystery. The misfortune and loneliness of Lois throws her, quite unintentionally, much in Ann's company. But she feels all the time that she is inflicting herself on Ann, and Ann's abrupt manner and curious inconsistencies puzzle her greatly. Eventually Ann, as a riddle, is solved, and Lois discovers that the loss of her friend, which seemed such a disaster, is really a blessing in disguise. It is one of those healthy school stories girls love. Girls of fourteen and upward will give "The Luck of Lois" an honoured place on their bookshelves.



From *Merry Moments Annual*
(Newnes).

THE MUSIC LESSON.

BLACKIE'S
CHILDREN'S
ANNUAL.

6s. (Blackie.)

In the prettiest yellow cover, this good old friend makes its yearly appearance, and in these days of high prices we are especially glad to see it, for this handsome gift-book is extremely cheap at the price. Even the most insatiable young readers will find plenty here to keep them quiet and happy, for there are over two hundred pages of lovely pictures and stories. Such accomplished writers as Ethel Talbot, Sheila E. Braine, Agnes Grozier Herbertson and Violet Methley have been at work for their clients of the nursery. Jessie Pope, whose rhymes delight grown-ups, has made verses for them :

"Froggie is the children's pet,
Though he's slimy, green and wet :
Joins them when they go a walk ;
Can do everything but talk."

Nothing better and brighter than this can be on the market.

THE EASY
SPELLING BOOK.

6d. (Heath Robinson & Birch)

This little sixpenny spelling booklet is sensibly divided up into alphabetical sections—each section concerned with " Things We Do," or " Things We Use," " Word Building," " Animal Life," or the " Garden." A number of pen-and-ink illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book, and many a child who is lucky enough to be taught from it will find this " Easy Spelling Book " a " boon and a blessing."



From *Baby's Annual*
(Nelson).

TWO LITTLE RED RIDING HOODS.

BABY'S ANNUAL.

Edited by AMY STEEDMAN. (Nelson)

Just a lovely baby book, with its big blue parrot on the cover, it will seem to call, " Buy me, buy me ! " to the children hanging round the bookshop. Light, gay rhymes fill the volume, and there are graceful pictures everywhere. Dolls and kittens, and bubbles, and worms, and nigger boys ! And wide full-page coloured paintings, including one called " Now, Mr. Elephant, would you like a bun ? " There are many favourite nursery rhymes here, and some spirited new ones :

" We do love apple tart,
With lots and lots of cream ;
But Nanna alway says
' You'll go to bed and dream.'
Alas, it was too true—
Poor Stephen went to bed,
' This child's had too much apple tart,'
That's what the doctor said."



WARWICK REYNOLDS

From *Blackie's Children's Annual*
(Blackie).

THEY RAN TOGETHER HAND IN HAND.

After many hours of fun,
Spent with toys and wind and sun,
Little children have to run
Home to bath and bed.

'Rested legs will soon be strong
Once again to run along
Paths that lead to where a song
Fills the blackbird's beak.'

Louis Wain is responsible for a cat with camera and a cat with luggage. There are some good familiar bits of music, for mother to play in candlelight after tea, and this book is indeed all it ought to be, with such brilliant contributors.



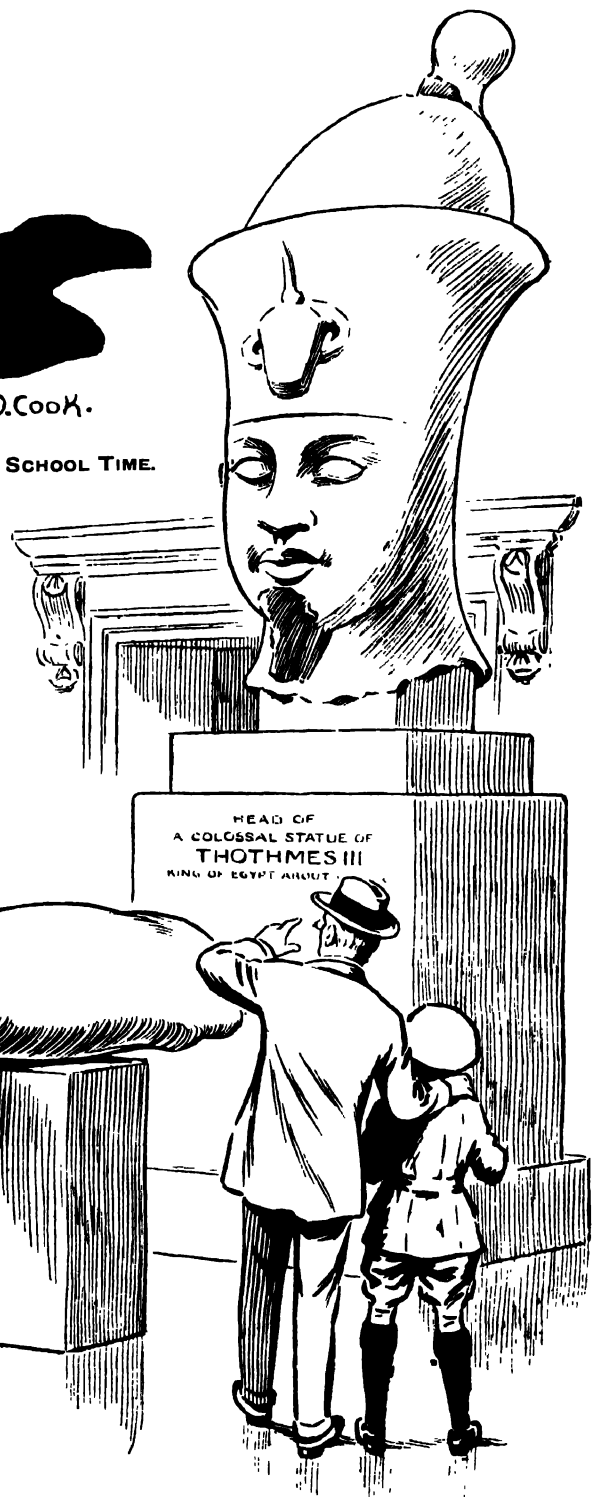
From *Little People's Annual*
(Raphael Tuck).

MAP'S SCHOOL TIME.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S ANNUAL.

Made for You by FATHER TUCK.
5s. net. (Raphael Tuck)

Verses and stories by Norman Gale, Tracey Archer and Elsie Blomfield. Pictures by H. Cowham and M. L. Attwell. This is a real feast, and very precious are the verses by Mr. Gale. We are going to teach "Off to Sleepy-Town" to a small friend of ours at once:



From *The Bunty Book*
(Heath Robinson & Birch).

"THINK WHAT AN ENORMOUS STATUE IT MUST HAVE BEEN WHEN IT STOOD WHOLE AT KARNAK," SAID UNCLE HARRY.



From *Tales from the Arabian Nights*
(Ward, Lock).

Illustrated by A. E. Jackson.

TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

With 48 Colour Plates by A. E. JACKSON.
6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

"In the reign of the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid there lived in Bagdad . . ." Here is the old magic for the new children, the old magic as irresistible as ever, dressed in gorgeous new covers and bright with numberless colour plates by A. E. Jackson. A thoroughly creditable six shillingsworth, and just the present for the story-loving boy or girl. The six tales in the book are "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," "Sindbad the Sailor," "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," "The Sleeper Awakened," "The Enchanted Horse" and "The Talkative Barber." The names alone cast a spell.

SUN BABIES.

By CORNELIA SORABJI. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

Ten wistful, exquisite little pieces about Indian children, illustrated by "G. H." in striking colour studies, in which the Eastern atmosphere is cleverly conveyed. The tale of Kinga, a Bhutia baby, is one of the most attractive. Dressed in dull blue clothes, shirt and shorts, he became the writer's small servant. He would run about the street doing errands, and he would spend the money so naughtily earned on buying cigarettes. Kinga's struggles to be good are described with engaging simplicity. He prayed: "Throw them down, oh great God: the bad things which rise up and hold my throat, and make me want to drink cigarettes and break the word of Miss Sahib." Another graceful character sketch is about that impish infant, Bhola, as naive and fascinating as any English babe. The last story is the tender history of Wanglo, a beloved yellow dog.

CAPTAINS OF HARLEY.

By HYLTON CLEAVER. 5s. net. Illustrated.
(Milford.)

This is a welcome addition to the capital series of "Harley" school stories by Hylton Cleaver, who once again shows himself possessed of the enviable knack of knowing how to tell a story that will grip the interest of boys. In "The Captains of Harley" the author departs from the beaten track. The real villain of the story is a superlatively foolish head master who succeeded the favourite Grey Man, and attempted to overthrow all the most cherished traditions of the school. But Harley had good stuff in it, as well as splendid traditions, and fortunately the Grey Man recovered and the new head had to go. Then the Rugby captain came to his own again, and the sanctity of school traditions was vindicated.



From *Sun Babies*
(Blackie).

THE ADOPTED SON.

THE COSY COMFY. BOOK.

Written by ETHEL TALBOT and
pictured by ANNE ANDERSON.
10s. 6d. (Collins.)

Anne Anderson's dainty illustrations, her prettily-smocked little boys and short-skirted maidens, are peculiarly attractive. This is a large-sized picture book, with clear blue type. The letter-press is simple and amusing, and the tales of the "Doll's Tea Party," "Market Day" and "An April Shower" will be listened to with absorbed interest by small folk, in that hour between tea and bed when such volumes as this are produced from the nursery shelf. The stories here need not be translated into baby language by Mother. Miss Talbot never indulges in long un-understandable words. But it is over the pictures that Peter and Betty will linger, Baby in mauve overall at the window with Big Sister Pat guarding him; Bobby, in a yellow jersey, trying to read at school; Agnes, giving a dolls' party, sitting up in bed, with all the dollies wrapped comfortably in a strawberry-coloured eiderdown.

THE PRINCESS WHO FORGOT.

By DRAYCOT M. DELL.
3s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds)

She was horribly lonely—little Princess Christina, with hair like silk. (The star fairies had found two of the tiniest stars in heaven, and these they had



From *Rip*.
By Dorota Flatau
(Hutchinson).

THE DARK PILE OF CLOTHING
GREW LARGE ON THE LAWN.

placed in her eye sockets) She had no brothers or sisters, and she longed for a playmate. So she roamed out of the palace grounds one day, and then things began to happen to her. There was that old woman—(hush, how do you know that she was really poor and crippled?) . . . Then again, there was that shabby little lad who helped break off a stout stick for the old dame. Then there was the second palace, quite different to the home of Christina, with a great crystal staircase, leading to an entrance the door of which was made of dragon-flies' wings. She had lunch here waited on by two great birds of paradise. An interesting little story.

SOME ADVENTURES OF THE NOAH FAMILY, INCLUDING JAPHET.

By J. F. HORRABIN. 2s. net. (Cassell)

The Noah Family, and Japhet in particular, have won themselves such a wide circle of friends in the columns of the *Daily News* that this little book will be hailed with unalloyed delight on all sides. Japhet's adventures, his pranks and oddities, are faithfully portrayed by Mr. Horrabin's ingenious pen, and it is no exaggeration to say that there is a laugh on every page. The children will be amused



From *The Animal A B C*
(Ward, Lock).

A FOR THE ALLIGATOR.



From *Children's Stories from Old British Legends*
(Raphael Tuck).

"TAKE ME AS YOUR WIFE."

CHILDREN'S
STORIES
FROM
OLD BRITISH
LEGENDS.

By M. DOROTHY BEL-
GRAVE and HILDA HART.
Illustrations by H.
G. THEAKER. (Raphael
Tuck.)

A number of ancient legends of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are retold for children by M. Dorothy Belgrave and Hilda Hart in this handsomely illustrated book of "Old British Legends." None of the legends are too well known and hackneyed, and they make fresh and fascinating reading. We realise as we read them how some of our best beloved fairy tales were inspired by, and based upon, these

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From *Nero : An African Mongrel*
(Lane).

for hours with Japhet, and where he is not already a household word, he will speedily become one after this Christmas.

old legends ; the same principles and the same morals come out in each, to say nothing of the same plots and

the inevitable "lived happy ever after" wedding. A capital book, written in a clear, entertaining manner that will appeal irresistibly to legend-lovers of all ages.



From *A Peke's Pilgrimage*
(Cecil Palmer).

Drawing by Mabel Romer.



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An invaluable handbook, not only for collectors, but also for artists, illustrators, theatrical managers, and house decorators.

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In this volume are collected twenty of Mr. Beerbohm's recent Essays and Stories which have never before appeared in book form. They show the "inimitable Max" at his very best, as a master of delicate and subtle humour, an observer of rare insight, and as one of our most exquisite writers of prose.

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Experiences in the quaint old-world towns and amongst the primitive peoples of the little-known Republic of Colombia. The book has a short historical account of the Conquest drawn from original sources.

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THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT.

A humorous study of a Russian Tartuffe and his ascendancy over the guileless and good-natured people around him. The story was written immediately after Dostoevsky's return from prison in Siberia.

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THE HEADLAND. By C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT. 9/-

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 20 and 21, Bedford Street, W.C.2

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920

THE MICROSCOPE SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN.

By CAPTAIN ELLISON HAWKES. 4s. net. (Jack)

This is the latest volume of the excellent Shown to the Children series. It very clearly describes the structure of a microscope, how it is made, the optical principles which give it its power, and also tells historically how it was discovered and perfected. Next the author points out that though the finest microscopes are very costly indeed, it is possible to obtain a quite adequate one second-hand for a very reasonable sum, and that this will give enormous educative pleasure. For the moment quite ordinary objects are subjected to the microscopic eye, they become new and thrilling. Captain Hawkes describes how to



From *Among the Innocents*
(Methuen).

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE
J. KNOWLES.

work with a microscope, and gives full accounts of a number of microscopic plants and animals with elaborate illustrations, showing clearly what can be looked for and what kind of information is to be discovered by the explorer. It will very soon be clearly seen that almost anything is capable of microscopic examination—the structure of flowers, of animalculæ, of insects, and a whole world of interest and delight is opened to the seeker. Two extraordinarily interesting chapters are devoted to the bee and the spider. There is just one drawback about this book. The relative who makes such a desirable Christmas present may just as well make up his mind to add a microscope to the gift. There will be no possible way out of it! Otherwise a righteously indignant parent will be the sufferer.

THE ADVENTURES OF DOLLY DINGLE.

By MAY WYNNE. 3s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

Dolly Dingle had a most extraordinary time. She went to fairyland, and came in for the big affair about the



From *What Happened to Uzz,
Fuzz and Buzz*
(Jarrolds).

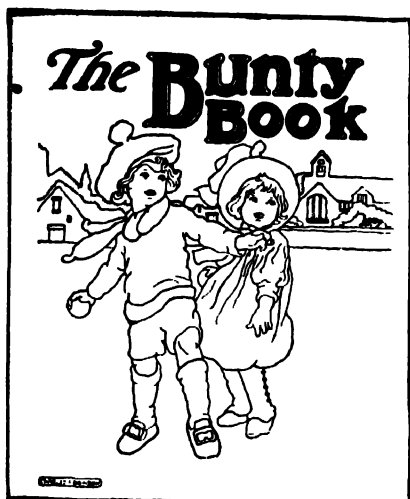
UNDER THE
SEA.

Crock of Gold. Mr. Parkins, a funny old fellow, and his friend—rather a horrid bird—if, indeed, birds can be horrid—wanted to get the Crock, but so also did the Fairies. Only they didn't know *where* to find it! And the Queen of the Fairies explained through her tears to Dolly that if they didn't find it before Parkins and the Squawker, they would be turned out of the Fairy Wood, and all their beautiful trees would be chopped up for firewood. Dolly gave them the hint (you see she had overheard Parkins talking about it)—“Have you ever thought of looking,” said she, “at the foot of the rainbow?” Didn't they just hurry after that? And it all came right after all.



From *The Adventures of
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AMONG THE
FAIRIES.



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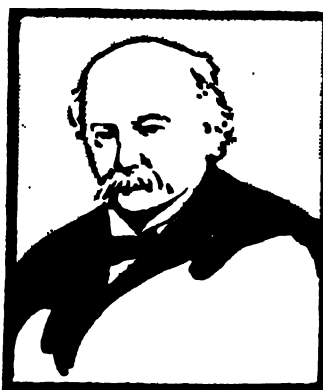
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From *When the Blood Burns*
(Putnams).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

don't do this,' and 'Miss Dolly, don't do that,' all day long." Now if a story opens that way, somehow or other, you may have noticed, that child goes off to see Fairyland for a complete change. The child is tired of our old world, and wants something quite different. When Dolly had talked to the little man concealed in the clock, she felt better, and went downstairs in the middle of the night to find a glorious sight. Her five dolls were dancing round the table, round a pair of small shoes ("Dolls will be dolls, let them enjoy themselves while they are young"). Very rapidly Dolly became the little girl next door, having put on the shoes, and she soon went off to Toy-land and was introduced to the King who was compelled to sit always on an organ. Then came the interview with the Dream Fairy. And there is more; and more.

The anxiety of Xmas Shopping

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

EVEN during the war period there was never a time like the present, when one has to "think twice" before spending money upon luxuries. We all resolve "not to do it" this year, but when the time draws near and the Xmas spirit is upon us, out we go and purchase gifts, and in many cases spend more money than was our original intention.

We cannot lose the habit, and despite these hard times, we are glad to give and receive. It is nice to be remembered, although some of the presents are rather useless. We can, however, avoid unnecessary spending, and at the same time make suitable gifts to our family and friends. Books are always acceptable, and if carefully selected give more pleasure than most things. Here are a few suggestions.

1
Father is interested in subjects of national importance. He will like Wingfield-Stratford's Poems, entitled "India" (6s. net). This work is not like the usual sentimental lyrics. It is a standard volume, which has been highly praised. A beautiful edition de luxe can be had at 10s. 6d. per copy; and perhaps the "Gov'nor" is also fond of a real good stirring yarn, then be sure to offer "The Master of the Commandery," by S. N. Sedgwick (6s. net). Give him the two volumes, he will be delighted.

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3
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5
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From Jingles and Rhymes
(Scott & Sleeman).

AFLOAT IN A BOAT.

sort of fairy tales that might absorb a child and a child's imagination of the thrilling world of the weird. Miss Sitwell rather amusingly flaunts at us Rimbaud and Laforgue, and quotes herself too. There is a very determined fashion and vogue for the Russian Ballet just now, and very beautiful it is, though the awestruck veneration and exaltation it inspires in many of its votaries is not always free from a touch of the fatuous. Miss Lockyer's eight coloured drawings are cleverly done, and in view of the real interest in the Russian Ballet this book should be popular among the Christmas gift-books this season.

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"If you ever should meet when you're
taking your walk
Farmer Giles; if you happen to say
'Good morning,' he'll certainly wait
for a talk,
Or he'll take you along on his way;
And to walk by his side with his gun
on your arm
Is the very next best thing to having
a farm. . . ."

"He knows if the sermon on Sunday
was true,
And why the Squire's farming is bad,
And what Dr. Plasterman ought not
to do,
And why all his physic is bad;
He knows just how trying a
governess is
And what he would do if the weather
were his. . . ."

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LOOKING AFTER THEM. ESPECIALLY WHEN NOBODY IS WITH US

From Peggy's Twins
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From Farmyard Ditties
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THE GESE.

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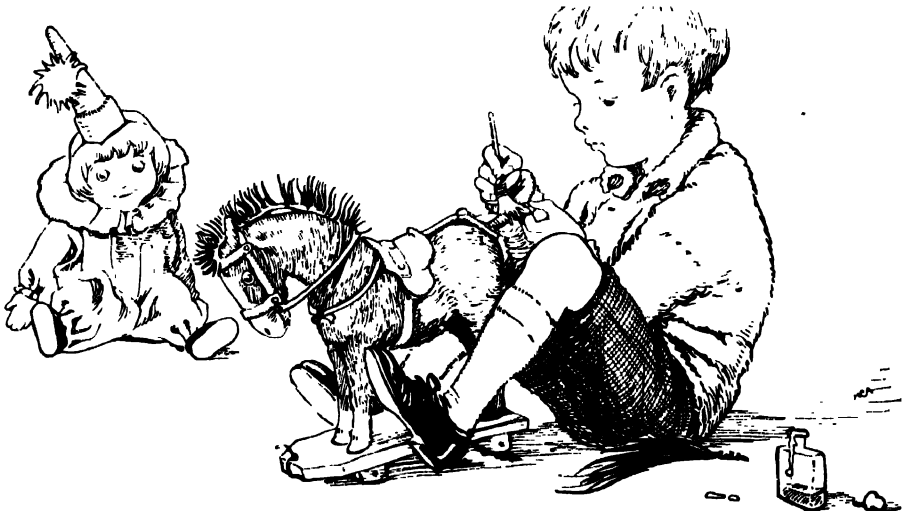


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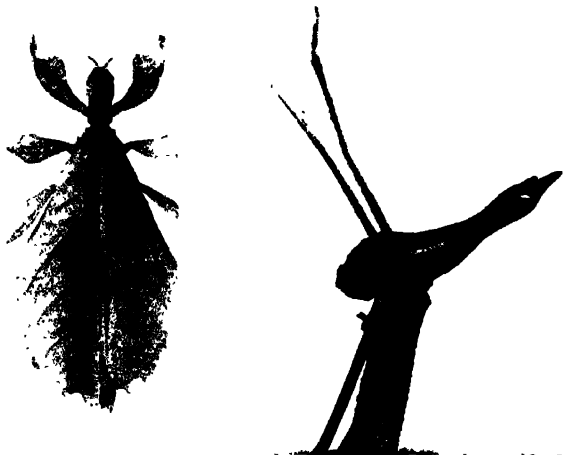
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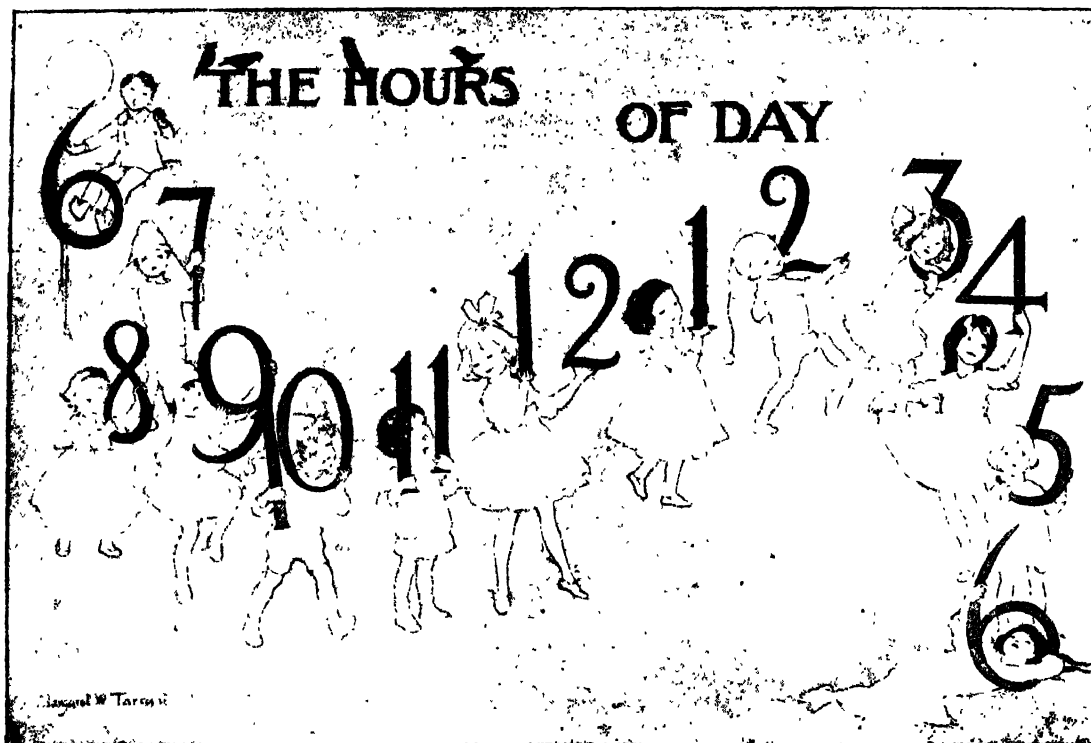
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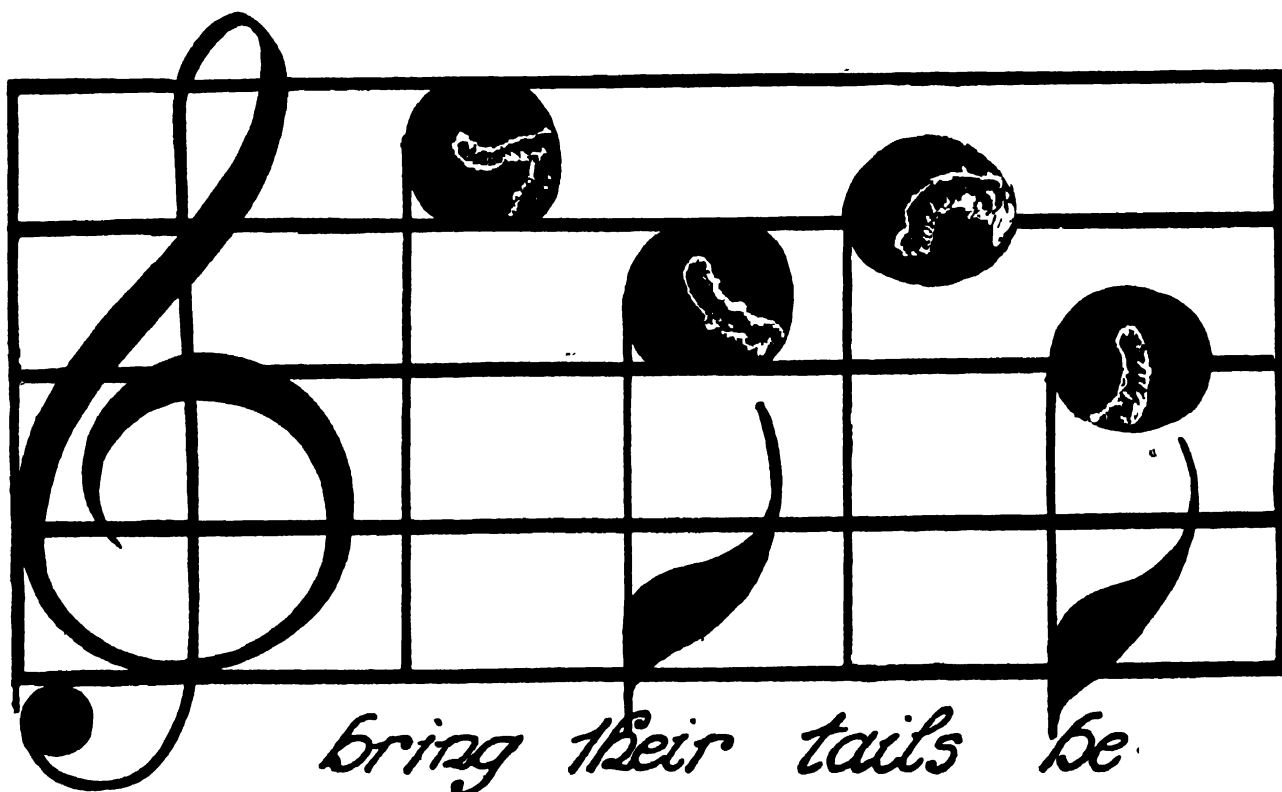
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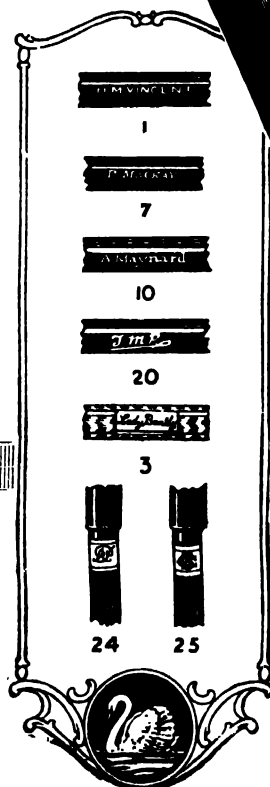
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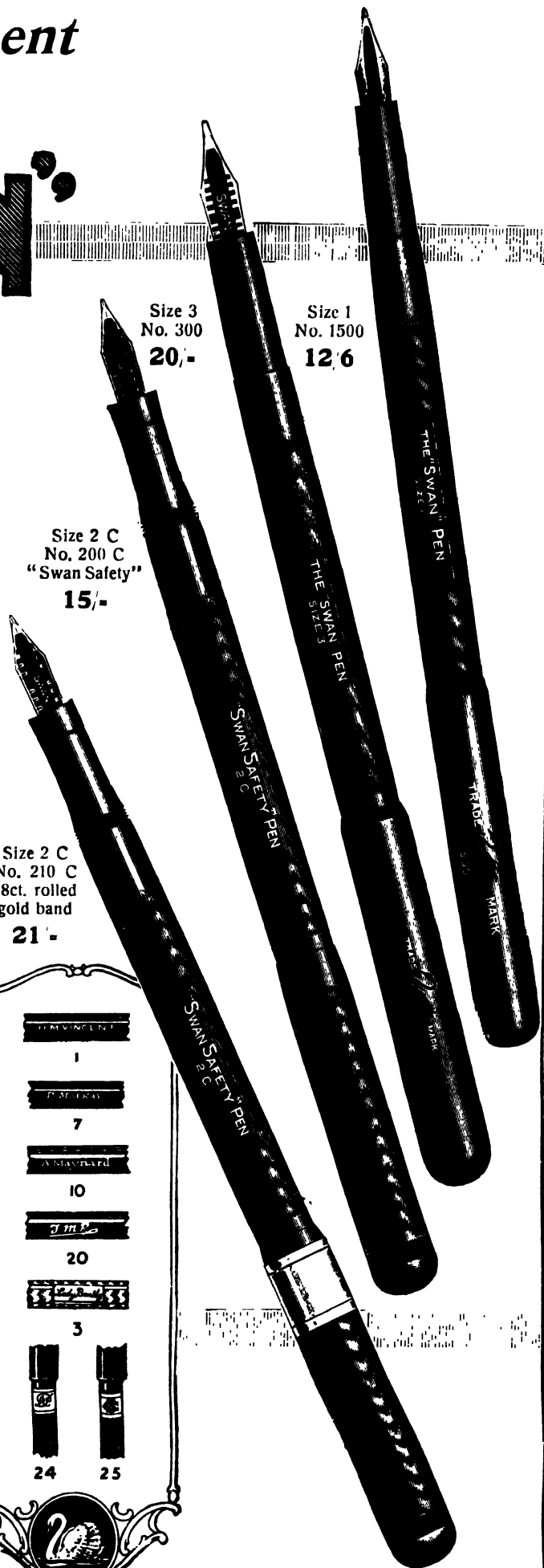


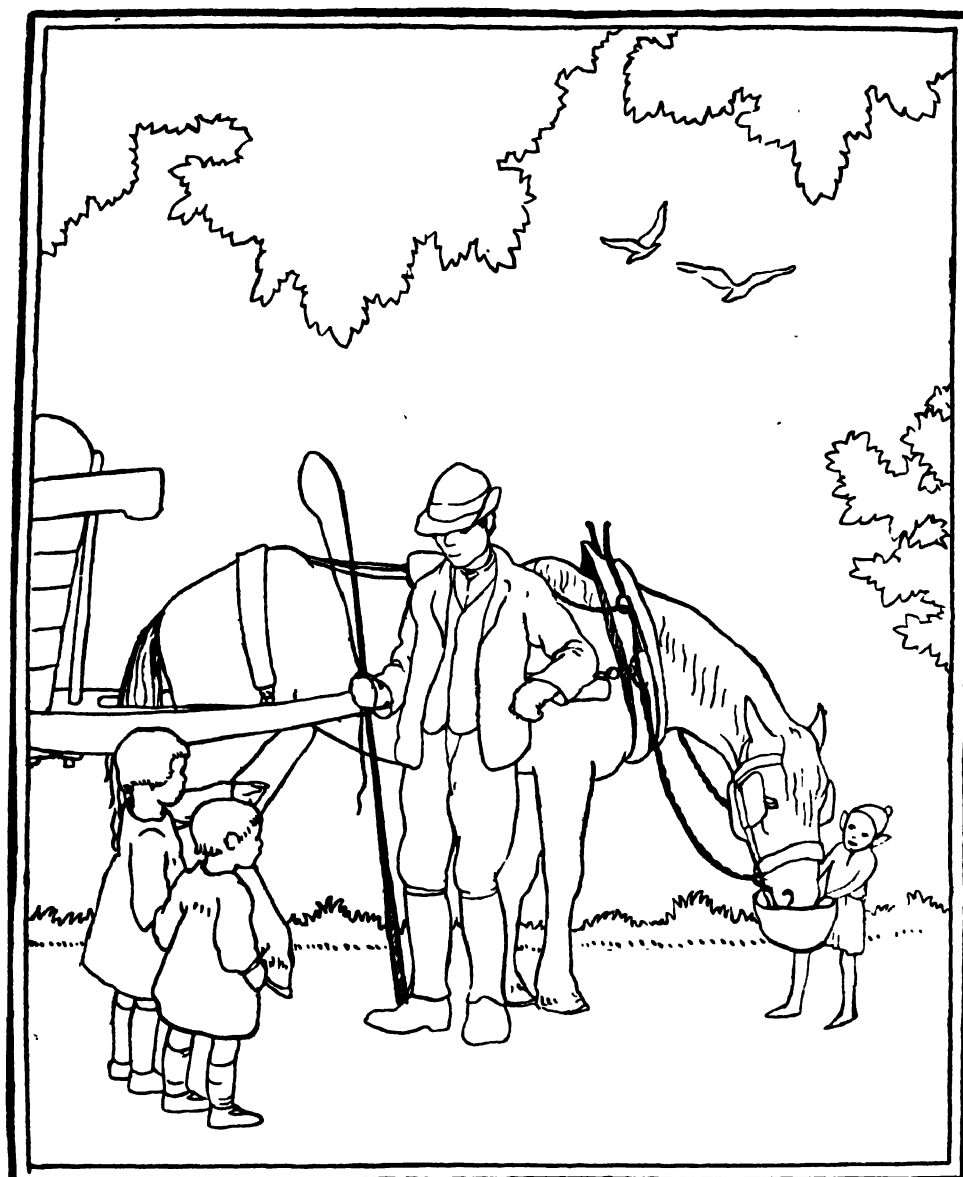
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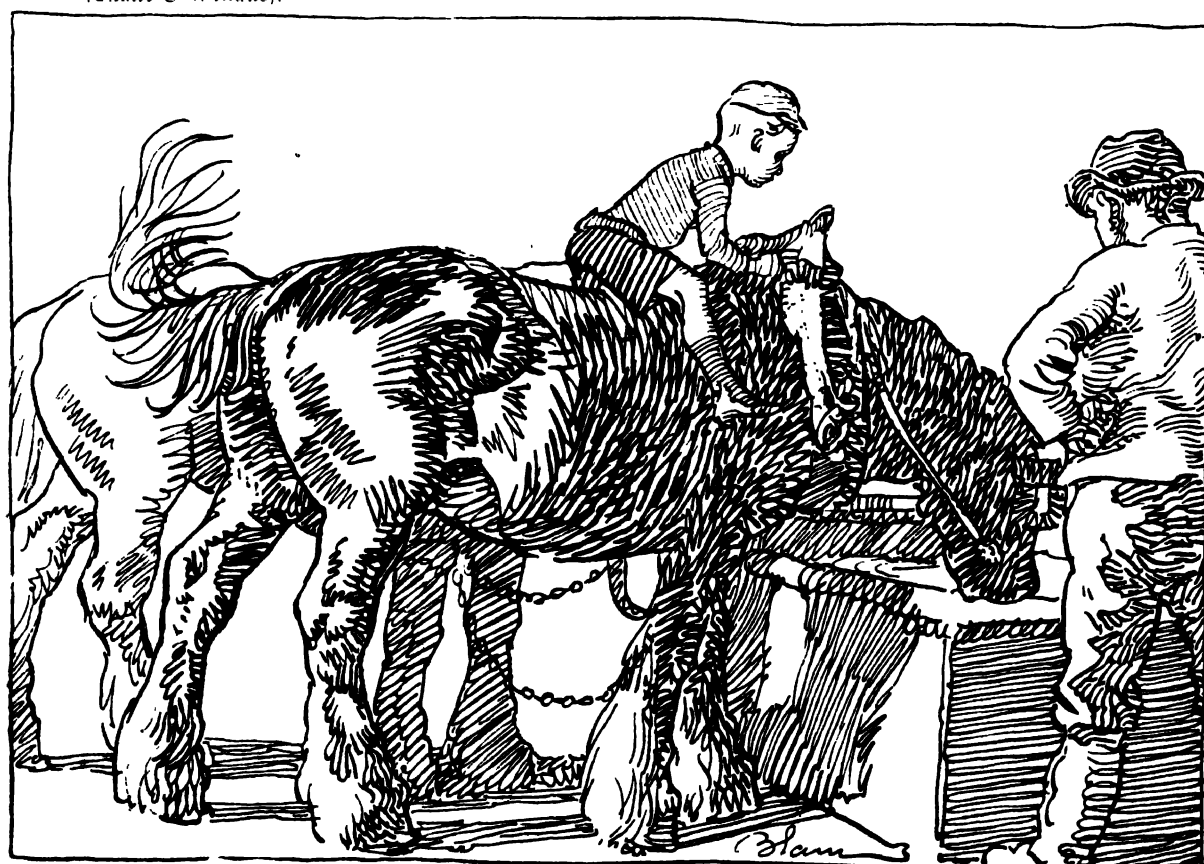
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From *The Imp of Mischief*
(Chatto & Windus).

THE PECK OF FAIRY OATS.



From *At the Farm*
(Nelson).

BIRD HAD A LONG DRINK FROM THE
WATER TROUGH.

AT THE FARM.

By EVELYN HARDY.
Illustrated. 7s. 6d. (Nelson.)

A fine large book, with a jolly cover showing Philip "riding on the back of the horse with the archy neck." Pictures, coloured and plain, all through; glorious large print and one long story running all the way. Philip and Janey lived in a tall house in a smoky town, and it was very happy for them when the arrangement was made that they should go down to stay with Nurse's Uncle. (Also Leery, the dog, of course.) What pigs there were on that farm, to be sure; what fun it was cutting turnips, and feeding orphan lambs out of a bottle! It was a bad day when a cow kicked little Janey's head. There is heaps of adventure. Take the average cold. One has to stay in the nursery about three days. There is enough of this beautiful country romance to last one all through the time. "At the Farm" is rather a new departure, and is most welcome.

SIR WATERLOO.

Fragments of the Autobiography
of a Sussex Lad.
Edited by ALFRED E. CAREY.
8s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

A good old-fashioned bit of work, with an air of spacious ease about it. Mr. Carey writes in leisurely fashion, yet not without precision and point. The beginning of the tale is perhaps the best. In it the very early days of the hero (born in the year of the great victory) are

described; the events of his childhood, and his childish feelings. The child's mother is drawn with especial care—"our mother, whose philosophy had a perpetual lining of spiritual fabrics . . . more glowing than the blood-red poppy." His father, a lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy, seated upright as a ramrod, with a glass of grog at his elbow, discoursing of the sea, is sketched with vigour. A novel of real charm and one above all others to present to the country-lover.



THE BOOKMAN

(American)



Published in the United States by **GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY**

THE BOOKMAN appreciates the privilege of offering to the readers of this magazine an opportunity to become better acquainted with the new currents in American literature. As the only purely critical and literary journal published in the United States, **THE BOOKMAN** occupies a unique position. To Americans it gives beyond any other magazine in the United States the literary news of England. To Englishmen it offers an informed and interesting survey of the world of books in the United States. Today as never before England and America are alive to a deepening intellectual sympathy and it is fitting that each know the thought of the other as expressed in the best books on both sides of the Atlantic.

Each month **THE BOOKMAN** contains six or eight leading articles on topics of special interest and its list of contributors numbers many well-known writers, such as Arnold Bennett, Frank Swinnerton, Hugh Walpole, Joseph Conrad, J. C. Squire, Max Beerbohm, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, among British writers; and Irvin Cobb, Joseph Hergesheimer, J. G. Huneker, Amy Lowell, Brander Matthews, James Lane Allen and Henry van Dyke among American authors.

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In every issue **THE BOOKMAN** prints a list of the six books most in demand at the public libraries, six for fiction, six for non-fiction: the most reliable and impartial record of its kind.

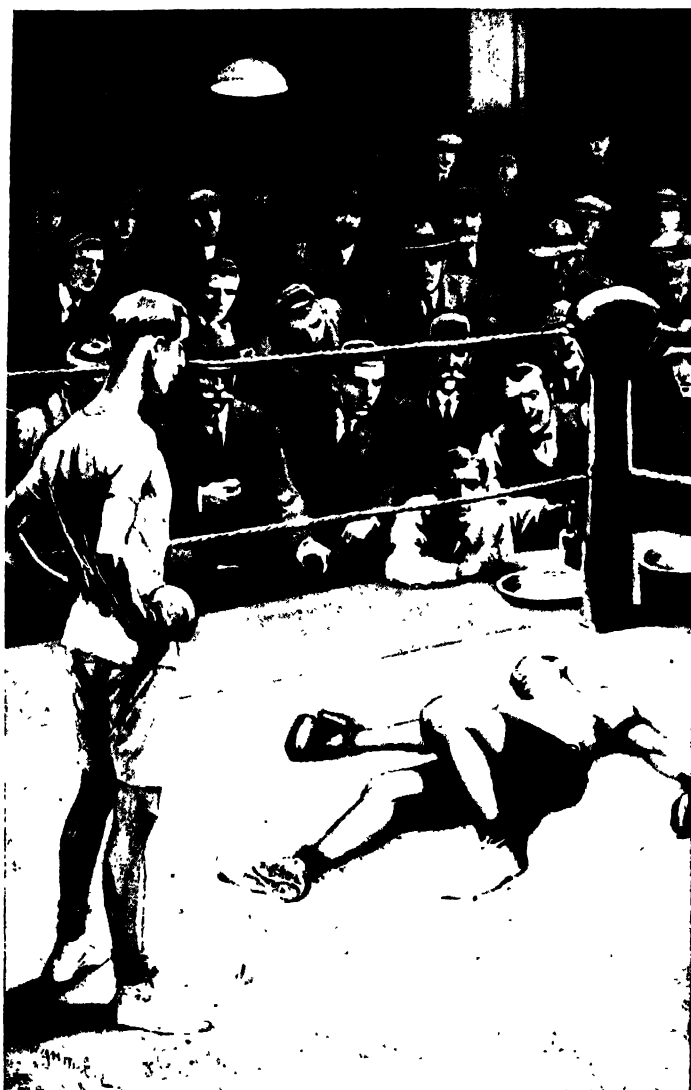
A most amusing feature is the Complaint Department, where authors, editors and plain folk give vent to their pet aversions.

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From *The Iron Way*
(Nisbet).

THE GREAT JACK GORSETT
WAS SLOWLY COUNTED OUT.



From *The Right Kind of Girl*
(Nisbet).

THE BALL WENT CLEAN
AND STRAIGHT.

THE BOOK OF FAIRY POETRY.

Edited by DORA OWEN Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE.
21s. net. (Longmans.)

This is a full and admirable anthology of fairy poetry that is designed primarily for children, but will appeal alike to all lovers of poetry and folk-lore, young and old. The book is divided into three sections, the first of fairy stories, the second of fairy songs, dances and

talk, and the third of poems about fairyland and fairy lore. It opens with the quaint old ballad of Thomas the Rhymer, and comes down to work by Walter de la Mare, W. B. Yeats and other poets of our own time. Miss Owen has made her selection with excellent taste, and the charm of Mr. Warwick Goble's colour illustrations added to the beauty of the poetry itself makes this one of the most delectable and attractive of the Christmas gift-books.



From *The Book of Fairy Poetry*
(Longmans).

THE LUPRAGAUN.

THE RIGHT KIND OF GIRL.

By DOROTHY MOORE 6s. (Nisbet.)

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of all good Christmas-present givers and also all girl readers to this extremely jolly story. We are quite sure it is the best girl's book of the year. It all happened because of Christopher. He was a kitten, and when young Sylvie Brent was in the train, going to her first boarding school, Christopher travelled with her too. And so, incidentally, did Sylvie's nice boy cousin, also on his way to school. At a remote wayside junction, where they stopped for a few minutes, the cat jumped out, and tore down the platform, and of course the two children raced after him. What adventures they had! They found the train had started when they caught the kitten; they were befriended by a policeman, they travelled all night, with only one ticket between them and, finally, they landed early in the morning at their destination, but Sylvie managed to arrive at the wrong school. Oh, it's a grand tale, and keeps you breathless.

ESTABLISHED 1803

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FREDERICK RUSSELL

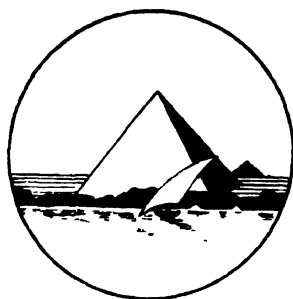
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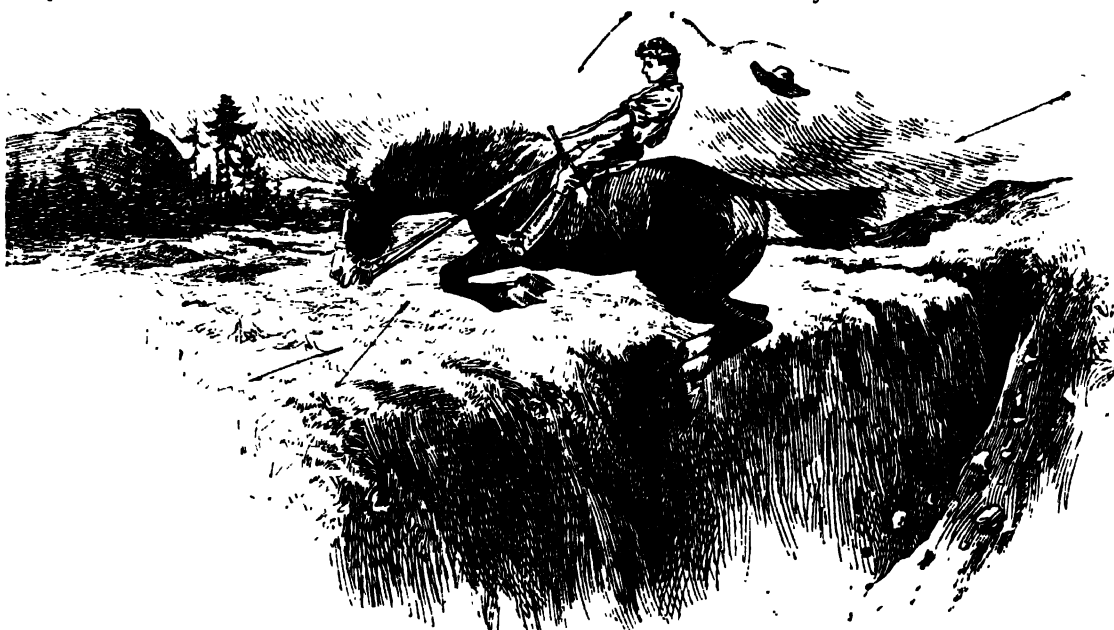
From *The Land of the Ever-young*
(S.P.C.K.)

THE POOKA TURNED HIS HEAD AND
SAW DERMOT STANDING WITHOUT
HIS SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

THE LAND OF THE EVER YOUNG.

By ROSAMOND
LANGBRIDGE.
12s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

We wondered, when we looked at Mr. Bedford's imaginative frontispiece of a donkey and child floating through blue air, if we were going to find a new "Peter Pan" or another "Water Babies." But we hoped too much. All the same this is a distinguished bit of work, and Miss Langbridge has thrown many charming fancies into it. The plot is a good deal



From *Young England*
(Pilgrim Press).

too complicated to recount here. The hero is the Antiseptic Boy, Dermot, who had an aunt-in-charge (as hard and sparkling as quartz). She had a mania about microbes. On a winter's afternoon, all dressed up with a cap with fur flaps over his ears and with his nostrils stopped with cotton wool, the child met the Simple-Lifer family (another delightful picture by Mr. Bedford), leaping along in scanty clothing, the Girl with bare, purple legs. Dermot and that girl went to fairy land, and met the Pooka, the fairy donkey. Miss Langbridge has the pen of a poet, and some of her phrases will linger in the mind after the volume has been closed. "The nicest ladies have a rather-sorry face." "Let no one tell you you can't be fond of people the very minute that you look at them for the first time. It is the only way to care for anyone."

YOUNG ENGLAND.

Forty-First Annual Volume.
(Pilgrim Press.)

The frontispiece of this handsome, large, dark green annual is called "A Forced Landing." It shows an airman dragging his aeroplane on to a sandy tropical beach—a fine picture. Old friends of this delightful and beguiling volume will see with relief that it has almost regained its pre-war size. Three serial tales are run instead of two—"In the Surge of the Sea," "The Eagles of D'Aubigny" and "Hearth and Saddle." Two are founded on adventures during the great war. Football, cricket and swimming are all treated by experts. A magnificent present for a lad. Every taste is catered for.

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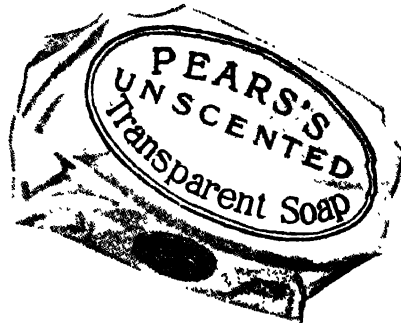
When an ordinary cake of soap has worn thin, it breaks or crushes into a soggy mass and in its last state must be thrown away. This is not the case with Pears. A tablet of Pears will wear to the thinness of a sixpence without losing its firmness and without breaking. This is because it is hard, clear soap, and not a mere paste of soap and water. In its last state it may conveniently be placed in the hollow of a new tablet, where it will readily adhere so that no fragment of it is lost.

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From an actual photograph of a tablet of Pears' Transparent Soap taken against the light.



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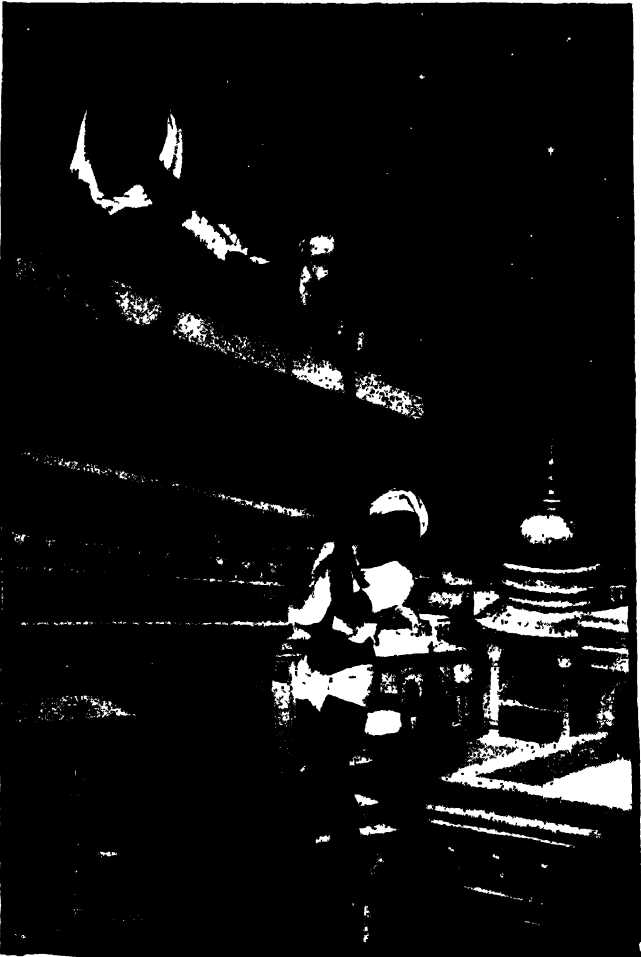
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THE BOOKMAN
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By EDITH E. CUTHELL. Three-coloured Frontispiece and four half-tone Illustrations on art paper. 5s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

A fascinating story written round the adventures of three children of a British officer, their dog and their doll,



From *Reggy, Queenie and Blot*
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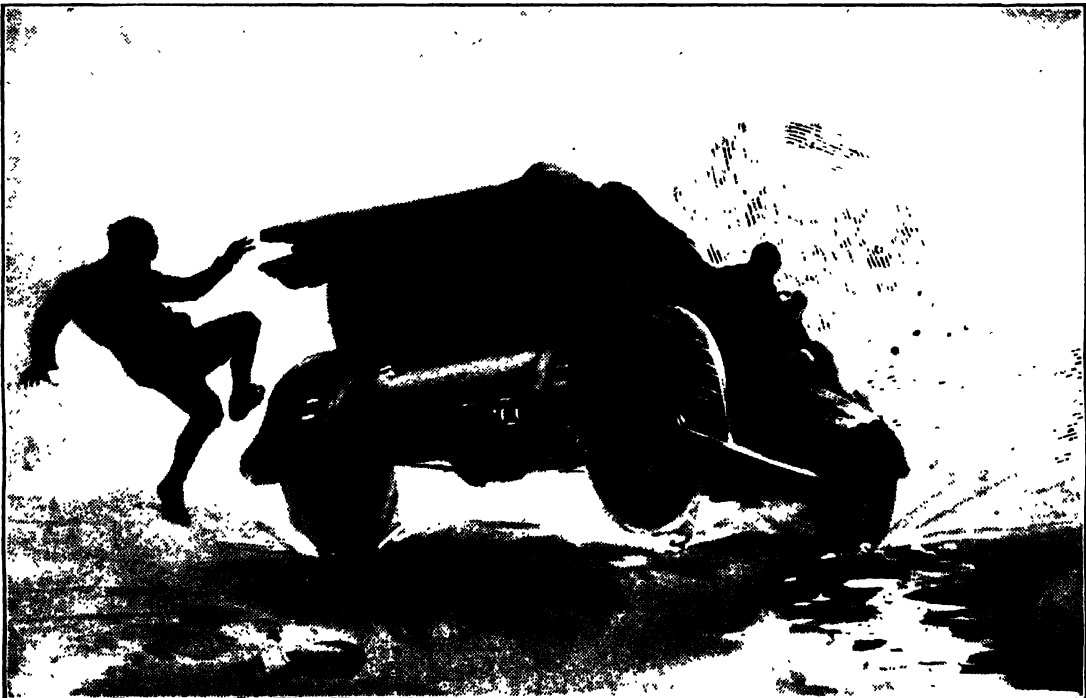
THE BOY SWUNG OUT
INTO MID-AIR AT THE
END OF THE ROPE.

in the Indian Mutiny. Separated from one another and from their parents in the suddenness of the rising, the children have hair-breadth escapes from wild beasts, roving mutineers and other enemies, and it is only through the loyalty of one or two friendly natives that any member of the family survives the terrible ordeal. There is a most unexpected reunion. Some of the adventures are founded on fact, and the local colour and the natives and their lives are drawn from first-hand knowledge. It is a tale at once entertaining and instructive, and certain to meet with the appreciation of all youthful readers.



From *The Salving of the "Fusi Yama"*
By Percy I. Westernman
(Blackie).

A SUBMARINE DUEL.
Illustrated by
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From *The Brigand of the Air*.
By Christopher Beck
(Pearsons).

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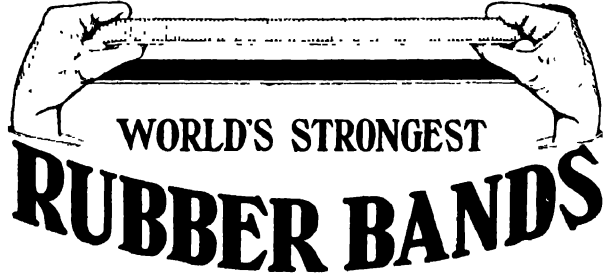
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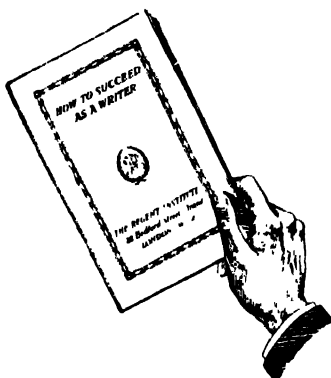
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1920



From *The Limber Elf*
(Oxford: Blackwell).

REYNARD THE FOX.

Told by C. S. EVANS. With illustrations by
L. R. Brightwell. 10s. 6d. net. (London:
Evans Bros.)

No sort of story appeals more irresistibly to children than a story about animals—when it is properly told; and Mr. Evans has the art of telling it properly. Reynard, the Fox, is the villain of the piece. He has tricked, wronged, ill-used nearly all the other animals and a few birds, one time or another, and they bring their complaints to King Lion who summons Reynard to his court, and is resolved to do justice. Reynard, after deluding and tricking the King's messengers and dodging the summons, is wily enough to see that he cannot safely go on defying the command, so he meekly goes to court, and succeeds in deceiving the King and winning his freedom, and even when his deceitfulness is found out and he is brought back and sentenced to death, he proves too cunning for his enemies and wins honour from the King, and triumphs over them all at the end. The different characters of the animals are delightfully sketched. The whole thing is narrated cleverly and amusingly in a way that will hold young readers fascinated, and the unexpected moral at the end, which rises naturally out of the story, is one it is good that children should think about. The pictures in colour and black-and-white are full of life and humour and excellently done.

THE GIRLS OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S.

By M. H. IRONSIDE. 6s. net. (Nelson.)

Hilda Dennison was the most popular girl at St. Augustine's, but her career in the Lower Fifth was a stormy one. A harsh and unsympathetic form-mistress had the unfortunate knack of rubbing all her seventeen pupils the wrong way, and wherever trouble was brewing the high-spirited Hilda was sure to take the chief share in the operation.

Things came to such a pass that Hilda and her form were officially sent to Coventry, and were isolated from the rest of the school. But that did not prevent Hilda from breaking bounds and taking the leading share in the school tennis match. Misunderstandings followed one another in quick succession, and the crash came when Hilda, in order to screen another and pay a debt of honour, broke bounds a second time in order to raise some money by singing in a travelling circus. But the Fifth Form girls at St. Augustine's were a sporting crew, and in due time they were able to vindicate Hilda. The story ends happily enough, and Hilda is proclaimed the winner of the school medal. It is a bright and attractive story and points the moral of how great an influence for good can be wielded by mistresses who can temper discipline with sympathetic understanding. There are some admirable illustrations by C. E. Brock.



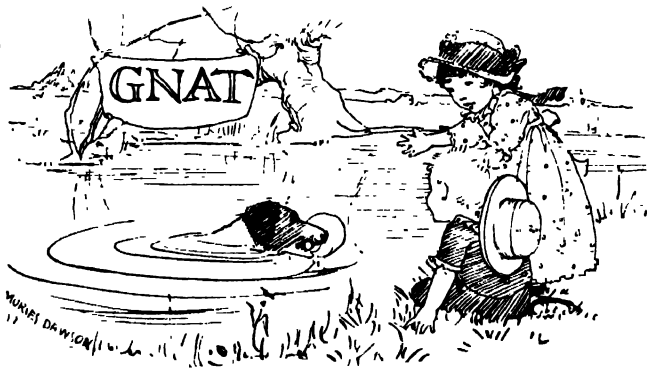
From *Full o' Fun*
(Scott & Sleeman).

FATHER AND SON.

A COTTAGE ROSE.

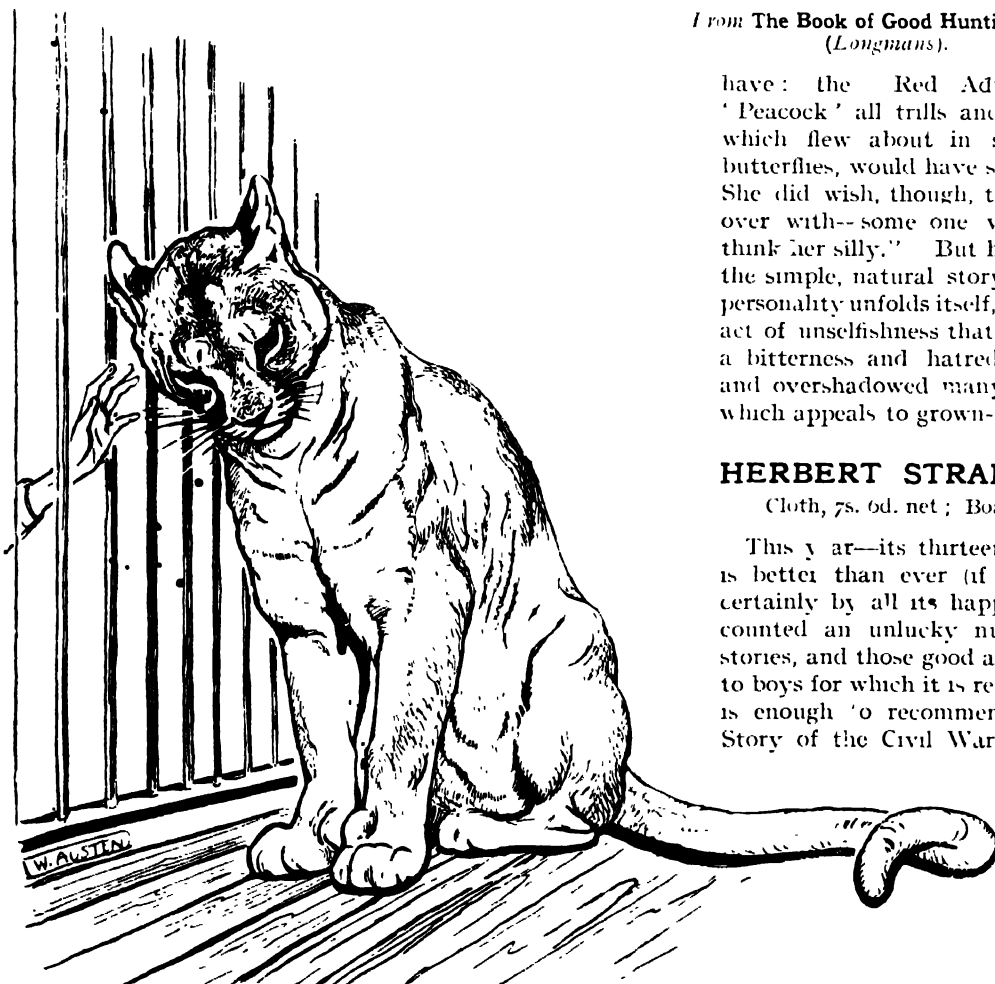
By MABEL QUILLER-COUCH. Illustrated by PERCY TARRANT. (Harrap.)

Miss Quiller-Couch has an intense sympathy with children, and can enter into their thoughts and feelings with extraordinary intuition. When we first make the acquaintance of little Dorothea she is chafing under the dull monotony of Aunt Julia's household. Aunt Julia's household consists of Aunt Julia and herself, and it is run by rule of thumb—Aunt Julia's thumb, of course. Dorothea, highly strung and imaginative, is full of burning questions



From *The Life of the Gnat*
(Warne).

and original ideas, but Aunt Julia is a hard woman, nursing a grievance, and snubs the little girl with such scathing comments as, "It is a pity you can't find something sensible to think about." What could be more exquisitely childish than Dorothea's regret that butterflies cannot sing? "They would have such sweet little voices, she felt sure, and such pretty songs. She often amused herself by thinking of the different voices the different kinds would



From *At the Zoo*
(Nelson).

THE PUMA COMES
TO BE STROKED.



From *The Book of Good Hunting*
(Longmans).

CHASED BY AN ELEPHANT.

have: the 'Red Admiral' deep and solemn, the 'Peacock' all trills and flourishes, while the white ones which flew about in such numbers, like pretty spirit butterflies, would have soft, pathetic voices, she was sure. She did wish, though, that she had some one to talk it over with—some one who would not laugh at her and think her silly." But happier days were in store, and in the simple, natural story that follows, the child's lovable personality unfolds itself, till she is prompted to a crowning act of unselfishness that brings joy to herself and destroys a bitterness and hatred that has "wrecked many lives and overshadowed many more." It is a delightful book which appeals to grown-ups as well as to children.

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL.

Cloth, 7s. 6d. net; Boards, cloth back, 6s. net. (Milford.)

This year—its thirteenth—"Herbert Strang's Annual" is better than ever (if such a thing is possible). Most certainly by all its happy possessors thirteen will not be counted an unlucky number! It is packed with racy stories, and those good articles on things of general interest to boys for which it is renowned. A glance at the contents is enough to recommend it: "Jealous in Honour: A Story of the Civil War," by Claude E. Benson; "The Old Flag: A Story of the Klondike," by George Surrey; "Aerial Scenery," by Major C. C. Turner, A.F.R.Ae.S.; "The Red Ensign in the War," by Frank H. Mason, R.B.A.; "His Master," by Captain G. B. McKean, V.C., M.C., M.M.; a first-class school story by Hylton



From *Carrots*
(Bell).

"BABY LOVES FLOSS,"
SAID FLOSS, GRAVELY.

Cleaver, a thrilling yarn of the sea by A. E. Urquhart, a humorous tale by R. Andom, an article on wrestling by Percy Loughurst—are not half the good things in a long list of which every item is too interesting not to be read. "Building a Locomotive," by the Rev. J. Russell Howden, B.D., will appeal to lads of a mechanical turn of mind, while R. P. Hearne's article will be fully appreciated by enthusiastic motor cyclists. For romance and sensation, "The Malacca Cane," by Herbert Strang; Leslie Beresford's story of the North-West Frontier, and Walter Rhoades's dramatic narrative, "The Box That Ticked," are all tophole. Other articles and stories of equal merit are by T. C. Bridges, Lewis Spence, Charles Turley, R. Colman Clephan, F.S.A., and N. Sotheby Pitcher (Lieutenant, R.N.V.R.). The pictures—hosts of them, of course, in colour as well as black-and-white—add a sumptuous note to the high standard of merit that is maintained throughout.

PLAY UP, BLUES!

By HERBERT HAVENS. (Collins.)

Poor old Tony, otherwise William Delvale! He had a horrible time, to begin with, at St. Hildebrand's school. Delvale was pale, and looked Italian, with his colourless race, large dark eyes, and long black hair. For a good description of up-to-date schoolboy ragging turn to this first chapter. "Where's your monkey?" Tony is asked. "I thought you chaps always took a monkey round with the barrel-organ." There was a fight, of course, after that, and our hero showed that he could hit out well, though his muscles were flabby. His school friends saw after that; and in spite of great difficulties, and much unpopularity, Tony won his way slowly in the school, running races with pluck and in

general behaving well. He was taken up by that pleasant fellow "Smiler," who asked him home for the "hols" when he found out that Tony was an orphan and had nowhere to go. Fortunately, a grandfather for Tony in the shape of a famous, gruff, but soft-hearted old general appears, so the book has an entirely satisfactory end. There are some stirring adventures in it, and even a grown-up reviewer found it a highly readable story.

THE BOOK OF SCHOOL SPORTS.

By GILBERT JESSOP and I. B. SALMOND. Illustrated. (Nelson.)

The twelve sports dealt with in this very useful and attractive volume are strongly calculated to appeal to schoolboys. First come athletics, comprising running, jumping and weight-throwing; then boxing, cricket, Association football, Rugby football, golf, hockey, indoor athletics, including fives, badminton, ball-punching and basket ball; lawn tennis, skating, swimming and target shooting. The authors of the various articles are men of high reputation both as performers and as sportsmen in every sense of the word, and it can easily be imagined how eager boys will be to have, say, forty-two pages of up-to-date sound advice as to cricket from the pen of Mr. Gilbert Jessop. In every case the advice given is trustworthy, easy to follow, and embodies the best principles of every game and sport at the standard they have attained to-day. And in the introduction there are grave and kindly meditations on the true value and meaning of sport and its training, with the reminder that to fall short of other men's records is nothing; the one thing that counts is not to slack, not to ride jealous, and that "there is only one record which matters at the end of the day, and that is the record of clean, straight playing of the game."



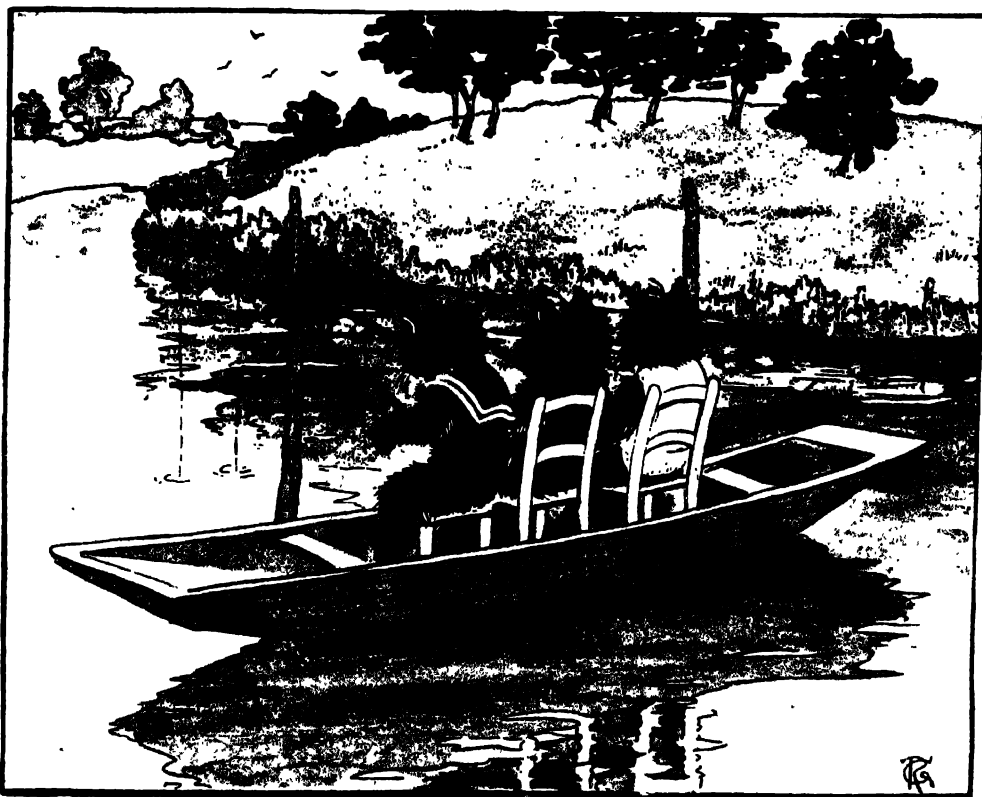
From *Three Little Sisters*
(Wells Gardner).

SHE DASHED THE CONTENTS,
ON THE FLOOR.

THE LIMBER ELF,

By MARGARET
WHITING
SPILHAUS.
(London and
Oxford:
Blackwell;
Cape Town:
Miller)

One may invent systems for bringing-up children and study the young child by rules and precepts, but every child is the exception. This book has been written by a mother about her child, and all mothers will find in it similarities to their children—odd fancies, quaint sayings, awakening knowledge—but there is always “a difference.” The author, in poem, essay and quotation, has brought the bright, sunny spirit of Priscilla poignantly before us, and we are moved to laughter and tears by the sweet, inexplicable charm of her babyhood. She is only seven at the completion of the book. It is a diary of the child's growth and budding consciousness, a chronicle of the early years that pass so quickly, that she herself will never remember. For instance, the Red Letter Days so carefully recorded: “March 7th, 1913—I have a tooth.” “October 6th, 1913. To-day I climbed upstairs. It was a perilous adventure. Every now and then I stood up to beam round at the admiring cavalcade that followed me.” But perhaps mothers will find the mother's own musings and reflections the most valuable part of the book—her little stories of a baby's wilfulness, a baby's prattle, flashes of character



Three Kittens in a Boat
(Wane).

FISHING.

and self-determination. There is much we would like to lift wholesale—the accounts of Mimi, the shadow-companion, Priscilla's choice of friends, and Priscilla's failure to fit in with the Montessori method. We would like, too, to reproduce the childish drawings, indicating the evolution of observation and ideas; but there is not space. We can only say that “The Limber Elf,” among a deluge of Christmas books, is one we should have been distinctly sorry to have missed reading.

ARTHUR PECK'S SACRIFICE.

By GILBERT JESSOP.
6s. net. (Nelson)

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From The Children's Garden of English Poetry
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From *The Child's Own Magazine*
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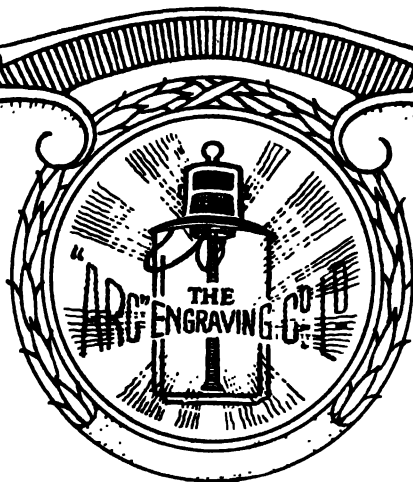
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